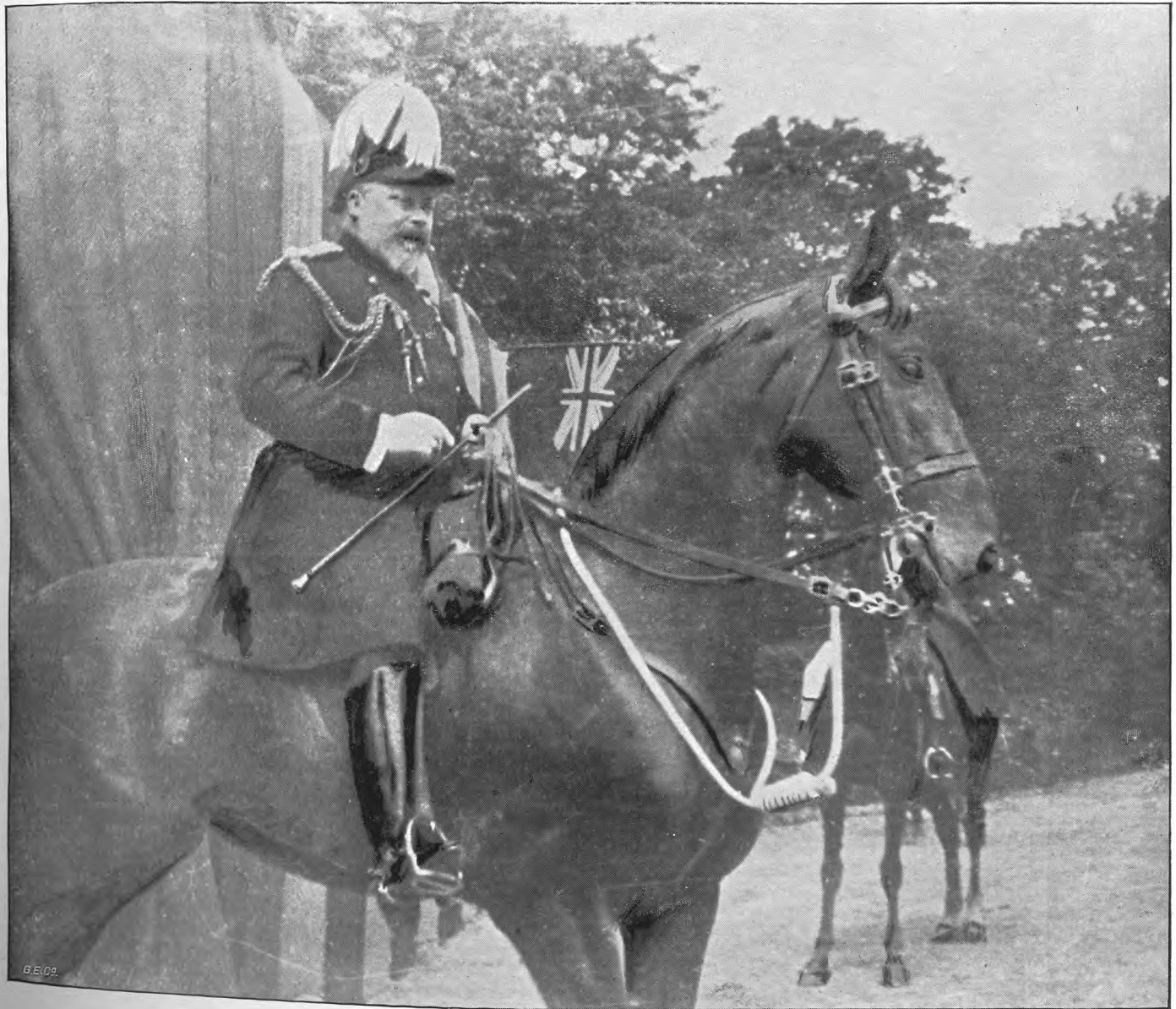


THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC
ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SPECIAL ROYAL NUMBER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1901.



✧ KING EDWARD VII. ON HIS CHARGER ✧
(From a photograph taken on the occasion of His Majesty's visit to Cheltenham in 1897).



OUR LATE QUEEN.
1837-1901.

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Continuation of JOHN LANCE & Co's.

Great Annual Sale

...Of General Drapery and Furnishing Goods.

FURTHER REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

John Lance & Co., Ltd., 125-128 High Street, Cheltenham.

The Queen will be the first Sovereign who has not been buried at night by torchlight.

Among the nurses who sailed for South Africa in the Dunera on Monday is Lady Gifford, wife of Lord Gifford, V.C.

The funeral of the late Signor Verdi took place on Wednesday at Milan. An immense concourse of people was present at the obsequies.

Dumas once had the chance of an audience with the Queen. "But, honestly," he said, "I hadn't the pluck. I am, as a rule, not timid with the fair sex, but Queen Victoria is the only woman I do not dare to ask to see me, and Queen Victoria is the only woman I shall regret not having seen. Mind, I did not want to see the Queen; I had a glimpse of her when I was in London; I wanted to see the woman."



Visit of the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) to Cheltenham in 1897.
(Scene in Pittville Street.)

A Tour of our Churches

IV.—THE PARISH CHURCH, CHELTENHAM.

The churches of England are mourning this Sunday evening (Jan. 27, 1901) the passing of Victoria, and in the old churchyard all the air is throbbing with the dismal sound of the muffled bells in St. Mary's tower. Across the stormy sky great clouds are hurried by the chilly blast; now and then the moonlight breaking through, lights up the old grey spire towering heavenwards, dulling with its cold rays the warm light and colour of the beautiful east window below.

As the churchgoers pass into the light which streams from the open door, I see that everyone, rich or poor, old or young, wears the outward signs of personal mourning, and on every hand are to be seen eloquent signs of the people's grief.

Inside the church a silvery-haired churchwarden gives me a seat at the west end of the building, with a long vista of arch upon arch before my sight, culminating, far beyond the choir stalls, in the black-robed altar, strangely distant from the body of the church. As the muffled clangour of the bells in the tower above mingles with the sweet tones of the organ, my thoughts drift back in fancy to the many historical changes these old arches and walls have witnessed; even within the past short week the minute bell has tolled for a departed Queen, and the full peal has "volleyed" on the occasion of the Proclamation of King Edward VII. "The Queen is dead. Long live the King!"

So unmovably, and with no sign to the casual observer, the old church of St. Mary's has held ward and watch over the vale of Cheltenham for more than five hundred years; the while the little hamlet has grown into a village, the village into a town, and the town into one of the great educational centres

of England, enclosing with its tall business houses and public offices the old sanctuary which is still its centre, and from which radiate all the main thoroughfares.

But the choir and clergy enter, and my thoughts are brought back to the solemn occasion of the service; for the choir stalls, the pulpit, lectern, and altar table are draped in black cloth, and not a speck of colour is to be seen in the congregation, the only relief being the white surplices of the choristers.

The feeling of a deep sorrow, tempered with the joy of a glorious hope, is the keynote of the evening's service, the ritual of which is simple in the extreme. Even the "Amen" is sung in unison without musical accompaniment, and the responses are spoken throughout. (I venture to think the introduction of a little music here would be an improvement, for the congregation do not join any more heartily in spoken than in musical responses.)

The alterations in the Prayers for the Royal Family seem to send a shiver through the kneeling congregation, for we cannot forget the oft-repeated petition for "our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria," and the words "We beseech Thee with Thy favour to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lord, King Edward, and the Queen Consort, Alexandra," seem to bring home even more heavily the loss we have sustained. The hymns are all appropriate to the circumstances, especially the first, which runs:—

When the day of toil is done,
Father grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

The preacher for the evening was the Rector of Cheltenham, a man whose commanding figure and fine voice commended him to me as one who would be deservedly popular and genial without the affectation of superiority which spoils so many of our spiritual pastors. Selecting for his text "He giveth His beloved sleep," he held up the example of the dead Queen as one which everyone of us, in whatever sphere, should endeavour to follow.

To-day there was a feeling of personal bereavement in every home, for during her long reign our beloved Queen had been drawing our hearts insensibly to herself, until she became more to us than our Monarch; she truly reigned in the hearts of her people.

All the world mourned England's Queen, and those who do not love England very much were yet expressing their love to England's Queen. There was a note of gladness even in our deep sorrow, for how blessed was the close of her life. Victoria was taken from us full of days, riches, and honour, and before her death she saw her cherished ideal realised—a united people, largely built up under her loving care.

But we loved and respected the Queen, above everything, because she was a good woman. Her Court and household were models of purity, and her influence was always for good on those around her. As a ruler, Ministers sought her wise and discerning counsel for their benefit; and we should think, too, of her loving heart, her devotion to her people, whom she loved with an ardent affection. Her long reign had been characterized by a remarkable and patient continuance in well doing, which was seldom found even in monarchs.

In conclusion, the Rector eloquently spoke of the true meaning of those blessed words which would be uttered in a few days over the coffin of our Queen as it was carried to its last resting place—"I am the Resurrection and the Life; whosoever believeth in Me shall never die."

After another hymn had been sung and the Benediction pronounced from the distant altar, the whole congregation stood in their places while the "Dead March" was played, and thus ended the simple but expressive memorial service of January 27, 1901, at St. Mary's. May many seasons come and go before we have to mourn the passing of our King is the fervent prayer of every loyal heart and true.

LAYMAN.



PROCLAIMING KING EDWARD VII. AT CHELTENHAM MUNICIPAL OFFICES, JAN. 25, 1901.

Gloucestershire in Travel and Fiction.

BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

"Gloucester is a fine, clean, beautiful place, and, which is of a vast deal more importance, the labourers' dwellings, as I came along, looked good, and the labourers themselves pretty well as to dress and healthiness. The girls at work in the fields (always my standard) are not in rags, with bits of shoes tied on their feet and rags tied round their ankles, as they had in Wiltshire."—Poor Cheltenham comes in for a good share of the worst and most abusive side of the old gentleman's tongue. He calls it "a nasty, ill-looking place (what would he say if he could behold the queenly watering place to-day?), half clown and half Cockney, . . . appears to be the residence of an assemblage of tax-eaters (the aristocratic element always stirred his ultra Radical bile), . . . the resort of the lame and the lazy, the gormandizing and guzzling, the bilious and the nervous. —At Tetbury (he spells it Tutbury) his love of country life finds vent on coming across "large flocks of goldfinches, feeding on the thistle seed by the roadside. . . . I never could have supposed that such flocks of these birds could ever have been seen in England." As he writes of them he rambles off into some points of natural history, and then on seeing a woman digging potatoes he has a disquisition on the value of allotments, which were not dear at "Tutbury," and the unfairness of shutting out labourers from all share in the land by the enclosing of commons, "and the prohibiting of them to look

at a wild animal, almost at a lark or a frog." He slackens the pursuit by the men of Tetbury after a poor, hungry, old pauper, who has been stealing cabbages, and who was said to be "a bad character," with the remark that "poor and half-starved people are apt to be bad characters"; reaches Avening, and admires an estate there and the view from it, swears roundly on learning it belongs to one of his pet aversions, Squire Ricardo, a writer on political economy, and, "giving my horse a blow, instead of a word, on I went down the hill." Of course he has something to say about the Stroud factories, and judges the folk are well off, for "there is a pig in every cottage sty, and this is an infallible mark of a happy people." He returns to Gloucester, and finds himself unable to procure a bed, except at extortionate rates, and "this is one of those scandalous and beastly fruits of the system called a Music Meeting." "These assemblages of player folks, half rogues and half fools, began with the small paper money; and with it they will go." But they are not gone, though there is no paper money smaller than a five-pound note, for the well-meaning old grumbler didn't understand that after all paper money and music meetings have no more connection as cause and effect than moonshine with his own broad brim and gaiters. Cobbett was more at home in discussing crops and raising the status of labourers than in politics or social functions.

Only two tours on the Wye must be mentioned, and those briefly. William Gilpin, M.A., Prebendary of Salisbury, author of many works on picturesque travel in England and the Forest scenery, made his in 1770. The Wye has the advantage, or disadvantage, of belonging on its western side of Herefordshire and Monmouthshire. It is only of notes on this, the eastern side, we can speak.

Gilpin's book is illustrated with sketches in aqua-tint. The first place we come to on the right is Ruardean, which he prettily describes. The New Weir "may be called the second grand scene on the Wye. The river is wider than usual in this part, and takes a sweep round a towering promontory of rock, which forms the side-screen on the left, and is the grand feature of the view. It is not a broad fractured face of rock, but rather a woody hill, from which large rocky projections in two or three places burst out, rudely hung with twisting branches of shaggy furniture, which, like the mane round a lion's head, give a more savage air to these wild exhibitions of nature. Near the top a pointed fragment of solitary rock, rising above the rest, has rather a fantastic appearance; but it is not without its effect in marking the scene." Lower down other charming spots are passed. "The most beautiful of these scenes is in the neighbourhood of St. Breval's Castle, where the vast woody declivities on each hand are uncommonly magnificent." Tintern Abbey, the Wynd Cliff, and Chepstow are seen to advantage from the Gloucestershire heights, but do not belong to our county.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRINCE CONSORT'S PLACE IN THE QUEEN'S AFFECTION.

During one of the Prince Consort's short, infrequent absences from home the Queen wrote, after many years of married life:—"You cannot think how much this costs me, or how completely forlorn I am and feel when he is away, or how I count the hours till he returns. All the numerous children are nothing to me when he is away. It seems as if the whole life of the house and home were gone."



PROCLAIMING KING EDWARD VII. AT GLOUCESTER GUILDHALL, JAN. 25, 1901.

QUEEN'S MEMORY EVER GREEN.

A correspondent of the "Morning Post" suggests that the portrait of the Queen should not disappear from all our stamps. In the United States, Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, and others of the men who have helped to make that country great are commemorated by the issue of stamps which bear their portraits. It would seem an appropriate thing that there should still be among the stamps of this country some which showed the likeness of the best loved monarch our race has known.

* * *

HAVE WE BAD MANNERS?

An Englishwoman, who recently went to America on a lecturing tour, says: "I consider that one of the chief characteristics of the nineteenth century is its 'lack of manners.' This is due, no doubt, to the reaction from the somewhat stilted affectation of the ceremonious manners of the eighteenth century. Like most reactions, there is some good in it, though it is somewhat overdone. It is too prevalent to adopt a nonchalant, indifferent manner, which is meant to seem frank and easy, but which would certainly have been condemned fifty years ago as simple, blundering rudeness. This fear of seeming artificial and striving to be natural has come to such a pitch that the result is as unnatural as the manners of the previous century, and without the elegance and grace."

* * *

Major-General Hugh Christian Menzies died at Ealing on Saturday. He began his military career in India in 1849, taking part in the Parlah-Kimedy expedition of 1856. He was in his 65th year.

STEEL CARRIAGE LINES ON ROADS.

In several parts of the United States steel tracks have been laid on ordinary roads in order to test their cost, value, and utility. The tracks consist of two parallel lines of steel plates, eight inches wide, laid at a sufficient distance apart to receive the wheels of vehicles of a standard gauge. The tracks are thus like tramway lines, but are wider and have no groove in them. The steel plates have a slightly projecting upward flange on the inner edge so as to prevent the wheels of ordinary vehicles, which have no flanges, from leaving the track. The flanges are, however, only half-an-inch above the level of the plate, hence they do not prevent the vehicles from leaving the track for the purpose of passing other vehicles whenever the driver so desires. It is easy to understand that a track of this kind diminishes very considerably the resistance to traction. The power required to move a vehicle—whether horse-drawn or automobile—over a steel-track road is only a small fraction of that needed to move the same vehicle over any other kind of road. It remains to be seen how the experimental tracks which have been laid down serve their purpose, for it is only by actual experience that the value of such a road can be properly estimated.

* * *

Mr. R. W. E. Middleton, principal Conservative agent, who has been seriously ill, is now a little better.

The funeral of the Duc de Broglie took place on Saturday at Broglie, a small town in the Eure, which until the erection of a mansion by the duke's Piedmontese ancestor, was known as Chambrais.

VANISHING ENGLAND.

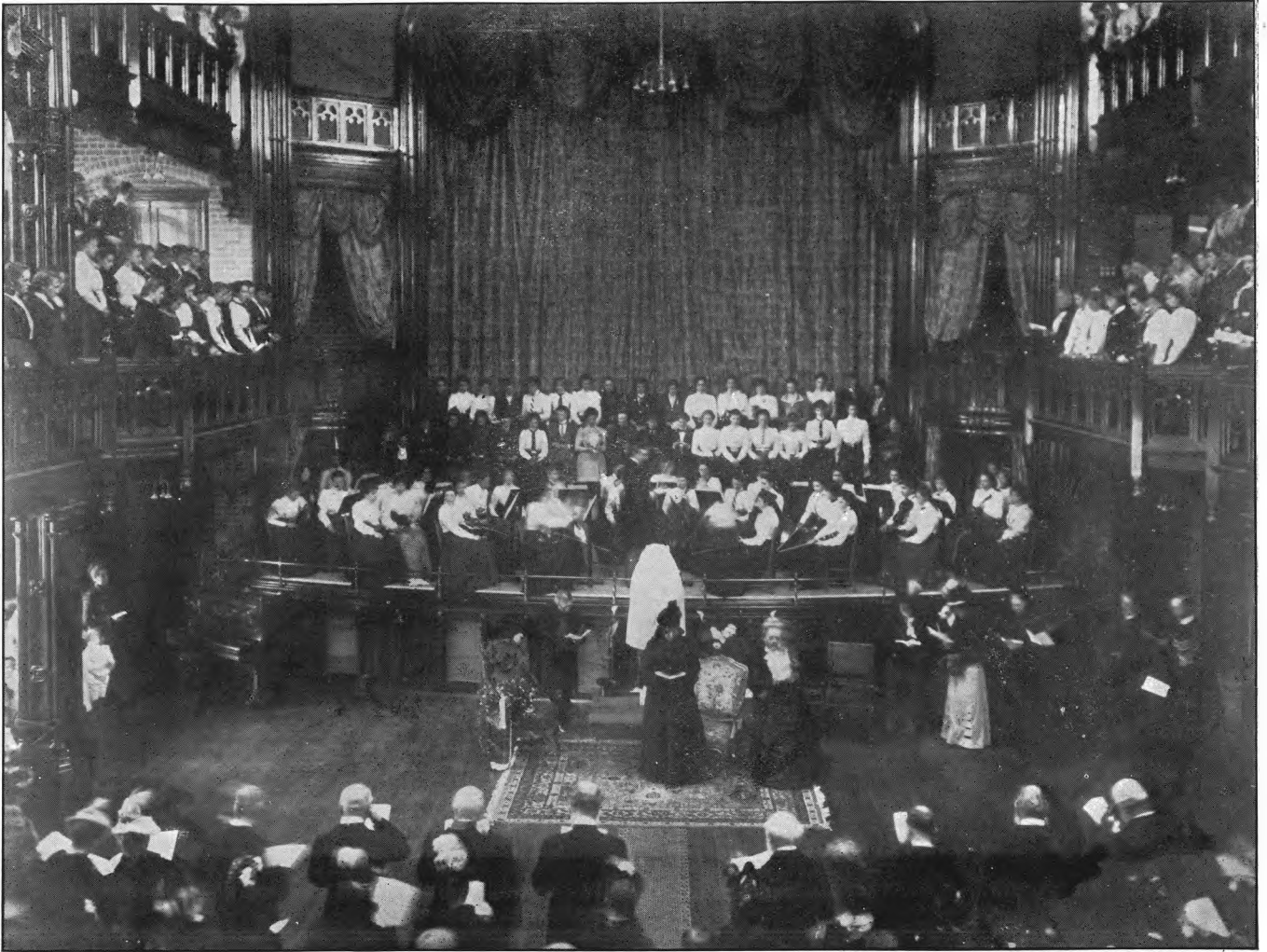
The extent to which the area of this country is being gradually diminished by the action of the sea is not often realised. Continual waste is going on all around the coast. On the Yorkshire coast it is estimated that two miles have disappeared since the Roman occupation; and more modern records show that towns and villages have disappeared with their houses and churches, and in some cases the whole parish has been washed away. Along the Norfolk coast the only record of several villages is, "washed away by the sea"; and on the Kentish coast churches and houses have fallen down the cliffs, on which are to be seen the bones formerly deposited in a vanishing churchyard. On the south coast, although the chalk cliffs at the east end of the English Channel are subject to continual falls and slips, care has been taken to protect them; but along the clay cliffs of Dorsetshire the waste is continuous, as much as twenty acres having slipped seaward in a single night at Axminster. On the west coast the nets of the fishermen are said to become occasionally entangled with the ruins of houses and buildings buried in the sea some distance from the coast off Blackpool. To some extent this waste is compensated by the reclamation of land, but the area recovered is very small in comparison with that worn away by the ever-continuous operations of nature.

* * *

The young Duchess of Manchester is dangerously ill of diphtheria in San Francisco.

*

An authoritative denial is given to the sensational rumour circulated as to the critical condition of Mr. Kruger. His health is, on the contrary, said to be very satisfactory.



[Reproduced by permission of Miss Beale.]

Unveiling by H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg of the Bust of H.M. Queen Victoria
At Cheltenham Ladies' College on Nov. 16, 1899.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

THE LATE QUEEN AND NEW KING.

From gay to grave. Last week everybody was talking about the Cotswold Hunt Ball; now the topic has suddenly changed, and the public are lamenting the death of our venerable Queen and discussing her many virtues, and not a few are re-calling when and under what circumstances they saw her Majesty during her lifetime. I also hear on all sides warm praise of the expeditious and smart manner in which the "Echo" came out three minutes after the receipt of the fatal message, with a full page memoir of our beloved Queen. Even the great metropolis did not excel this up-to-datedness.

The interesting retrospect in the "Echo" of her Majesty's association with this county recalls to my mind that I was privileged to see her on one and the last of the four occasions she came within its borders. I well remember, when a very small boy, seeing the Queen and Prince Consort in the railway train which conveyed them through Gloucester and Cheltenham. Subsequently I saw her Majesty at various times at military and naval reviews, in the London Parks, and in the Isle of Wight. But the occasion that was indelibly impressed on my memory was the Jubilee Naval Review in 1887, when I thoroughly realised that Britannia rules the waves. The Royal yacht was moored quite close to the man-o'-war on which I was aboard, and I had a fine view of the impromptu levee which the Sovereign held, and which was attended by the Captains of the

fleet, who had been summoned by signal there. And I witnessed, too, the private signal that went up from the yacht, and which subsequently led to the resignation of a Naval Lord for a breach of etiquette.

Although Cheltenham is not blessed with a Cathedral, it has a very capacious "chapel of ease" to the Parish Church. The combined service, to be held there to-day, simultaneously with the Queen's funeral, however, is not regarded as sufficient for the purposes of all Cheltonians, one great objection to concentration being that the crush will be too great. Therefore, I was glad to read that services in other places of worship are not discouraged. "May they all be well attended," say I.

"The Queen is dead"—"Long Live the King." Here, again, the "Echo" scored in having boldly described his Majesty as "King Edward VII." the day before he assumed this title. I am delighted this is to be a "Royal" number, and I hope the "Graphic" proprietors will not fail in their strenuous efforts to secure good illustrations of the local and historic scenes at the Proclaiming of our new Monarch, although I fear the light in the Garden Tower was not adapted for photographs. I myself acclaimed King Edward outside the stately Queen's Hotel, and I felt, doubtless in common with many others in the great crowd, that there was a peculiar appropriateness in the selected spot, for it was here that I last saw the Prince as he went into and out of the hotel in the year 1897, when he was here to inspect the Yeomanry. I trust it will not be long before I see his Majesty not very far away from the same

spot, opening the Town Hall. I was much struck by the incongruous headgear of the Deputy Town Clerk, whose "bowler" did not harmonise with the "toppers" of the Corporation. I thought it "a bit off," and am sure it would not have done for the Royal borough of Windsor. Although Cheltenham was four or five hours later than the Cathedral city over the Proclamation (necessitated through a copy having to be obtained of the High Sheriff of the County), it was saved a "sell" like the citizens on the previous day, and was favoured also with the loan of the Sheriff's trumpeters. It would be only "gilding refined gold" to say how well I think the musical arrangements were carried out. My only regret was that a *feu de joie* was not discharged from the Russian cannon over the heads of the "big guns." That would have given the reporters something extra to report.

Unlike Sir Boyle Roche's bird, I was unable to be in two places at once, but several friends who were at the functions at too previous Gloucester assure me that they went off with great *eclat*, and that the Mayor, when he appeared on the Guildhall balcony in his scarlet robe, looked every inch a King, bearing a striking resemblance to King (Albert) Edward. One who has passed the chair informs me that one city magistrate would have passed well for Kruger, and I think he is quite right.

GLEANNER.

We are again compelled to hold over the Legend of "Smith and the Serpent" until next week. "By the Way" and "Man About Town" will be found on the main sheet of the "Chronicle."



BUST OF H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA at Cheltenham Ladies' College.

The work of Countess Feodora Gleichen, Unveiled in the Princess Hall by Princess Henry of Battenberg, 16 November, 1899. The Photograph is published by permission of Miss Beale

Triennial Sale.

W. SHARPE & SONS,

Bootmakers,

Colonnade House, The Promenade,

CHELTENHAM.

A Clearance Sale

WILL COMMENCE ON

MONDAY, THE 4th of FEBRUARY.

*Reduction of 20 per cent. for Cash
And 10 per cent. if Goods are Booked.*

N.B.—During the Sale goods can only be sent out on approval to patrons at a distance from Cheltenham

Prayer Books & Church Services

... Reduced to HALF-PRICE.

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OPPOSITE THE PLOUGH,
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All Articles at Lowest..

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PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a WEEKLY PRIZE of HALF-A-GUINEA for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH the work of an Amateur.

Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places are preferred.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same in the newspaper, but an honorarium of 5s. will be paid in respect of each Photograph so used, with the exception of those of prize-winners.

The Competition is open to the county, and the names of the successful competitors will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

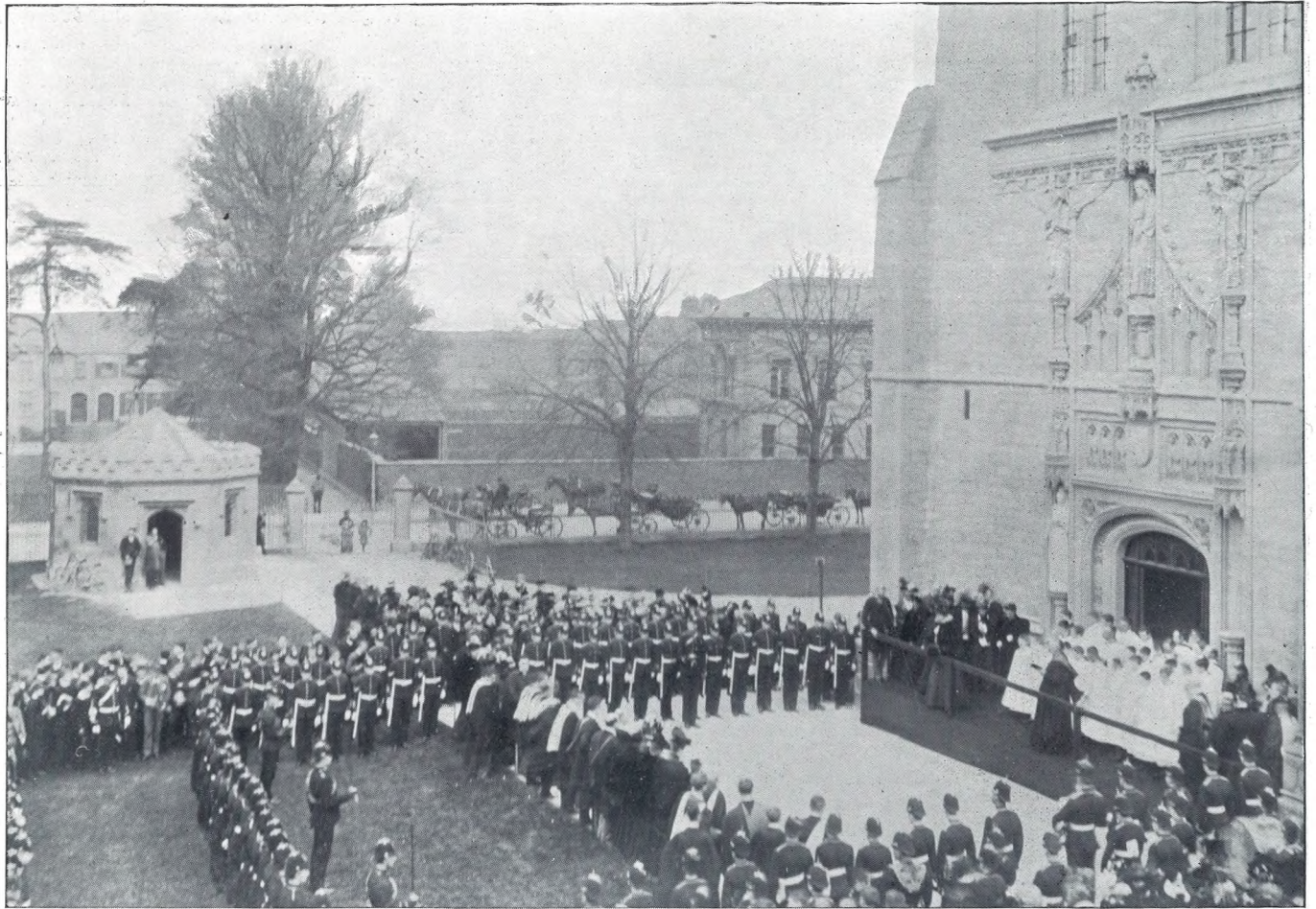
Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must either be on printing-out paper (P.O.P.) or on ordinary silver paper.

The winner in the fourth competition is Mr. C. E. Rainger, of 9 Bath-place, Cheltenham. The prize picture is that of the unveiling of the Queen's statue at Cheltenham College, given on page 8.

Entries for the fifth competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Feb. 2, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

Sir Nigel and Lady Emily Kingscote have returned to South Audley-street from visiting Capt. and Lady Margaret Spicer at Spye Park, Wiltshire.

A marriage will take place in the spring between Mr. Herbert Owen Taylor, of Nottingham (brother of the Rev. Frank Stanley Taylor, of Littleton Vicarage, Evesham, and formerly of Brackley), and Miss Miriam Emily Cherry, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. F. Cherry and Lady Emily Cherry, and grand-daughter of the late Countess of Rothes, of Brandon, Paignton, South Devon.



UNVEILING THE STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA
At Cheltenham College Chapel, by the Duchess of Montrose, April, 1898.

THE ORIGIN OF COAL.

*

The view that a coal-seam represents a forest which has been buried, and has been changed by compression and heat, is accepted by most people, though a certain amount of faith is required to believe it. One of the most striking arguments put forward in support of this theory is that erect tree-trunks of large size, in some cases attached to branching roots, have been found in coal-seams. But against this may be placed the fact that a large proportion of erect tree-trunks occur in sandstones devoid of coal, and that vast areas of coal have been worked without any such trunks having been encountered. The majority of the trunks, moreover, are destitute of spreading roots, and are believed to have floated to their present positions. Mr. A. Strahan, of the Geological Survey Office, has recently called attention to this and other evidence upon which the accepted theory as to the origin of coal is founded; and he shows that it is not conclusive. According to him, an ordinary coal-seam was formed somewhat as follows:—Sediments were gradually deposited in an extremely shallow layer of water covering the area of the future coal-field. In the last sediments, which were extremely fine, a mass of presumably aquatic vegetation took root. As the plants grew, the currents in the water were stopped, so no more sediment was deposited, and only floating parts of plants or wind-borne vegetable material could be brought into the area. Finally there was a sudden invasion of the area by moving water, the result being that the tangled mass of vegetation was in the course of time covered with sand and mud, to which the remains of other plants and trees were drifted, and the whole process was then recommenced.

HINTS FROM A MOTHER'S LIFE.

*

An article of absorbing interest to women is this "Hints from a Mother's Life," which appears in the first number of "The Lady's Magazine." Coming, as it does, from the pen of the late Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, it will bear great weight. Writing of the constant change of air necessary to a child, she says:—"Children are the better for frequent changes of room; they have to spend most of their time in the house; they require short intervals between their meals, with quick transitions from play to rest. The meals should be taken where there is no litter of toys; a quiet room is needed for both work and sleep. Means of getting change of air, and of taking exercise within doors, or under cover, are essential. In town houses of moderate size, the best place for welcome change is the drawing-room. It is often the largest room, and the infant may well spend some time there. All the children, under supervision, may be familiar visitors.

"Home life to the younger members of a family, and to the gentler sex, means that by far the largest part of every day must be spent indoors, and half of it—at least for the very young—in the bedroom. No attempt should ever be made to rear children in a single room. More danger lies in this than many mothers imagine. The necessity of providing a full supply of fresh and pure air in youth, when change and growth are most active, is obvious."

* * *

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. W. F. Parry de Winton, second son of Mr. William de Winton, of Maesderwen, Brecon, and Margaret, youngest daughter of Sir William Lewis, Bart., of The Mardy, Aberdare, South Wales.

THE DISTANCE AT WHICH CANNON CAN BE HEARD.

*

During the naval review at Cherbourg in July last, a number of large guns were fired, and on the following day accounts appeared in various English newspapers of supposed earthquake shocks felt at different places along the southern coast, from Torquay to Bognor. There is no doubt that the vibrations and rumbling sounds described were produced by the firing of the cannon, and this has led Dr. C. Davison to make an enquiry as to the distance to which such sounds can be conveyed. The sound of the firing of the French guns was heard at Brighton, which is 104 miles from Cherbourg, and windows were observed to rattle at a distance of 136 miles. In connection with this subject, Dr. Davison mentions that the firing during the battle of Camperdown, in 1797, was heard at Hull, the distance between the two places being more than 200 miles. During the American Civil War, the roar of the guns at the battles of Malvern Hill and Bull Run was perceptible at Lexington in Virginia, the distances being about 125 and 125 miles respectively. The great naval review at Spithead in 1897 was held in rough weather; but the noise of the guns is said to have been heard at a distance of 110 miles, though the charge at such times is very much less than in actual warfare. As to the distance to which the sound of a single gun will penetrate, it is recorded that the time-gun at Bombay is often heard at the northern Mahim, fifty miles away.

* * *

Lady Evelyn Lister gave birth to a daughter at 50 Warwick-square on Sunday. Both are doing well.

THE **CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE**
 AND
GL' SHIRE GRAPHIC
 ART
 AND
 LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

* KENDALL'S *
DISCOUNT SALE

Is Now Proceeding.



2/- in the £ is now given
 to all Purchasers of our

UMBRELLAS . .

WALKING-CANES

. and **FURS.**

386 HIGH STREET (Next Plough Hotel),
 CHELTENHAM.

ELECTRICITY FROM GREEN LEAVES.

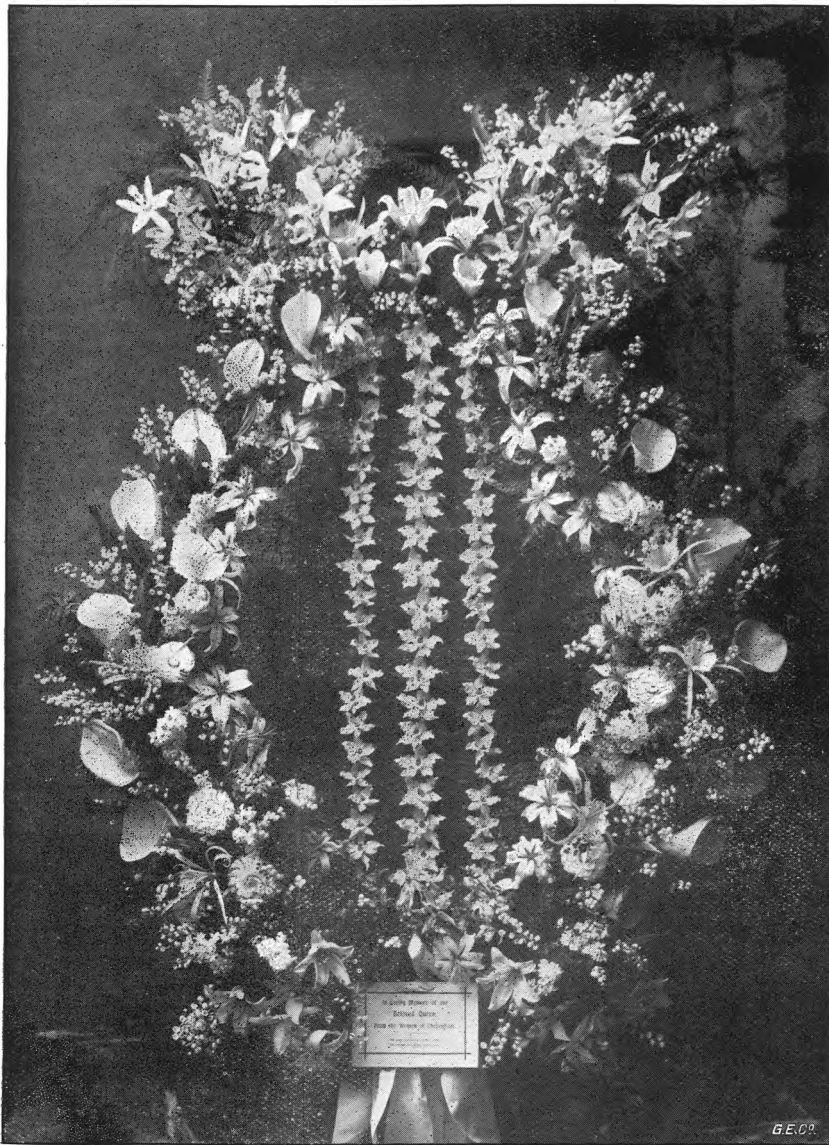
Dr. Augustus D. Waller has recently described before the Royal Society some experiments which show that when light shines upon the leaves of various plants a small electric current is produced. A freshly-cut leaf of an iris, nasturtium, begonia, or tobacco plant was laid upon a glass plate, and the two wires from a delicate detector of electric currents were made to touch two parts of the leaf at a slight distance from one another. A screen was then arranged so that part of the leaf was in darkness and the other part in light, and it was found under these conditions that a slight electric current passed from the illuminated part of the leaf to the part that was in darkness. A greater effect was produced by the electric light, and the greatest effect was obtained when part of the leaf was exposed to bright sunlight. No electrical effect was produced when a dead leaf was treated in the same way, or when it was exposed to an anæsthetic vapour, such as ether or chloroform. The leaves of trees and shrubs also failed to show the currents detected in those from small young plants, parts of which were illuminated.



Photo by Watson,

[Gloucester.

PANDELI RALLI, Esq.,
 Conservative Candidate for Gloucester at the last Parliamentary Election.



Cheltenham Ladies' Royal Funeral Wreath.

Photo by Norman May & Co. Ltd.,

[Cheltenham.]

A Tour of our Churches

V.—ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CHELTENHAM.

The Presbyterian Church of England, in its form of worship, stands midway between the Established Church and the Dissenters, and even when planted, as in Cheltenham, far from its native Scottish soil, it seems to draw to its services a larger quota of the "canny Scot" than any other congregation of the town, so much so that occasionally I have heard it styled "the church of the Cheltenham Scots."

Its commanding position, at the upper end of the Ladies' College buildings, and the refined beauty of its spire and exterior generally, entitle it to special attention, for, compared with the Nonconformist Church architecture of the town generally, it stands quite unrivalled. Seen, as it may be, from the garden of the Ladies' College, it makes quite a picturesque grouping, rising above the tall roof of the Princess Hall. And there is an added interest to the observer when we remember that the Church of St. Andrew is a memorial of one who was never weary in munificence, and to whose generosity we very largely owe the church and the schools adjoining, one whose name will be connected with the history of the Presbyterian Church in

Cheltenham as long as that church exists.

Entering at the main doorway, under the tower, on Sunday evening last I was directed to a pew, and there being some minutes before the commencement of the service, I had leisure for quiet observation. The interior of the church strikes me as being rather cold, lined as it is with a kind of unfaced brick, although its proportions, with its small transepts, the chancel opening (filled by a plain but serviceable organ), and a lofty timbered roof, are excellent. The pulpit is still draped in black from the mourning of last week, and, as I wait, the organist commences his voluntary, a sidesman brings in the Bible from the vestry and carefully places it on the pulpit desk, while the choir seats in front of the pulpit gradually fill, although more than a half of the members of the choir did not arrive, I noted, until after the commencement of the service. Soon the minister enters, a black-robed figure of scholarly appearance, a man of refinement and culture apparently, who, I understood, had just received a call to one of the great northern centres of population.

With the words "Let us unite to worship God" the service commences, a number of Scriptural phrases being recited, followed by a prayer without break or interruption, and the Lord's Prayer, recited by minister and people. The hymn "At even ere the sun was set," a reading from the Old Testament, and a paraphrase of the 19th Psalm from the

Presbyterian hymn-book come next in order; this paraphrase of the Psalms is peculiar to the Presbyterians, and it is doubtless intended to facilitate the chanting, although at the cost of much beauty and grandeur. For instance, the well-known 23rd Psalm in the paraphrase runs:

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by,"

only preserving a mere shadow of the poetry of the original. After this chant we have a New Testament reading, another hymn, and what is known, I believe, among Dissenters, as the "Long Prayer," after which the anthem "What are these" was sung in excellent style by both choir and congregation. Indeed, a special word of praise is due to the choir, for, although not very strong, they sing very feelingly, with good expression, and in good time, three essentials which are not always observed in our places of worship.

After the "informations for the week," as the minister terms them, we have the sermon; an evangelical discourse, partly expository, partly declamatory, on John ix. 25, the story of the blind man healed, who stubbornly held to the argument "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see."

"One thing," exclaims the preacher, "what a poor endowment of knowledge. But what if this one thing be the central truth beside which everything else is as nothing? The theoretical Agnostic and theoretical Atheist who say we can know nothing are non-existent to-day; but we have amongst us the practical Atheistic and Agnostic who say they know, but do not!"

Continuing, the preacher skilfully traced the difference between real and fictitious knowledge, between knowing and realising the truth. We know that nitro glycerine explodes by passing an electric current through it, but we do not realise the force at all unless we have seen a charge actually laid down and exploded, and have heard the concussion and seen its effects. Christians must be able to state their practical knowledge of the change in their hearts, if they are to be of any use as followers of Christ in this world. The temptor will try to persuade us that our spiritual experiences are merely imagination, and refer us to our reason. But even the reason reels at the inexplicable mysteries of the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the Resurrection, and the great and unchallengeable proof can only be the living experience of new souls. "Whereas I was blind, now I see." Referring back to the story of the blind man and the sequel "When Jesus heard of it," the preacher spoke of the strangely quick ears of love. The widow's sob over the cradle of her child, as she thinks of him whom she will never see again on this side of the grave, goes straight up to the throne and the waiting ear of God. Then "He found him" awakened thoughts of the Good Shepherd looking for His sheep, and in an eloquent peroration we were urged to be able to say by practical experience "Whereas I was blind, now I see."

After the sermon the old hymn "Sun of my soul" was sung, and while the congregation were standing the Benediction was pronounced, followed by a moment of silent kneeling, a fitting finale to an earnest and devotional service.

St. Andrew's should be better filled than it is, but the position of the church, somewhat removed from the town, and the plainness of the service, would probably account for the many empty pews to be seen. The minister is earnest, and there is good singing, but Presbyterianism, from the nature of things, will always be a hot-house plant in this part of England. LAYMAN.

Dr. Stirling, late Bishop of the Falkland Isles, has been appointed by Dr. Kennon Suffragan Bishop for the diocese of Bath and Wells.

Among the eldest sons of peers who will come of age this year are the following:—Lord Montgomery, heir to Lord Eglinton; Lord Tiverton, the Earl of Halsbury's only son; the Master of Bursleigh, Lord Bursleigh's son; the Hon. T. Agar-Roberts, son of Viscount Clifden; and the Master of Falkland, son of Viscount Falkland.



Photo by Jancowski.]

BRO. R. RUSHTON, J.P., of Accrington,

[Manchester.

Grand Master Manchester Unity of Oddfellows. Visit to Cheltenham February 9-13, 1901.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Naturally enough, the sole and engrossing topic of conversation still is the death and funeral of the great Queen. Locally I consider nothing has been left undone to do honour to the memory of the departed Sovereign. Saturday was a solemn day of mourning, and as Sunday followed it, there were two continuous days of national observance.

The hope I expressed last week—"May they be all well attended"—was, I am thankful to say, more than fully realised at the numerous memorial services in Cheltenham. The difficulty was to get in and out of the sacred edifices. The services were worthy of Churchy and Chapelly Cheltenham. St. Matthew's was for the nonce the cathedral, as it had the official stamp; and, being centrally situated, it attracted the masses, many of whom, however, like the Peri, had to be content to wait at the gates of Paradise. A very acceptable touch of colour to the congregation, for the most part in their trappings and suits of woe, was given by the Volunteers in uniform, and I

was glad to also see present several "gentlemen in khaki." The Engineers' Band, wisely casting aside a custom of regular and other bandsmen to merely play their comrades to and from church, went into and stayed at the service and rendered effective aid in the musical portion thereof. Mr. Matthews well kept up the reputation of St. Matthew's for fine organ playing. "Men of letters" were, I noticed, strongly represented by the postal staff and the postmen, who came, as might be expected, among the earliest arrivals. Sectarian differences were happily non-existent on this memorable and mournful day, for a representative deputation from the Non-conformists occupied a conspicuous place in the National Church, where all had gathered to do homage to the memory of the good "Defender of the Faith." It was a graceful and tactful act to depute the Rev. S. Dalzell, the Wesleyan minister, to read the lesson.

I rejoiced that there were one or two suitable secular attractions for Cheltonians wherewith to kill some of the time that must otherwise have hung heavily on their hands upon this depressing day, climatic as well. The kindness of the Council and Miss Beale, Principal of the Ladies' College, in throwing

open the Princess Hall so that the Queen's Bust might be viewed by the public, was warmly appreciated, as many hundred people defiled before it on the polished floor. Then the processions to and from St. Matthew's and the Volunteers marching to hear the Army order read somewhat enlivened up the day.

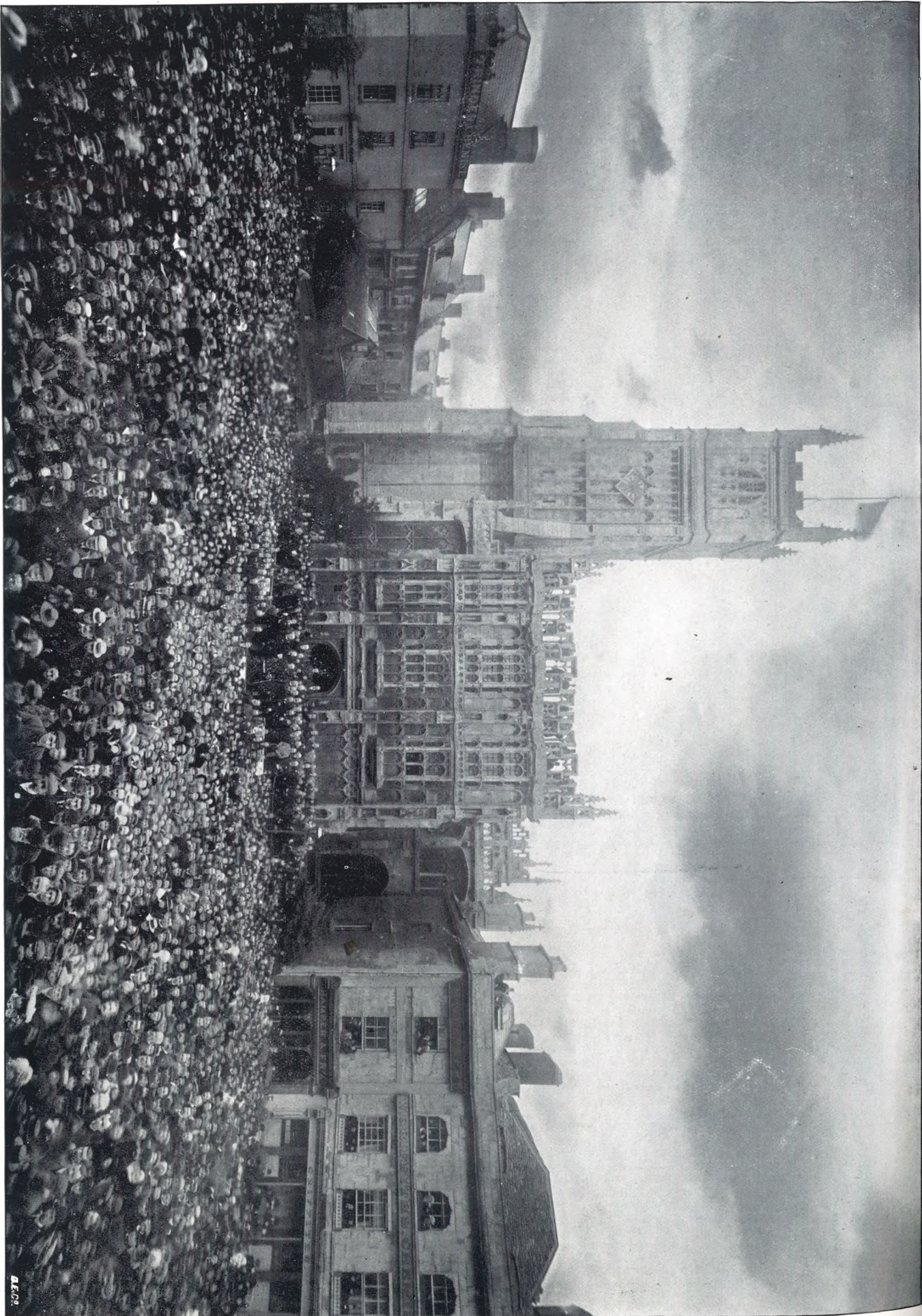
"No Flowers" is often an announcement added to obituary notices, but in this case it would have been superfluous. Still, I have been wondering what became of the multitude of wreaths and crosses sent to the Queen's funeral. Cheltenham was well to the fore with floral tributes, and I am glad that the appeal of the Mayoress for a wreath from the Cheltenham Ladies was eminently successful, and that the "Echo" was able to raise several pounds towards it. General Baden-Powell's name has come to the front again, for I saw in a Promenade shop a splendid wreath, which I afterwards found was the last tribute of the gallant defender of Mafeking to his Queen, in association with his relative, Lady Baden-Powell.

The county town quite eclipsed the Garden one in outward and visible signs of mourning. It is true that it has more public and other buildings belonging to great industrial concerns to "black list," but on this occasion Royal purple was the prevailing material used; and strikingly effective it looked. Then Gloucesterians have another advantage in their great Cathedral, and I can safely say there were never more people in it at one time than at the grand memorial service, attended by men of light and leading of the county and city and representatives of public and quasi-public bodies. The assembly was unique by reason of the facts that Bishop Ellicott (who read the lesson with deep pathos) is now the senior prelate; that the Earl of Ducie, who headed the magistrates, most of whom he has nominated is senior Lord Lieutenant; and that Rev. H. W. Maddy, one of the honorary canons in his place, was probably the only person present who was at the Queen's Coronation—for he was there as a Westminster School boy. Dean Spence, who was privileged to have been one of the Queen's special preachers, did himself, I think, more justice than he did in his sermon of the previous Sunday. His was a fine panegyric of her Majesty for having shown England and the world what a noble, true-hearted woman could do—what great measureless influence she could exercise, and what splendid work she could carry through and perfect. His memorable sermons on Napoleon III., the Prince of Wales's recovery, and the Duke of Clarence pale before this one. The "Echo" and "Chronicle" are to be congratulated on giving the discourse *in extenso*. That "Last Post," played by the Rifle buglers, invisible to the mass of the congregation, was as telling as the "Lost Chord" in its way, followed as it immediately was by the Dead March in "Saul," played on the organ and by the Volunteer Artillery Band, who, I am also glad to note, attended the service and rendered excellent aid instrumentally. I have alluded to the vast congregation—they overflowed even into the cloisters, ambulatories, and triforiums. Therefore, I am not surprised to hear of large quantities of mud being swept out of the sacred edifice immediately after the service, for everyone present carried in on boots a fair sample of the city freehold; but I was shocked that orange peel, scraps of biscuit, bread, and paper were among the sweepings. Some people have no more reverence, it seems to me, than a woman I once saw get up into and stay in the pulpit of the church at Gloucester Cross in order the better to see a wedding then in progress. Altogether, the beginning of Candlemas term of the Twentieth Century should ever shine brilliantly in the calendar of the countless millions who mourned in public for Victoria the Great last Saturday.

GLEANER.

* * *

A presentation to Miss Cornwallis West, the future bride of the Duke of Westminster, is being promoted by the citizens of Chester. It will take the form of a handsome personal ornament which may be worn as a brooch pendant or in the hair.



[Photo No.]

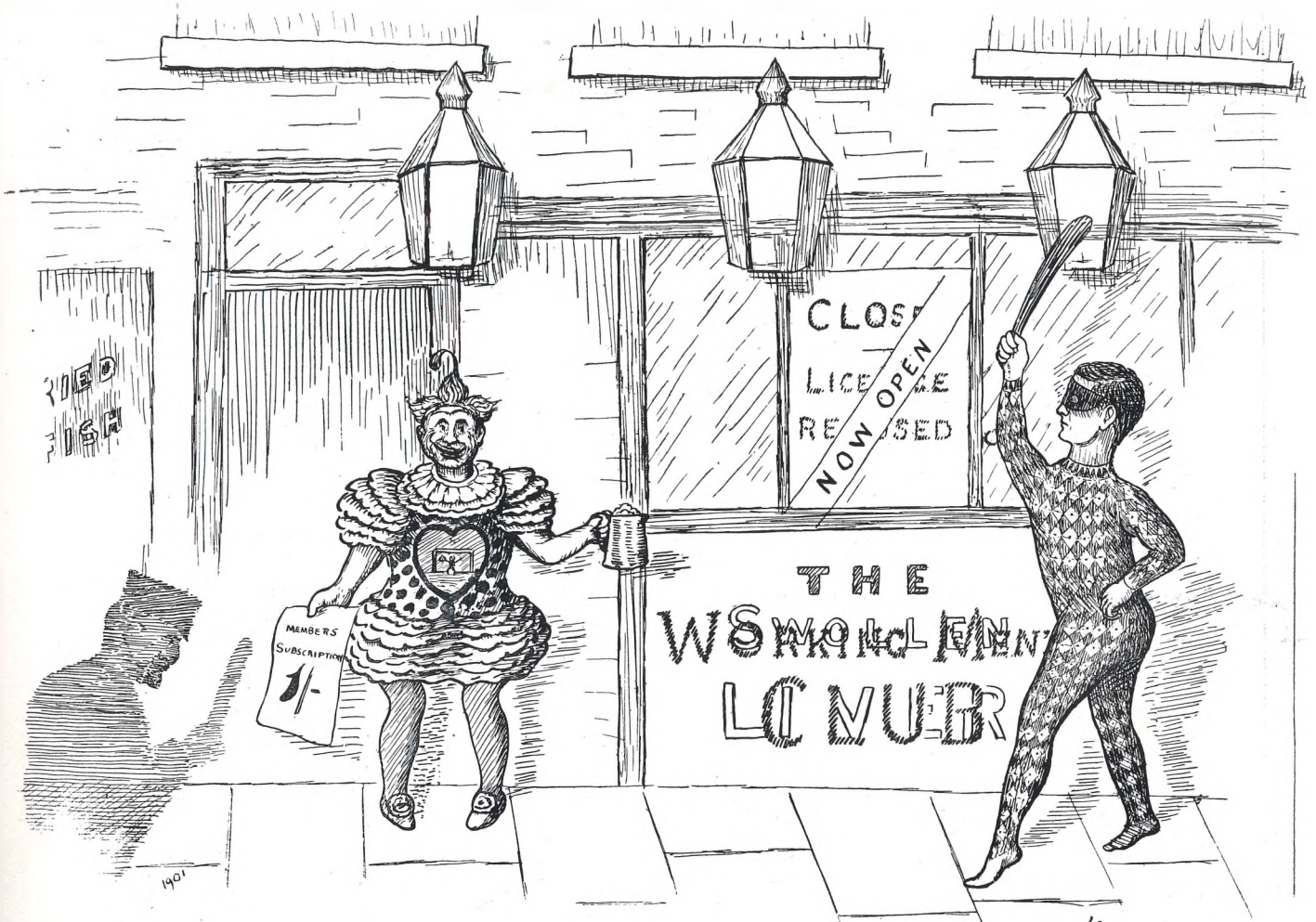
PROCLAIMING KING EDWARD VII. AT CIRENCESTER, ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1901.

[Mortimer Stoney, Liverpool]

A.E. 09

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE

FROM OUR OWN LOCAL PANTOMIME.



JOLLY GEORGE (*the Clown*): "Here we are again!"
HARLEQUIN: "And a good 'Spec.' too!"

SEWING DONE BY ANTS.

Ants are credited with so many marvellous accomplishments that a new one must be remarkable to be noteworthy. Mr. E. G. Green, of Ceylon, an authority upon insect habits, has, however, made an observation which is well worth putting on record. He has watched red ants holding larvæ or grubs in their mouths and using the web they spun to repair a rent in their nest. Some leaves which had been fastened together by the ants were separated by Mr. Green, and a short time after he saw small white grubs being passed backwards and forwards across the gap. Closer observation showed that each grub was held in the jaws of one of the worker ants, and its movements were directed as required. A continuous thread of silk issued from the mouth of each grub, and was used by the ants to sew up the rent in their shelter. There were no grubs in the neighbourhood, and those used were obtained from a nest at some distance. This deliberate use of a naturally-formed web as a sewing thread is as astonishing as any instance of the intelligence of ants yet observed.

* * *

COPPER IN FOOD.

It is a curious fact that while people consider that "iron" in food or drink is strengthening, they think copper is a very dangerous substance to take into the body, and often regard it as a poison. The metal copper is no more poisonous than the metal iron, though both form poisonous compounds with other substances. It is well to remember this when reading the reports of "poisoning

by copper" which sometimes appear in the newspapers. Dr. T. W. Hime has done a public service by showing that the suspicion of copper in food is almost entirely groundless. Copper exists in a great number of plants, in bread, mineral waters, wines, shellfish, fruits, and various kinds of animal flesh, but the health is not affected by consuming them. Thousands of persons flock yearly to the health-resorting springs of Wiesbaden, Teplitz, and other places, and consume copper in every glass of water they drink, yet they derive benefit from it. The outcry against the "coppering" of vegetables and others to preserve them is, therefore, unjustifiable. The quantity of the copper compound present in the amount of vegetables thus treated, and eaten at a meal, is only a fraction of the corresponding amount of copper sulphate which physicians prescribe to be taken three times a day for weeks and months continuously. In fact, vegetables which have been treated with copper to preserve their natural green—yellow peas cannot be made green by this treatment—may be eaten in most cases without fear of ill effects.

* * *

TELEPHONES WITHOUT CONNECTING WIRES.

It is scarcely too much to say that, in the course of time, telegraph wires, telephone wires, cables, and possibly the mains by which the more powerful currents used for lighting and heating are transmitted, will be unnecessary. Electricity is a disturbance of an immaterial medium which permeates everything, and the wires or metal tapes used

as conductors are really imperfect guides which direct the waves from one place to another. Remembering this, the announcement that Sir William Preece has developed a system of telephone communication without intervening wires does not come as a surprise. The method used is to fix a wire a mile or so in length at one place, at which communication is to be set up, and another wire parallel to it at the other place. An ordinary telephone transmitter and receiver is connected with each wire, and it is found that messages can be exchanged by this arrangement without actually connecting the two places. Telephonic communication is being maintained by this means between the lighthouse at the Skerries and the mainland at Anglesey. A wire 750 yards in length is erected along the rocks of the Skerries, and a similar one is set up parallel to it at Cemlyn, the average distance between the two wires being nearly three miles. A similar service is at work between Rathlin Island, on the north coast of Ireland, and the mainland, the distance between the lines in this case being four miles. Wireless telephony across the sea has thus been proved to be a practical and commercial system. No experiments have yet been made with ships, but it would appear simple to speak by telephone between ship and ship, or between ship and shore, to considerable distances, by means of a circuit formed of copper wire passing over the topmasts and terminating at each end of the ship in the sea.

* * *

The Earl of Westmeath has been elected a representative peer for Ireland in the place of Baron Oranmore and Browne, deceased.

LEGENDS OF CHELTENHAM
AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

* *

SMITH AND THE SERPENT.

A LEGEND OF "THE FLEECE" AND "DEERHURST."

Great Smith, the beerhouse keeper,
"By all that's good," he swore,
That the great snake no longer
Should dwell on Severn's shore;—
"By all that's good," he swore it,
And smote upon his knee,
And bade the pot-boy take to grind
His heavy axe, till to his mind
'Twas sharp as sharp could be!

Meanwhile into the inn-yard
The farmers' wives have passed,
With some fresh tale of horror
Their tongues all running fast;—
Some said the great Sea-Serpent
Had ate a score of men,
Whilst others, with a shudder, told
How they had seen it rob the fold
And crush the shepherd, who, too bold,
Had tracked it to its den!

"The harvest fields near Severn,"
Said they, "no man shall reap
This year, nor boys at Coombe Hill
Be found to tend the sheep!—
Nor fisherman nor poacher
The Severn salmon take;
For where can fisherman be found,
Or poacher, in the country round,
Who dare approach the snake?"

Then Smith, the beerhouse keeper,
Thus spake and scratched his pate,
"To every man in this here town
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than in this plucky way,
Trying to kill the great Sea-Snake
That only with a look can make
The strongest men to shrink and shake
Like aspen leaves in yonder brake
Upon a windy day?"

Then with axe upon his shoulder
Smith started on his way,
Whilst the men who round him gather'd
Said, "We'll stand by thee this day,"
And the rabbit from the brushwood,
And the partridge from the brake,
Were startled by that noisy crowd
That follow'd Smith with boasting loud
To slay the great Sea-Snake.

But when they saw the Serpent
Stretch'd on the river's bank,
The hearts of all that moment
Like lead within them sank;—
And, shrinking back, they shout'd,
"There lies the monster big!—
Forward, brave Smith, quick, quick, we
pray!"
Smith very coolly answer'd "Nay—
'Tis GENTLY KILLS THE PIG!"

'Tis said by some historians
That Smith the reptile fed
With new milk, fifty gallons,
And a half-a-ton of bread!
However that may be, he stay'd
Until the monster slept,
Then, saying to himself, "Here goes,"
Softly upon his shoeless toes
Up to the Snake he crept!

Then, whirling up his hatchet.
So fierce a blow he sped
That the good axe was firmly
Fix'd in the Serpent's head!
The monster lay a moment,
Stunned by such cruel thrust,
Then, wild with rage and mad with pain,
It coil'd and leapt, and coil'd again,
Till at the slayer's feet the slain
Lay in the bloody dust!

And now with pick and hayfork
The crowd towards him ran,
And, lifting up the Serpent,
They placed it in a van!
And the maids, with smiles and weeping,
Made Smith a laurel crown,
And, putting it upon his head,
Again they sought the town!

And now he nears the High-street,
And now 'midst cheering loud
He enters through the turnpike gate,
Amidst a motley crowd;
And the sma'l boys gather round him,
And the women shout and rave,
And as he's borne in triumph by
Folks clap their hands and loudly cry,
"THIS COMES OF BEING BRAVE!"

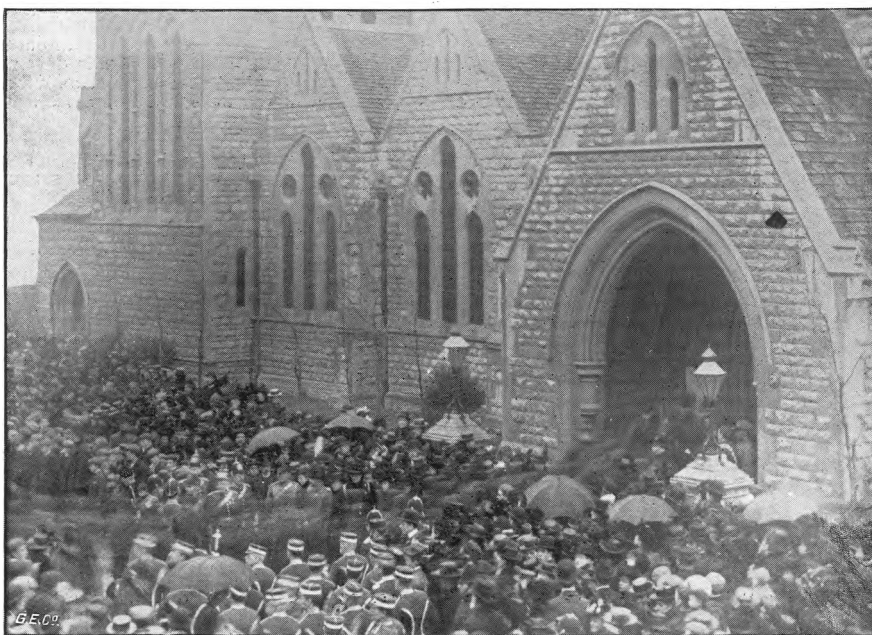
They gave him for reward land
Belonging to the Crown—
Twice thirteen good broad acres—
And a house outside the town;



Photo by H. W. Watson,]

[Clarence Street, Gloucester.

Gloucester Postal Staff Royal Funeral Wreath.



THE QUEEN'S FUNERAL.

Memorial Service at St. Matthew's, Cheltenham, on Saturday, February 2, 1901.

And they took his heavy hatchet
And hung it up on high,
And in the house at Walton Hill
The very axe is hanging still,
"To witness if I lie!"

It hangs above the fireplace
Of the parlour in the wing;
The head is very rusty,
And the handle bound with string!
And underneath is written,
In letters plain and big,
Upon a scroll of faded gold—
"TIS GENTLE KILLS YE PIGGE!"

And often in the winter,
When the inn-fires roar and glow,
When within is warm and comfort,
And without is frost and snow;
With shouting and with laughter
Still is the story told
Of Smith who slew the great Sea-Snake,
"In the brave days of old!"

But sometimes vulgar people
Will shake their heads and frown,
And say, "Aye, that's a likely tale,
Only it wants a pot of ale,
D'ye see, to wash it down"—
And they speak of their "left shoulder,"
And hint about "a sell,"
And say (whatever can they mean?)—
"He throws the hatchet well!"

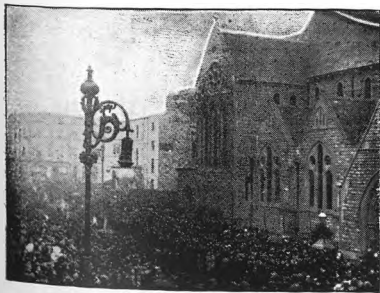
MORAL.
In danger aye be ready
Your neighbours' lives to save,
And then you, too, may know, perchance,
What COMES OF BEING BRAVE!
And be not like those people
I spoke just now about,
Who shake their heads at what you say,
And give in such a vulgar way
Expression to their doubt!

And when, to prove my story,
I make reference to RUDGE, †
Don't put your finger to your nose,
And rudely answer "Fudge!"
And, lastly, do no thing in haste
(Nor little thing nor big)
But treasure up the words of Smith—
"TIS GENTLY KILLS THE PIG!"

† Vide "History of Cheltenham," page 139.

WREATHS FOR THE QUEEN'S FUNERAL.

It is owing to the courtesy of Messrs. Cypher and Son, of Cheltenham, that we are this week able to place before our readers a photograph of the magnificent wreath sent by the Cheltenham ladies to the Queen's funeral, and Messrs. Roberts and Starr, of Gloucester, afforded us great assistance in securing a photograph of the Gloucester Post-office wreath. Both the above firms may well be proud of their floral productions, for the wreaths were admired by all who saw them. Particulars of the same were given in last Saturday's "Chronicle."

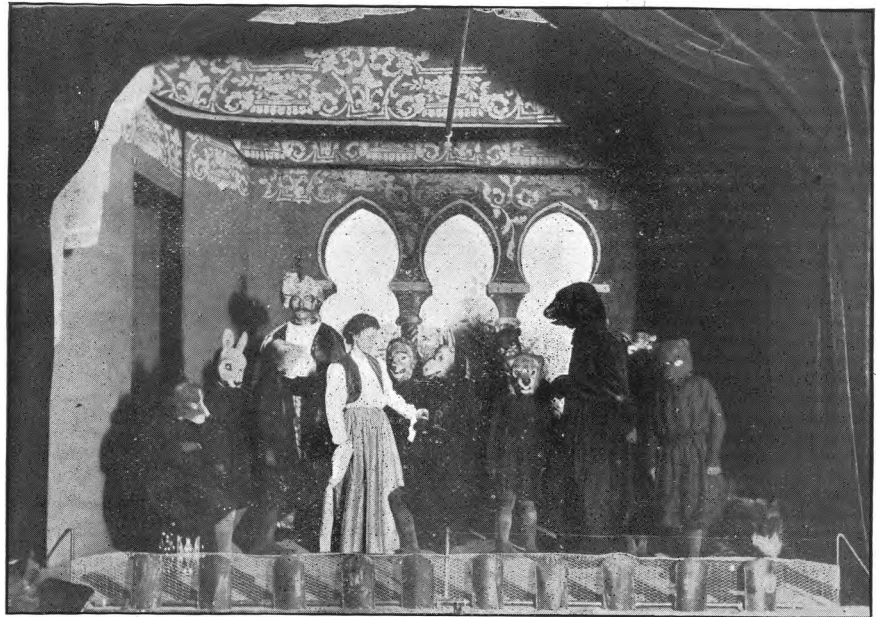


QUEEN VICTORIA'S FUNERAL.
Memorial Service at St. Matthew's, Cheltenham,
on Saturday, February 2, 1901.

The death is announced of Senhor Thomaz Ribeiro, formerly Minister of the Colonies in several Administrations. Senhor Ribeiro, who was born in 1831, also gained some celebrity among his countrymen as a poet, and was the author besides of several books of travel.

*
As the old Windsor postman, named Charles Smith, was riding on an old-fashioned tricycle through the Royal grounds at Frogmore on Wednesday, to deliver letters, the King stopped him, and chatted pleasantly for a few minutes to him about his machine.

Two Scenes in the Operetta of "Beauty and the Beast," At All Saints' School, Cheltenham.



1.—Parade of the Beasties.



Photographs by G. H. Martyn & Sons,

[Cheltenham.]

2.—The Reconciliation.

Lieut.-General Ivanoff, hitherto assistant to the Governor-General of Turkestan, has been appointed Russian Governor-General of Turkestan.

*
Mr. F. H. Chambers, assistant master of Charterhouse School, was, on Thursday last, appointed to the Headmastership of Lincoln Grammar School.

*
Lord Beauchamp reached Madras the other day on a visit to his brother-in-law, Lord Amphil, who recently took up the Governorship of that Presidency.

*
Lord Rosebery presided on Wednesday at a meeting representative of the county of Midlothian, convened at Edinburgh, to vote an address to the King. His Lordship threw out the suggestion that the restoration of Linlithgow Palace, the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots, would form a worthy memorial on the part of the Northern Kingdom of the reign of Queen Victoria.

The new Premier of Victoria, Mr. A. J. Peacock, is a native of that Colony, and is only forty years of age. For some time he has been the trusty lieutenant of Sir George Turner, who is now abandoning State for Federal politics. Mr. Peacock began life as a schoolmaster in his native district of Ballarat, then he drifted into the goldmining business, and finally into public life. He was married a few weeks ago.

*
The Rev. J. Chrystal, D.D., LL.D., of Auchinlech, died on Wednesday morning, at the age of 95. He had been minister of the parish of Auchinlech for nearly 68 years, and was the "Father o. the Church of Scotland." Two years since he met with a slight accident in his garden, and after that he allowed the active ministerial work of his charge to devolve on his assistant and successor, the Rev. J. Hill.

*
Bombay and Chicago are considering the project of permanent memorials to the late Queen in their cities.

Prize Photography.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a WEEKLY PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH the work of an Amateur.

Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places are preferred.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same in the newspaper, but an honorarium of 5s. will be paid in respect of each Photograph so used, with the exception of those of prize-winners.

The competition is open to the county, and the names of the successful competitors will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must either be on printing-out paper (P.O.P.) or on ordinary silver paper.

The winner in the fifth competition is Mr. J. Bye, General Hospital, Cheltenham. The prize picture is that of the Seven Springs.

Entries for the sixth competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Feb. 9, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



✧ THE SEVEN SPRINGS ✧
(NEAR CHELTENHAM)
REPUTED SOURCE OF THE THAMES.

Glo'shire in Travel . . . and Fiction.

BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

Robert Bloomfield, author of "A Farmer's Boy," visited the Wye in 1807, and committed his impressions and experiences to verse, dedicating his little volume to two Gloucestershire patrons, T. Lloyd-Baker, of Uley, and R. Bransby Cooper, of Dursley. No doubt under the hospitable roof-trees of these gentlemen he had good reason to exhort his readers to

"Renounce despair, and come to Severn's Vale;
And where the Cotswold Hills are stretched along
Seek our green dell, as yet unknown to song;
Start hence with us, and trace, with raptured eye,
The wild meandering of the beauteous Wye."

A few local touches occur in his pages:—"The clear brow of Uley Bury smiled o'er all below"; "Bold Stinchcombe's greenwood side, heaves in the van of highland pride"; "May Hill, with its tufted head, beyond the ebbing tide appeared"; "Noble Flaxley's bowers of oak, and many a cottage trim and gay"; "Patriarchal Mitchel Dean"; and so they travel "Away, away to Fairy Land."

"Hail! Coldwell rocks; frown, frown away;
Thrust from yon woods your shafts of gray.
Fall not, to crush our mortal pride,
Or stop the stream on which we glide.
Our lives are short, our joys are few;
But, giants, what is time to you?"

Symons Yat, he says, must be surmounted.

"A tower of rock that seems to cry,
'Go round about me neighbour Wye.'
On went the boat, and up the steep
Her straggling crew began to creep
To gain the ridge, enjoy the view,
Where the pure gales of summer blew.
The gleaming Wye, that circles round
Her four mile course, again is found;
And crouching to the conqueror's pride,
Bathes his huge cliffs on either side;
Seen at one glance, when from his brow,
The eye surveys twin gulfs below."

Thus he rows, and drifts, and lands, and sings till he reaches the river's mouth, and "sweeping far and wide, lay outstretched Severn's ocean tide," and he beholds the Cotswolds and Stinchcombe Hill and Berkeley Castle from the shore opposite to them.

We are not compiling a Bibliography, or we should have to exploit other travel books, such as Heath's "Excursion down the Wye" and Bellows's "Excursions to the Forest of Dean," the latter a Forest tourists' classic, and a lively and accurate one to boot, to say nothing of casual notices of Gloucestershire towns in such pilgrimages as John Jackson's, wherein he falls foul of his Dursley host in a surly fashion. It is time to turn to Glou-

cestershire in fiction. Our county figures in two classes of novels, those which are written for the sake of the story towns and villages only lending local colour to the scenes; and those which are written for a topographical purpose, and where the story is really no more than an accessory to the author's intention. The latter class are almost wholly historical, and range from Lysons's "Claudia and Pudens" down the centuries to our own day. Canon Lysons had a hobby. He persuaded himself that St. Paul preached in the streets of Glow-Castrum, and that the Claudia and Pudens of his epistle to the Romans were noble Britons. The adventures and loves of the youth and maiden, the battles fought and won by the Emperor Claudius, and his life in camp and Court, constitute the thread of the story. There are episodes at Avebury Circle and Silbury Hill, and fights between the Roman Cohorts and the British with their war chariots drawn by fiery little horses, and having scythes attached to their axle-trees, and a retreat of the Britons upon Savernake Forest; and then the Romans, with their elephants and siege train, reach Caer-Corin (Cirencester), take it, Imperialize it, and march on to Glow-Castrum (Glevum, as it was used to be called) along the Ermine-street, entering the City by the Via Principalis (now partly London-road and Northgate). On the route they note Mais Hill, "dedicated to that Goddess," the Moel Vern range, the Devil's Chimney at Leckhampton, and what is now "Robins Wood" Hill. The Roman Camp is at Hempstead, near the spot where some two thousand years later stood the worthy Canon's residence. "The spot was lovely, lying north and south, and commanding the whole of the Severn Vale; while toward the west might be seen the woody hills of the Silures, and on the eastern side the rugged outline of those of the Dobuni. It was admirably watered by never-failing springs issuing from a bed of gravel." A Pagan Temple is built, the hero and heroine are duly wedded, Caractacus appears, and is overthrown, and then Paul the Apostle. "The establishment of a church in Britain, upon a proper basis, occupied the chief of his time and thoughts, and on his return to Rome, he left Aristobulus and Timothy to carry out his instructions in this respect." Canon Lysons's revival of the customs and probable scenes of the period are excellent in their way, but his Pauline theories are, to say the least, of very doubtful value.

Another book of a similar character is a tale of the persecutions of early British Christians, and is entitled "The Camp on the Severn," by the Rev. A. D. Crane, of Oxford. It need not detain us. It is of small literary merit or local or historic interest.

We may say the same of "Coberley Hall: A Gloucestershire Tale of the Fourteenth Century," by Robert Hughes, of Cheltenham, 1824. The frontispiece of the "Antient View of the Court at Coberley Hall" is the best thing in the book, which, however, may have appealed to "the Most Noble Lady Anna Eliza Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos," to whom it is dedicated, whose coat of arms occupies a page, and who is assured that "it treats of a short period of that era when your Grace's ancestors were conspicuous in the county of Gloucester."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lord Glenesk leaves London next week for Cannes.

Captain his Serene Highness the Duke of Teck has been appointed Knight of the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Albany, to be an Honorary Knight of the Grand Cross.

Among the wreaths at Windsor was one which caught the eye and arrested attention. It was a comparatively small circlet of flowers, simply and tastefully arranged, and it bore this brief inscription:—"A last tribute of devotion from her servant and subject, Rosebery."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LOVE OF CHILDREN

Her Majesty had a great and tender love for little children. In "More Leaves from the Journal of a life in the Highlands," she says:—"We drove up the noble Pass of Leny, past Kilmahog, where a little boy tried to give me a nosegay which was fixed to a pole, and in trying to catch it Colonel Ponsonby let it fall. The little boy screamed, 'Stop, stop!' and ran in such an agony of disappointment that I stopped the carriage and took it from him, to his mother's great delight."

Most tenderly the Queen shared in the grief of a poor Highland couple whose two children were drowned in the "spate" of a Highland stream.

She tells how she "drove up to the Bush to warn Mrs. William Brown never to let dear little Albert (a little godson) run about alone or near the burn, of the danger of which she was quite aware"; and of the drowned baby her Majesty writes:—"We went in, and on a table in the kitchen, covered with a sheet, which they lifted up, lay the poor, sweet, innocent 'bairnie,' only three years old, a fine, plump child, and looking as though it slept, with a quite pink colour, and very little scratched, in its last clothes, with its little hands joined—a most touching sight. I let Beatrice see it, and was glad she should see death for the first time in so touching and pleasing a form." Of the mother she says:—"I took her hand, and said how much I felt for her, and how dreadful it was."

* * *

WHY MEN DON'T MARRY.

It is a melancholy fact that the young men of the present day are less impulsive and more calculating than they formerly were, and are rarely inclined to barter their liberty except for a proportionate quid pro quo. Love in a cottage has long been almost an exploded myth, and the pleasant fallacy that where one can dine two can only requires, so it is said, a few months' trial to be at once and for ever disproved.

We are gradually acustoming ourselves to regard matrimony as an affair not to be entered upon lightly, but demanding the fullest and most mature consideration; like Talleyrand, we are inclined to mistrust first impressions, although not precisely for the reason alleged by that astute diplomatist. Many young men who willingly succumb to the attraction of a pretty face, and plunge unhesitatingly into a flirtation on every available opportunity, however closely they flutter round the candle, take especial care not to burn their wings, while on their side the ladies are equally cautious as to the amount of encouragement they may safely venture to bestow.

On the whole, matchmakers were never more essential than they are now; and when we hear of a marriage we are morally certain that a good-natured third party has had her finger in the matter.



THE NEW RECORDER OF TEWKESBURY.

Mr. Frederick Stroud, who has been appointed Recorder of Tewkesbury, in place of Mr. L. Morton Brown, who takes over the Recordership of Gloucester, was born in Cheltenham in 1835. In the Trinity term of 1863 he took honours in the solicitors' examination, and commenced to practice almost immediately in Cheltenham. Mr. Stroud continued to practice as a solicitor in Cheltenham until 1882, when he sold his practice, and went to London, where he entered on the rolls of Lincoln's Inn. He was called to the Bar on Nov. 17th, 1883, and joined the Oxford Circuit, on which he has continued until the present time. Mr. Stroud is the author of "Stroud's Judicial Dictionary," which work was commenced by him

during the early years of his practice as a solicitor, and completed and published in 1890. Mr. Stroud has two sons, both of whom are in the legal profession—one being Mr. Herbert Stroud, who is practising in Cheltenham, and was made a member of the Town Council in November last, and the other Mr. Lewis Stroud, of London, who is a well-known racing cyclist. It may be added that Mr. Stroud is a director of "Black and White" (illustrated), and he was for some time the chairman of the Board of Directors of that company. He will be remembered for having, as a member of a committee of inspection of one of Mr. Hooley's cycle companies, made a fearless onslaught on the methods of that famous company promoter.



Photo, F. W. Pickford, Gloucester.

"Charley" Hall.

Played for England v. Ireland, at Dublin, on Saturday, Feb. 9th, 1901. Hall is vice-captain of the Gloucester club, and is a fine player. His position is forward, where his height (6 ft.) and weight (13st. 6lb.) stand him in good stead. He is 26 years old.

READING.

That variety in diet is essential to health. is a well-known fact; but that mental nourishment should be equally varied is not so universally accepted a truth. The great tendency is to treat the public as an invalid, and concoct delicacies and sweetmeats in the shape of sentimental love stories, instead of supplying wholesome, abundant nourishment. Then, again, mental meals must be small and explicit; short stories, short paragraphs and frequent full-stops, lest the mind should weary. Porridge is undoubtedly a valuable food supplying muscular strength, but it would be unwise to make it a sole article of diet; and equally unwise to expect a well-developed mind, nourished solely on science. On the other hand too great a quantity of pastry is even more pernicious; and as such must the greater number of modern novels be considered, tending to a dyspeptic mind

unequal to mental effort, and certain sooner or later to destroy the appetite for wholesome reading. Poetry has been called the champagne of the literary vineyard; a certain amount stimulates, but too much leads to a prostration of strength. The Bible is to the mind what milk and bread are to the body. Without a knowledge of the Book we cannot be truly wise. All food, however, fails to nourish the body unless well digested; and reading fails in its purpose unless we think. "Better to think for one hour than to read for ten without thinking." Capital is no use unless we live on the interest; and books are waste-paper unless we spend in action what we get in thought.



Lord Binning has gone to town to undergo medical treatment for the injury he received last August, when he accidentally shot himself in the leg. Lord Binning is still unable to move without assistance.

ONLY.

Only a gleam of sunshine,
Following after rain,
But it lighted a dreary chamber
And cheered a soul in pain.
Only a smile of pity,
Like an angel's, pure and sweet,
But it softened a heart unloving,
And laid it at her feet.
Only a frown of anger,
Sudden, and swift, and strong,
But it riveted links of iron
To an unforgiven wrong.
Only a path of duty—
Bowing beneath the rod,
But it leads at last to Heaven,
Home to our Father, God.
Only a flash of lightning,
Sweeping across the land,
But it left in its track a ruin
Where a mansion used to stand.
Ah! life is filled with "only."
We meet it everywhere,
But if only we trust our Father,
Our burden is light to bear. —W.A.C.



A WOMAN'S WORK.

When breakfast things are cleared away
The same old problem's rising,
For she again sits down to think
Of something appetising.
The dinner she must soon prepare,
Or give the cook directions,
And great is the relief she feels
When she has made selections.
When dinner things are cleared away
The problem that is upper
Is just the same with one word changed—
"What can I get for supper?"
She wants to give them something new,
And long is meditation,
Till choice is made, and then begins
The work of preparation.
That "woman's work is never done"
Has often been disputed,
But that she's worried is a fact,
And cannot be refuted.
The worry over what to eat
Is greatest of these questions,
And glad she'd be if someone else
Would make the meal "suggestions."

Another Volunteer for the Front.



PVT. G. GRAHAM,
D Co. (Tewkesbury) 2nd V.B.G.R.

Prize Photography.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a WEEKLY PRIZE of HALF-A-GUINEA for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH the work of an Amateur.

Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places are preferred.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same in the newspaper, but an honorarium of 5s. will be paid in respect of each Photograph so used, with the exception of those of prize-winners.

The competition is open to the county, and

the names of the successful competitors will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must either be on printing-out paper (P.O.P.) or on ordinary silver paper.

The winner in the sixth competition is Miss Barnett, 3 Dagmar-villas, Tivoli, Cheltenham. The prize picture is that of Tewkesbury Abbey.

Entries for the seventh competition closed this (Saturday) morning, February 16, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



PVT. E. W. BURGHAM,
H. Co. (Newnham) 2nd V.B.G.R.

* * *



TROOPER H. A. SIMMONDS,
Norton, near Glo'ster, Imperial Yeomanry.

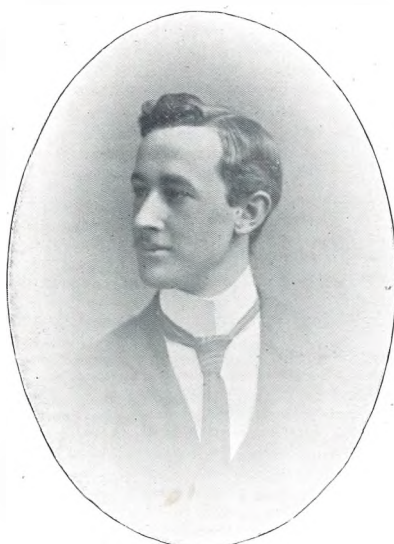
Gloucestershire Volunteers for the Front.

* * *

We give on this page the first batch of a series of photos of local men who have obeyed their country's call and volunteered for active service in South Africa. The series will be continued from week to week.



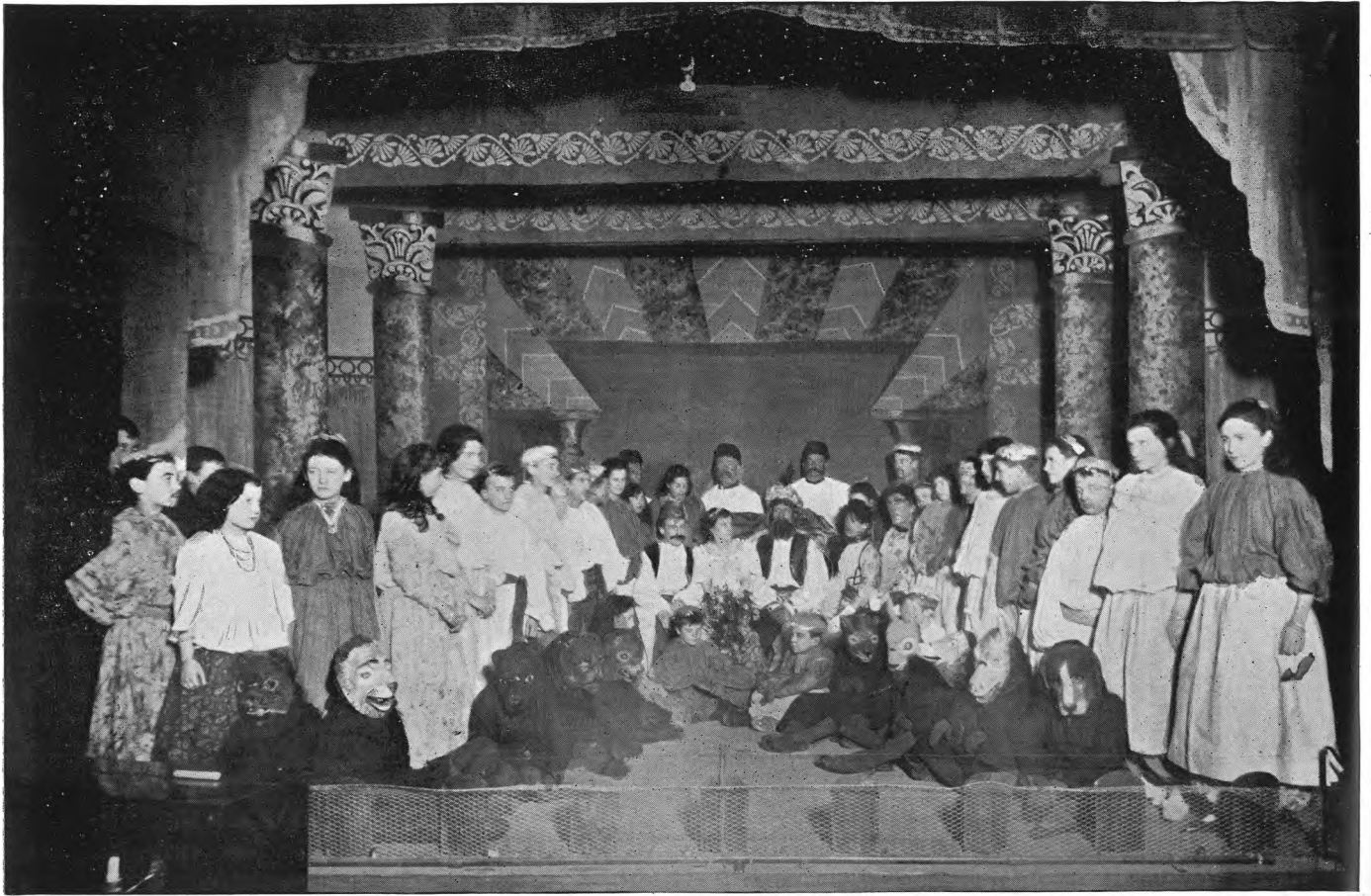
TROOPER TURK,
Gloucester Imperial Yeomanry.



PVT. SYDNEY M. PEARCE,
D Co. (Tewkesbury) 2nd V.B.G.R.



PVT. RICHARD MERRETT,
H. Co. (Newnham) 2nd V.B.G.R.



Operetta, "Beauty and the Beast," at All Saints' Schools, Cheltenham.

A Tour of our Churches

*

VI.—HIGHBURY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Amongst the Nonconformists of Cheltenham, Highbury Church holds somewhat the same position that All Saints' fills in the list of churches of the Establishment. Those who require an essentially musical service, with just a flavour of ritual about it, form the chief supporters of Highbury; although it must be confessed there does not seem very much attraction to the average Dissenter in this form of service, judging by the sparse attendance which I found on the occasion of my visit on Sunday last. Under one gallery there were as many as ten empty pews one after the other, and, taking into consideration the beauty of the music, and the powerful character of the sermon preached, this seemed to me remarkable and unfortunate. The casual visitor at a glance would note the importance given to the musical service, as evidenced by the almost overpowering organ, filling the whole end of the building, and towering in a maze of handsome carved wood-work to the very roof. In comparison with the organ everything else, even the pulpit, is dwarfed; and a Churchman might be excused the irreverent remark that "it would seem the organ was worshipped at Highbury," occupying as it does the place allotted in the State Church to the High Altar! But it is a beautiful and sweet toned instrument, and very ably manipulated by the organist, every turn of expression in the hymns and anthem of the service being faithfully observed.

The order of service at Highbury is much the same as I have described at other Dissenting places of worship, except in one particular—a deacon enters with the minister, takes a seat under the pulpit, and from

thence gives out the hymns and the notices, leaving the prayers and sermon only to the minister.

The minister is a man of fine physique, and, clothed in the orthodox black gown with white neckbands, has the appearance of a University man or a public school master—a healthy and winning type of countenance, especially when lighted up by a smile, as it often was during the sermon. I noted that after each prayer a musical "Amen" is sung, and that one of the Psalms is chanted (remarkably well, be it said), while the anthem of my last week's record, "What are these" (Stainer), was sung in a manner which could not be excelled at All Saints', one of the phrases being sung as a solo with telling effect. The congregation appeared to take a reasonable share in the singing of the anthem, the words of which were to be found at the end of the hymn-book. This may seem an ordinary detail, but in many of the churches and chapels I have been obliged to listen to the choir worshipping on my behalf (but not at my request), because of the words of the anthems being in their possession only. But the most striking feature of the evening was undoubtedly the sermon, a discourse characterised by a brilliant and daring treatment of the subject text, the 24th verse of the Epistle to Jude: "Him that is able to guard you from stumbling."

Touching first on the incredibility of the truth of God's care for individuals by some people in the light of the profound cosmic discoveries of the last ten years, the preacher referred to the utterances of the Psalmist and Prophets, bewildered by the same almost incredible thought, as they cried "Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" A recent article in the "Spectator" had foolishly stated that it would be a sorry thing in the interests of religion and morality if communication, electrical or otherwise, should be established with the planet Mars! Why? Because, stated the "Spectator," the Martians "might possibly know more of the forces of nature than we

do or can, and might have lost their faith in a Creator and a life to come, and entertain different ideas of right and wrong to ourselves, all of which would upset the foundations of our faith and morals!" "Then," said the preacher, warming to his subject, "the 'Spectator' would have us believe that a wider knowledge of the forces of nature would unsettle our faith in God!"

"If our religion is so insecure as to be overturned by the advance of science, then I would not live in such a fool's paradise for a moment! Let it be overturned at once! God must be the God of Truth. But a faith which has outlived the criticisms of Renan, Strauss, and Huxley has nothing to fear from the superior knowledge of the Martians!" Passing on from these original and weighty utterances, the discourse took a more familiar trend, referring to the individual care shown for man with his complex personal nature; and the minister of Highbury concluded by pressing home the points that every individual soul is God's sanctuary, and that the Great God who keeps the planets in their orbits from crashing into one another is the same God who, in the Person of One like unto ourselves, said "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

During much of his sermon, I could hardly refrain from wondering just how much of the intellectual treat placed before the congregation had been understood or assimilated, for it seemed to me, with all due respect, that very many of the listeners could only have a very imperfect comprehension of the profound depths of such a sermon. It was truly a 20th century sermon, and gloriously bold in its conception; but alas! the 20th century is but young, and the people still prefer the old well-worn phrases of timid orthodoxy to thus bravely challenging the apparent contradictions of science and religion; hence the empty pews at Highbury. True, the Archbishop of Canterbury has done it and succeeded. But then he is the Archbishop of Canterbury!

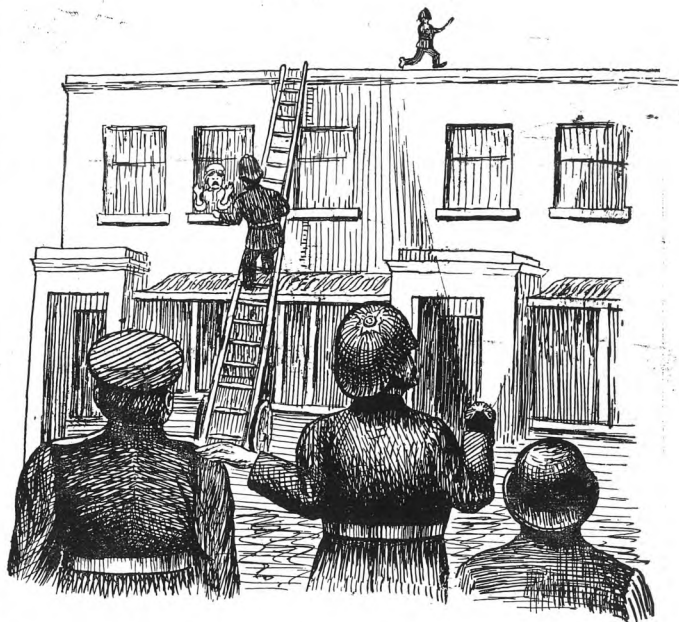
LAYMAN.

MYSTERIES OF CHELTENHAM.



Pittville Lake—January 12th, 1901.

"We have toiled all day and have caught nothing."



Grosvenor Place South—January 24th, 1901.

"Let him that is upon the housetop not come down."

LEAVES FROM ROBERT'S DIARY.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

It can safely be predicted that time will not wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of topics clustering around the life, death, and funeral of Queen Victoria. From a local point of view, however, the range of topics will necessarily be very limited. Still the county can, I think, regard with a certain amount of melancholy satisfaction the fact that it furnished in its sons a very fair proportion of the quota from the Grenadier Guards who acted as bearers or watchers of the Royal coffin. Of the four Grenadiers honoured with this last duty, two came from Gloucester, one from Cheltenham, and one from Coleford. A Cheltonian, too, assisted in the fitting up of the chappelle ardente on the yacht *Alberta*. It ought also to be mentioned that one native of Gloucester at least, Mr. Thomas Hunt, the veteran lay clerk at St. George's Chapel, took part in the musical services at the closing obsequies of the Church.

The "Chronicle's" statement that the booming of the minute guns in the Solent on the Friday afternoon was heard at Cleeve Hill was, I know, scouted by certain wiseacres, but they have had to hide their diminished heads since voluntary confirmation came from other unimpeachable quarters. I was particularly interested in the statement of a correspondent of the "Echo" that the firing was heard in Cheltenham Cemetery, which is not high ground. The "Graphic" showed a remarkable "intelligent anticipation of events" on the Saturday by actually giving an article on "The Distance at which Cannon can be heard," which must have been printed before the Solent cannonade. I may say that I myself heard, when up the Severn a little way above Gloucester, the reverberation of the continuous firing at the Diamond Jubilee Naval Review, in 1897. By-the-by that announcement in the papers was unique—the birth of a daughter (Alexandra Ann) to the wife of a householder in Cirencester "while the King's Proclamation was read in the Market Place."

All arms of the county Reserve Forces, with the exception of the "gunners," are being called upon to furnish further active service companies or sections for the front. Lord Charles Bentinck, one of the Mafeking heroes, has succeeded in obtaining at Cheltenham nearly a hundred Yeomen of the right sort, while Col. Griffith was to have dedicated at Gloucester on Thursday to the service of the country a detachment of Rifles, but at the last moment orders came countermanding them. All honour, I say, to these gallant young fellows who respond to their country's call. Their comrades, having borne the heat and burden of the day for a long and weary year, sadly require relief. Death and disease have been more rife amongst the Yeomen than with the other two branches, and I was grieved to recently see in a letter from one of the "Imps" the tale of the hardships they have had to endure, and that while he was in the hospital with fever no fewer than 27 "handed in their checks," which is a curious term describing death.

Cirencester has lately furnished an amusing bit of *causerie*. The following notice (which, however, was very soon removed) was placed on the board in the porch of the parish church:—"Notice.—Will the person who purloined a silver-mounted cane left in the middle aisle on Sunday, January 6th, kindly return the same to the Verger, together with his card, that the owner may call upon him and administer the thrashing he deserves for turning the House of God into one of that of pillage." A letter has just been published from the owner of the cane expressing satisfaction at having got it back, and that he has been "able to kill two birds with one stone" in having put the verger on his guard to prevent other larcenies, such as the stealing of an umbrella, a Bible, and a Prayer Book, of which he has been informed. Would it not be wise to adopt the plan that was in vogue in some country districts not many years ago, when "book-keeping" was rife, of writing on the inside of covers:—

"Steal not this book for fear of shame,
For here you'll find the owner's name;
And if you do, the Lord will say,
'Where is that book you stole away?'"

"Stroud for Tewkesbury." There is a peculiar fitness in the appointment of Mr. F. Stroud as Recorder of Tewkesbury apart from the fact that, as a Cheltonian, he succeeds Mr. Morton Brown, an Old Cheltonian, for, as a solicitor and a barrister, he is well qualified to fill the post, and, as a keen politician, he thoroughly deserves this little preferment, which gives him a dignified but not onerous position. Mr. Stroud enjoys the distinction of sharing with Mr. Macaskie the record of being King Edward's first recorder. Gloucestershire is not behind in making records in various matters; now it has made one with a "recorder."

"Veni, Videbar, Vici" may well be taken by the "Gloucestershire Graphic" for its motto, for no other local enterprise in journalism has caught on in public favour so rapidly, as I have the best authority for stating. At the outset, I remarked that the only fault I had heard raised against it was that it was not large enough, but that, like youth, can soon be remedied. I travel a great deal by road and rail, and I constantly see people devouring it with their pleased eyes—aye, even stopping in the streets and calling the attention of friends to something special. The demand for it has now become quite chronic—I mean "Chronicle." The proprietors can justly say, "We lead, others follow suit—in a way." GLEANER.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY ON GAMBLING.

"My view," said Dr. Whately, "is simply that inasmuch as all gaming implies a desire of profiting at the expense of your neighbour, it involves a breach of the tenth commandment." On another occasion he said: "The best throw with the dice is to throw them away."

HOW TO DEAL WITH DISAGREEABLE THINGS.

Edward had by this time prepared a *bag of forgetfulness*, into which he put all the disagreeable things that were said to him; and, once there, he remembered them no more.

1st GLOUCESTERSHIRE ROYAL ENGINEERS (VOLUNTEERS).

* * *

Active Service Section for South Africa.

* * *

THE GALLANT SAPPERS.



Photo by E. Debenham, Gloucester.

KEY TO GROUP.

First row (sitting), from left to right:—2nd-Corpl. G. Grieve, Cheltenham; Lance-Corpl. W. Browning, Cheltenham; Sergt. H. Hall, Winchcombe; Lieut. Ernest E. Ricketts, Gloucester; Corpl. A. Dodwell, Cheltenham; Sappers W. Pike and A. W. Martin, Gloucester

Second row (standing):—Sappers F. Ryder, A. Bull, H. Such, and J. Coombes, Cheltenham; Sapper H. G. Hayward, Gloucester; Sappers H. Harris, A. A. Meulbrouck, and H. T. Rock, Cheltenham; Sappers A. E. Joyner and W. Tomlins, Gloucester; Sappers H. Farmer and J. Sallis, Cheltenham.

Third row (standing):—Sappers J. R. Karn and F. Lawrence, Cheltenham; Sapper A. R. Agg, Winchcombe; Sapper A. Roberts, Cheltenham; Sappers W. Yates, G. H. Meredith, and J. W. Arkett, Gloucester.

[Lieut. Ricketts, R.E., the officer in command, is thus referred to in the despatch of Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., the General Commanding the Natal Army, dated November 9, 1900:—"Lieut. E. E. Ricketts, Gloucester Engineer Volunteers (attached to the 23rd Company, Royal Engineers), proved himself a valuable officer and has done good service."]

THE AIR OF ROOMS.

Mr. Francis Jones has made a detailed examination of the effects produced on the air of rooms by the use of gas, coal, and electric light, for heating and lighting purposes. As the experiments were made with great care, and every precaution was taken to study the conditions which are met with in ordinary life, the results are of wide importance. In an ordinary room, the best air always occurs near the floor, and it is a little less pure a few feet from the floor, and is most impure at the ceiling. This arrangement of pure and impure air holds good however the room may be lighted or heated. But samples of air taken from the same position in a room vary in purity according to the system of lighting or heating adopted. The purest air was obtained when a coal fire was used for heating and electric light for lighting; a gas fire with electric light was not quite so good, but they were better than a coal fire and gas light, and these in turn were found

to pollute the air less than by using a gas fire and gas light. The worst samples of air were obtained from a room in which a gas cooking-stove was used without a flue to carry off the noxious gases produced.

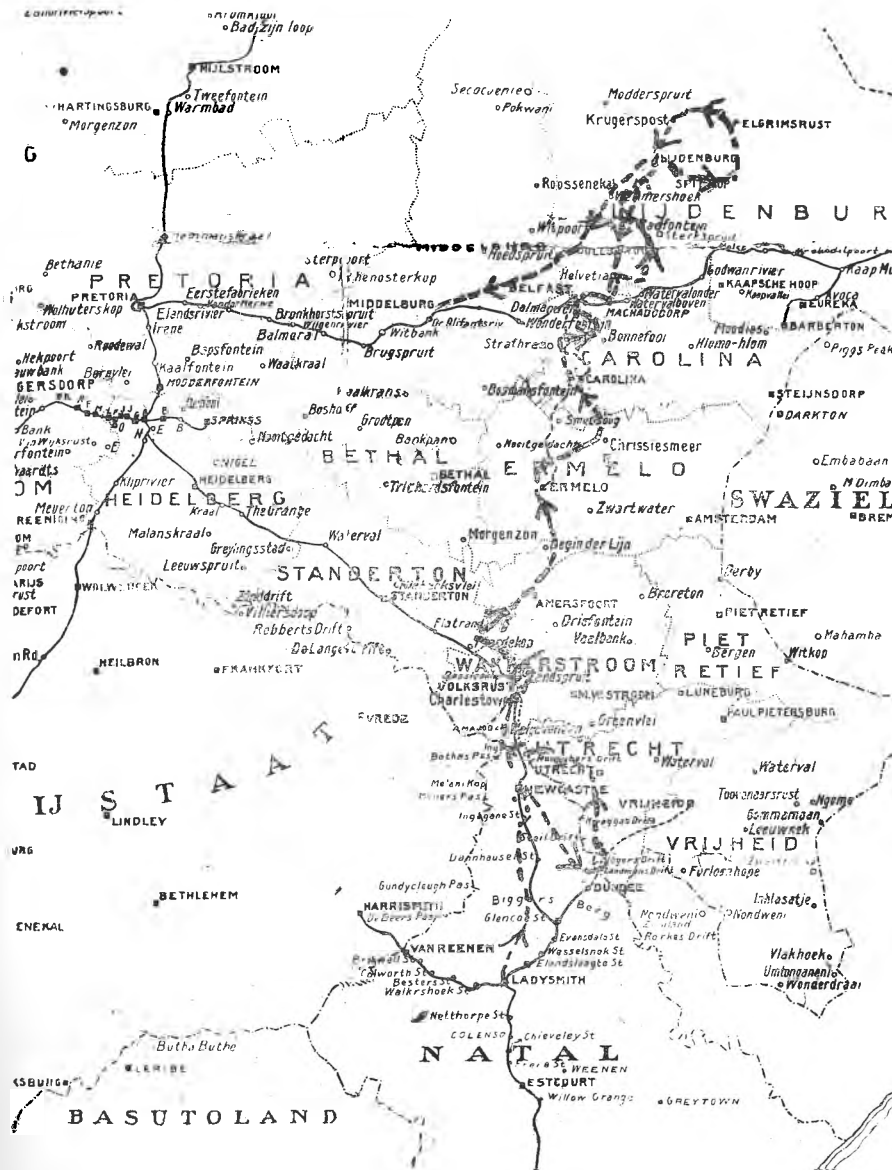
A RECORDING AND SPEAKING TELEPHONE.

An ingenious combination of the telephone and phonograph has been invented by Mr. J. E. O. Kumberg, and is likely to be soon available for use by the public. It consists of a modified phonograph so arranged that when a telephone message is received, the vibrations of the diaphragm are transmitted to a stylus in contact with a revolving cylinder. The message is thus engraved upon the cylinder in precisely the same way that a speech can be recorded in an ordinary phonograph. When a person having an instrument of this kind is called up, he may take the message in the usual way, or he may let it

be recorded automatically upon the revolving cylinder. The cylinder is large enough to record about fifteen thousand words, which would represent about a page of an ordinary newspaper, without needing to be renewed. If the person happens to be out or engaged when he is called up, the call is answered automatically by means of the automatic speaker, and the person at the other end of the line receives a message saying, "Mr. — is out, but this instrument is fitted with a telephonograph, which will automatically take down any message you may send, and Mr. — will read it on his return." This mechanical message is engraved upon a narrow phonographic cylinder, which revolves under the automatic speaker. The other details are the same as in ordinary telephone instruments. The instrument has been well tested, and has worked satisfactorily, so there is no reason why it should not be widely adopted by users of telephones.

GLO'STERSHIRE ENGINEERS' TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

Nearly a Thousand Miles through the Transvaal.



The above map is a fac-simile of a section of a Boer map that Sapper Harry Such, of Cheltenham, commandeered at Zandspruit Station on August 2nd last, when with the 23rd Co. of the Royal Engineers, with which he and the other Gloucestershire Engineer Volunteers are serving, and it is especially interesting by reason of the fact that Sapper Such has marked upon it in thick dotted lines the zig-zag route that they took up Natal and through the Transvaal (nearly a thousand miles in all), from the time that they moved from Ladysmith with the Fourth Division, under General Lyttelton, through Laing's Nek and on to Middelburg, where they are now stationed. The Gloucesters had a railway trip to Pretoria, and were included in the troops reviewed there by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, and they were present at the funeral of Prince Christian Victor.

Haw. "I ran rapidly by the green meadows by the Severn side, where the Comfrey, so excellent for bruises, was just showing its lilac blossoms, and soon reached the woodlands which at Wainloade surmounted the steep cliff above the river. The Foresters' Lodge was erected near to this cliff, close upon the river bank . . . and was opposite the spot where the wains or wagons, loaded with corn for Gloucester, came once a year, when their burdens were placed on rafts and sent across the Severn. Thus it was called Wainloade." On a later journey he lodges at the "Black Bear" at Theocsbury, where the Forester of the Chace of Gloucester "was quaffing a goblet of hippocras with a monk of Bredon," they having come with many others, "with nuns from Gloucester who could sing right sweetly, as in Chaucher's time, and pretty country girls with country bumpkins fresh from the plough," to behold a miracle play and a morality play between "the solemn round arches of massive stone" of the nave of the great church of the Abbey. He visits the City of Gloucester, and, like others alluded to in this and other essays, "proceeded to the New Inn in Northgate-street. This is a fine hostelry, only just constructed of goodly timber, and the chambers are built round a courtyard." He attends a Lollards' service in the gloomy crypt of the Abbey Minster, "which was filled with a labyrinth of short stone pillars of massive solidity, and lighted by a single lamp." By and by he is enrolled in the Yorkist Army, sees the "King Maker" Earl of Warwick passing the red cliffs of Mythe Toot, plays on the Bowling Green at Tewkesbury, visits Cheltenham (a poor village with two hostleries where people go to drink "waters that are unsavoury to the palate, but strong to drive away the meagrim, the cholic, and podagra"), is in due time on the "bloody meadow," aiding in the decisive battle between the houses of the Rose and the White. The description of the memorable fight is well written, and might have been the actual penmanship of an eye-witness. Of course, the story ends with a wedding, and the old man, the supposed narrator, finishes with a quotation from Master Wycliffe's Bible, "His yoke is soft and His charge is light."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Prince of Wales's 27th Kieff Dragoon Regiment is by an edict of the Czar for the future to be styled the 27th Kieff Dragoon Regiment of his Majesty King Edward VII. Mr. William F. Jeffery, one of the most prominent and best-respected solicitors in Birmingham, died at his residence, 69 Soho Hill, Handsworth, late on Tuesday night. The death occurred at Tonbridge, on Wednesday, of the Rev. Charles Wainwright, M.A., for nearly forty years vicar of Christ Church, Blackpool, and Rural Dean of the Fylde.

Glo'shire in Travel . . . and Fiction.

BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

Far superior in quality to either of the preceding works of fiction are those of the Rev. W. S. Symonds, Rector of Pendock. Both of them relate to the borderland of the counties of Gloucester and Worcester. The full title of the first is "Malvern Chase: An Episode of the Wars of the Roses, and the Battle of Tewkesbury." The thread of the story hardly comes within the purpose of this essay, nor do descriptions

of Malvern, or other Worcestershire or Herefordshire localities, admirable as they are. The hero, with a hunting expedition, trespasses inadvertently into Gloucester Chace, as far as Hasfield. "Hasfield Moat House differed somewhat in its structure from the Manor Houses which are now arising in many parts of our Western Counties. The moat was dug only in front of the dwelling house, which was protected on the north and east by a high wall with steps on the inner side to enable archers to shoot through the apertures, while on the top of the wall was a chevaux de frise of strong oaken spikes. The house was mostly built of strong timber, and the only entrance was by the drawbridge." The Pauncefortes were then in possession of the Manor. The hero is sent on a message to Lord Edward March at the Foresters' Lodge at Wainloade's Hill. He ferries across the Severn at the



THE LATE MR. B. F. EVANS,
The Colonnade, Cheltenham.

LEGENDS OF CHELTENHAM AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE.



CHOSEN CHURCH.

A LEGEND OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

[Chosen, or, more properly speaking, Churchdown, is a little parish on the left hand side of the road leading from Cheltenham to Gloucester. The most careless traveller cannot fail to note its queer old church, standing as it does on the top of Chosen Hill. From Cheltenham, from Gloucester, and the country surrounding these towns, it is scarcely possible to help seeing it. A church set upon a hill cannot be hid; and its being so situated makes Chosen Church a very prominent object in the beautiful Vale of Gloucestershire. If the reader has indulged in the pleasantness of a ramble through that delightful vale, he will probably have wondered how that odd-looking church should have been perched upon a steep hill all away from the people who have to flock to it. To explain the why and the wherefore there is a legend that it was carried up in a night by St. Bartholomew, the Patron Saint of a Convent of Monks which formerly existed at the bottom of the hill. This Convent, it is said, formerly used for its house of prayer the church at the neighbouring village of Badgworth; but the Monks, growing indolent, got tired of the journey thither, and built them a chapel near to their own Convent under Chosen Hill. This indulgence made them, of course, more lazy; laziness produced riot; riot, wickedness; and wickedness brought on the Convent the displeasure of the Saint, who as a punishment and a preventive, carried the church away and placed it on the top of the hill, hoping thereby to purify the minds of the Monks by giving their bodies a little exercise. But here is the legend.]

Many and many a year ago
In the days that are called the old and good,
Beside a rill
Near Chosen Hill
'Tis said that an old grey Abbey stood.
By whom it was founded I cannot tell,
But I've often heard the rustics say
That it was the pride
Of the country side
Till Cromwell swept it clean away.
So good, in those days, was the Glo'ster vale
That barefooted Monks you then might meet
"As thick on the ground,
In the country round.
As beggars are now in the crowded street.
The wonder is that in ancient days
There should be such things as crimes and sins—
Bad women or men,—
For monast'ries then
Were as common as now are the roadside inns!
I have heard it said that to every spot,
Where the men were rich and the maids were fair,
And the woods well stock'd,
The Monks they flock'd
And very soon founded an Abbey there!
And that was the reason, as I divine,
That the Badgworth Abbey began to fill
By such swift degrees
That to save a squeeze
They built the other near Chosen Hill.
But by some mistake—by whom 'twas made
This legend don't pretend to say—
There was a place to dine,
And a cellar for wine,
But no chapel or place in which to pray.
And so, when the sound of the vesper bell
Was borne o'er the valley upon the breeze,
The Monks, with their beads,
Had to trudge o'er the meads
To Badgworth chapel among the trees.
Now they led in the Abbey such jolly lives—
For in that day the Monks, 'tis said,
Were fond, as, I vow,
The Monks are now—
Of women and wine and a dainty "spread."
And every day the table groaned
With the best of fish from the Abbey pond,
With soups and stew,
A boar's head or two,
And the haunch of a deer from the wood beyond.
But when they had dined and the cloth was
drawn,
The fun in good earnest did then begin;
A bald headed feller
Went down in the cellar
And brought up the wine in a great big tin.
And the Abbot himself in his great arm chair,
His snug old chair at the table head,
He "came it strong"
With his glass and song,
Till his voice grew weak and his nose grew red!
And with feasting, the Monks and Friars at length
Idle and fat each one of them grew,
As we very well know
That folks will grow
With too much to eat and too little to do.

So idle and fat were the monks and friars,
So fat and idle at length were they
That all of them swore
'Twas a deuce of a bore
To go such a distance to praise and pray.
*Then out spake the abbot behind his glass
As he put down his pipe, then out spake he:
"Tis—(hic!)—as you say
A deuce of a way
For a fellow to go to bend the knee.
"But we have in the coffers hard cash I ween.
Red gold as pure as gold may be;
'Twas left, to be sure,
For the good of the poor,
But I care not for that—if I do blow me!
"I'll hire good builders, clever and strong—
The best and the strongest in all the land—
And small dirty boys
In corduroys
To mix the mortar and sift the sand.
"And emerald sons of the Emerald Isle—
As verdant and green as their native sod—
Who, for very small pay,
Will carry, all day,
The bricks and the stones in a great big hod.
"And we'll build a church in the fields close by,
And a passage or cloister through which to pass
Without soiling one's shoes,
And we'll heat it with fues,
And the windows we'll fill with the best stained
glass.
"And it all shall be done, as it ought to be,
To give no cause for the least complaint,
Confusion to lend
To our club-footed friend,
"And add praise to the name of our patron Saint!"
Now the Saint he heard the Abbot's words,
And he storm'd and he swore, for his ire had risen;
Said he: "Old Nick
Devised this trick,
"But I'll show him a trick worth two of his'n!"
And he swore by his beard, which was long and
gray,
And he swore by the top of his shaven crown,
That he'd put ev'ry monk
In a deuce of a funk
And do the old Abbot uncommonly brown!
And the good old Saint he kept his word—
As canonised Saints should always do—
As this legend will show,
Which I'd have you to know,
Though truly strange is strangely true.
The glad Spring came, that gentle maid,
And her sweetest smile o'er the vale she threw
And where e'er it fell
Sprang the cowslip's bell
And the primrose pale and the violet blue!
And the thrush sang on the hawthorn bush,
Though its silver note as yet was weak;
And the cuckoo's voice
Made the woods rejoice,
As it play'd all the morning at hide and seek!
And the air was filled with scents and sounds
Such as spring-time and sunshine alone can bring,
And even the rill
Near Chosen Hill
Sang as sweet a song as a stream can sing!
But folks who then lived in the Glo'ster vale
Heard other sounds as well as these;
For builders strong,
The whole day long,
Were working away like a hive of bees!
And they sang as they saw'd the great big stones,
And laughed as they fixt them upon the wall—
And poor ragged Pat,
In his old tatter'd hat,
Was the briskest and blythest among them all!
Weeks a-many the builders strong
Had toiled away in this manner prime—
Which proved pretty clear
They had plenty of beer,
And were paid very well for their over-time!
And the jolly old Abbot he rubbed his hands,
And said to the Monks, with his broadest grin,
"If all goes right,
By Saturday night
Our church will be ready for roofing-in!"
But he did not see the good old Saint
Press his nose with the tip of his finger fat;
Nor hear him reply,
As he wink'd his eye,
"You had better not make too sure of that!"
That very night the Monks and Friars
Were feasting away with their wonted glee;
And the Abbot sat there
In his great arm-chair,
With the farmer's wife on his dexter knee!
He press'd her hand, and he kiss'd her lips—
Was ever such sight for Monks to see?—
And called on each man
To fill up his can,
And drink to her health with three times three!
Little they thought, as with jest and song
They pass'd the night in such drunken rout,
Of their Patron Saint;
Nor had they the faint-
est idea of what he was doing without!

But how they trembled, and how they shook
With horror and fear at break of day—
As they saw with surprise,
"With their own blessed eyes"
That the Church had by some means flown away!
They turn'd them here, and they turn'd them
there,
And their wonder and fear were greater still
When the Church they could trace,
Ev'ry stone in its place,
Perched up on the summit of Chosen Hill.
For the good old Saint, the Abbot to trick,
Had come, it seems, at the midnight hour,
With some ghosts at his back,
Who, in less than a crack,
Pull'd down the Church, and flew off with the
tower.
And 'tis said that the spirits took stones and
bricks,
And little trunkless, limbless things,
Went up the hill,
Like Jack and Jill,
With pails of water between their wings!
And they worked away with such right good will,
That, although the hours so quickly flew,
Their task was done
Ere, to rouse the sun,
The fowl cried "Cock-a-doodle-
do!"
But a part of the tale is yet untold—
It afterwards nightly came to pass,
That a deep-toned bell
Boom'd o'er the dell,
As it rang in that tow'r for midnight mass.
And then it would happen, tho' queer it seems,
That the Abbey door would open wide—
And the Monks in a row
O'er the meadows would go,
And clamber in haste that steep hill-side!
Oh, why did the Monks and fat old Friars
Come out at an hour so late and still?
You'd think they were asses
To celebrate masses
At night in a church at the top of a hill!
And why as—with feet all cold, and bare
To the damp clay-soil of that steep hill-side—
They clamber'd with fear
Did there come in the rear
A little bald man with a stout cow-hide?—
I cannot tell—but this I know:
The Monks grew holier day by day;
Gave up strong wines
And concubines,
And ate Kolcannon and sour milk-whey!
And for many a year, 'till the Abbot died,
They all climb'd up of their own free-will—
When the deep-toned bell
Boom'd o'er the dell—
To the midnight mass on Chosen Hill!

MORAL.

Surely a Moral one well may find
In a legend like this, so long and queer.
To all it says,
"Shun greedy ways,
Think less of strong wine, but reflect on your
bier!"
It points to these words, when, like the Monks,
You strive to indulge in lazy whims—
"Nick mischiev will find,
If you're idle inclined"—
(Vide I. Watts, in his "Juvenile Hymns.")
It reminds one, too, of this proverb old,
That "Lazy folks give themselves most pains."
And of this maxim too—
Which is equally true—
"No one e'er throve upon stolen gains!"
And it says to each Monk and "holy Friar,"
And country parson, and shaven priest—
"Whene'er you dine,
Or sit o'er your wine,
Remember 'Enough is as Good as a Feast!'"

If the women with red hair would only study how to use it becomingly, they would be proud of the distinction of having it, instead of dissatisfied with their fate, says "Health." There seems to be an impression among women with red hair that almost any shade of blue can be worn by them because, as a usual thing, they have fair and delicate complexions. But, as a matter of fact, blue is the one colour above all others that they ought to avoid. The contrast is too violent, and the combination is not harmonious. The shades most suitable to be worn with red hair are bright, sunny brown, and all autumn leaf tints. After these may be selected pale or very dark green—but never a bright green, pale yellow, and black unmixed with any other colour. Solid colours are more becoming to red-haired people than mixed, the mixed colours nearly always giving a more or less dowdy appearance. In fact, red hair is usually so brilliant and decided that it must be met on its own ground, and no vague, undecided sort of thing should be worn with it.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SIR EDWARD FRY ON READING.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Library Association at Bristol, Sir Edward Fry referred to "the ever-increasing swarm of weekly and monthly periodicals, the vast production of idle and trifling volumes, the society papers, the bookstalls at the railway stations crowded with productions whose only merit is that they are destined to perish with the day."

"But below this merely idle literature," he added, "there is a vast and horrible depth; there is the seething mass of corrupt and corrupting productions which attract by their tendency to inflame the evil passions of men, and influence them not for good, but for evil, and draw them not upwards to the light, but downwards to the darkness. How rapidly and directly such literature tends to promote evil will be to some extent known to every one who has been concerned with the administration of justice in this country; and the evil is increased by the varied form in which the poison is presented."

"As the power of reading is becoming daily more and more widespread, as the access to books is becoming more and more easy, so there should be an ever-increasing sense of the responsibilities created by the opportunity. The primary burden of enforcing these duties must be with the parent and the schoolmaster; but in this good work the librarian also must, I conceive, have an important part."

HANDEL'S "ISRAEL IN EGYPT" AND "SAUL."

Handel wrote his "Israel in Egypt" in twenty-seven days. He was then (1739) fifty-five years old. In the same year he produced his oratorio of "Saul," of which the "Dead March" is still recognised as one of the great musical compositions of all time, being one of the few intensely solemn symphonies written in a major key.—Ferris: "The Great Composers."

The Duke of Bedford attained his forty-third birthday on Tuesday.

Holland's wedding present to Queen Wilhelmina will be a new crown of great value and artistic magnificence.

The Sultan has sent a present of a gold-bound casket containing the choicest Turkish tobacco to the Czar of Russia.

The King has conferred the honour of Knight Grand Cross of the Bath upon his Imperial Highness Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria and his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway.

The offertory at the service in St. Paul's Cathedral in aid of the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund amounted to £793 17s. 6d., inclusive of two anonymous donations of £500 and £50.

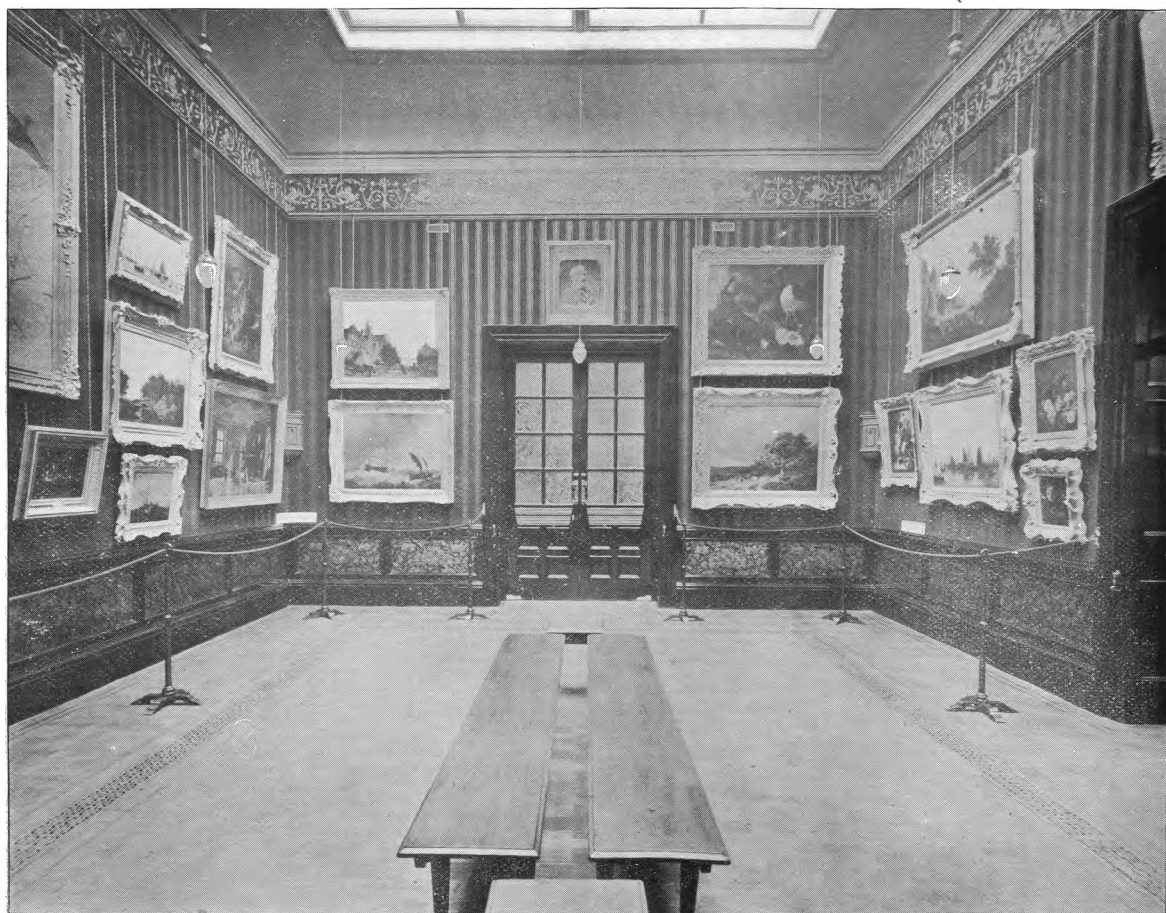


The Very Rev. Father Wilkinson, O.S.B.,

For 35 years at St. Gregory's, Cheltenham, recently appointed Cathedral Prior of Gloucester.

The Senate of Trinity College, Dublin, have decided to confer upon Field-Marshal Earl Roberts the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, in particular recognition of the merits and success of his work "Forty-one Years in India." Earl Roberts received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Dublin in the year 1880.

A complete transformation has come over Buckingham Palace since the accession of Edward VII. At night it no longer presents a dreary prospect unrelieved by a single gleam of light. The windows are illuminated, the courtyards are bright with incandescent lamps, and the whole place looks cheerful and inhabitable.



Photos by Mr. G. P. Woodward, 27 Winchcomb Street.
INTERIOR OF DE FERRIERES GALLERY.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*
I understand that this is to be a Baron and semi-ecclesiastical number—pictures of presentations. I am quite sure it will not be barren or be of a dull, uninteresting character. Hurrah! hurrah! for the jubilee of the wedding of the Baron and Baroness de Ferrieres, celebrated on Wednesday. I venture to offer my felicitations to the worthy couple on this auspicious event, such an one that so few who have been made one are privileged to celebrate. I observe they were married by the Vicar of Bray, and I have no doubt that, if the accommodating parson of the famous song were alive now, he would be delighted to be "Vicar of Bray, Sir" in a golden wedding ceremony. I remember that in the first issue of the "Graphic" the Baron de Ferrieres was described as the "Bounteous Baron," and I now venture to give him a longer alliterative title, apropos of his connection with the Garden Town, namely, "Magistrate, Mayor, M.P., Municipal Mediator, and Munificent Memorialist." What a vast difference there is between the honoured owner of Bayshill House and the notorious Baron Grant, of Emma Mine fame, of whom it was well and truly written:

"Kings can titles give,
But honour can't;
A title without honour
Is but a 'barren grant.'"

* * *
Talking of munificence reminds me that from a totally unexpected quarter has come a windfall for the Cheltenham General Hospital. Mr. John William Ormond Howes, of Swindon-road, who, I imagine, was known to but a comparatively few persons until the "Echo" gave him posthumous fame, has by his last will and testament bequeathed the bulk of his fortune (some £11,500) to that deserving and necessitous institution. The name of Howes, therefore, will justly claim place on the roll of Cheltenham's benefactors, on which Pates, Walker, Delandey, Redhead, Agg-Gardner, and Hay stand conspicuous. I remember that a short time ago my colleague "Chatterer," of the broadsheets, alluded to the spirit of emulation that he believed was engendered by the publicity given to the substantial bequests to charities by pious and philanthropic donors, and expressed his determination to foster it. I am only too glad to say "ditto" to him in this matter. Who speaks next?

There is one thing especially that Gloucester holds to tenaciously, and that is its Assizes. The county townspeople did not at all relish the sudden and temporary removal bag and baggage of the assizes from there to Cheltenham by Mr. Justice Grantham in the year 1896, because of the epidemic. Cheltonians then had at least the satisfaction of seeing with their eyes a judge of assize and the paraphernalia surrounding him. But the assizes at Gloucester really are but small shadows of their former selves. Time was—somewhere within the last twenty years—when Gloucester was the wash-pot of the Oxford Circuit, the remanets of civil causes from other towns being cleared up there. This brought grist to the mills of many Gloucesterians. Now they have to be content with an assize of small dimensions and short duration. Two brief days sufficed to clear off the business at the recent Winter Assizes, and the Judge somewhat astonished the natives by discarding generally the Sheriff's equipage, preferring to walk in muffi to and from the court. It was even feared that his Lordship would not go to the Cathedral in State on Sunday morning, but rumour proved a lying jade, and the Gloucesterians had their free show.

* * *
While on the law business, I must say I was struck, as I know many others were, by that explanatory paragraph in the "Echo" in reference to the costs in what are known as the "Cheltenham Will and Slander Cases." It was well headed "A Lesson in

Litigation." Fancy the taxed costs in the two suits approximating to £705, all of which will have to come out of the estate of the deceased man because the widow, who was responsible for the litigation, has not the wherewithal with which to pay, although awarded £10 damages at the finish. I once heard an old hand construe "L-A-W law, separating the wheat from the straw." My experience has taught me to appreciate the saying: "A lean compromise is better than a fat lawsuit." But I suppose lawyers must live like other people. Still, intending litigants may not be inclined to scout advice "free, gratis, and for nothing."

* * *
The *impasse* in municipal matters at Gloucester still exists, and the Mayor, Aldermen, and one Councillor are in a state of suspended animation, abstaining, so as not to give their relentless opponents a vindictive chance, from performing any official act; but, to their credit be it said, not neglecting to attend church in State. The rumours again revived of a compromise are groundless, and the well-intentioned intervention of Mr. Morton Brown, the new Recorder, to bring the parties together has not been successful. It is war to the knife in the Law Courts, and the Conservative party rightly prefer honourable victory or defeat to compromise or surrender, which, judging by past experience, would probably result in misunderstanding and friction. The opinion of the Divisional Court on the Commissioner's report cannot be taken, I understand, until the Election Judges are at liberty over the Cocker mouth petition. It looks as if the Ides of March will be reached before the next stage is decided.

GLEANER.

A Tour of our Churches

VII.—THE P.S.A. AT NORTH PLACE.

The question, "Why the working man does not attend church," has been agitating the minds of religious thinkers for some years past, and many and varied have been the schemes propounded to meet the difficulty, a difficulty which does really exist, for a recent census taken in one of our large towns showed that two out of three working men attended no church and took no interest in public worship whatever. We may take it, therefore, that a collection of some 200 working men, for a religious service in connection with the P.S.A. movement in Cheltenham on a Sunday afternoon, is a notable achievement, the more so when it is remembered that there is nothing in the nature of concert or sensationalism to attract them, and that the men gather in little varying numbers, Sunday after Sunday, throughout the year. The secret is, no doubt, the democratic character of the institution—government by the working man, for working men—the priestly element, or the autocracy of the clerical rule, being entirely absent. Last Sunday afternoon, as I entered the porch of the little church at North-place, I noted numbers of working men passing in, most of them bringing their membership cards to be stamped by the registrars, who sat at tables before the doorway. These membership cards are issued to all whose names are enrolled in the P.S.A., and each man on entering must have his card marked with hieroglyphics, showing whether the owner is early or late, and whether he has paid the almost general 1d. weekly subscription. This 1d. is devoted to a prize fund, from which prizes are bought and awarded at stated intervals to those who have made a certain number of attendances. In a prominent position facing the entrance I also noted the "Honors List," a board with gilt letters, recording the names of those who had made the highest number of attendances, a coveted distinction at the P.S.A. I mention these matters of detail as being evident factors in the success of the movement. The first bars of a familiar Sankey's hymn tune sound through the swing-doors, and, entering, I find a seat in the gallery, from which "coign

of vantage" I can see the whole of the building. The President of the P.S.A. is absent for the day, but one of the brothers is taking his place at the rostrum; around and behind him, on the raised platform where stands the organ, are the members of the P.S.A. band, who, with string and wind instruments, add even more vigour, if need be, to the already vigorous singing of the opening hymn. The men and youths occupying the pews seemed to enjoy the hymn singing, and the energy and swing with which the choruses were taken throughout the service did ample justice to the lungs of all concerned!

Following the opening hymn the leader for the afternoon asked "one of our brothers to lead us in prayer," and, instantly, one of the violinists in the band dropped his instrument, and, coming to the front of the platform, offered up a prayer, not very carefully worded, maybe, but overflowing with fervour and spiritual pleading. The Lord's Prayer was then recited by all present, another hymn was sung, and one of the members read a portion of the Old Testament. (I understand that any P.S.A. member may offer prayer or read the lesson, if he state his desire so to do in the proper quarter.) We now had another hymn, several notices were published, and a sacred solo was sung by a young man with a deep bass voice, one of the willing helpers from outside, who come Sunday after Sunday to thus brighten the P.S.A. meetings. The singer was applauded by stamping and clapping, a procedure which seemed peculiar to me, though doubtless there are many and good reasons why the men should be allowed a somewhat unconventional latitude in such matters. As the applause died away, one could hear, faintly borne up from the basement of the building, the well-known melody of the "Lost Chord"; for, could we but see into the two rooms at once, we should find a similar meeting for women below (the Women's P.S.A.), conducted in a precisely similar manner, with a lady president, and there also a solo is just being given, with no band accompaniment, it is true, for woman here takes the lower place, and is content with a piano instead of a band and organ.

The address of the afternoon was given by the minister of Royal Well Chapel in his best style, and was received with rapt attention by the men. The subject, indeed, was one which would naturally commend itself to them, viz., the price of freedom, with special reference to Paul's demand for a proper trial with the unanswerable argument "I am a Roman citizen." He spoke in a telling manner of the prevalence of self-indulgence amongst men and of the terrible truth that millions of men cast away the freedom bought with their Saviour's blood as of no account, and after speaking for about fifteen minutes, concluded with the phrases "We were born free; let us stand worthy of the liberty and sacrifice by which Christ has made us free."

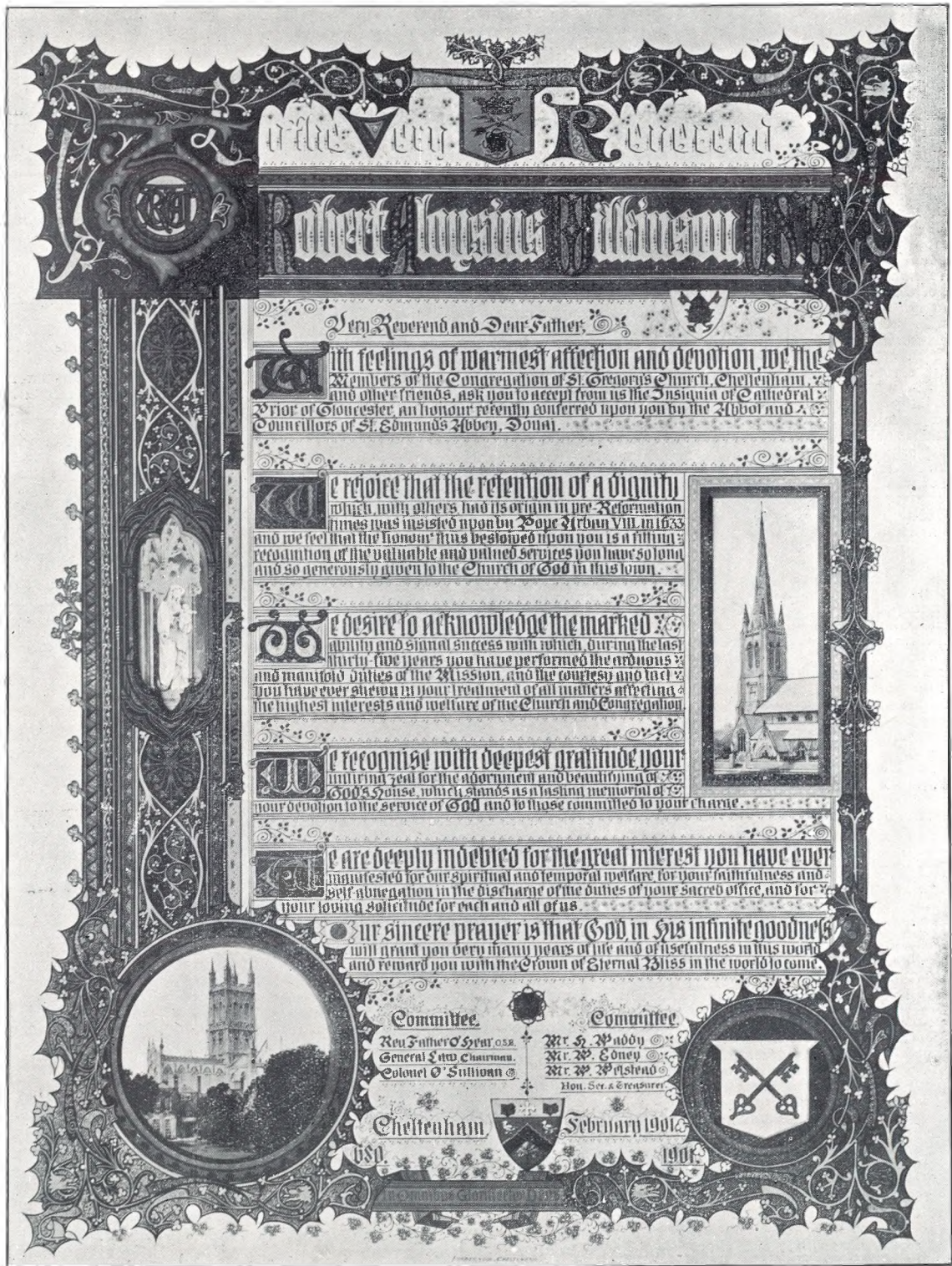
Although the address was given by a minister, it is by no means the rule that a "gentleman of the cloth" should be requisitioned for the purpose; any Christian man who has something to say, and knows how to say it, is eligible, apparently. At one time applause was allowed after the address, but this has been for some time relinquished, as being likely to destroy the good effect of the discourse. The remainder of the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon was occupied with another hymn, an invitation to the ordinary religious services held at the church, and the Benediction, the meeting occupying in all fifty-five minutes from the time of starting to the termination, and following out in each detail the triple motto of the P.S.A. brotherhood, "Brief, bright, and brotherly."

LAYMAN.

A NEW WAY OF BLACKENING BOOTS.

An Irish paper tells that in Belfast a man was passing a shop when he noticed a sign in the window with the words, "Boots blacked inside." The man stared at the notice and exclaimed, "What in a' the world does folk want wi' the inside o' their boots blackened?"

*
Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, jun., will use a seventy-miles-an-hour motor this season, which is nearing completion abroad. It will have forty-two horse-power.



PRESENTATION ADDRESS TO VERY REV. FATHER WILKINSON, O.S.B.

The above is a photographic reproduction of the illuminated address presented to the Very Rev. Robert Aloysius Wilkinson, O.S.B., who for the last 35 years has been at St. Gregory's (R.C.) Church, Cheltenham, upon his recent appointment as Cathedral Prior of Gloucester. The address, the finished work of a clever artist, includes in its border water-colour pictures of Gloucester Cathedral (at the bottom), St. Gregory's Church (right), and its shrine (left), while the various arms and emblems are emblazoned in heraldic colours. Photos of both sides of the pectoral cross presented to Father Wilkinson at the same time will be found on another page. Both gifts were the work of Messrs. Furber and Son, Queen's Circus, Cheltenham.



Photo by Joyner] The de Ferrieres Golden Wedding Memorial Window in Cheltenham College Chapel. [High Street, Cheltenham.
Unveiled and Dedicated February 21, 1901.

A Gloucester Trio.

The three below-mentioned famous Gloucester football players are to-day taking part in the great Kugby trial match at Hartlepool—North v. South. Percy Stout had previously secured his international cap, while G. Romans played for the south in season 1899-1900, but R. Goddard had not previous to to-day been seen in any higher class football than county matches. All three men are exceptionally fine players in their respective positions, and it is hoped by their admirers that they may do well enough to-day to justify their inclusion in the England team to meet Scotland on the 9th of March. Photographs by Mr. F. W. Pickford, Gloucester.



PERCY STOUT.



R. GODDARD AND G. ROMANS.

HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE,
14 GARRICK STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
LONDON, W.C.,

Artists in Stained Glass

.. AND ..

DECORATION.

* * *

Examples may also be seen at :
Gloucester Cathedral ; St. Philip and St. James' Church
Leckhampton ; All Saints' Church, Cheltenham ; Ladies'
College, Cheltenham ; Owlpen Church ; Madresfield Church ;
Upton-on-Severn Church ; etc.

Falcon-square Congregational Church, E.C., which was a famous independent place of worship in Cromwell's day, has just received the resignation of its minister, the Rev. A. Hay Storrow, after fifteen years' ministry.

The Rev. Gwilym Rees, a Congregational minister at Bridgend, Glamorgan, has decided to forsake the pulpit to take up a branch of mining. It was only last week that a Welsh minister of repute forsook the pulpit for the stage.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place between George Basil Trevor, son of the late Sir Pyers and the Hon. Lady Mostyn, of Talacre, and Mary Hermione, eldest daughter of the late Augustus Henry de Trafford and of Mrs. de Trafford, of Hase-lour Hall, Staffordshire.

Sir Homewood Crawford, solicitor to the Corporation of the City of London, has received an addition of £250 to his salary, raising it to £2,500, the same to be his maximum. Sir Homewood was appointed to the much-coveted position in 1885, on the death of Sir Thomas Nelson, who held it for many years.

Prize Photography.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a WEEKLY PRIZE of HALF-A-GUINEA for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH the work of an Amateur.

Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places are preferred.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same in the newspaper, but an honorarium of 5s. will be paid in respect of each Photograph so used, with the exception of those of prize-winners.

The competition is open to the county, and

the names of the successful competitors will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must either be on printing-out paper (P.O.P.) or on ordinary silver paper.

The winner in the seventh competition is Mr. George S. Heaven, of 5 Sandford-terrace, Cheltenham. The prize picture is that of the interior of the College Chapel before the new stained glass window was inserted.

Entries for the eighth competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Feb. 23, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



INTERIOR OF CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CHAPEL.
(Before the insertion of de Ferrieres Window.)

MSS. of George Herbert's were consumed, the trampling of the fields of standing corn into mire and mud by the Royalist Army, the cutting of the conduit pipes from Robinswood Hill, the description of the King's quarters at Matson House, and "the little old church within a few paces of the garden gate"; and there many other graphic touches show that the author might have written of himself as truly as he supposes he is writing of his hero. "I knew the surrounding country and every hillock and dale within sight of Robinswood Hill."



Matson House.

Mrs. Emma Marshall, who made Gloucester her home for seven years, had a happy knack of localising her popular stories. Of the Gloucestershire ones, "Bristol Diamonds" and "Memories of Troublous Times" will recur at once to her readers. The former introduces Wotton-under-Edge and its lovely surroundings, but the latter alone can we notice, and as it belongs to the times of the Civil Wars, it may be introduced in this place. "Dame Alicia Chamberlayne" is the reputed authoress of the diary. "My childhood was passed," she writes, "in a narrow lane in Gloucester, in a many-gabled house which had belonged to the Order of Black Friars, not far from the convent of the Gray Friars, now fallen to decay, and the Church of St. Mary de Crypt." She experienced the discomforts and terrors of the notable siege. "We were in Gloucester, in the thick of the troubles, which surged round us like an angry sea." Her father was an officer "in the Mayor's Blue Regiment." Her sweetheart, whom she afterwards married, was sorely wounded, and lay in "a hut midway between the Gaudy Green (now Brunswick Square) and Robins Wood Hill." When able to be moved he was carried to Matson House by the King's desire, for Sir Brooke Chamberlayne was a Royalist. She also goes there to him. "The fresh, crisp air kissed my cheek; below me lay a smooth pleasure ground of emerald turf, and a row of stately fir trees lifted their plumed heads against the sky. A bit of water below reflected them in its crystal depths. A high terrace, turf-covered, ran on one side the pleasure, and through the trees rose the tower of Upton St. Leonard's Church—a beautiful picture." The scene is shifted to London, and back again to the West, and by and bye the peaceful old age of the couple is spent at Ravensholme, in the beautiful town of Painswick. They had proceeded to their Cotswold mansion, however, ere the Knight, though quietly married, had not yet recovered from his wounds. "Wondrous night! Methought the host of heaven were on their watch above, and every star seemed as an angel's eye, full of love and care for our safety. The bearers of the litter stopped from time to time, for the hill was so steep as to be almost mountainous, and the road less passable than now-a-days. But whensoever Brooke asked me if I were weary, I could honestly answer 'No!' And so we proceeded by slow degrees to our home on the hills—the home full of the fragrance of the violets in the spring time, and where the rooks talked low and dreamily in the large elms in the park, and where in the winter the snow lay feet deep on the hill crest, and the strong winds from the Bristol Channel moaned wearily up the valleys, making the cheeriness and light within the grave old hall so much the fuller of comfort and domestic joy to its occupants.

Gloucestershire in Travel . . . and Fiction.

BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

Mr. Symonds's other work is "Hanley Castle: An Episode of the Civil Wars and the Battle of Worcester." Hanley Castle is in Worcestershire, and near Upton-on-Severn, "on the borders of a great forest that stretched from Worcester to Gloucester." It is the history of one of a family of Foresters of Hanley Castle, which, in the reign of James I., had been confiscated to the Crown. The book is somewhat disfigured by the modern clergyman's usual sarcasms upon Puritans and Dissenters, a certain "Cocktail," a dissenting minister (with a small "d"), being one of the villains or knaves of the piece, and introduced as holding forth "in a very excited manner." Of course, too, Zion-build and Help-on-high Fox, of Tewkesbury, are needed to give the spice of Puritan intrigue to the narrative. The Foxes are supposed to have lived in Clarence House, of which an illustration is given. The hero of "Hanley Castle" rides with his quota of men to the relief of Gloucester, passing through Ashleworth to Highnam. "The basket makers were busy by Severn side in the osier halts, wagtails were bobbing on the banks, and fishermen were dragging their nets for the silver salmon or early shad." At Highnam

(Barber's Bridge), "the Night Owl," Sir William Waller, falls on the relievers and makes so great a slaughter of them that "a brook hard by was so stained with blood that men still call it the Red Brook." Escaping death and imprisonment, he joins another company of raiders under Prince Maurice, and finds himself at Oxenhall, "a rude hamlet, near Newent, surrounded by woods and deep red sandstone lanes." "Right famous was the Styre cider, made from the Oxenhall orchards." Prince Maurice's expedition, as history records, came to nought, and so our warrior moves off to the Midlands and to other adventures, returning to Gloucester occasionally, and especially to Tewkesbury, with its Abbey, its warm worsted stockings, and its pungent mustard. The author in a foot note does more justice than vergers' history ever does to the Parliamentary soldiery, for he says, in speaking of the damage done to Tewkesbury Minster, "Many of the injuries done to ecclesiastical buildings attributed to Oliver Cromwell were the work of Thomas Cromwell, the Minister of Henry VIII." It has always seemed a pity to us that the deans of our English Cathedrals take no pains to have the good men who act as showmen to visitors taught the facts of the history they dole out to their charges in sixpennyworths. There is a capital description in "Hanley Castle" of the siege of Gloucester as it might have appeared to one of the Cavaliers, and the beacon of gorse and fir wood on May Hill, the firing of Highnam Court by Massie, by which many valuable

ANOTHER BATCH OF LOCAL VOLUNTEERS.



TROOPER C. H. LANE (Gloucester),
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.



TROOPER A. C. SANSUM (Rodborough),
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.



TROOPER H. A. WALWYN (Cheltenham),
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.



TROOPER F. J. CRANE (Gloucester),
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.



TROOPER SYDNEY SPARROW (Cheltenham),
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.



PRIVATES W. DYER, P. GARRETT, O.
MACE, AND W. CLAYTON,
I Company (Stow) 2nd V.B.G.R.



TROOPER J. C. ARCHER (Norton, Glos.),
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.



PRIVATE T. SHOTT,
H Company (Newnham) 2nd V.B.G.R.



TROOPER W. A. MATHER (Cheltenham),
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.

THE DE FERRIERES GOLDEN WEDDING.

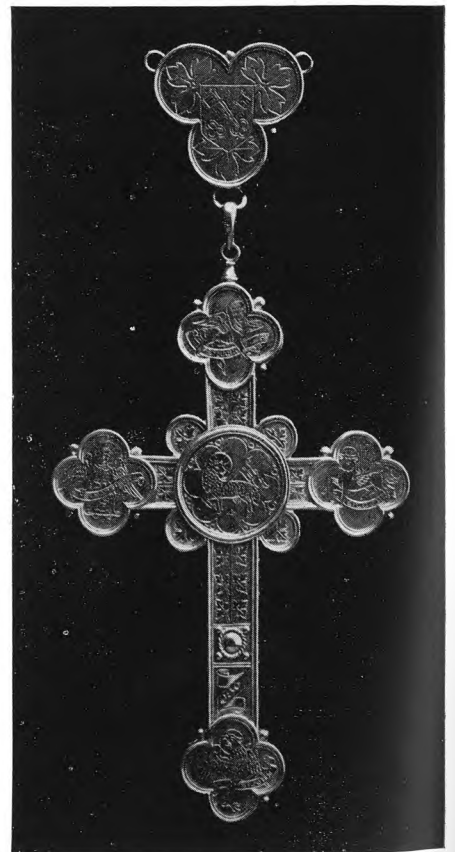
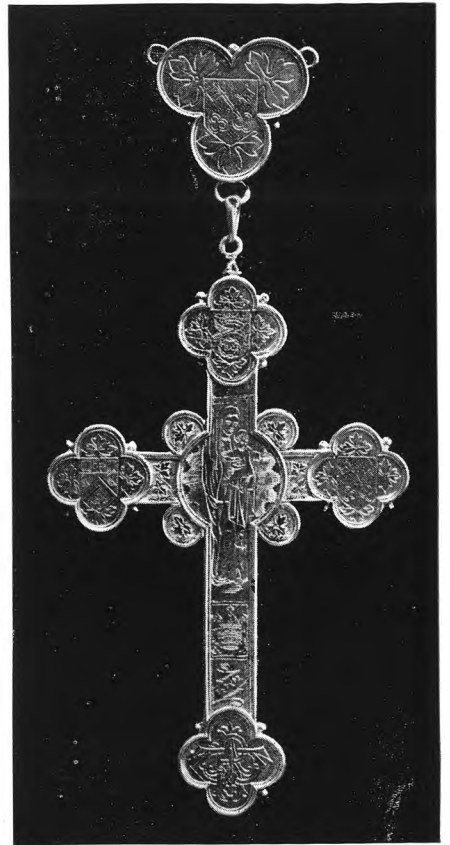
The Pectoral Cross
(Front and Reverse)
PRESENTED TO FATHER WILKINSON.



THE BARON AS BRIDEGROOM.



THE BARONESS AS BRIDE.



(Reduced size.)



Photo by Russell and Sons]

[Baker Street, W.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BARRY

(Who dedicated the de Ferrieres Window), Principal Cheltenham College 1862-68.