

fred—the crown of England for many centuries?

This crown, or Edward the Confessor's crown, by which name it came to be known through that monarch having come into possession of it by descent, depositing it with the Abbot and monks of Westminster for safe-keeping, was the one with which most of the kings of England were crowned down to the time of the Restoration, when it was no longer available, seeing that during the Protectorship, on August 9, 1649, the regalia was ordered to be handed over 'to the Trustees for the sale of the goods of the late king, who are to cause the same to be totally broken, and that they melt down all the gold and silver, and sell the jewels to the best advantage of the Commonwealth, and to take the like care of them that are in the Tower'; and in an inventory made at the time King Alfred's crown is stated to weigh $79\frac{1}{2}$ oz., and with gold at £3 an ounce to be worth £248 10s. So that, among many other vandalisms, we have to thank Cromwell for destroying the first crown of England.

But while King Alfred's crown was in existence, the Kings of England had other crowns, workaday crowns, for they wore them far more often than is the custom in later times, and $79\frac{1}{2}$ oz. would have been a crushing weight to carry about on one's head during the long pageants and ceremonials of the period. Edward I. is reported to have made a joke about his crown, when he refused to follow the custom of wearing it on solemn feast-days, saying 'that crowns do rather operate than honor princes.' I wonder if his jester put him up to the joke!

Concerning the workaday crowns there are a few incidents worthy of note. Edward III. pledged his crown to the merchants of Flanders to defray his expenses in the French wars; he was in the habit of thus 'raising the wind,' and on one occasion the Bishop of Treves is stated to have lent him 25,000 florins on it. Henry V., too, pledged a crown of Richard II. with the Abbot of Westminster. The famous 'Harry' crown also 'went up the spout,' but in bits, it being broken up and the jewels pledged to different parties.

In the reign of Henry VI. the crown grew far more like what we now regard as the crown of England, the circuit being arched over by golden bands set with jewels, and somewhat depressed at their point of intersection. Richard III.'s crown on his death on Bosworth Field (as all boys should know) was found by Sir Reginald Bray in a hawthorn-bush, and being taken by him to Lord Stanley he placed it on the head of his son-in-law, proclaiming him Henry VII. It was this incident which gave rise to the proverb, 'Cleave to the crown though it hang on a bush.' At George III.'s coronation, when he was walking with the crown on his head, the great diamond in the upper portion broke from its setting and fell, and the finding of it again caused considerable trouble.

The Restoration forms an epoch in the regalia of England, for, as I have already stated, Cromwell made away with our first English crown, and with it all the rest of the regalia, so that when Charles II. came to 'enjoy his own again' he had to get an entirely new rig-out, and from all accounts he did himself well, considering his bill for the same came to £31,978 9s. 11d. The master of the jewel-house had orders to provide 'inter alia' two crowns set with precious stones, one to be called St. Edward's Crown, with which the king was to be crowned (evidently after Edward the Confessor's crown), and the other

to be put on before the king returned to Westminster Hall for the banquet; one jewel alone in one of the crowns was valued at £10,000. These crowns underwent considerable alteration or actual construction at the coronation of our subsequent rulers. George IV.'s crown was made by Rundell & Bridge in 1821, and was valued at £150,000, while the expenses on it amounted to £60,000 more. Queen Victoria's crown was made by the same jewellers, and weighed 39 oz. It contains, among the other jewels, the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward III., by Don Pedro, King of Castille, and also a sapphire reported to have come out of the ring of Edward the Confessor, the possession of which was thought to give the power of blessing cramp rings, or rings which warded off the cramp from those who wore them. The religious ceremony of blessing these rings on Good Friday was an important one in the olden time, and had a ritual of its own. It was practised by monarchs down to Edward VI., and the ceremonial ended with the prayer 'that the ring might restore contracted nerves.' The jewels in the Imperial crown are as follows: 1 large ruby, 1 large sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1,363 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 sable diamonds, 4 drop pearls, 273 pearls.

The crown of England, in contradistinction to the Imperial crown, is for minor State occasions, and has few jewels. The velvet cap turned up with ermine, which is seen in both these crowns, was first introduced by Henry VIII.

What I Have Known.

(Ship Steward, in the Irish Temperance League Journal.)

The old adage, 'What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh,' is alas! most sadly true in connection with the terrible curse of strong drink; and the danger of once making acquaintance with it cannot be too strongly indicated.

It would have been hard to have found a happier family than that of John Westwood, which consisted of himself, his wife, five sons, Jack, George, William, Fred, Harry, and a little baby girl, May. They were in prosperous circumstances, and had everything to make life happy and enjoyable, till the demon entered their home. It was a very sad and unfortunate day, when John Westwood first introduced it to his family, and insisted on their all partaking of it. The habit, once acquired, soon grew, and proved their downfall. One night, after a carousal, John Westwood, with some boon companions, were driving home in a high dog-cart. They all crowded to the front of the cart, and in their drunken condition, did not notice that all the weight was pressing on the shafts. And when on the journey home the horse cast a shoe, that also was unnoticed. In their drunken passion they flogged the poor horse, so that as he raced down a steep hill he fell and threw all the occupants out of the cart; with the result that John Westwood's neck was broken, and all the others were seriously injured.

Mrs. Westwood was frantic with grief, but made the fatal mistake of trying to drown her sorrow in the drink, with the result that one day, after an extra heavy drinking bout, she threw herself face downwards on her baby's bed, and both were suffocated. Even this terrible example was not enough to check the craving for strong drink which the sons had acquired.

Jack Westwood had obtained the post of

engine-driver on one of the American lines; and a smarter man could not be found; but drink was his ruin. One day on presenting himself for duty, he was suspended, as the manager did not consider him in a fit condition to do his duty. Another driver was substituted and the train started. On a siding, connected with the line on which the train was travelling, stood a heavy goods engine (with full steam up), and before Jack Westwood could be prevented, in a frenzy he had sprung on the stationary engine, and went in pursuit of the train. Mile after mile flew by, both engines travelling at their highest speed; but the goods engines, not having such a high rate of speed as the passenger engine, was fortunately unable to overtake the train. But they were rapidly approaching the terminus, at which the engines must stop, and in one of his lurchings Jack Westwood fell off his engine; but it still relentlessly pursued the train.

Just previous to reaching the terminus there was a long and steep hill, and the guard of the train (who was an extra smart fellow), realized that the runaway must be stopped before it reached the summit of the hill, otherwise the steep descent on the further side of the hill would increase the runaway's speed, and mean the destruction of the train. Fortunately in the guard's van were several drums of oil, and the guard, with the help of a mate (who happened to be travelling with him), opened a couple of drums and allowed a continuous stream of oil to flow over the rails, making them so very slippery that the wheels of the runaway refused to bite, and before the top of the hill was reached she had come to a stop, with her wheels rapidly revolving, but unable to make any progress; then she was soon boarded and put under due control.

George Westwood became an engineer on a large liner, and might have risen high in his profession had the curse of drink not proved his undoing. The coal trimmers on the vessel had to wheel the coal from the bunkers to where it was required, and this was through an iron water-tight door, which slid along on an iron frame. To save trouble in getting the coal trollies over the raised ledge of this iron frame, one of the men placed a sort of bridge to run the trollies over. All might have gone well had not the vessel come into collision with an iceberg, which shattered the fore part of the ship, and the water poured in rapidly.

George Westwood, who was below at the time, tried to close the water-tight door, but in his drink-befuddled state, he didn't notice the sheet of iron which formed the bridge for the coal trollies, and so he slid the door along with all his strength, so that the door became firmly wedged on the sheet of iron, thus preventing its being closed; and it was so firmly wedged that it could not be shifted back again to clear it, with the terrible result that the ship rapidly filled and sank, taking down with her the majority of her crew and passengers.

Fred Westwood became a viewer in a coal mine, but was soon reduced to the bottom grade for drunkenness. Soon after a strike occurred amongst the miners, and for many months the men defied the masters, and refused to work, till at length, the strikers' funds being exhausted and the men and their wives and families reduced to starvation, they were obliged to accept the master's terms. The night previous to the day on which the strikers were to resume work, Fred Westwood, who was in a half-drunken