

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THOMAS CARLYLE ON RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

"As to the people I see, the best class of all are the religious people, certain of whom have taken, very strangely, a kind of affection for me, in spite of my contradictions towards them. It teaches me again that the best of this class is the best one will find in any class whatsoever."

* * *

WASHINGTON.

On the occasion of the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Washington's death, the late Earl of Londesborough sent wreaths of oak and evergreen to be laid on Washington's tomb. It was accompanied by the following poem from the pen of the Rev. Canon Wilton, of Londesborough:—

An English Wreath we fain would lay
Upon this mighty tomb to-day—
Of laurel, ivy, oak, and yew,
Which drank the English sun and dew
On far-off Yorkshire's grassy sod,
Where once—we boast—his fathers trod.*
Whom East and West unite to praise
And crown with never-fading bays.

O Washington, thy symbol be
The oak for strength and constancy:
For grandeur and for grace of form,
For calmness in the stress and storm,
The monarch of the forest thou!
To thee the generations bow;
And under thy great shadow rest,
For ever free, for ever blest.

And thine the laurel, for the fame
Illustrious of a Conqueror's name—
Patient to wait and prompt to strike,
Intrepid, fiery, mild alike:
Great, for the greatness of the foe
Which fell by thy repeated blow:
Great, for thy country's greatness, won
By thee, her most beloved Son.

And as the ivy twines around
Cottage and tower, thy heart was found
Clinging to home, and church, and wife,
The sweeter for the finished strife:
And so thy memory, like the yew,
Will still be green to mortal view—
"The greatest of good men" confess
By all, "and of great men the best!"

*John Washington, the founder of the American family of Washington, and great-grandfather of the President, lived at South Cave, not far from Londesborough and Beverley, England.

Between Beverley in Yorkshire and Beverley in Massachusetts he kept up a constant interchange of kindly greetings, being himself a member of Masonic lodges in both places. From him as a Past Grand Warden of England the inscription had point: "A humble token of respectful admiration for one of the greatest architects the world has known, whose work every Englishman prays may endure and prosper through all time."

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Sir Thomas J. Lipton, who has been staying at Mentone, is expected home immediately. Sir Thomas is due shortly in Glasgow, in connection with arrangements for the launching of Shamrock II.



ALBERT BUCHANAN, Esq., J.P.,

MAYOR OF GLOUCESTER

(Whose election is challenged on a technicality).

Mr. Timothy Harrington, M.P., was unanimously elected Lord Mayor of Dublin for the coming year at a special meeting of the Corporation on Saturday.

* * *

It is believed that Lord Chelmsford, of Ulundi fame, will be the new Governor of Chelsea Hospital, in succession to the late Sir Donald Stewart. The office has been vacant for nearly a year.

Grosvenor House, the town residence of the Duke of Westminster, where the young couple will "keep court" during the London season, is being prepared. The mansion, one of the largest in London, was formerly called Gloucester House, and was originally built for the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III. The principal feature of the residence is the famous Grosvenor Gallery, conceived by the first Earl Grosvenor, who purchased Mr. Agar's pictures as a nucleus for 30,000 guineas.

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 eighth competition is Mr. L. J. Ursell, 12 Colonnade, Cheltenham. The prize picture is that of Prestbury Parish Church.

Entries for the ninth competition closed this (Saturday) morning, March 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.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



PRESTBURY PARISH CHURCH.

A Tour of our Churches

IX.—ST. JOHN'S, CHELTENHAM.

On Sunday evening last, following out my series of visits to the churches, I attended evening service at St. John's, the church which, with its unfinished tower, stands at the junction of Berkeley and Albion-streets. In passing it is curious to note how many of the towers and spires of Cheltenham churches stand like unattained ideals, waiting for the crown of the architect's inspiration. Could all these spires be completed, what an added charm would be supplied to the already beautiful vale of Cheltenham, the gleam of the sunlight striking on countless shafts of decorated stonework rising out of the leafy avenues of the "Garden Town." And why, indeed, should not some of our churches thus hold in memory the glorious reign of Victoria, a more useful and lasting monument than any statue could be?

The exterior of St. John's, with its rough stone walls, and lack of ornament, is not very attractive, but the interior, with the elaborate and beautiful timber roof, its richly coloured reredos and chancel, and broad aisles, is a fair specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, with the exception, perhaps, of the somewhat gloomy galleries running down each side of the building. The organ is placed out of sight in a side chapel of the chancel, and the altar, although diminutive, is rather more in evidence than at the sister

church of the Holy Trinity; for, St. John's, like Trinity Church, ranks as one of the Evangelical churches of Cheltenham, as may be guessed by the prominent position and size of the pulpit.

The congregation on the occasion of my visit was a numerous one, although the building was not crowded, but the proportion of the fair sex seemed unduly large—something like 90 per cent. of the worshippers being women. It would be curious to get reliable statistics as to the piety of the two sexes, but if public worship counts for anything in Cheltenham, it would seem that a great proportion of the sterner sex do not attend church. The form of service at St. John's I found to be of a simple character, but with quite sufficient music to satisfy all but the most fastidious of critics. The choir was evenly balanced, and acquitted itself well, amongst the tenors and basses there were some particularly good voices, but there seemed just a tendency towards flatness on the part of the trebles, especially in the "Amens." Possibly the choir boys, some of them, would sing better if they paid more attention to the music, and less to chewing voice jujubes (presumably). I throw this out as a friendly hint to those responsible. Reasonable praise should be accorded to the organist, for I have seldom heard a more restrained, and worshipful, use of the instrument in any church.

An anthem "He, watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps," with a peculiarly appropriate accompaniment, was excellently rendered during the service; the congregation had been supplied with type-written slips con-

taining the words, but there seemed to be no settled idea in the pews, as to whether one should stand up and join in, or sit down and treat the anthem as a concerted performance, a difficulty which might be dispelled by a word from the pulpit.

The vicar of St. John's was assisted during the service by an aged clergyman, and a very boyish looking curate, who occupied seats inside the grille or iron screen which separates the choir from the pews on either side. The first named of these made a curious, but pardonable, slip in announcing the second lesson as "the Gospel according to the Romans!" I noted, too, that after the collect for the day, the curate, whose pronunciation seemed rather strained beside the impressive but unaffected reading of the vicar, read a long list of names of men fighting in South Africa for whom the prayers of the congregation were requested.

The sermon was preached by the vicar, and, taken as a whole, was one of the most convincing, most lucid, and yet most unassuming expositions of the way of salvation that I have been privileged to hear. In a conversational manner and with the aid of a curious method of questioning his congregation, the preacher awakened thought after thought in the minds of his hearers, in a manner which showed a keen knowledge of human nature and intellect. The subject text was Hosea xiv. 2, and, it being the first Sunday in Lent, our thoughts were directed to the question "How best to keep Lent as it should be," viz., as a time of repentance and turning to God. We were reminded of the many blessings God has showered upon us, and both the Christian who has fallen into grievous sin, and the nominal Christian who has never enjoyed God's forgiveness, were urged to turn their souls towards repentance through Christ.

Passing on to the text phrase "Take with you words," the preacher advocated a period of preparation for prayer, and a selection of the proper and most appropriate and expressive words to use in our petitions to the Heavenly King, for who would go to an earthly king without due preparation of words? Then followed a short but absolutely clear and convincing statement of what true conversion means, a turning to God, a pardon through Christ, and a dedication of the whole being to God's service in return for the remission of sins; each soul a priest unto God, coming into His house to offer himself as a sacrifice. As the aged preacher concluded with the phrase, "Let us endeavour to praise God, not only with our lips, but with our lives," the scene was a remarkable one, the intent and evidently impressed congregation in the darkened church (for the lights had been lowered for the sermon), and against the gloom of the chancel arch the towering pulpit with its venerable occupant, his white robed figure thrown into strong relief by a light which was shaded from us but shone full upon him. With the memory of this picture I leave the service at St. John's, a service in which everything in my mind centres around and is absorbed in the preacher and his sermon.

LAYMAN.

MR. SPURGEON'S LAST WORDS.

Mr. Spurgeon's sermons are still issued every week, and still make the round of the world. His last words spoken from the Metropolitan Tabernacle were memorable, and have a timely sound even now. They were spoken on July 7, 1891:

"If you wear the livery of Christ, you will find Him so meek and lowly of heart that you will find rest unto your souls. He is the most magnanimous of captains. There never was His like among the choicest of princes. He is always to be found in the thickest part of the battle. When the wind blows cold, He always takes the bleak side of the hill. The heaviest end of the cross ever lies on His shoulders. If He bids us carry a burden, He carries it also. If there is anything that is gracious, generous, kind, and tender, yea, lavish and superabundant in love, you always find it in Him. His service is life, peace, and joy. Oh that you would enter on it at once! God help you to enlist under the banner of Jesus Christ!"

ANOTHER BATCH OF LOCAL VOLUNTEERS.



MR. A. J. WHITE, Cheltenham,
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.



MR. E. J. CROSS, Gloucester,
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.



MR. J. CHURCHILL, R.G.H., Berkeley,
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.



MR. HERBERT B. BLOXHAM, Tewkesbury,
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.



MR. F. H. DAVIS, Newent,
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.

EXTRAORDINARY EPITAPHS.

*

Mr. W. Mortlock has kindly furnished us with the following inscription copied from a tablet in Bath Abbey:—
To the Deare Memory of the Right Vertvovs and Worthy Lady Iane Lady Wailer, sole Daughter and Heire to St. Richard Reynedd, wife to St. William Wailer, Knight.
Sole Love of a Matchless paire,
Both of their state and Varives Heire,
In Grace's great, in statvre small,
As evil of spirit, as veyd of gail,
Cherefvly grave, Bovnteovsly close;
Holy without, vainglorovs shows;
Happy and yet from chring free,
Leernd without pride, witty yet wise.
Reiders this Riddle Read Wth Mee,
Here The Good Lady Wailer Lyes.

A correspondent sends us the following:—
Mrs. Mason, the lady of Revd. Wm. Mason, the distinguished poet, who died at Bristol Wells, 1767, and interred in Bristol Cathedral.
Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear;
Take that best gift, which heaven so lately gave;
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form—she bowed to taste the wave
And died! Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine,
E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm!
Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move,
And if so fair, from vanity as free.
As firm in friendship and as fond in love!
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.
—MASON.

From another source we get the following inscription, which is on a tombstone in the burial ground adjoining Corsham Parish Church, and overlooked by Corsham Court, the residence of Major-Gen. Lord Methuen:—
"In memory of Sarah Jarvis, who departed this life the 11th day of December, 1753, in the one hundred and seventh year of her age. Some time before her death she cut fresh teeth."

A MODEL PUBLIC-HOUSE.

We have seen the printed rules of a public-house which has been run for the last forty years in the East of London by a firm of wholesale wine and spirit merchants. They are as follow:—(1) No person intoxicated, either alone or in company of others, can be served, under any circumstances whatever. (2) No person or party of persons can be served, under any circumstances, more than once, the rule being that he, she, or they (as the case may be) must have left the house at least half-an-hour before either are entitled to be served again. (3) The quantity supplied upon any occasion, for consumption on the premises, not to exceed one gill of wine, half a gill of spirits, or one glass of malt liquor, for each person. (4) Persons using obscene or profane language, talking loudly, or in any way misconducting themselves, cannot be served at any time, or under any circumstances whatever. (5) Smoking is strictly prohibited at all times and under all circumstances."



The late VETERINARY-CAPTAIN F. B. JONES,
M.R.C.V.S., of the R.G. Hussars.



Sculptor, Mr. W. H. Fry, Cheltenham.]

[Photo by Joyner, High Street, Cheltenham.

THE NEW REREDOS IN CHARLTON KINGS PARISH CHURCH.

Presented by an Anonymous Donor, January, 1901.

THE ORDER OF "THE GARTER."

One of the first privileges which King Edward VII. availed himself of on ascending the Throne of England was the conferring upon his beloved Consort of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and it is therefore interesting to recall that the institution of the Order dates back to the reign of Edward III., in the year 1347, and that the Countess of Salisbury of that time is reputed to have been the cause of the Order being instituted. Thus we find that after a lapse of over five hundred and fifty years another Edward is proud to honour his Consort with the Order initiated by his illustrious namesake, and it is a curious coincidence that at the present time the Prime Minister of England should be the Marquis of Salisbury, and that he should be a Knight of the Garter. Under the circumstances the story of the origin of the Order will well bear repetition at the present time.

According to common opinion the Order owes its origin to an accident in itself of little importance, but in regard to its consequences very remarkable, if it be true that it gave rise to this Order of Knighthood. It is said, that Edward being at a ball, where the Countess of Salisbury, in dancing, dropped her garter,

stooped to take it up; that lady imagining he had some other design, and showing her surprise, he said to her, to clear himself. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*—Evil to him that evil thinks. It is added that, in memory of this accident, he instituted the Order of the Garter, to which he gave for motto the words spoken to the Countess. An origin, so little worthy of the lustre wherewith this Order has all along shone since its institution, appears at first sight so very offensive, that several ingenious wits have endeavoured to find out a more honourable. Some affirm the reason of Edward's instituting this Order was, because, on the day of the Battle of Cressy, he had given garter for the word. Others say it was because on that day he ordered his garter to be fixed at the end of a lance for a signal of battle. Lastly, there are those who advance that Edward only revived and regulated an order of knighthood, begun by Richard I., at the siege of Acre, in Palestine. They say King Richard, resolving to storm the town, distributed to some of his principal officers certain leather thongs to be tied round the leg, to distinguish them during the assault, and in memory of that event Edward instituted the Order of the Garter. But all

this is said without sufficient proof. Besides, whatever endeavours have been used to give the Order a different origin from the first above mentioned, nothing has been found satisfactory concerning the reason of the motto—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*. The motto agrees very well with the first circumstance, but has no connection with those substituted in its room. It is no less uncertain why the Knights wear the garter on their left legs rather than on the right legs, or why the founder chose to put the Order under the protection of St. George. But this is certain, that the great Prince's design was to engage the present and future Knights to distinguish themselves by their courage and virtue. This, of all the like orders, has best adhered to the rules of its institution. More ancient than those of the Golden Fleece and Holy Ghost, it has never degenerated as to the number, which has all along been twenty-six, including the Sovereign of the Order, who is always the person that wears the crown of England. The Kings and other Sovereign Princes who have been, and still are, desirous of being admitted into the Most Noble Order, are a clear evidence of its great repute throughout all Europe.

THE ELECTROCUTION OF REYNARD.



✧ A HUNTSMAN'S DREAM OF THE FUTURE, ✧
AFTER READING "PUNCH" AND VISITING CLEEVE HILL.

GOLDSMITH'S GRAVE.

No lover of English literature can pass by the sequestered Temple Church, and see for the first time the simple stone which bears the words, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith," without some quickening of thought. It seems so forlorn a memorial as almost to suggest neglect and disregard, and perhaps the more so as it does not date from the time of burial; but the circumstances supply an explanation. Goldsmith lived and died in chambers in the Middle Temple, and was buried somewhere in the burying-ground of the Middle Temple, which, with that of the Inner Temple, lay at the north side of the Temple Church. If there was a flat stone placed over the spot at the time of his burial nobody knows; but some fifty years ago the Benchers of the Middle Temple placed the stone now existing where it is at a venture, the inscription on it being accurate, though it may not immediately cover the coffin.

Goldsmith's friends would have had him buried in Westminster Abbey, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, and David Garrick were named as among the pall-bearers; but when it was found that he had died in debt, the project was abandoned. The monument in Poets' Corner was placed there through the exertions of the Literary Club. Johnson wrote the epitaph, which was first read at the table of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the presence of other friends. Washington Irving long since told the story. "Though considered by them a masterly composition, they thought the literary character of the

poet not defined with sufficient exactness, they preferred that the epitaph should be in English rather than Latin, as 'the memory of so eminent an English writer ought to be perpetuated in the language to which his works were likely to be so lasting an ornament.' These objections were reduced to writing, to be respectfully submitted to Johnson, but such was the awe entertained of his frown that every one shrank from putting his name first to the instrument; whereupon their names were written about it in a circle, making what mutinous sailors call a Round Robin. Johnson received it half graciously, half grimly. 'He was willing,' he said, 'to modify the sense of the epitaph in any manner the gentlemen pleased, but he never would consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription.' Seeing the names of Dr. Warton and Edmund Burke among the signers, 'he wondered,' he said, 'that Joe Warton, a scholar by profession, should be such a fool, and should have thought that Edmund Burke would have had more sense.'" It may by some be questioned whether Johnson's English would have equalled his Latin. Croker's translation leaves little to be desired. The works most frequently quoted are those which speak of Oliver Goldsmith.—

Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched, And touched nothing that he did not adorn.

Milton's outburst every generation repeats:—
What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones?

Of Wordsworth we think as he lies in the grassy simplicity of Grassmere, at home with nature. Goldsmith's memory cannot be kept "green" in the midst of London; the tramp of many thousands of feet comes daily near his resting-place; but he will never be forgotten while English literature lives, and there could be no more fitting place for him than that where he, a master of humanities, lies at the heart of the city. There was recently a demonstration over his grave; flowers and speeches have but passing value. The "Sun" has energetically pleaded that a canopy should be placed over the stone. It remains for the Benchers to determine whether any change shall be made. If anything more is done, it would be best in the form of a simple marble slab recording the facts. Anything monumental would be out of place.

It was officially announced on Sunday night that the Secretary of State for War has appointed Colonel E. W. D. Ward, C.B., Army Service Corps, Permanent Under-Secretary at the War Office, in succession to Sir R. H. Knox, K.C.B., who retires in April next on attaining the limit of age.

*

Sir James Willcocks, who had the distinction of being the only person mentioned by name in the King's Speech, will, it is stated, be appointed shortly to an important military command.

LEGENDS OF CHELTENHAM
AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

ST. MARGARET,

A LEGEND OF BADGWORTH.

There stands a pleasant village 'mid the trees
Not far from Gloucester's venerable city;
Its situation cannot fail to please
Its fields are green, its cottages are pretty—
Each with its vine and flowers, and hives of bees;
Its maidens too are reckoned fair and witty:
'Tis famous for a deal, but what's thought most of
Is the fine ancient church that it can boast of!
I cannot tell by whom 'twas built or when
But those who saw it when 'twas first erected
Have long since paid adieu to mortal men
To be by horrid coffin-worms dissected!—
Doubtless their names were on their tombs but
then

Time has destroyed them as might be expected—
But hist'ry says, and that must surely know,
'Twas built at least six centuries ago!
The churchyard is a pleasant plot of ground
All fill'd with golden cups and star-like daisies—
And tombs and sculptured head-stones too abound
Inscribed with dear departed people's praises!
Indeed so many virtuous dead are found
The list of whose good deeds the mind amazes
That, like the schoolboy one is apt to wonder
Where the stones are that wicked folks lie under!
The church itself—a venerable pile
Is very famous as one might conjecture—
Although I really cannot tell the style—
For beauty of its ancient architecture!
Ah me! how many a man has trod that aisle
To list to parson's dull and prosy lecture;
How many a clown has sat in hob-nail'd shoes
And carved his rude initials on the pews!
But 'twas not always as it is to-day
Thus filled with high-back'd pews, and no-
back'd benches
In which and on which come to praise and pray
On Sundays smirking lads and blooming
wenches—
Whose presence will suggest the new mown hay.
The pigs and kine and other scents and stench
For naming which the Muses perhaps may blame
us,
But for which country places all are famous!
Ah no, in days gone by, ere time had thrown
His mantle o'er these walls, the organ pealing
Mingled with chant of priest, and the soft tone
Of voice of pale fair Nuns, while to the ceiling
Arose the cloudy incense:—and 'tis known
That brave old Knights and haughty dames low
kneeling
In the dim aisles, and many a high-born maid
Have mingled there and told their beads and
prayed.

And if this ancient legend be but true
(And, gentle reader, wherefore should we doubt
it?)
Just where we see yon Elm tree avenue,
With that dark cloud of noisy rooks about it.
There stood an Abbey, 'twas a rich one too—
Within it were fat jovial Monks,—without it
Were fertile lands well stock'd with deer and kine,
And under it were butts of choice old wine!
And near it—some say joined to it (but there
At this far time there really is no telling
Which of the tales be truest)—stood the fair
Religious house that the sweet Nuns did dwell in.
Of course they never met except at prayer—
I mean the Monks and Nuns—or ever fell in
To such temptations as will often try us
Because of course they all were truly pious!
Badgworth then boasted too an old grey hall,
With moss-grown roof and such a host of gables;
And twisted chimneys queerly shaped and tall,
And rush-strawn floors, and old black oaken
tables;
And quaint old portraits staring from each wall
Of panel'd oak—Ah what romantic fables
Were told of that old building! Since that day—
Old Time has swept its very site away!
Yet that old Hall with sounds of joy and mirth
Hath oftentimes from floor to roof resounded—
And that great fires have blazed upon its hearth;—
And its old tables too have been surrounded
With brave and happy forms—nor was there dearth
Of generous wines—for right good cheer
abounded,
And noble guests were feasted at its board,
When old Sir Hugh de Spencer was its lord!

Sir Hugh could proudly boast his long descent—
I don't know how far back it was traced it,—
To Norman William though I'm sure it went!
As for his name no Spencer e'er disgraced it!
And if it pride and haughty bearing meant
His father or Sir Hugh had not misplaced it!
Sir Hugh himself would often sigh and grieve too,
Because he had no son his name to leave to!
But he had one fair daughter—Oh! her face
Was such as we in pictures sometimes see,
When a great master has essayed to trace
The features of some beautiful Saint—and she

Was pure and good as fair! strange so much grace
Sprang from such sire! and yet how often we
View some weird tree with gnarled and twisted
root
Bearing sweet blossom and delicious fruit!
Small wonder she almost a saint was deem'd
By the poor rustics she so oft befriended!
Her mission one of love and mercy seem'd,
She fed the hungry and the sick she tended;
And many a mourner's face with hope has beam'd
As her sweet voice with words of faith ascended!
Even the poor stricken ones forgot distress
And, viewing her, knew only happiness.
What contrast to those lean self-righteous souls
Who visit in our day poor starving sinners,
Giving them scripture texts instead of coals
And pious tracts in lieu of wholesome dinners!
The canting fry! who go about in shoals
Into the humble coats of our poor winners
Of hard-earned bread,—not giving shirts and coats
But cramming creeds and dogmas down their
throats!

But to my tale—'Twere vain for me to name
How many lovers came to Badgworth wooing;
Suffice it many Knights and Nobles came
And all returned no better for their suing;
For Margaret heeded not their wealth or fame—
Nor liked she such affectionate pursuing:—
In vain they "told their love," in vain entreated,
Each in his turn retired, his suit defeated.
Sir Hugh much wonder'd that the maiden's heart
Should thus resist so much of love's attacking;
And he would strive by every gentle art
To rouse the feelings which he thought were
lacking
In her fair breast. Oh, could he but impart
The strong desire—that his own brain was
racking,
Of handing down his name!—how 'twas her duty
To "leave the world a copy of her beauty."
But woman's heart is very hard to learn—
I don't care what her age, or what her station!
Some say a secret in her breast will burn,
And must break out in open conflagration—
Pure rubbish trust me—For her heart's deep urn—
To use a term that smacks of navigation,
Woman alone can sound—that's my belief
Just as your thief the best can catch a thief!
Then 'twas not strange her sire should find it hard
His gentle daughter's secret to discover;
But 'tis the duty of the truthful bard
To tell how Margaret had a faithful lover.
He was no wealthy Baron, Knight, or Lord,
Such as around her shrine were wont to hover;
He knew not noble blood—nor cared to know it—
And yet he was a scholar and a poet!

Off in the church on the sweet Sabbath-day,
When rich and poor, call'd thither by the pealing
Of soft-toned bells, would meet as equal clay,
Where hush'd should be each proud and earthly
feeling,
His eye would from the altar steal away,
And seek the spot where she was meekly
kneeling—
She look'd so Saint-like he must be forgiven
If his heart flew to her instead of heaven!
And often, too, when the pale moon's soft light
Was on the beautiful Vale of Glo'ster beaming,
He would walk forth into the balmy night,
To some lone spot where he could see the
gleaming
From her fair casement—Oh, that ray so bright
To him seem'd sacred—then he'd fall to dream-
ing
Of all her charms, and call on heaven to bless her,
Then clothe his thoughts in verse and thus
address her!

"Margaret, thy name reminds me of a flower,
A flower of gentle beauty, dearest maid!
Richer than thee no plant in lady's bower,
Garden, or woodland dell, was e'er displayed—
All graces do in thee most sweetly meet,
Rare art, truth, and beauty—these combine
Each striving with the other to compete,
To make thee, as thou art, almost divine!"
And with much tender nonsense of the kind,
Neatly inscribed on paper sweetly scented,
(So says the tale, altho' I cannot find
That "scented note" was in that day invented),
And loving words impassioned and refined,
He woo'd so well that she at length consented,
To be his bride, if her dear sire would let her!—
Poor youth, how much he wished that he might
get her!

But "true love's course runs never smooth" they
say—
A fact most lovers find out to their sorrow;
For if their sky be clear and bright to-day
'Tis ten to one dark clouds will come to-morrow!
As in our changeful climate rosy May
Drear bitter biting days will oft-times borrow,
Dispelling all our thoughts of sunny hours
And nipping in the bud our fruits and flowers!
Their trysting place was in a shady grove
Where, when the summer eves were calm and
stilly,
And nightingales sang their sad song of love,
And the smooth stream scarce stirred the water
lily,

By stealth they met, and silent there would rove,
Or tell their loves in speeches short and silly,—
Howbeit such stolen moments fly the fleetest,
And stolen fruits are ever of the sweetest.
But why prolong the tale?—Enough to say
These meetings of fair Margaret and her lover,
(No matter by what means or in what way)
Her angry parent did at length discover;
And from the village on that very day
The youth was banish'd—vowing still to love-
her—
Whilst the sweet maid was driven to her bower—
(Which means, in prose, her chamber in the tower!)
And there, poor maid, o'erwhelm'd with bitter
grief,
Meekly she stay'd—hoping some bright to-
morrow
Would dawn, to bring her swelling heart relief;—
With no companion save her own sad sorrow!
None brought her kindly word however brief,—
Her desolation seem'd so sure and thorough,
She could not waste her balmy breath in sighs,
And bathe with sad, salt tears her starry eyes!
Then swore Sir Hugh in wrath, despite her tears
That she should wed a suitor of his choosing;
A wealthy neighbouring Baron, one whose years
Were twice her own—he'd brook no more
refusing.
And then he spoke, with angry taunt and sneer
Of all the time she'd been already losing—
But she should wed, and that without delay,
And he himself would fix the nuptial day!
The self-same night, when all was hush'd in sleep
Fair Margaret left her snowy bed—and kneeling
A moment at its foot to pray and weep
Attired herself in haste, and softly stealing
Along the oaken floors that scarce could keep
The secret of her footfall, and now feeling
The night air's kisses, she passed through the door
Into the darkness, and return'd no more.
The springtime came again but Badgworth seem'd
Robb'd of its former beauty and its gladness;
Even the Sabbath sun no longer beam'd
As once it did, but fill'd the church with
sadness;
For she was gone who once a Saint was deem'd,
And the poor rustics curs'd her father's madness.
At length Sir Hugh, bow'd down and broken-
hearted,
Join'd the De Spencers of "the days departed!"
And the old Hall was closed and where the sound
Was once time heard of festive mirth and
laughter
Dull silence reign'd supreme, and vermin found
A home beneath the floor, and from the rafter
The owl and bat would fly—and all the ground
O'er grew with weeds—no flow'r would bloom
thereafter.
All seem'd accurst—except the owners riches—
Which fill'd the Abbot's coffers or—his breeches!
But still the old grey Abbey flourished there
With Monks all famed for fasting and sobriety;
Still dwelt the Nuns, hard by, so meek and fair,
Thinking of naught but works of faith and piety;
Still met they at the church for praise and pray'r—
Looking the very emblems of propriety!
Sad that aught should arise to serve for handle
To that thing most uncommon—Village Scandal!
Fain gentle reader would I fail to tell
Of such a place a tale so sad and ruthless;
Fain would I hide what dire event befell,
Save that the humble bard should aye be
truthful:—
One night the Abbess visiting the cell
Of a fair sister—very fair and youthful—
Found she had introduced into the Abbey
A little blue-eyed stranger of a "baby!"
Of course this gave the Abbess quite a shock—
And much she question'd her frail erring
daughter
As to what wolf had got amongst her flock
Of saintly ewes. But vainly she besought her—
Her bosom's secret she would not unlock—
Her threat'ning and beseeching went for naught.
—her
Erring child declared that she would rather
Brave death itself than she'd betray the father!
What could they do?—why even in these days
We mete out justice of the self-same sample.
Some one had brought the Abbey sad disgrace
And so of some one they must make example!
There was a young Monk with a handsome face
And tho' they knew of virtue he had ample
As any Monk, indeed than most much more of it
What matter'd that?—'twas he—they were quite
sure of it!
And having made their minds up on the case
'Twere folly sure to think about a trial!—
So cover'd with reproaches and disgrace
Despite his protests and his strong denial
They trust him in the dungeon of the place—
A darksome damp and dismal vault—meanwhile
The sister frail whose fault had sent him thither
Had flown the Abbey—going none knew whither!
And there for many a week and month he lay
Cursing the day when he the Abbey came in—
Shut out from sunshine and the light of day
And all things else in this life worth the
naming—

But to my tale—'Twere vain for me to name
How many lovers came to Badgworth wooing;
Suffice it many Knights and Nobles came
And all returned no better for their suing;
For Margaret heeded not their wealth or fame—
Nor liked she such affectionate pursuing:—
In vain they "told their love," in vain entreated,
Each in his turn retired, his suit defeated.
Sir Hugh much wonder'd that the maiden's heart
Should thus resist so much of love's attacking;
And he would strive by every gentle art
To rouse the feelings which he thought were
lacking
In her fair breast. Oh, could he but impart
The strong desire—that his own brain was
racking,
Of handing down his name!—how 'twas her duty
To "leave the world a copy of her beauty."
But woman's heart is very hard to learn—
I don't care what her age, or what her station!
Some say a secret in her breast will burn,
And must break out in open conflagration—
Pure rubbish trust me—For her heart's deep urn—
To use a term that smacks of navigation,
Woman alone can sound—that's my belief
Just as your thief the best can catch a thief!
Then 'twas not strange her sire should find it hard
His gentle daughter's secret to discover;
But 'tis the duty of the truthful bard
To tell how Margaret had a faithful lover.
He was no wealthy Baron, Knight, or Lord,
Such as around her shrine were wont to hover;
He knew not noble blood—nor cared to know it—
And yet he was a scholar and a poet!

Still meekly would he tell his beads and pray,
But most it tried him when the Monks came
blaming

His stubbornness—why didn't he confess—
(Guilty or not) and so end his distress?

But man however brave is human still—
A fact one well may state with some assurance—
Although much may be borne by strength of will
There comes an end at length to all endurance!
And tho' our hero had of pluck his fill
There comes an end at length to all endurance!
And so poor youth he found 'twas useless trying
To be released at all—except by dying!

They call'd the Abbot and he came to find
His victim near the hour of dissolution;
"Confess my son" he cried "the church is kind—
Confess ere 'tis too late for absolution."
Then came a voice, soft as the evening wind,
From the fair dweller of that vault's seclusion—
"Although with many faults my spirit's laden
Father I die as I have lived—a maiden!"

Then much amazed the Abbot gazed around;—
Then blankly stared the Monks at one another!
Too well that snowy breast declared they'd found
A sister in their persecuted brother!
And as they raised her from the cold damp ground
They knew her then—Oh, it could be no other
Than she whose name they never could forget—
The lov'd, the sweet, the Saint-like Margaret!

They deck'd her in a garment of pure white—
Stainless as her sweet spirit—and with weeping
And strains of mournful music, and the light
Of radiant tapers, to her last sweet sleeping.
They bore her corse with many a solemn rite,
And, her good deeds within their memories
keeping,

They call'd her SAINT, and builded where she lay
A shrine, which stands until this very day!



The late Mr. Henry Whitbread, of Cheltenham.

We ("Daily Mail") are requested to state that a marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between the Marquis of Headfort and Miss Rose Boote, of the Gaiety Theatre.

Lieut-General Laurie, M.P., is confined to his room with an attack of acute sciatica, and it will be some little time before he will be able to resume his attendance at the House of Commons.

A French journalist who sought to interview Queen Natalie was informed that the recently-published correspondence alleged to be between herself and King Milan was apocryphal.

On Wednesday the directors of the Cunard Company elected as their chairman, in succession to Lord Inverclyde, deceased, Mr. David Jardine, previously deputy chairman. The present Lord Inverclyde was elected deputy chairman.

Vice-Admiral Sir Cyprian A. G. Bridge, K.C.B., has been selected for the appointment of Commander-in-Chief on the China Station, in succession to Vice-Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour G.C.B., who will relinquish his command in June next.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Now that the "Graphic" has unquestionably come to stay—though I have never had any doubt of it from the first—I may be permitted to state the prevalent opinions as to why it has caught on so rapidly in public favour. First stands the decided artistic merit of its illustrations, printed to best advantage on superfine paper; then comes the truly Catholic and comprehensive character of the subjects portrayed and of the letterpress. What better and more indisputable proof of the Catholicity of spirit evinced can be given than in the last number, wherein are displayed the de Ferrieres golden wedding memorial window in a Church of England chapel; the counterfeited presentment of Father Wilkinson, O.S.B., and of the ornate presentations to him, chiefly by Roman Catholics; and the articles, one by a member of the Society of Friends, and the other on a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon service? By-the-way, what a salutary sign of the times it is in the way of toleration that the revival and conferment by a foreign Romanist body upon a priest of their church of the title of "Cathedral Prior of Gloucester" has not caused any angry protest by Protestants. If this had occurred fifty years ago we might have expected another such great meeting as was held at the Shirehall on November 26th, 1850, to resist Papal aggression in the establishment of an episcopal hierarchy in this country. I have heard my father refer to this meeting, at which the late Lord Redesdale was one of the chief speakers, and his identity was not generally known to the audience, as this nobleman was anything but a real live lord in appearance. Then, two days earlier, I read there was a no-Popery riot at Cheltenham, in which the Catholic Chapel was damaged, and the Hundred had to pay £26 19s. 3d. and costs for this. But it is *autres temps, autres mœurs* now, thank goodness.

Shakespear made his hapless heroine Juliet ask "What's in a name?" Well, many people think there is a great deal when naming their offspring. Boer war nomenclature has been a fertile fund to draw upon. I will give but a few finds that I have found in this county. Several months ago a child was christened "Ginevra Ladysmith Transvaal" at Painswick Church, while quite recently, at St. Mark's, Gloucester, a boy received these martial appellations:—"Victor Redvers Baden." Not bad, eh! While on names, I cannot resist placing on record a few facts within my knowledge, illustrating a remarkable conjunction of kindred surnames. Three consecutive premises in Northgate-street, Gloucester, were occupied respectively by Round, Short, Long. Then, not so very long ago, the Talbot, in Southgate, was kept by a Mr. Fright, and as Mr. Fear lived next door, it was truly said that the two names went well together. Can anyone beat this next for the fitness of names? The vicar of Banbury some 30 years ago was Mr. Guinness, and one of his successors was Mr. Porter, who came from Dropmore. The tongues of the wags in the cake town used to keep wagging in "stout" argument, I am told, over the curious combination of these names. Just another, and I have done. This smart conundrum went the round some years ago—"What is the difference between Bishop Ellicott and Dean Elliott of Bristol?" The answer was "Only a c." Do you "see" it?

That legend of Chosen Church fairly fetched the folk who reside at the foot of the hill, and they and their neighbours at Badgeworth will, I understand, have a second opportunity of being joyful, by reading the legend of Badgeworth Abbey in these columns. Another chief topic of conversation among the Churchdown coteries is golf. The "club" is already a striking success. But some of the novices are finding that after driving balls they often get lost to sight and become to memory dear. As for the lady members, they revel in golfiana at their five o'clock teas. Then "tees," "cleeks," "caddies,"

"mashies," "singles," and other terms understood of golfers are discussed with great animation, and when they do take to the field *en masse* the fair members will assuredly know the game in theory, if not in practice. None of the sterner sex will then venture to ask them, I trow, if they want any "wrinkles."

"Form, riflemen, form" is now the order to the Volunteers for the front from the 2nd V.B.G.R. The slow-moving War Office has actually made up its mind to accept 90 men, instead of 116, for a Service Company, and as the two Gloucestershire Rifle Battalions could have provided this number a fortnight ago, there has, I consider, been unnecessary delay in accepting their ardent services. I would suggest to the gentleman at Lansdown Junction, who put up a sign in his garden lettered "To Pretoria," when the first lot of Rifles went away, that he should now display on it "To relieve comrades." He should put up letters that will stand the storm's battle, for I see that his last motto, "I will be good," has by the wind and rain been converted into "I will beg." The Imperial Yeomanry recruiting at Cheltenham has also succeeded, as indeed it has everywhere. This is not surprising, considering the increased pay offered. I had evidence on Sunday last of the force of example. In a village not far from Cheltenham a corporal of the Imperial Yeomanry was standing in the centre of an admiring group of young fellows, and I heard him ask in a self-satisfied tone, "Well, what do you think of him now?" I daresay he fetched a few recruits. They will have to be a different sort, though, to pass the lynx eyes of Lord Charles Bentinck and R.-S.-M. Allitt to the "rough-rider" who, I am credibly informed, was seen before breakfast last Sunday astride a "screw" with a shaggy coat, which persisted in getting on the granolithic pavement in one of the main streets of the Cathedral city, and could only be moved into the roadway by some forcible "deliveries" by a passing postman! But none of this class is required when over 150 good men and true can be obtained in six trials at Cheltenham.

GLEANER.

POETIC LICENSE.

Should I tell you, sweetest heart,
How I feel;
If I humbly at your feet
Were to kneel;
Should I mention that I loved
None but you;
If I begged for just one kiss—
As I do—
Ordinarily I know
What you'd say,
And can very clearly see
Just the way
You would most superbly rise,
Would express your great surprise,
And with fire in your eyes
"Fire" me.

But pray ponder, gentle girl,
Upon this;
Such confessions no one need
Take amiss;
The poets, with credentials
Such as these,
By poetic license, say
What they please.
So you cannot stop my bold
"I love you!"
Nor forbid it that the kiss
I should sue;
Nor, moreover, can you, pray,
Can you swear that all I say
Is but in a poet's way,
And not true?

As for me, must I confess
'Neath the rose
That no better I can guess
(For who knows?)
If you might not whisper "Yes,"
Or demurely acquiesce,
And permit the sweet caress,
Were this pose?

W.A.C.

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COMMENCEMENT OF CHELTENHAM TO CLEEVE TRAMWAY.

Snapshot at Southam on February 18, 1901.



MR. NEVINS, Junr., DIRECTING OPERATIONS.



MR. NEVINS, Junr., IN THE FOREGROUND.

THE NEW STAR.

The wonderful object which has recently appeared in the heavens was seen on Monday evening, and quite realised expectations as to its splendour. The evening sky at present is rich in bright stars, but the stranger was quite in the first rank of these, being outshone possibly only by Capella and Sirius. Both in colour and brightness it approximated to Procyon, the Little Dog star, which is considered a little fainter than first magnitude. It has been seen at other places since its discovery, and was estimated as brighter than first magnitude on Friday, and on Saturday as brighter than Capella, which is considered to be of magnitude 0.2. The large spectroscope of the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh, has been brought to bear on the object, and though the examination was somewhat hurried on account of prevailing clouds, the opportunity was sufficient for the observer to pronounce that the spectrum of the Nova, at its present stage, is of a feebly developed solar type. These are the facts as known at present, but it does not require a very vivid imagination to realise that we are witnessing something stupendous in nature, possibly the creation or the destruction of a planetary system akin to our own.

* * *

Lord Glenesk, who is recovering from his serious illness, has arrived at Chateau St. Michel, Cannes, where he has joined Miss Borthwick.

SCREENS IN CHURCHES.

On Tuesday morning, in the Lower House of Convocation, Sir Arthur Charles sat as Dean of the Court of Arches for the purpose of hearing an appeal concerning certain ornaments in the church of St. Anselm, Pinner, near Harrow, against a decision of Dr. Tristram, K.C., Chancellor of the Diocese of London. Some time ago Mr. Skilbech offered to present a screen for the erection in the Church of St. Anselm. Dr. Tristram refused to decree the faculty to issue, holding that it might be offensive to some persons who worshipped in the church. Mr. H. C. Richards, K.C., appeared as counsel for the appellants. The Dean said he should reserve his judgment, as the case was one of importance.

* * *

The memorial tablet to Robert Louis Stevenson, which is to be placed in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, is now nearly completed, and the date of unveiling will probably be fixed in a week or two.

* * *

Lord Inverclyde has left only four charitable legacies of £500 each to institutions in Glasgow. The shipping business of O. and J. Burns is left equally to the two sons, the estate to the present peer, and £10,000 to the Hon. James Burns.

Gloucestershire in Travel
and Fiction.

BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.

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Next in order of the centuries written of comes that singular production "The Spiritual Quixote, or the Summer Ramble of Mr. Geoffrey Wildgoose; A Comic Romance, by Richard Graves." The Rev. R. Graves was Rector of Claverton, Somerset, but was born at Mickleton, near Chipping Campden. In the neighbourhood of the latter place Wildgoose is supposed to have been born about the middle of the 18th Century, "in a sequestered village, whose gothic spire (though hardly discernible in a map of the world) makes a picturesque appearance under the Cotswold Hills." He is educated "at a little free school by the side of the churchyard." He becomes a Methodist, having been first turned from the parson by being beaten in argument by him on the knotty legal point as to whether the new glass door in the parsonage greenhouse was liable to the new tax on windows! The Methodists are reported as holding "nocturnal meetings," though, in fact, as anyone may read in John Wesley's journal, they often held them exceedingly early in the morning, probably before good Mr. Graves was out of his bed, or, if in the evening, it was at the hour when the labourers came in from the fields. More true to real life is the description of the "sober assembly of labourers and mechanics, under an old elm, at the cottage gate of an honest, sociable cobbler, where the news of the parish, or the weather of the ensuing day, the badness of the times, or the scarcity of money, and other matters of general concern were adjusted with great wisdom and penetration." Geoffrey Wildgoose and Jerry Tugwell, the village cobbler aforesaid, set off together in search of spiritual adventures. As they start "the harmless redbreast" salutes them with his "solitary note." "The sun had now began to exhale the dews of the morning, which, being thinly dispersed through the air, gave a charming freshness to every object that came to their views," which included an extensive prospect of the rich Vale of Evesham. Towers and spires among the tufted trees below him inspire Wildgoose to quote Milton's lines—

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good;
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair."

They pass a stag hunt at fault, and Jerry sends the huntsmen galloping towards a donkey lying among the braken, the long ears of which he had mistaken for the points of the lost deer's antlers. He is of course sworn at and threatened, but eventually escapes a flogging, and the two wayfarers reach Dover Hill, near Stow-on-the-Wold, just in the midst of the celebrated Cotswold games. The description given of the course of country swains and nymphs, "flaunting, ogling, and coquetting in their rustic way," would suit a "mop" in Gloucester or Cirencester 150 years later. The ground was covered with booths, and the sports included wrestling, boxing, jumping, foot racing, even girls running in the races "for the prize of a shift." Wildgoose mounts on an inverted hamper to preach against the revelry. If the Methodists used the coarse expressions (which they assuredly did not) that our clerical author attributes to Geoffrey, the young carter who is supposed to have flung orange peel at him would hardly have been to blame. Twelve miles from Gloucester they refresh at the "Red Lion." The representation of the King of Beasts on the sign board, "by an injudicious drawing and mixing of colours resembled a shoulder of mutton." Six miles nearer they see Morris Dancers decked out with bells and ribbon. Wildgoose preaches to them and their audience, and gets the fool's cap clapped on his head for his pains.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

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Certificate of Analysis:

I hereby certify that I have submitted to a careful chemical microscopic analysis specimens of the Royal Cheltenham Sausages, manufactured by Messrs. F. BECKINGSALE & SON, Cheltenham, and I find them to be of superior composition and quality, and to have been skilfully and judiciously prepared from the best materials only.

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Analyst.

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CHELTENHAM.

THE NEW EXPLOSIVE.

In common with New York, a sensation was caused in London on the facts of the new explosive, "Maximite," being made public. The inventor is Mr. Hudson Maxim, brother of Sir Hiram Maxim. It appears that the peculiarity of the explosive lies in the fact that it is far safer to handle than are those of the lyddite class. Although more powerful in its action, it is less easy to detonate, and can only be fused when strongly confined. Mr. Maxim states that recently a 12-inch armour-piercing steel shell charged with 70lb. of Maximite was successfully fired through a 7-inch Harveyised nickel steel plate without exploding the shell. Maximite will stand the shock of penetrating armour-plate of any thickness which the shell itself will stand. The enormous strength, the inventor says, of the new explosive is shown by the fact that 7,000 fragments were recovered after the explosion of a 12-inch forged steel shell. That Maximite is only picric acid is denied by the inventor, who points out that under the drop test it is proved to be more than twice as insensitive as this acid. Sir Hiram Maxim naturally wishes to say something on this new explosive, as it is named after his family. According to one of the dailies, he declares that it is nothing more or less than lyddite under another name. Sir Hiram adds that to talk about throwing huge projectiles at a velocity of 5,000 feet per second (which is claimed for it) is absurd.



MR. JAMES BRUTON, J.P.,
City High Sheriff of Gloucester.

Col. G. E. Francis, late of the 20th Regiment, died at his residence, 133 Victoria-street, on Monday, at the age of 69. Born on Oct. 1, 1831, and entering the 20th Regiment (then the East Devonshire, now the Lancashire Fusiliers) by purchase in April, 1853, he became captain in July, 1857, and served in that and the following year with his regiment in the Indian Mutiny campaign, taking part in the actions of Chanda, Umerpore, and Sultanpore, and the siege and capture of Lucknow, for which he had the medal with clasp. He received the brevet of lieutenant-colonel in July, 1874, and was placed on retired pay, with the rank of colonel, in May, 1878.

The Duke of Connaught was installed Grand Master of the Mark Masons of England at the Freemasons' Tavern on Tuesday afternoon.

The Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D.D., of Chicago, has died suddenly. He was the preacher chosen to deliver the sermon before the first International Congregational Council in London in 1891.

It is officially announced that the Queen Victoria Memorial Committee recommend the erection of a memorial near the Abbey and Palace of Westminster or Buckingham Palace, a statue of the Queen to be the chief feature.

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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

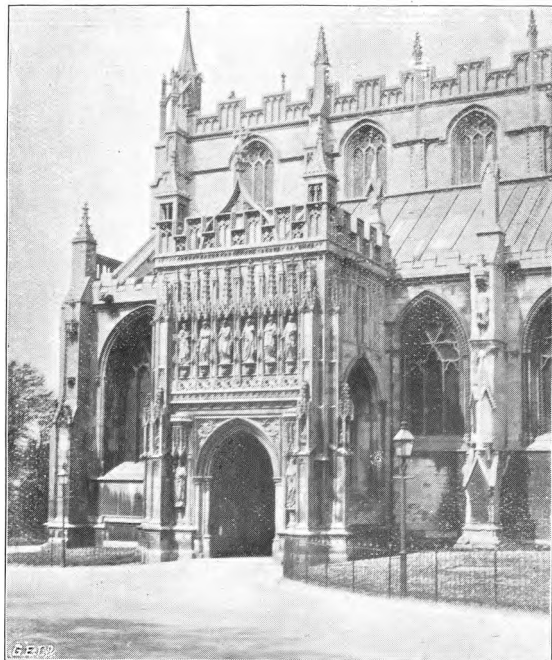
the names of the successful competitors will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

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 ninth competition is Police-Sergt. Lane, of Cheltenham. The prize picture is that of the south porch of Gloucester Cathedral.

Entries for the tenth competition closed this (Saturday) morning, March 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 South Porch, Gloucester Cathedral.

A Tour of our Churches

X.—ST. LUKE'S, CHELTENHAM.

St. Luke's is a comparatively modern church, consecrated about fifty years ago, and showing evidence in its style of architecture of the taste of that period. The general exterior effect is good, saving perhaps the spire, which is strangely deformed and apparently shortened by the exaggerated supports at the base, where the spire meets the tower—supports which should never be exalted to the position of an architectural detail as they here are.

But the eye of the worshipper is satisfied, on entering the building, by the feeling of roominess, loftiness, and space which is a peculiarity of St. Luke's, and is largely induced by the size and open character of the chancel. No screen or hindrance of any kind separates the apse from the nave, and thus an uninterrupted view from end to end of the building is obtained. Moreover, the rich white and gold colouring of the reredos and the generally light tone of the interior facings assist the general effect; the galleries are arranged high up in the transepts, as at St. Matthew's, and the pulpit, less prominent than that of St. John's or Trinity Churches, is so placed, at the left of the chancel arch, as not to intrude itself on the notice, although it is well worthy of remark as being a beautiful example of wood carving.

Entering by the west door on Sunday evening last, I passed a tablet near the entrance recording that pews Nos. 1 to 83, 526 seats in all, were set apart free for the poorer classes, according to the terms of a grant made to the building fund. It was curious to note, however, that these seats were comparatively empty, and the reason was not far to seek, for using them would place the worshipper amongst the "poorer classes" at once, and the scheme, however well meant, does not work. I was ushered into a seat half-way up the aisle by a sidesman, who seemed pre-eminently anxious that I should sit exactly in the middle of the pew, his instructions being most business-like and minute; probably the lessees of the pew were not anxious to receive visitors; at any rate, I know there is often a difficulty in this matter. As I took my seat the service was just commencing with the singing of a hymn, the officiating minister being, as I understood, a curate, for the Vicar of St. Luke's is too infirm to take any active part in the services. This opening hymn was of a penitential character, suited to the Lenten season, and was sung to a peculiar air pitched in a minor key. The opening exercises of the prayer book service followed, spoken in an ordinary tone by the priest, but with musical responses from the choir and congregation. The contrast of the two methods seemed to me excessively incongruous; a musical response requires some degree of intonation on the part of the priest, or, otherwise, the effect is as startling as the introduction of a spoken soliloquy would be

in the middle of a concert solo. The psalm for the day was well chanted, the changes being easily and smartly attacked and, from a musical point of view, there was little fault to find with the elaborate setting of the "Magnificat" and the fine effect of the men's voices in the "Nunc Dimittis"; but—and that persistent "but" will assert itself—these two grand portions of Holy Writ are, unlike anthems, an integral part of the prayer book service, so, as a mere layman, I must be forgiven if I express regret that the intricate nature of the music precludes the possibility of the general congregation taking part. But, save and excepting this drawback, the organist of St. Luke's must be congratulated on the able manner in which he used his opportunities throughout the service, and the members of the choir on their generally excellent rendering of canticles, hymns, and anthem, the latter being a rather difficult arrangement to the words "To Thee great Lord." As at St. John's Church, there seems to be no settled rule as to rising for the anthem; and it is decidedly embarrassing to discover after standing for five minutes or so, on glancing around, that one is the cynosure of all eyes, only a scattered few of the congregation deeming it necessary to thus show their respect for this part of the service. This, as I have remarked in former cases, could be easily arranged by an announcement from the pulpit. At the recital of the Creed there was a little confusion in the choir. One or two of the choristers, recruits probably, turned to the East, but quickly discovered their mistake, the eastward position not being the rule here.

Of the officiating priest—the curate—I have little to say. His voice and hurried pronunciation are by no means in his favour, although one could forgive these minor faults of style, covered as they are by the evident sincerity and earnestness of the man, could he but throw off a species of mannerism or restraint which in service and sermon alike clouds his personality. The sermon was preached from Esther iv. 2: "None might enter the King's gate clothed with sackcloth," and was a distinctly Lenten discourse, the argument being—that although there is much of sorrow and pain here, yet, like Easter after the fateful 40 days of Lent, there is the King's gate beyond, and none will enter the King's gate with mourning or sackcloth, but with joy. Lent was described as a pilgrimage, a time which to Christ Himself was a real Lent, a real Good Friday, and a real Easter Sunday. We were reminded how soon we forget the sorrows of life, and of those who lack their daily bread, and have no fires in their houses. In the parable the priest and the Levite passed by on the other side, but to-day for one Samaritan there are two people who shut their eyes to suffering. Ahasuerus is alive to-day. He says: "If there are any poor, any heart-broken, any distressed, see they don't come through my gate; I do not want to be troubled with them." How differently Christ looks upon the sufferers! We say "How many!" Christ says "How sad!" If we looked at Cheltenham we might say, "What a splendid town—all abloom in the spring-time with blossom and leaf"; but in nearly every home there is a broken heart! Is this all? Are we to work, suffer, and—die, only? No, the Lenten pilgrimage will soon be over, and washed in the blood of the Lamb we shall pass through the King's gate. After the sermon the beautiful old hymn "Rock of Ages" was sung, while the (alas!) inevitable offertory was collected, and the Benediction pronounced from the altar, followed by a musical response by the choir and congregation, many of whom, I noted, remained to listen to a voluntary ably rendered by the organist.

LAYMAN.

Next week—A "Gipsy Smith" Mission Service.

James Cloud, who went through the Crimea as a Royal Artilleryman, and received the Crimean and Turkish medals, with four clasps for the Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol, has just died in Chelsea Hospital at the age of 79. He was a native of Southleigh, Devonshire, and his father fought at Waterloo.

LOCAL VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FRONT.



Active Service Section from 2nd V.B.G.R., attested at Gloucester, March 1st, 1901. *Photo by F. W. Pickford, Northgate Street, Gloucester.*



Photo by J. Joyner, High Street, Cheltenham.
CHELTENHAM TROOPERS OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.
Leaving Great Western Station, March 1st, 1901.



DRUM-MAJOR JOSEPH MILTON, Stroud,
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.

The appointments of the Crown Prince of Germany and Lord Roberts to the "rights and privileges" of a K.C.G. are gazetted.

*
The King has been pleased to appoint Sir Cavendish Boyle, K.C.M.G. (Government Secretary of British Guiana, and lately administering the Government of that Colony in the absence of the Governor), to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the island of Newfoundland and its dependencies. Sir Cavendish Boyle is in his fifty-second year, and for the last twenty years has been engaged in administrative duties at Bermuda, Gibraltar, and Guiana.

The Dublin Corporation on Monday unanimously adopted a resolution protesting against the terms of the King's Oath.

*
Lieutenant-General Sir Alfred Gaselee, commanding the British forces in China, is to be offered the command of a first-class district in India, in recognition of the valuable services he has rendered.

*
Mr. G. H. Turner, the retiring general manager of the Midland Railway, has taken Ponington Hall, Castle Donington, formerly the seat of Lord Donington, father-in-law of the Duke of Norfolk.

The Commander-in-Chief has approved of the Bisley meeting of this year being held from Monday, 8th July, to Saturday, the 20th.

*
Major the Hon. A. H. C. Hanbury-Tracy, Royal Horse Guards, has been selected by the Foreign Office to proceed with the Abyssinian Commission to Somaliland.

*
Matlock has won the distinction of having the lowest death-rate in the kingdom during the past 12 months, viz. 10.5 per thousand. Longevity is stated to be abnormally general in this highly-favoured town.



B.E.C.C.

Photo by Miss Barton, Brunswick Road, Gloucester.

The Noble Army of Volunteer Street Sweepers, marshalled in Town Hall-Square under Sergt. Burdock, R.H.A.



Photo by Miss Barton, Gloucester.

Sweepers Standing Easy in New-Street.

During his honeymoon Prince Henry of Holland has distinguished himself by personally arresting two poachers, whom he caught trespassing in pursuit of game in the forest of Het Loo. The game was taken home to the palace for dinner.

The King of the Belgians has taken with him to the South of France his famous game-keeper Arsene Gerard. The man, who belongs to the Ardennes, was formerly a non-commissioned officer of gendarmerie, and was specially selected by Leopold II. as his private guard.

Mr. A. W. Sells, a barrister, brought an action on Monday in the King's Bench to recover £2,000 on a promissory note endorsed to him by the defendant, Mr. H. Pocock. The jury found for the latter without leaving their box, but Mr. Justice Darling said that the case could not stop there—the plaintiff's conduct as a member of the Bar would have to be investigated.

Lord E. Fitzmaurice, the chairman of the Wilts County Council, has been returned unopposed at the triennial election for that body.

SPRING.

At the Spring-tide of the year
All the earth
Sounds with mirth;
Merry strains from throstle's throat
Mingling with the blackbird's note
And the bright and busy clamour
Of the cheerful yellow hammer
Chant the message—"Spring is near."
Baby-buds upon the trees
Tell the secret to the breeze,
And the little gurgling rills
Whisper to the daffodils—
"Spring is coming, Spring is here."
All the world rings to one air—
Each glad heart
Bears a part
In the joyous Hymn of Praise.
Leafless woods and hedge-bound ways
Shoot out buds of tender green—
Heralds everywhere are seen
That a verdant promise bear.
Nature throbs with life restored;
And, of all things that the Lord
Has created, shall I be
Cold and silent? Nay, from me
Upward soars my soul in prayer.
But while some for gladness sing,
And the earth
Echoes mirth—
Far away in that sad land,
Cold 'neath Afric's burning sand,
Dull and passive in the grave
Lie the loyal-hearted brave;
And they've no part in the Spring.
Nature's smile becomes a frown,
And the bitter tears rain down,
And the breezes, sweet and free,
Seem but death-chills now to me
That to them no joys can bring.

Cheltenham, March.

D. J. G.

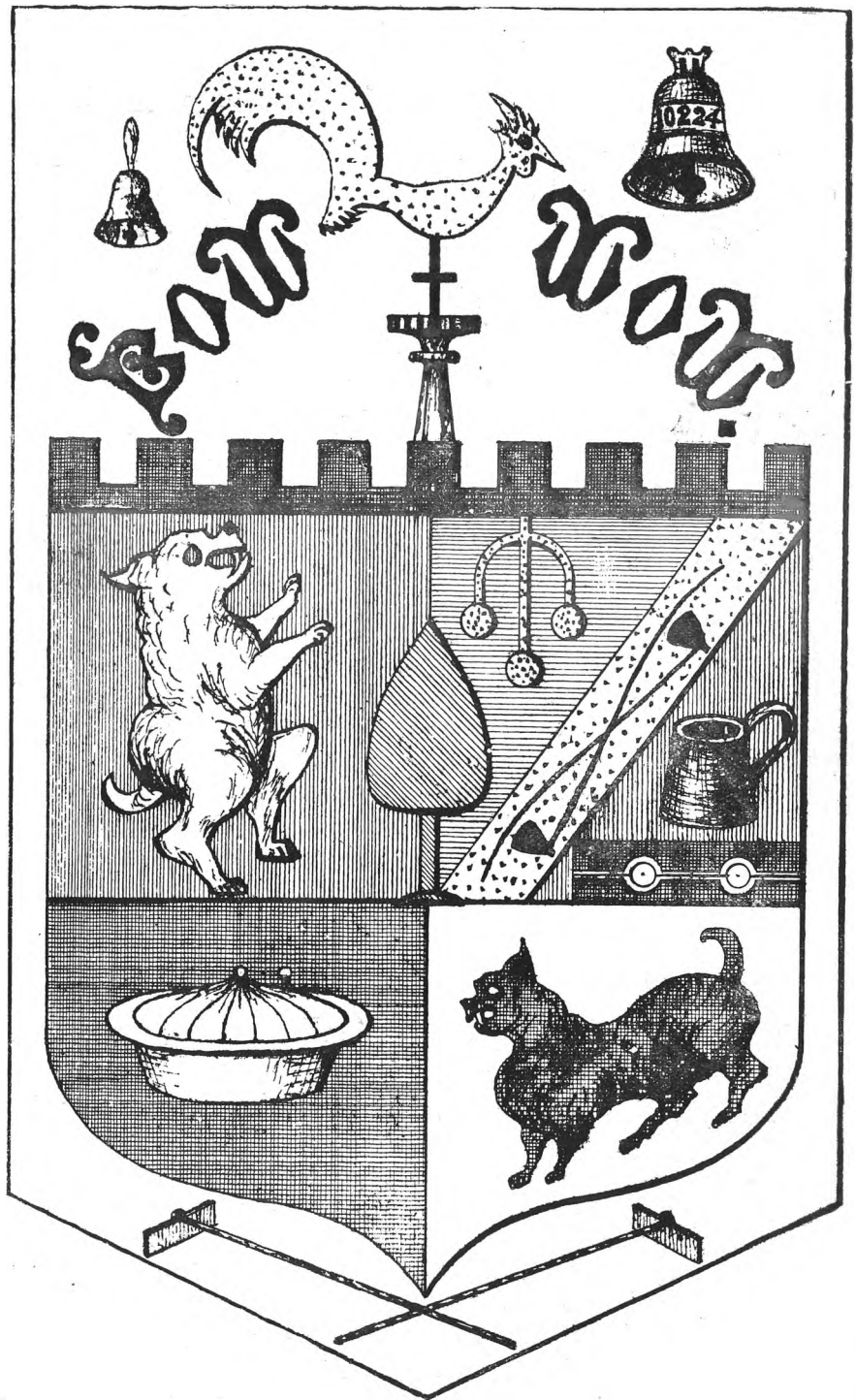


While harrowing a field at Polanghan, Gerrans, the other day, Samuel Lobb found a silver watch in a horn case attached to the implement. It turned out to be the watch which one of Mr. Lobb's labourers lost in the field five years ago. Though the field has been ploughed, harrowed, and rolled five times since the loss, the watch was uninjured, and is now keeping good time.

PAINSWICK BANNER'S BLAZONRY.

A DESIGN BY "BOW-WOW."

Painswick, the "Queen of the Cotswolds," is famous for many things. The story of its three old men is known all the world over. Too healthy to die, too poor to live, the natives who tire of waiting until they dry up and blow away usually commit suicide—first, however, assuming the duties of Town Crier that their friends may know what to expect. Puppy-pie is one of its most ancient institutions, but of late years this delicacy has been supplemented by another toothsome morsel known as potted weathercock. Its "Society of Youths" in the early days of last century established a record for bell-ringing which is yet unbroken by the world. The same society has set a mark upon the early days of the present century by a record for mud-raking that will take a deal of wiping out. The natural beauties of the neighbourhood are widely appreciated, and the holy horrors of its "hundred yews" are not overlooked, although it is customary to speak of the latter with bated breath, because of the pitiless eye that looks out from "the old squire's specs" under the churchyard wall. It is treason to say aught derogatory of the famous yew trees, and the ancient stocks lie ever in wait for the legs of him who has the temerity to challenge their æsthetic virtues. But above all things else Painswick is the proud possessor of a town banner bearing heraldic devices that are full of historic meaning. It would take all the officers of the College of Arms to do justice to its charges in blazonry. As nearly as one can get at it without special knowledge, the dexter chief quarter of the shield is charged with a dog counter-rampant—*argent on gules*—and the dexter base with a dog-pie—*argent on sable*. The sinister base is charged with a dog statant—*sable on argent*—and is separated from the sinister chief by a fess symbolic of the stocks. The fess is *sable* and the sub-charge *argent*. The sinister chief is charged with a bend sinister in *or* and sub-charged with two churchwarden pipes in *sable*. The dexter angle of the sinister quarter carries three balls in *or* on *azure*, symbolic of one phase of Painswick life, and the corresponding sinister angle of the same quarter is charged with a pewter pot in *purpure on gules* or *sanguine*, symbolic of another phase. The chief centre is charged with a yew tree in *vert*. The upper edge of the shield is embattled in *sable*, and above all towers the cap of the church spire in *argent* and the weathercock in *or*. Above the dexter chief the banner bears the town crier's hand-bell, and above the sinister chief it bears one of the church bells with the number 10,224, the number of changes rung in the great peal of treble bob maximus at Painswick on Dec. 9th, 1833. The legend is "Bow-wow," and the shield is supported by two crossed mud-rakes, which appear to be a recent addition to the arms.



An extraordinary sequel to a Black Country funeral is reported from Darley End, near Dudley. Bearers and relations were, according to custom, having a meal in the home of the bereaved family, when the floor gave way and precipitated the entire party, numbering over a dozen, into the cellar. The house, it is stated, had been shaken by mining operations.

Information has reached Dorchester of the death of Major-General C. E. Astell, of Puddlehinton, Dorchester, who had been spending the winter in the Pyrenees. The deceased officer had reached an advanced age, and was in infirm health. He was the fourth son of the late William Astell, M.P., of Everton House, Beds, and was born in 1818. He obtained a commission in the 45th Foot in 1837, retiring on full pay as captain, a rank which he obtained in 1848.

General Azcarraga, who was charged by the Queen Regent of Spain to form a Cabinet, has declined the task owing to the failure of his efforts to constitute a Conservative concentration. Signor Silvela, with whom the General consulted, promised to support a Cabinet formed by him, provided it was composed of politicians belonging to his own party.

In Cardiff there is living, quietly and simply, a gentleman who claims to be a lineal descendant of the line of Charles I. Mr. Charles Stuart is his name, and he is the inventor of many ingenious mechanical contrivances. The family's faith in their descent is very strong, and in vindication of it the eldest son is always named Charles.

Major Rooper, Chief Constable of the Huntingdonshire county police, has tendered his resignation.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Cyril, second son of Thomas William Chester-Master, of Knole Park, Almondsbury, Bristol, and The Abbey, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, and Lucy, eldest daughter of John Cave New, of Craddock House, Cullompton, Devon.

The Rev. H. Roderick Parnell, who has been a Congregational minister for nearly twenty years, has decided to enter the Established Church, and has retired from the pastorate of Hungerford Church. Previous to his acceptance of the charge at Hungerford, he laboured first at Thaxted, in Essex, and afterwards at Hambledon, Berks.

The death is announced from Ottawa of Dr. George Mercer Dawson, director of the Geological Survey of Canada, after a short illness.



DROPPING INTO A GOOD THING.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Painswick previously possessed a provincial reputation for being a pretty prim parish, and a recent much-talked of event there proves that its people are determined to live up to it. The state of what may be called the local Ratcliffe highway was the cause of all the pother. If there is one thing that Painswickians detest more than pies, it is mud; and as the County Council, which is responsible for the care of the main thoroughfare through the town, had allowed it to get into a sort of Slough of Despond, the inhabitants soon responded to Mr. A. J. Meeze's fiery cross sent out on Saturday, February 23rd, by means of the crier, and turned up at the Townhall, bringing their own private mudrakes to assist in an organised attempt to clear a way through New-street, so that the godly-minded might get to church with clean feet and without any excuse for profanity, as the notice stated. The Painswickians sprang to arms like the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus; but, unlike these mythical men, they did not fight among themselves, and the living remainder build a city—the whole noble army of sweepers, under the command of an R.H.A. sergeant home on furlough, turned to with brooms, brushes, and rakes and what-not and speedily cleansed the Augean stable, and swept the County Council to Timbuctoo metaphorically. Then came the inevitable photographing, fortunately for posterity, and it is to be hoped to bring the County Council to the mending of their ways. The "Graphic," on the look-out for current events of local interest illustrated, has, I understand, secured for its readers' delectation the "Painswick Pictures." Mr. Meeze is to be heartily congratulated on his successful Painswick "Purge" and, by the method adopted, adding to the gaiety of a weary winter.

Before this number has appeared, the new Gloucestershire County Councillors will have

been elected. In fact, at the time I write, 53 out of the 57 members have been returned unopposed, and the contests were only four in number. The object lesson at Painswick had not the slightest effect in provoking opposition, probably because it was not known in time. I take it, however, that the rate-payers are pretty well satisfied with the general administration of the county, and I think they have good cause to be. When the Council was formed, in 1889, there were contests in 25 of the then 60 divisions, and only a little over a third of the number of original councillors now sit. At each triennial election contests become fewer. In the Chipping Campden Division recently a resident councillor could not be found to take the place of the late lamented Canon Bourne, "absolute apathy," as one of the leading tenant farmers put it, reigning; and, to his credit be it said, Mr. Thomas Davies, the Conservative agent for the Cirencester Division, stood in the breach and took the proffered seat. I hope that the proportion of tenant-farmers will not be reduced, and that Mr. J. R. Lane, by holding the Wotton Division, will keep it for the present at four, at which it stood at the start, though I am strongly of opinion the number ought to be greater. At all events, it is a sign of the times that two out of the four attacking candidates are solicitors. Sir John Dorington and his colleagues (a group of whom I find is to appear in the "Graphic") can safely regard their position at the Shirehall as impregnable, paraphrasing the dictum of Marshal MacMahon, "We are here, and mean to stay here."

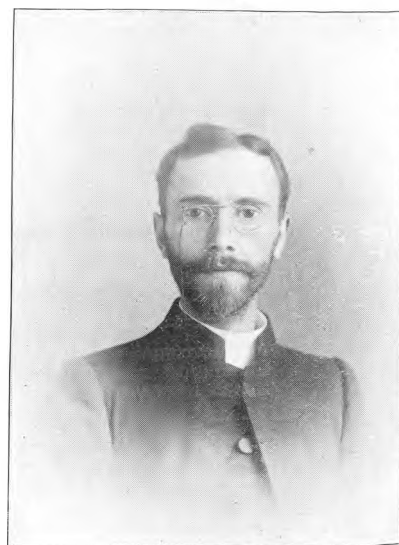
Congratulations to your cartoonist on the pretty conceit of his "Electrocution of Reynard" on one of the standards of the electric tramway. Still, I think he missed points in not putting over the fox "Ware wire," and not describing the subject as "A line difficult to Travers." As an ardent follower of hounds myself—on paper, I trust I shall not read of any such accidents to the pack so well "engineered" by Mr. Rushout and Charles

Travers, but I have already heard of a regrettable casualty to a respected Gloucester citizen, who, when driving down Cleeve Hill a few days ago, suddenly found himself on the hard ground, through the horse shying at the noise of a portable bellows used in the plate laying, and then getting the wheel of the trap in an open trench. He escaped with a nasty abrasion on the forehead and cheek bone.

Someone has evidently blundered at the War Office. Forty-two members of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment were ready to attend at Gloucester on February 7th, in response to the call to make up a relief service company for the front; but at the last moment the order was countermanded until the War Office had made up its mind whether or not it would accept less than 116 men, which the two battalions were then unable to raise. Their decision being in the affirmative, the contingent of volunteers from the 2nd Battalion attended at the Cathedral city on March 1st, and 24 were accepted and sworn in. It is interesting to ascertain what became of the remaining 18. In the interregnum at least a dozen, eager to go to the front, and not disposed to wait the sweet pleasure of the "Pall Mall red-tapers," qualified and got recruited in the Imperial Yeomary at Cheltenham. No blame to them, say I, although their pay is four times as much as the Rifles, and they will have a horse to support them as well. That was a bit of very bad luck to Private L. Bathurst to be *hors de combat* on Saturday in a football match between Tewkesbury and Ross, through breaking his leg.

I gladly add to the roll of Cheltenham's modern benefactors the name of Mr. Isaac Solomon, whose testamentary dispositions have just been finally settled, and ten local institutions share thereunder some £3,676. The testator had the will to leave them twice as much again, but he had overestimated the value of his estate, and the actual amount available, after paying the costs of litigation, necessitated the legacies being reduced *pro rata*. I like that bequest of £129 10s. 3d. to the Public Library "for the purchase of good and useful books not of a political or religious character." Mr. Solomon, I know, was a Hebrew in religion and an active Liberal converted in politics to Toryism, and he showed the wisdom of Solomon in guarding against the possibility of the dissemination through books of any religion or politics of which he did not approve. Still such institutions as the Salvation Army, Nazareth House, and Jewish Synagogue, diametrically opposite in religion, were legatees.

GLEANER.



REV. J. BURNS, B.A.,
Late Minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Cheltenham, now of Liverpool.

ALLEGED MEETING OF MUD-RAKERS
AT PAINSWICK.

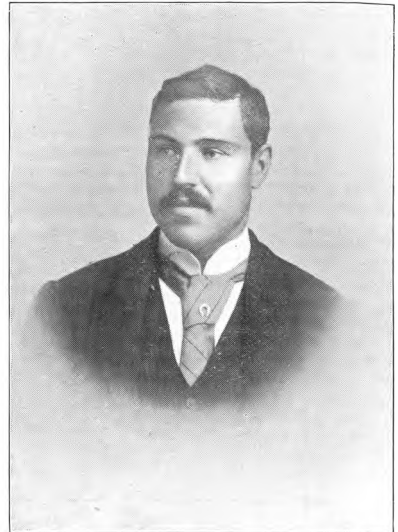
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The following report, furnished by a Painswick correspondent, is given for what it may be worth, and is explanatory of the pictures appearing on page 4:—The recently Incorporated Society of Painswick Mud-Rakers held a first statutory meeting at their registered office in New-street on Saturday last. A faithful account of the initiatory ceremony, with photographs of the pageant, were laid upon the table by the Secretary. The Chairman, in his opening remarks, said that the record of the society's doings in the past might fairly be taken as read—having appeared in the leading London and provincial papers and started on a press tour round the world. With regard to the famous photographs, he was proud to be able to state that the "Gloucestershire Graphic" had been graciously pleased to send for copies, and that in reply the best two had been duly forwarded. The official acknowledgment of the receipt of these interesting pictures would appear on the walls of the room, suitably framed in compressed mud, at the next meeting of the society. The meetings, as the members were all aware, were fixed by the articles of incorporation to be held once every week on Saturdays at eleven o'clock in the forenoon at the registered office. This was the first of these formal gatherings under the articles, and as the occasion was one of great historic importance, he thought they would agree with him that they should do something to commemorate the event, and signify to the world their deep consciousness of the dignity of their official position and their sense of the responsibilities they had assumed as original members under the Charter of Incorporation. Up to the present moment there were of course none but "original" members, and it was, he knew, the desire of all to maintain the high tone and exclusiveness which was their birthright and the very breath of their nostrils. Still, under Article 1901, it was within their power to elect one honorary member—an election which carried with it the Freedom of the town of Painswick and a right to bear its Arms, and therefore one which it behoved them not to abuse. In conferring such a distinction, he admitted that they ought to gravely consider what they were about to do, and before exercising their very limited power of election and performing an act which was irrevocable, unique, and destined to stand alone in the annals of the society, they ought to well weigh the claims which any individual might have upon them to so high and exclusive an honour. But, fortunately, in this case there was no room for mistake; they were one and all agreed that there was only one man on whom this distinction should be conferred, and that was their old friend Mr. Ratcliff, the road surveyor (loud and prolonged cheering). He was glad to see that the members, all of whom were present, hailed the proposal with such an outburst of approval and without a single dissident, as it relieved the Chairman of the heavy responsibility he felt in making the suggestion. When the Chairman had finished his oration, the Secretary rose and explained that in electing an honorary member they would incur a trifling extraordinary expenditure for a small silver mud-rake, and for the engraving thereon of the quaint motto, "Let 'em wade droo't," as this was the symbol of honorary membership which, according to the articles, had to be presented with the certificate. This expenditure was unanimously authorised. A "wayzgoose" committee was then formed to consider a scheme for entertaining the County Council next Painswick feast-tide with mud-pies, that distinguished body of humorists having instituted grave enquiries for local mud, and signified a desire to be supplied with some at the expense of the parish. The proceedings then terminated with the singing of the "Dog's-howl-ogy"—the Painswick "National" Anthem.

ANOTHER BATCH OF LOCAL VOLUNTEERS.



TROOPER H. S. CLARK, Cheltenham,
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.



TROOPER J. HOOKHAM, Todenham,
Moreton-in-Marsh, R.G.H.,
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.



TROOPER S. B. THOMPSON, Leckhampton,
Cheltenham,
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.



TROOPER SYDNEY ALLEN, Gloucester,
Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.

THE COMING CENSUS.

*

Explanatory notes with regard to the filling up of the various columns in the census paper are being issued to the enumerators, and great stress is laid on the importance of seeing that the column dealing with occupation is accurately filled up, as by that means the value of the census statistics will be much enhanced. It is also impressed upon the enumerator that it is important to convince every occupier and every person whose name appears in the schedule that the information to be given is solely for national and general purposes. Every occupier filling in a schedule should understand how important it is in the general interests that every particular he inserts should be accurate, and he may rest perfectly sure that the information he gives will not be used for the gratification of curiosity or in any way that could possibly injure either himself or his family. No name entered in the schedule and no particulars as to age or occupation or number of rooms occupied or any other detail will be published or otherwise used in such a way as to affect individual and particular interests.

Mr. Justice Grantham has been ordered to the South of France to recuperate.

*

To commemorate the reign of Queen Victoria, Newportonians contemplate the erection of almshouses, at the cost of £1,500, on a site to be given by Lord Tredegar.

*

The King, on the recommendation of the Home Secretary, has appointed Mr. William Pickford, K.C., to be Recorder of Oldham in the place of the late Mr. G. K. Segar.

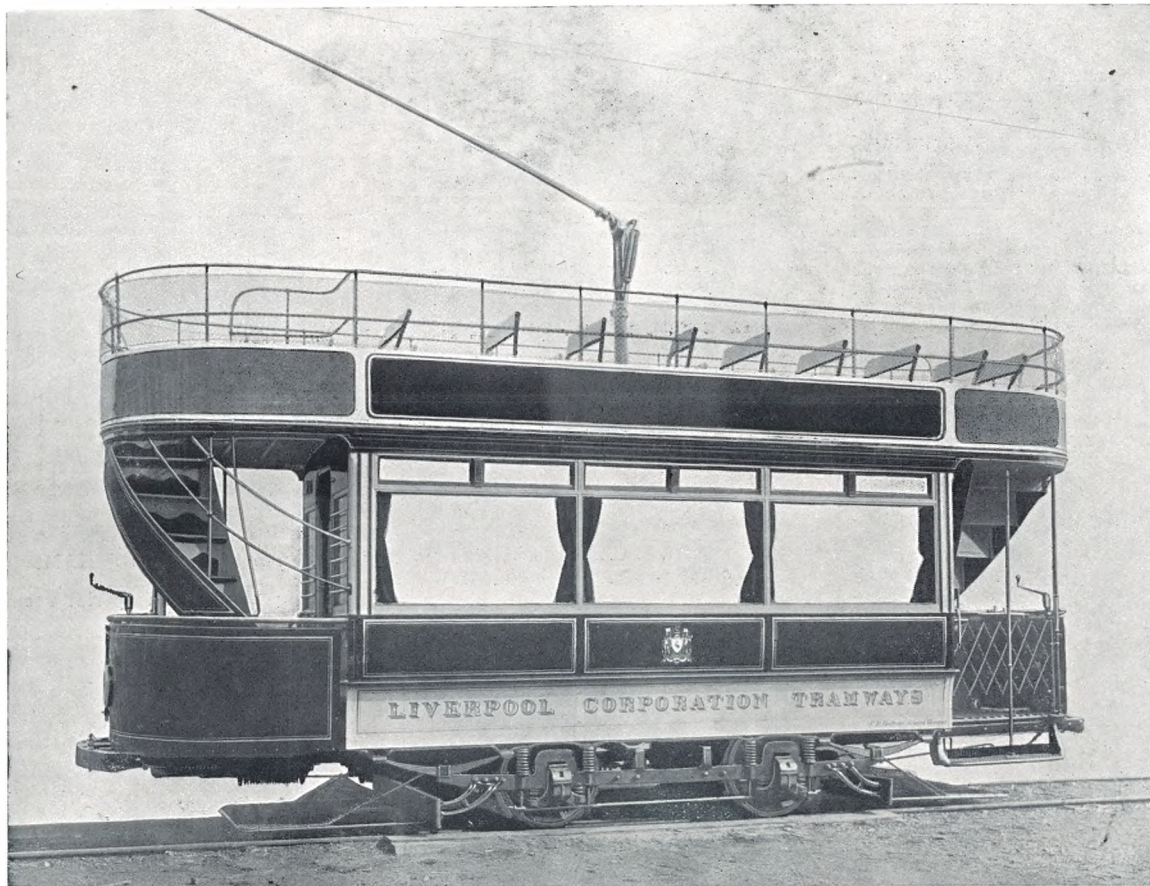
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The Rev. T. P. Phillips, Congregational minister at Horeb, Llandyssil, was on Wednesday made the recipient of a number of valuable presents, including a cheque for £220, as a recognition of his services during the last 40 years.

*

The death is announced of the Rev. John Couchman, M.A. (rector of Thornby, near Rugby), who has been claimed to be the oldest clergyman in office in the Midlands. He was 91 years of age and had been rector of Thornby no fewer than 54 years, and for five years previously was curate in the same parish.

CHELTENHAM TO CLEEVE TRAMWAY.



THE PROPOSED CAR.

As warm advocates of this venture we have pleasure in presenting our readers with a picture of the proposed car, which it is generally agreed is of handsome and convenient design. It is of the pattern just adopted for Liverpool, and is technically described as the reversed stairway type, one of its distinguishing characteristics being that the stairs rise from inside outward, the reverse of the usual arrangement, which form it is claimed gives greater security, is pleasanter for ladies, allows of greater carrying capacity, and protects the driver from the weather. The brakes will be of the strongest and most approved description. This class of car is made by the English Electric Manufacturing Co., Ltd., of Preston, Lancs., for whom Dick, Kerr, and Co., of 110 Cannon Street, London, E.C., are selling agents.

Gloucestershire in Travel
... and Fiction.

BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

Arriving in Gloucester, Mr. Graves, like all the novelists of the period, sends the travellers to the "Bell." Mrs. Whitfield greets them with "Hey day! Lodgings indeed! Yes, to be sure; because Squire Fielding forsooth in that romancy book of his pretends that Tom Jones was harboured here, we shall be pestered with all the tramps that pass the road." To which Tugwell answers: "Tramps, indeed! I think Mr. Whitfield might have taught you better manners!" Nevertheless, the two pilgrims had to find humbler quarters, at a barber's, where a ribboned pole was thrust out at an angle from the door post. This was "the grand office for intelligence for that part of the city." Wildgoose becomes popular in Gloucester, is consulted on questions of conscience by milliners and by distressed ladies. Here he receives news from "the Gloucester paper" of his mother's illness, to which he pays no attention, and is finally driven out of the city "by the publicans and their pot-bovs." The publicans and their pot-bovs have done the same thing with obnoxious reformers down to our own generation: "Great is Diana of the

Ephesians." He goes to Cirencester, and agrees with the author of "A Cotswold Village" as to the tameness of the uplands; he would "as soon thought of preaching the Gospel in the Desarts of Arabia as on the Cotswold Hills." He and his companion pass great crowds drawn to Cirencester races, and then traverse "Lord Bathurst's fine woods, which extend five or six miles to the west of Cirencester, and are cut into glades and avenues, most of which are terminated by towers or spires or some other striking objects agreeably to the magnificent taste of that worthy nobleman." They are struck with "the gloomy darkness and solemn silence of the woods." As a keeper leads them to his cottage, an antiquarian arrives, and gives them a learned disquisition on an ancient building near by, erected, he could see, in the reign of King John. "Sirs," says the keeper, "it was built by the present Lord but a few years ago, and his lordship used to say he could have had it built as old again if he had a mind to!" Proceeding via Bath and Kingswood, where they contribute their quota of two to a crush of 10,000 people assembled to hear George Whitfield, they cross into Wales, and work homeward via the Forest of Dean (the "romantic" forest). On the first day they dine under the shade of "a fine tuft of oaks" on a bank by the side of a crystal stream, "the coolness of the scene inviting them to rest a little in the heat of the day." Frightened by the evil reputation of the Foresters, and attacked by a footpad in a dark lane shaded with elms, whom, how-

ever, they convert, and carry off with them as a trophy, they reach Gloucester once more, and are this time kindly treated by Mrs. Whitfield. Leaving Gloucester, they halt at Tewkesbury. Here the landlord of the inn provides them with "full-grown fowls, nicely roasted, and froathed up," but the muscles of which were so strong no human jaw could possibly make any impression on them. The birds, it seems, were the victims of a previous day's cock-fighting. We cannot follow our travellers beyond our county, nor can we venture to intrude upon our readers even an epitome of the tiresome sermons or of the interminable stories with which, after the manner of Fielding and Smollett, the narrative is interspersed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Everyone will learn with regret, says the London correspondent of the "Manchester Courier," that the Duke of Cambridge's health is causing anxiety. The last two or three years have told very much upon his Royal Highness. Soon after the recent State ceremonies he went to Cannes, but the latest reports of his condition indicates that his strength is failing.

The diphtheria wing of Bletchley Fever Hospital, a detached building, was burned to the ground on Sunday evening. Although in forty minutes the wing was a mass of flame, the patients, of whom there were several, were got out safely. The origin is unknown.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

EXTRAORDINARY EPITAPHS.

We have received the following epitaphs on tombstones in churchyards adjoining Gloucestershire. On a stone in the churchyard at Great Wolford, near Shipston-on-Stour, is:—

"Here old John Randall lies,
Who counting from his tale,
Lived three score years and ten,
Such vertue was in ale.
Ale was his meat, ale was his drink,
Ale did his heart revive,
And if he could have drunk his ale,
He still had been alive."

This is an epitaph on a gravestone in Ilmington churchyard:—

"Who lies here! Who d'ye think?
Old John Ayres, give him some drink;
Give a dead man? Yes, and for why,
When he was alive he was always dry."

From Bath Abbey we get:—

"Here lies Ann Mann;
She lived an old maid and she died an old
Mann."

Who that has been to Upton-on-Severn does not remember this one:—

"Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion;
His son keeps on the business still,
Resigned unto the heavenly will."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRONICLE AND GRAPHIC."

Sir,—Referring to the "Gloucestershire Graphic" of last Saturday, may I point out that on Page 3, under "Epitaphs," are some lines from the Abbey Church of Bath, from the tomb of Sir Walter Waller (not Wailer) and his lady. The monument is a large one of marble, against the south wall of the south transept, and the lady is represented as lying flat, in front, while Sir William is behind, in armour, in a reclining attitude supported on his right elbow, and the visitor will observe that his right hand is gone. It is said that King James II., when passing through the church, and meeting with this monument, drew his sword, and hacked off the nose and right hand. This is the Sir William Waller who led the Parliamentary army at the bloody battle of Lansdown Hill, near Bath, against Sir Beville Granville, who commanded for the King, and who was slain, and also a large number of English gentlemen. This was in June, 1643. Sir William was Governor of the city of Bath while in the hands of the Parliament, and, I think, in the next year, 1644, with Col. Massie, compelled the surrender of Sudeley Castle, near Winchcombe.

THOS. HENWOOD.

Courland, Charlton Kings,
4th March, 1901.

Lord Strathcona has presented Col. Steele, of Strathcona's Horse with a cheque for £4,000, in recognition of his services.

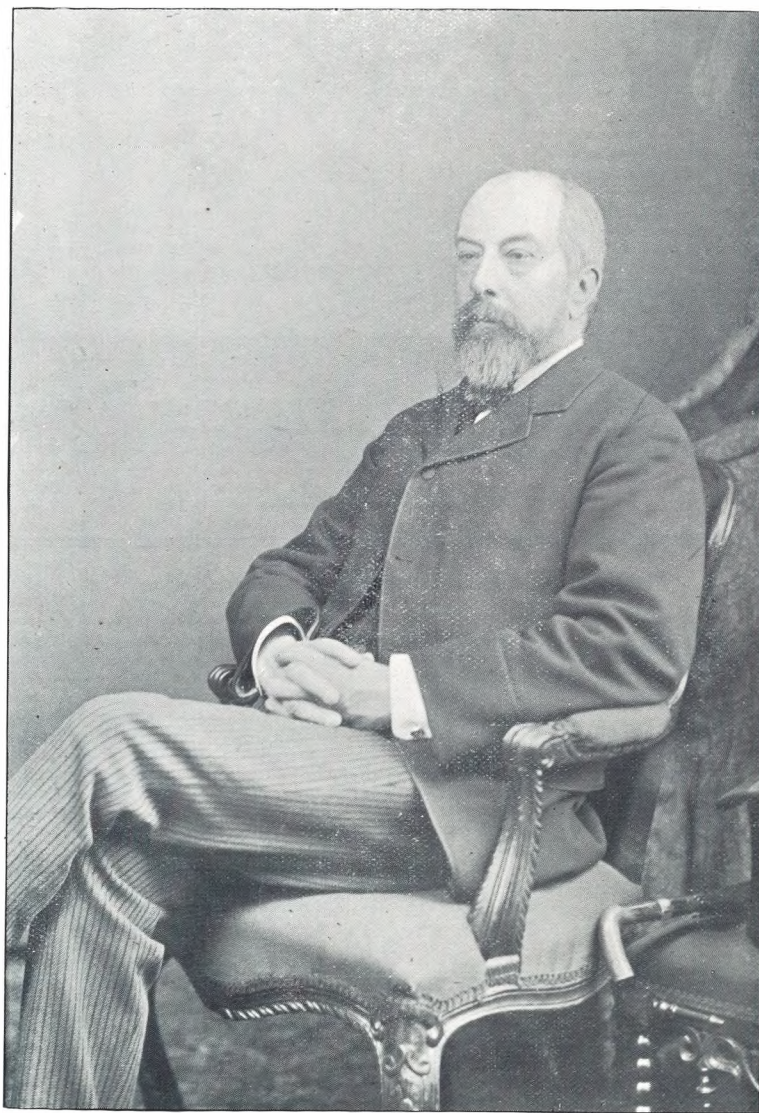


Photo by Maul & Fox,

[Piccadilly, London.]

SIR JOHN DORINGTON, BART.,

M.P. for the Tewkesbury Division; Chairman Gloucestershire County Council.

Nine new vessels with an aggregate of 52,000 tons are this year to be added to the Union Castle line of steamers.

Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador to the United States, will shortly leave Washington on leave of absence.

Prize Photography.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

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 tenth competition is Mr. W. Slatter, 25 Winstonian-road, Cheltenham. The prize picture is a scene at Southam.

Entries for the eleventh competition closed this (Saturday) morning, March 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.



A Pretty Scene at Southam.

Memorials of the Late Mrs. Dent, Sudeley Castle.



Photo by Hawley, Winchcombe.

Windows in Winchcombe Parish Church, dedicated on February 22, 1901, the first anniversary of Mrs. Dent's death.

A little bird tells me there was a persistent run on the "Chronicle and Graphic" at Painswick last Saturday, and that when the supply of papers stopped the people were, like Oliver Twist, asking for more. I gather that they have seen nothing of local interest which they appreciated more since the Painswickians' Pilgrimage to the "Passion Play," as recorded in the Parish Magazine, and the reverend editor's repudiation therein of an unauthorised and ungrammatical attack on the Press, as a preliminary to his retirement from what was a sort of dual or triple control of this publication. The moral of last Saturday's experience should be "When you want the 'Chronicle and Graphic' see that you get it." Order, order, please.

The hope that I expressed last week, that Mr. John R. Lane would be returned as County Councillor for the Wotton Division, has been fully realised, and I now heartily congratulate him on his triumphant election by a majority which, curiously enough, tallies exactly with the same number of votes polled by his opponent, namely 191. Mr. John H. Jones, solicitor, who would not admit the right of the tenant farmers to run a candidate of their own class, and boldly labelled himself as "the working man's friend," made a plucky fight, but all that oratory and motor cars could do was of no avail, and he has found a John R. Lane who will not be turned out for a long time. Foremost among those who rendered yeoman service to the tenant farmer champion must be placed Col. the Hon. Charles Dutton. The County Council elections generally were as flat as ditch-water. The mere flashes in the pan at Cheltenham and Coleford ended in the old members being reinstated with big majorities, the attackers, also curiously enough, polling nearly identical numbers—68 and 69. I regret that, as the result of the other remaining contest, at Bitton, the Rev. Canon Parker, a courteous and useful member for many years, lost his seat by 15 votes, a local solicitor, who was his opponent, just managing to convince a majority of electors that it would be better to let the district councils control main roads than to leave them to the county authority. In view of their recent experience, Painswickians should note this. The County Council will now be shorn of the presence of two of the best type of "squarsons" in the late Canon Bourne and Canon Parker. The Rev. W. D. Stanton, member for Beckford, and the Rev. H. Madan Pratt, member for Bourton, will now solely represent that class which, unfortunately, is fast becoming a diminishing quantity throughout the country.

One of the unfeeling outward and visible signs of Lent is the dearth of marriage announcements in the papers. There was not a single one in the "Chronicle and Graphic" of last Saturday, which fact speaks volumes. But sigh no more, ladies, for there's a good time coming, at Easter, when I hope and believe clergymen will be busily engaged in reading over the service which begins with "dearly beloved" and ends "with amazement" to many couples. If there is a paucity of marriages at present, Death the Reaper is certainly grimly making up the balance and taking heavy toll, especially of the aged. Statisticians cannot have failed to notice that among the deaths recorded in this county last week there were at least those of four persons of ninety years and upwards, eight of eighty, and eleven of seventy.

Now is the winter of our discontent made early spring by the opening of the Winter Garden. The "Echo" well describes it as a "cormorant" in swallowing up the ratepayers' money; but satisfactorily shows that the ten thousand golden sovereigns which have been spent on its strengthening, repair, and decoration have gone as far as can reasonably be expected in this huge building. I confess I should like to have seen the Garden opened with something that would have added more eclat to the town than Gipsy Smith's services. I have not much faith in the efficacy of sudden conversions resulting from attendance at emotional services such as those conducted by the gentleman of the Roman order. Then I fail to see the difference in principle between retiring into an "enquiry room" and into an apartment for confession. I wish the clever and instructive animated pictures of Queen Victoria's funeral and of the King's State procession to Parliament could have found place at the Winter Garden on its opening night in preference to the entertainment arranged by the Free Church United Mission. But then, they must open with something, and many people will have the satisfaction of at least being able to say that they "went gipsying at the Winter Garden when it was re-opened."

There is a great deal of truth in what Lord Salisbury said at the outset, that a circus would interest the people in the country more than a Parish Council. But his Lordship could not have had in mind Whiteshill, where things are generally pretty lively, more especially at election times. I have been reading a published account of the late parish meeting there, and conclude they wanted some of the sweepers of the neighbouring parish of Painswick to clear the room. I cull a few of the gems of ejaculated interruption:—"They are bad sloggers at writing at Whiteshill"; and "One man one vote, one woman one wife."

GLEANER.

The Rev. Canon Chris. V. Childe, M.A., LL.D.,

Late Vicar of Christ Church, Cheltenham, and new Vicar of St. James's, Marylebone.



A Snapshot by Mr. John Davis, Cheltenham.

Correspondence.



"A TOUR OF THE CHURCHES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRONICLE AND GRAPHIC."

Sir,—I am one of those who very warmly appreciate the forward movement you have made this year in issuing an illustrated supplement with your weekly edition of the "Chronicle." The photographs you have reproduced are excellent, and the special information you have culled for your large body of readers, with the one exception to which I wish to refer, is undoubtedly most interesting.

The part which in my humble opinion is objectionable is that styled "A Tour of Our Churches," signed by "Layman."

In the first place, I do not think it right for anyone to enter the House of God with the avowed object of criticising all that is done there. Those who minister to us in holy things, human as they are, may be un-

worthy, and the way the service is rendered may leave much to be desired; still, it is not the feeble instruments God employs, but the message that should appeal to every true worshipper.

Apart from this, I have considered for some weeks past that "Layman" has shown much questionable taste in making personal allusions to some of our local ministers, and carping at the different modes employed in conducting the services; but as I was not well acquainted with the churches and ministers he was referring to, I had nothing to say.

In your issue of Saturday last, St. Luke's Church, of which I have been a regular member for many years, was under review. As so many of "Layman's" remarks were flippant and imaginative, it is possible he may have conveyed a wrong impression to many of your readers unacquainted with the church. He started with the free seat accommodation, and made a gibe at the comparatively empty condition (?) of the pews

and the reason for it. The thought he expressed evidently dominated his own feelings, for although he admitted there was plenty of room in the free seats, he was not content with a seat there, but walked farther up the middle aisle, and even then our genial sidesman vexed him by not placing him at the end of the pew.

Generally speaking, the free seats are well filled, not by the poor only, but by all classes. There are some who could well afford to pay for sittings, but because they object to the system of pew rents sit regularly in unappropriated seats. A much respected Hon. Canon of Gloucester Cathedral may frequently be seen in one of these. As a matter of fact, many of our older members sit near the pulpit, and our sidesmen are generally busy in accommodating any and all comers to some of the best positions in the church, for it is well known, unfortunately, in the Cheltenham churches that many of the seat-holders only attend the morning service.

"Layman" says: "There was some confusion in the choir caused by one or two of the boys turning to the East at the Creed." This is quite a mistake. The boys are all drafted into the choir from the Sunday and day schools, and have been brought up to conform to our usual practice. I have been in the choir for many years, and have never noticed such an instance.

The criticism respecting our curate's voice and pronunciation was most unfair. If there is a clergyman in the town whose voice and enunciation are most clear, and whose reading is slow and effective, it is the one who was reproved by "Layman" for lacking these qualities.

I am rather surprised, Mr. Editor, that you should have allowed this to pass, for, as I have seen you attending our services, I think you can bear out my contention. It is impossible, too, in a few sentences to give a clear outline of the sermon. That we were favoured with by "Layman" was a mangled account of what was an earnest, well-reasoned address.

JOHN PAYNE COOK.

St. Luke's School-house, Bath-road,

March 11, 1901.

[The Editor does not for one moment admit that the pulpit is above criticism, nor does he find anything in the comments of "Layman" to object to.]

Sir,—Permit me as a seat-holder (of nearly twenty years' standing) at St. Luke's Church to say that your correspondent "Layman," in last Saturday's "Chronicle and Graphic," must, I think, certainly have both very defective hearing and vision.

In his criticism of St. Luke's he is the reverse of accurate. First he states the free seats are nearly empty. If he were in the habit of attending this church he would not have made that statement. Next he complains of one of our most courteous and hard-working sidesmen, who found him a seat, and, I presume, provided him with a hymn-book. Those seats, he ought to know, are not free, consequently it is important to see that rented seats are not occupied by strangers until after divine service has commenced.

Next he attacks the congregation for sitting during the singing of the anthem. This, I may be permitted to point out to him, was by the express wish of a former vicar, and is an accepted rule by the congregation.

Regarding the turning to the East in the Creed, I may state I sit in full view of the choir, and have never once seen it done.

Coming to the last and most important point, in which he makes a decided attack on our clergy, I can most emphatically state it is most unjust and unwarrantable, the pronunciation and reading of our much esteemed curate being particularly clear and distinct.

Criticism, we all know, is good, but it should be just, and such an unjust attack as that complained of I felt I could not let pass unchallenged.

I trust "Layman" will be more just to the next church he honours with his presence and criticism.

RALPH NEGUS.

The Bon Marche, Suffolk-road, Cheltenham,
March 11, 1901.



Photo by H. W. Watson, Clarence Street, Gloucester.

KEY TO GROUP.

The two leading figures on the left are the King (then Prince of Wales) and Colonel the Duke of Beaufort, with his hand raised. The brilliant staff immediately following include General Luck, C.B.; Lieut.-General Sir Forestier Walker, K.C.B.; General Sir F. Grenfell; Major-General Russell, M.P., C.M.G.; Captain George L. Holford, C.I.E. (Equerry); Viscount Valentia (Oxford Yeomanry); Colonel Sotheron Estcourt and Major Lord F. Bruce (Wiltshire Yeomanry); and Lord Lonsdale (Westmoreland Yeomanry) The figure on foot at the left is Police-Inspector Elliott, of Gloucester.

Military Drill at Devonshire Street School, Cheltenham.



The new Government Day School Code says:—"Instruction in drill, or in suitable physical exercises, is a condition of the higher grant for discipline and organisation. Military drill for boys has been found very attractive in some districts, and deserves encouragement. The physical development of

the frames of growing boys and girls imperatively requires some form of drill."

"Military drill is still reckoned as physical exercises. This is required, as a rule, in all schools as a condition of their getting any grant at all." (Official letter of the Board of Education to the Earl of Meath, May, 1900.)



MR. W. HOLTAM, 170 High Street, Cheltenham.
Member of Baden-Powell's Police.

CHELTENHAM RESERVISTS FOR THE COLOURS.



Photo by J. Joyner,]

[High Street, Cheltenham.

Parting Scene at the Drill Hall, Nov. 19, 1899.

LINES

Composed during a Sunday morning walk over Battledown in the spring of 1856. Affectionately inscribed to my absent friend, the Rev. F. J. Perry, author of "The Village," etc.

I'm standing on fair Battledown; the Village is softly sleeping in the valley's lap. Broad meadow-lands, green woods, and fields of tillage, Are spread before my vision like a map.

And yon fair town lies 'neath the sky unclouded, For morn with rosy hand hath drawn the veil Of mist aside with which the night enshrouded The sleeping objects in the distant Vale!

And from each shady nook is softly beaming The violet's blue eye, and, amid the grass, The little simple daisy's peeping, seeming To smile, and say "Tis Spring" to all that pass.

And on my ear falls no harsh sound of labour— I only listen to the blackbird's trill; The low voice of the tree that to its neighbour Just bends and whispers and again is still;

Or the glad lark that at heav'n's gate rejoices, Or the clear song sung by the rippling stream— So soft, so sadly sweet, like long-lost voices Heard singing to one in a midnight dream!

Now from the tow'rs and spires in yonder valley That gleam, like gold or silver 'mid the trees,— Filling alike each street and leafy alley The voice of bells comes floating on the breeze—

Seeming by their sweet melancholy pealing Some seraph's voice borne on the scented air— Dispelling every vain and worldly feeling,— Asking the heart for tears, the soul for prayer!

Some deem that only 'neath the ceiling vaulted That men with poor human hands have raised, Doth God delight to hear his name exalted, And there alone can he be rightly praised!

But I can worship the great God as truly Beneath these ancient and majestic trees, As in the sculptured aisle where rich men duly Make their long pray'rs and bow their stubborn knees.

For here on every side I see around me Proofs of God's wisdom and his wondrous skill, From yon tall hills whose giddy heights confound me,

To the meek flow'ret bending o'er the rill! What matter where we kneel if God be present?—"The groves were God's first temples," saith the bard;

And, oh, the cottage of the meanest peasant Is often made a temple of the Lord!

Perry, I love when the bright sun is shining To climb this hill, and in this shady nook, Upon the velvet turf at ease reclining, To read the pages of thy little book.

For the heart, sooth'd by Nature's many voices, Throws then aside its load of care and pain; And pensive mem'r'y, while the soul rejoices, Lives in the bright and happy past again!

And thou, beloved friend, did'st often ramble This pleasant path with me in other days; And not one lowly flow'r or wayside bramble Did e'er escape thy eye or miss thy praise!—

And in each tree and shrub and wild flow'r lonely That bowed its head upon the humble sod, Thou saw'st not grandeur, beauty, meekness only, But something that did point the heart to God!

And in all men thou sawest only brothers— Brothers that up to one great Parent look— And, striving to impart these truths to others, Did'st write them on the pages of thy book!

Write on, dear friend—long may the Almighty Father Spare thee and bless the efforts of thy pen— And may'st thou ever seek His honour, rather Than the poor hollow-sounding praise of men!

If now I cannot, "when the lamps are lighted," Gaze on thy face and hear thy pleasant voice, Or meet thee where we oft at eve delighted To con the poet of our mutual choice;—

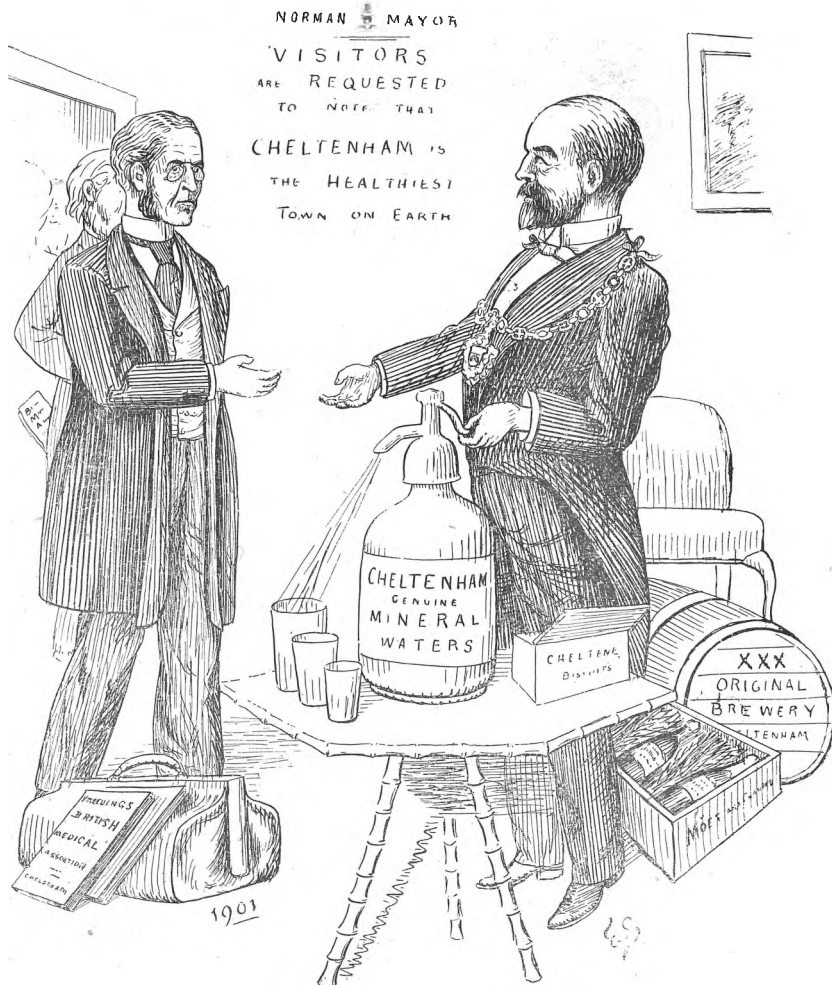
Yet thus with thee, in fancy I can wander In the loved paths we have together trod, With thee upon creation's beauties ponder, And praise with thee our Father and our God!

WILLIAM BYRNE.

Damage to the extent of £10,000 has been caused by a fire which destroyed the recently erected Riverside confectionery works, Bridgend, Glamorgan.

ENTERTAINING THE DOCTORS.

A Forecast of the Reception.



The Host:—Glad you've come—just in time to sample our latest extra-special bottling!
 The Visitor:—Yes, fine stuff, that Saline; just the thing for my patients; but for myself, I prefer something stronger.
 The Host:—Right you are; come to the Brewery—our only industry, you know, I trust you'll find no salt there, or arsenic either. Now I come to think of it there's more interest taken in the quantity and strength of the beers than of the waters.
 [A committee of the Town Council is preparing the Cheltenham Natural Salts and Mineral Waters for the visit of the British Medical Association.]

moment almost a whisper, the next a stentorian fury of passionate emotion, alternating with scathing satire and telling pauses after his many questions; all this coupled with a curious habit Gipsy Smith possesses of sweeping his hand across the open Bible before each sentence, and saying to his audience "Listen!" It would be impossible in this space to report fully all he said, but I will give a few of the most striking phrases verbatim, the text being "Slay Utterly."

"The most dangerous backslider is the church member who keeps his office. If God were going to stamp on each forehead the life of the man—these ministers" (pointing around him), "this evangelist, those Sunday School teachers, what would he say about them? When the minister visits you, you put on your Sunday face, and place the open Bible on the table to make him think you have been reading it! Many blame their environment, their circumstances, for their sin. Put the poor, half-damned humanity from the slums of our great cities on Cleeve Hill, and with all your fresh air and bungalows they would soon make a slum there! What they want is renewed souls, and the renewed homes will come." Speaking of inherited tendencies: "Some of you wouldn't give up your beer, although it makes your daughters harlots and your sons murderers. I would set fire to every distillery on God's universe if I had my way! But don't blame the churches. Churches are not for perfect people. I'm not perfect myself; but I try to be, which is more than many of you can say! If you want a perfect church, you'd better emigrate and build one for yourself on a desert island! Don't blame circumstances, the church, or the devil. You say you can't resist the devil; then how is it you have been able to resist the Trinity so many years? Remember, rich men, God isn't bribed by your big cheques made by ill-gotten gains. I am often asked: Is there any harm in going to the theatre, or the dance, or accepting a glass of wine? Never have I heard any enquiry if there is any harm in working for Jesus! After what Clement Scott has said of the stage, how dare a Christian enter a theatre? I have the entree to the best society in Manchester and Hanley, and never once have I been insulted by an invitation to a card party, dance, or theatre! If it is an insult to me, it should be to you! Remember, God sits on His throne, and you'll have to meet Him some day. It always pays to do the right."

A stirring anecdote enforcing the last point terminated the address, following which silent prayer, with closed eyes, was asked for those who were likely to become enquirers, and those who wanted to be right with God were asked to stand up a moment. Over the bowed heads of the congregation came the exclamations of the missionary as people rose one by one: "That's right, my sister, God bless you; thank you, my brother, under the gallery. If you wish to say 'Lord, I will obey,' then stand up a moment. Thank you, thank you. Who's the next to rise? That's right!" Then a short prayer, and, without a pause, the missionary asked those who were anxious, to pass into the enquiry rooms during the singing of the hymn "I will believe." Immediately a steady stream, chiefly of young men and women, passed up the aisles and gangways, many of them showing visible marks of mental emotion, while at every break in the singing the same pleading voice was heard saying "Come away, brother; don't wait; set out for the loved ones on the other shore; come away." Quickly and skilfully the well-known revival hymn, "Room, room, still room" was started, and, not till the last enquirer had passed, was the emotion allowed to subside. Before the Benediction, all who were honestly making an attempt to live for God were asked to stand up. This feature in Gipsy Smith's methods seemed to me more likely to encourage hypocrisy than religious aspirations, for very few would have the temerity to make themselves conspicuous by sitting down. I make no comment on the mission as a whole. I merely record here the happenings of an evening's meeting as a matter of general interest, seeing that about one-third the population of Cheltenham attended the mission.

LAYMAN.

A Tour of our Churches

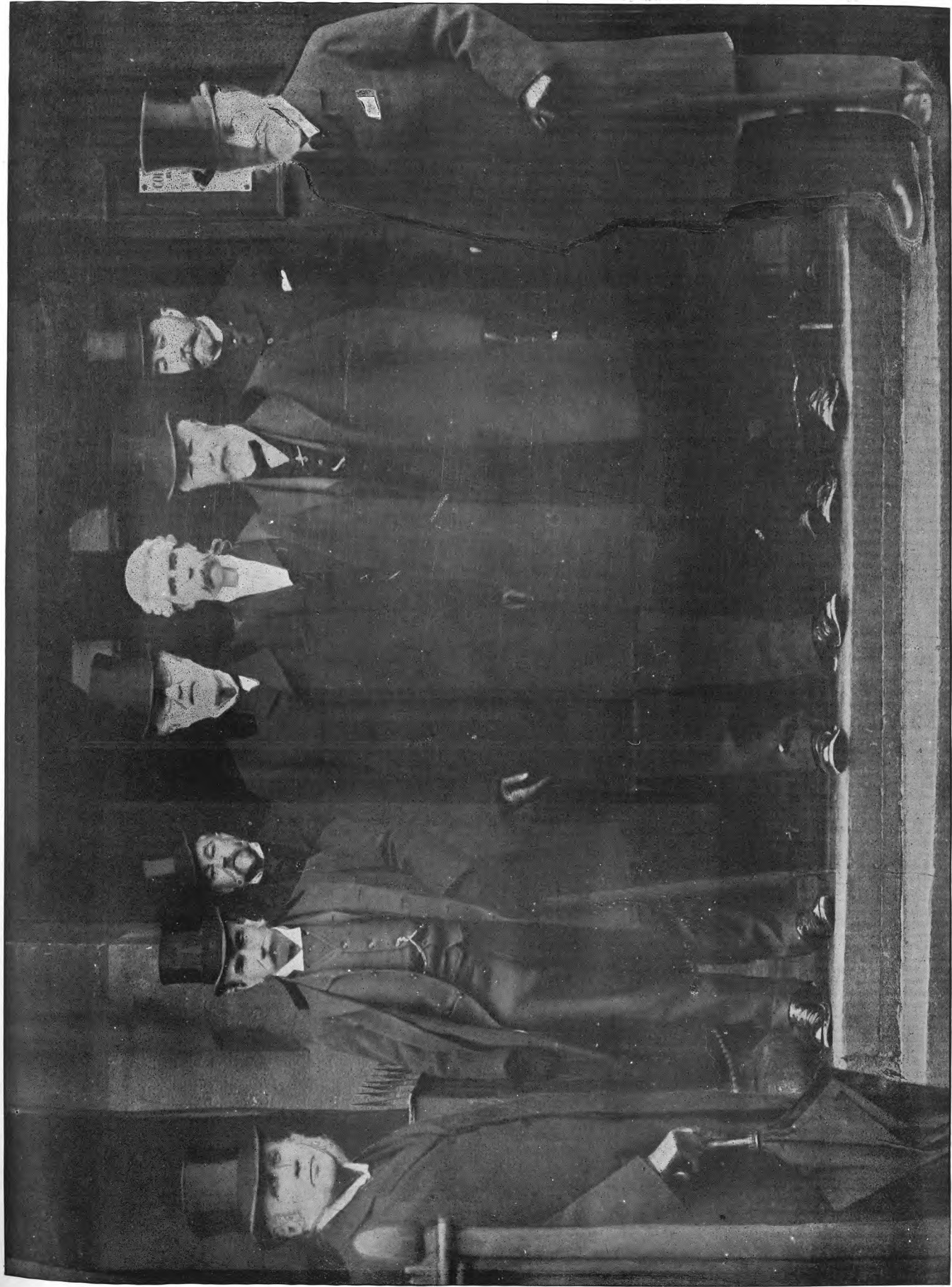
XI.—"A GIPSY SMITH MISSION SERVICE."

Passing through the doorway of Salem Chapel one evening last week, I was moved by the sight of crowds of people thronging the entrance to ask if there was much crush inside. "Packed like sardines" was the laconic remark of the attendant, and a very literal statement it proved to be, for, once in the gallery, it was impossible to move. The whole building seemed like a great sea of faces, a sea whose waves surged right up the steps of the great stone pulpit, and into the railed-off space where usually stands the Communion table. Young and old, men and women, careless and reverent, all were there, and the sight of a great congregation of over 1,500 souls rising *en masse* to take part in the hymns, was a spectacle never to be forgotten! Although it was yet some minutes before the advertised time, the opening hymn was already being sung, and, led by a choir of 200 voices, with the fine organ of Salem, the effect was striking indeed, everyone joining with wonderful swing and vigour in the characteristic mission melody. In the pulpit were crowded three or four ministers, with the centre of attraction, Gipsy Smith the Missioner, in their midst—a man of ordinary appearance, saving that olive-tinted skin and flashing eye which characterise the pure

Romany blood, suggestive of southern skies and the passionate fervour of the Latin races. Everyone seemed all-too impatient to hear this ordinary looking man speak, and when he rose in his place, after a prayer by one of the ministers, to announce a hymn there was quite a rustle of expectancy. The hymn concluded, the same quite ordinary man, as he seemed to me, read a passage of Scripture, with comments, and then requested the combined prayers of the congregation for the conversion of a husband, at the request of his wife, two brothers, a father, a mother, and so on, through a long list. Then, suddenly, the ordinary character of the man vanished, and there blazed forth coruscations of wit, keen satire, and searching, albeit extravagant, phases of emotion which electrified the listeners at once. Now I could see the magnetic power which drew such crowds; here was the ideal missionary; the man who could pull the heart strings of the people and play on each emotion with a skill and dexterity born of long usage. Said he, "The collection doesn't concern me. You don't pay my salary, so I can hit you as hard as I like" (which seemed to me a reflection on the ministers present). Then the Winter Garden notice allowed opportunity for a punning remark that "Even the choir will require tickets. No one will get in free, and if you haven't bought tickets you won't get in at all, so hurry up!"

Breathing space was allowed before the address by singing two verses of another hymn, and then the discourse—a searching and skilful piece of dramatic oratory, one

COUNTY MAGNATES ON GLOUCESTER SHIREHALL STEPS,
 QUEEN'S FUNERAL DAY, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1901.



ADMIRAL CHRISTIAN,
 Chief Constable.

MR. F. A. HVETT,
 Deputy Chairman of Quarter Sessions.

MAJOR GIST, J.P.

LORD DUCIE,
 Lord Lieutenant.

MR. GARDOM,
 Clerk of the Peace.

SIR J. E. DORINGTON, M.P.,
 Chairman of the County Council

Photo by E. Debenham, Clarence Street, Gloucester.
 SIR G. B. JENKINSON,
 County Councillor.
 MR. PETER STUBBS,
 High Sheriff.

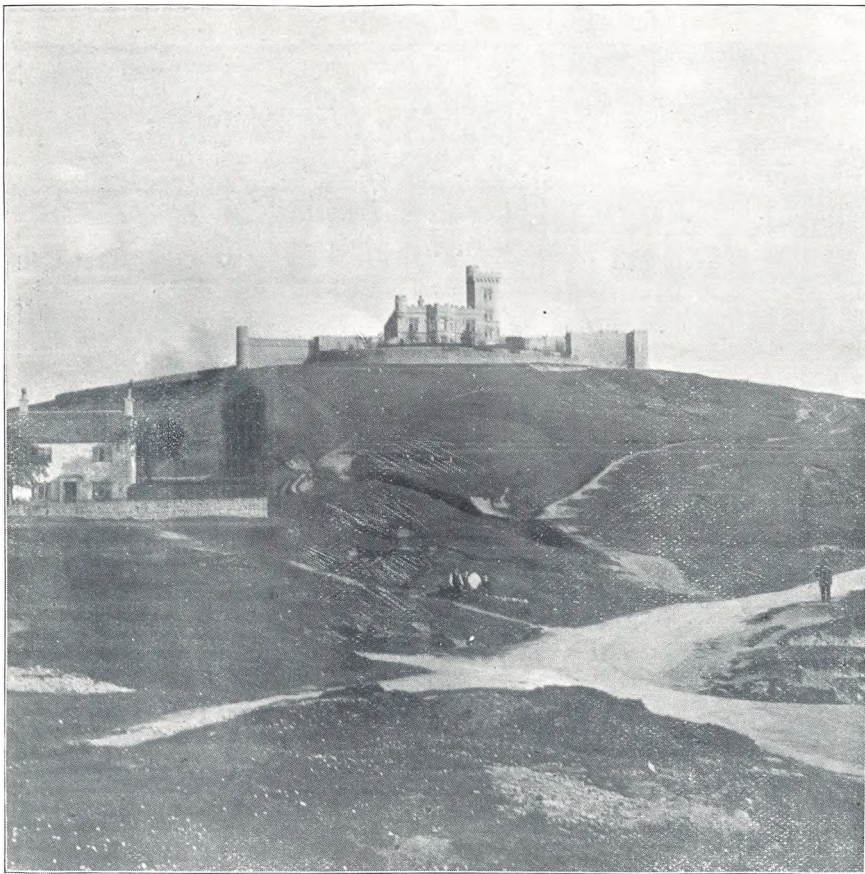


Photo by Elliott,

RODBOROUGH FORT, NEAR STROUD.

[Stroud.

Rodborough Fort, which stands at the western end of the towering eminence known as Rodborough Hill, is a conspicuous object for many miles from almost any point in the surrounding neighbourhood. The view from the Fort presents a magnificent panorama such as is probably unrivalled in England. Nestling at its foot is the busy town of Stroud, whose mills have clothed the great army now serving King and country in South Africa, whilst the hill whose summit it crowns is one of the chief spurs of the Cotswold range, which here breaks the Severn Valley into smaller valleys, which branch off to Woodchester and Nailsworth, to Brimscombe and Chalford, to Slad, and to Painswick. On the left lie the Selsley Hills, on the right Whiteshill and Wickeredge Hill, and in front the Stonehouse valley extends on to the Severn, nine miles distant; beyond that the smoke arising from Dean Forest is plainly to be seen; and beyond all the Welsh mountains and the lofty Sugar Loaf mountain, near Abergavenny, may be distinctly seen on the western horizon in the light of a clear summer day, or when clothed with snow and ice in winter.

The original Fort was erected by Captain

George Hawker, in 1761, upon a piece of common land granted to him by the Lord of the Manor on a lease for lives. Here he resided for several years. On his death in 1781 it came by devise to his son Joseph Hawker, who sold it the same year to Mr. James Dallaway, who died there; and it was purchased by Mr. Joseph Grazebrook in 1791. The fort has the architectural appearance which its name imparts, and its flag has floated and its three cannons have been fired on occasions of public and local rejoicing for many years past. It was rebuilt in 1871 by Mr. Alexander Halcomb, of Gloucester and London, and it was jokingly suggested that it should be called "Sackville," by reason of his founding a sack hiring company. Mr. Halcomb did not long remain the owner, the fort being purchased by the late Mr. Bell. For the last sixteen years the fort has been in the hands of caretakers, and when Mr. Bell died about a year ago it passed to his son, whose first act almost on coming of age was to put the fort in the market for sale. It is probable, therefore, that it will be disposed of by public auction during the present month.

As the Queen of the Belgians was driving into the Palace of Laeken, near Brussels, about nine o'clock on Monday night, her carriage ran over a man in the street, who was badly hurt and had to be taken to the hospital.

A Malta correspondent announces the death of Colonel R. W. Peacock Robertson, of the Royal Garrison Artillery. Colonel Robertson joined the Army in 1871, was gazetted captain in 1881, major in 1886, and became colonel of the Royal Garrison Artillery in 1900. He served in the Afghan War of 1878-80, and was present at the engagement at Baghaz, and was mentioned in the despatches.

The Hull Watch Committee has decided to purchase indiarubber gloves for the use of the police upon point duty, so that they may handle without fear of injury any telephone or telegraph wires that may fall across the electric tram trolley wires.

The Irish Nationalists are about to erect a stained glass window in the Roman Catholic Church of Maidstone to the memory of Father O'Coigley, an Irish priest, who was tried and convicted at Maidstone in 1798 of high treason, and was hanged at Penningdon Heath. Father O'Coigley was tried with Mr. Arthur O'Connor, a former member of the Irish House of Commons, who was acquitted.

PAINSWICKIAN PERFORMANCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRONICLE AND GRAPHIC."

Sir,—I noticed with much amusement your notice of the doings of the dwellers in the beautiful Painswick village, or perhaps I ought to write town, with respect to the clearing up of the "misplaced matter" in New-street.

Being a Gloucestershire 'ooman myself—and therefore, being a woman, I am curious to know what they will get up to next—this said curiosity prompts me to ask you what breed (if any) the present weather cock on the steeple is supposed to be, and if the old one which watched over Painswick in my girlhood was put into a pie after it was shot some few years ago by a painstaking and Painswick inhabitant?

"Beggary Bisley,
Trotting Stroud,
Mincing Hampton,
And Painswick proud"

was the nursery rhyme taught to me in childhood; but how many years ago that was I am not going to tell you. Is it yet found out to what place the mud is carted? If not, the cry will be

"Oh! where, oh! where
Is the mud-heap gone"

when the famous pie is to be made.

I for one cannot understand why so many people travel abroad when they can go to Painswick and see Adam and Eve in Paradise and search among the yew trees for the owl, which would not hoot to wake the people up at the last election.

There is such an excellent 'bus service also "trotting" into Stroud every day. I wish the genial conductor could pick up the Irish eleven and drive them to their own country. For my own part, I shouldn't "be surprised" to hear "anything now of the doings of the Painswickians.

Yours, Sir, in expectation,

ANNER HAWKINS.



"Chronicle and Graphic" Newsboy.

"SNAPPED" IN A STORM.

The marriage arranged between Douglas Brooking Sanders, son of Mr. S. Sanders, Alveston Manor, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, and Constance Emily Gordon, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Oriel Walton, of Maperton House, Wincanton, Somerset, and granddaughter of Lady Cecil Gordon, of Hampton Court Palace, will take place at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, on Tuesday, the 16th of April.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WITH LORD FITZHARDINGE'S
HOUNDS.

TWIXT RIVER, CANAL, AND RAILWAY.

The meet on Tuesday was at Epney-on-Severn; and, considering that our operations were somewhat circumscribed by the river, canal, and railway, and a keen nor'-easter was blowing, we had a very satisfactory day, two foxes being added to the list of kills. There were out: Lord Fitzhardinge, Miss Trotter, the Hon. Edgar Gifford, Mr. Tidswell (field master), Sir Lionel and the Misses Darell (3), Gen. Dav's, Col. Curtis Hayward, Capt. and Mrs. Altham Graham-Clarke, Messrs. Granville, Henry, and Michael Lloyd-Baker, Miss Lloyd-Baker, Mr. Reginald Rankin, Dr. and Mrs. Forsyth, Mr. J. A. Robertson, Captain Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Parnell, Mr. and Mrs. Trower, Mr. Mrs., and Miss Matthews, Mr. W. Gordon Canning, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton-Green, Mr. Millett (whom I was glad to see again in the field), Mr. Beresford-Heywood, Mr. Grey Robinson, Mr. Peto, Miss Thackwell, Miss Teesdale, Messrs. Claude, Cecil, and Miss Strickland, Mr. Harry and Miss De Winton, Miss Mollie Arbuthnot (whom I noticed riding very straight for a debutante), Mr. and Mrs. Firmin-Cuthbert, Mrs. Coren, Messrs. Arthur Dunsford, Smith, jun., Tom Cook, H. B. Chandler, A. C. Lane, C. Morgan, D. Vick, D. Merrett, T. Turner, T. Neale, J. Burnett, Jefferies, etc. We first requisitioned Sir William Guise's territory. Monk's Hill and several spinneys and withy beds did not on this occasion respond. But in Thatchers the truthful tongue was soon heard, and a brace afoot, one speedily falling into the jaws of the hounds in the open, but we quickly got on to the line of the other, straight for Monk's Hill, then left-handed towards the canal, close to the Pilot bridge, and on to Thatchers, where in the lower end hounds tasted blood and the mask of the fox went to Captain Pratt, as a trophy for India. Time, twenty-six minutes. His lordship next gave the order for Frampton, and via the canal bank and bridge we reached Blackthorn, after trying in vain Frampton Court and Pancake covers en route. Blackthorn provided a friend in need, and a fox, which moved quietly away at the far end on slip intent, was spotted, and with a little assistance Rawle got his pack on the line towards Whitminster. But, turning right-handed, Reynard gave us the Frocester brook to cross. And I was pleased to observe one good sportsman come up smiling none the worse for a spill. Thence we had to cross the railway, and our fox pointed towards the hills, but doubled back over the iron track and finally, about 4.15 p.m., hounds were called off. Time, thirty-four minutes. NIMROP.

* * *

Printing . . .

Of every description at the . . .
"Chronicle" and "Graphic" Offices.

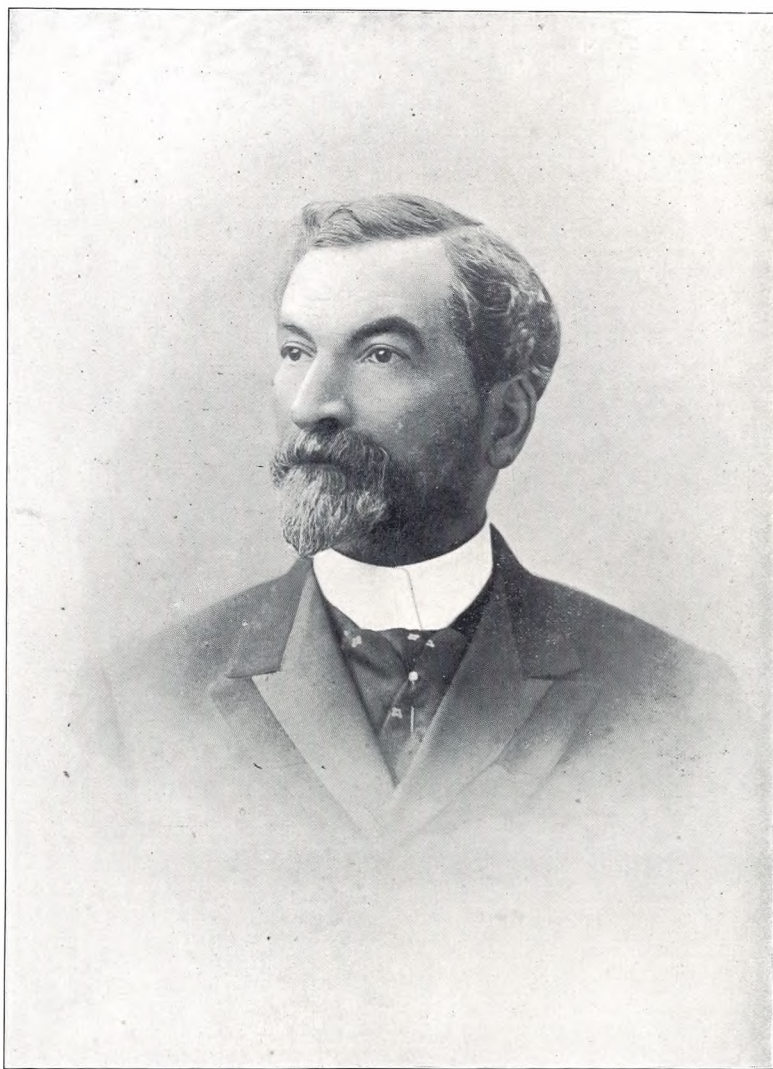


Photo by Norman May, & Co.,

[Cheltenham.]

THE LATE COUNCILLOR J. C. COOPER,
Of Cheltenham.

The Italian newspaper "Lombardia" announces that the celebrated actress Adelaide Ristori, widow of the Marquis Capranica del Grillo, is engaged to be married to the Senator Casana, Mayor of Turin. Mme. Ristori is 81 years of age.

Sir Benjamin Hingley was on Monday the recipient of a handsome testimonial in recognition of his conciliatory services to capital and labour in the Midland iron and steel trades. It was stated that he has been the means of preventing innumerable strikes.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The sheriffs of the counties have just been "pricked" by the Sovereign, and to Mr. Gardner Bazley, of Hatherop Castle, belongs the proud distinction of being the first High Sheriff of Gloucestershire for King Edward VII., and also the unique honour of ranking as one of the few sons in this county who have filled during the lifetime of their fathers a similar office to that which the latter served previously. Mr. Bazley killed two birds with one stone at Gloucester on Saturday, for he was sworn in there as Sheriff and also took his seat at the County Council on re-election as councillor for the Fairford Division. He adds another name to the long list of North-countrymen who, during the last 30 or 40 years, being settled in Gloucestershire, have been called upon and have filled this ancient and dignified office. The time, though not so many years ago, has gone by for Sheriffs to be escorted into the county town by their tenantry mounted, and the javelin men are dreams of the past. Judges now seldom travel by road, or pass unobserved into Gloucester while an escort, caught napping, is being entertained at dinner by the Sheriff, as was the case at Highnam once within the last half century. I heard, a little time ago, a true tale respecting a Sheriff as recently as the middle of the nineties. He had been pressing one of the senior Judges to pay him a Saturday to Monday visit at his country residence, and he renewed the invitation by saying "I hope, my lord, you will come and stay with me and bring Lady (mentioning in a strange lapse the name of the wife of another senior Judge) with you." The wearer of the ermine, with a merry twinkle in his hawk-like eye to the attendant suite, replied "I will see if it can be arranged, Mr. Sheriff." The Sheriff evidently did not see the grave slip he had made, but the visit did not come off with the other Judge's wife.

Several harbingers of spring have arrived—the rooks are building and cawing on the treetops and showing unmistakable causes of their presence; the little lambs are seen and heard on the land and their flesh will doubtless soon be generally visible on the tables of epicures; the hedgerows give a slight soupçon of green-tipped buds; we have had the proverbial peck of dust in March which is worth a King's ransom; water-carts have appeared on the streets; and the bore and elvers are now due in the River Severn. And yet the generality of people are wisely acting on the old saying, "Until May is well worn out, be sure you don't leave off a clout." In continuance of my figures last week as to the heavy mortality with old folk in this county, I may add that amongst local people who have passed away are three nonagenarians, six octogenarians, and eleven septuagenarians.

The Painswick people, like those of Chosen, must now be joyful, as I understand they have got an additional large supply of the "Chronicle and Graphic" for which they have been clamouring. The mud-raking episode has been a sort of blessing in disguise to them, for it has had the effect of bringing pretty Painswick prominently before the public, assisted as it has been by certain pictorial papers. If the inhabitants could only get hold of the money that the Messrs. Gvde left for the benefit of the town in providing a railway and other things, a greater future might be open to the place. Who can stand on the velvety bowling-green at the famous Falcon and be insensible to the delights of the pretty prospect right away to the country of "John Halifax, Gentleman"? What the Painswickians require in their midst are more sociable people with money, and no Socialists who scorn current coin of the realm.

I am glad to have noticed that during its present short career, the "Graphic" has frequently given illustrations connected with the Proprietary College, an important institution which has certainly been of much moral



The Boat House, Pittville Park.

and material benefit to the town. Therefore I am delighted to have been favoured with a view of several photographs of recent collegiate events which are to be re-produced in this issue. These pictures will show to any who do not know better that "Mens sana in corpore sano" (a motto in which, as an old gymnast, I have always believed) is still a very important subject in the College curriculum. I only wish I were in a position now to "toe the line" with the boys in the Shurdington run. This year marks the Diamond Jubilee of the College, and I think we can rely on the "Graphic" to do its level best to depict any celebratory functions that may come off.

I hear and see on all sides evidences and testimonials as to the popularity of the "Graphic." The best ocular proof, however, that I have experienced was last Sunday night, when at a certain church which has been reviewed I observed a lady—of course before the service commenced—reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting the number in which the review appeared, and making mental notes. She had come to see and hear for herself, but she little thought the ubiquitous "chiel" was there, making mental notes, too. What a subject it would have been for a snapshot.

The Lord Mayor has been informed by Sir Francis Knollys that the King has approved of the following arrangement of the loyal toasts at public dinners during his reign:—(1) "The King," and (2) "Queen Alexandra, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, and the other members of the Royal Family."

In commemoration of his golden jubilee, the Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe, D.D., of St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic Church, Richmond (Surrey), has been presented by his congregation with a purse of gold, an illuminated address, and an ivory crucifix. Canon Bagshawe was in the trenches at Sebastopol.

An extraordinary position in the peerage, and in the highest rank of it, is held by the Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn, whose baby great-grandchild, the Marquess of Carmarthen, born last week, is heir to the Dukedom of Leeds. She was a daughter of John, sixth Duke of Bedford, and grand-daughter of the last Duke of Gordon but one. She is mother to the Duke of Abercorn, grandmother to the Duke of Marlborough, and now great-grandmother to the future Dukes of Leeds and Devonshire, as well as the ancestress of nearly a score of peers besides.

Poet's Corner.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUNDAY MORNING AT THE OLD CHURCH, CHELTENHAM.

* * *

'Twas the sweet and blessed Sabbath, God's own holy hallow'd hour,
And the bells were softly chiming in Saint Mary's time-worn tower.

Silent was the voice of labour, no harsh sounds disturb'd the air;
And the rows of stately lime trees bowed their heads as if in prayer!

And I stood within the chancel; many forms were bending low;
There I saw the blue-eyed maiden, and the sire with locks like snow.

And the breeze, like breath of angels, came in from some flow'ry plain,
And the sun's glad rays were streaming through the dusty window pane;

Casting strange mysterious shadows, dreamy figures, gold and red,
On the marble urn and tablets—sad memorials to the dead;

Pouring down upon the pavement, where departed feet had trod,—
On the crimson-cushion'd pulpit, and upon the Book of God!

And I leant against a pillar, musing strangely, for it seem'd
As it were some sweet enchantment, or as if I only dream'd.

And I listen'd to the Pastor, who, with voice of solemn tone,
Read the words that God had written on the tablets made of stone.

And I heard the people chanting, "Lord, our thoughts to Thee incline,
And within our hearts so sinful write these holy laws of Thine."

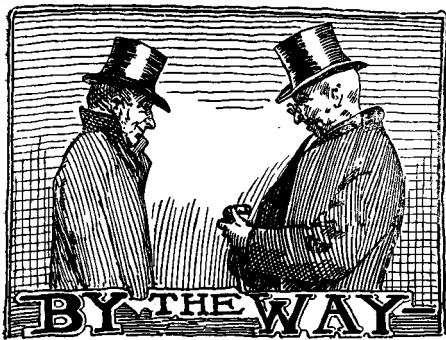
And I heard the lofty organ, and its pealing seemed to me
Like the rush of mighty waters, or the swelling of the sea!

And the voices of the children sounded like some rippling rill;
Or like strains of moonlight music, heard when all the earth is still.

Solemn thoughts came stealing o'er me—thoughts beyond my own control—
Meditations of devotion, such as purify the soul.

Surely from all sin to wean us, that bright day to earth was given,
For I feel that I was nearer then than now I am to heaven!

WM. BYRNE.



Next week the census will be upon us, and I do hope my fair readers will be honest with the particulars of their age. I can imagine Evelina, conscious of the gravity of the occasion, saying to her husband "John Henry, dear, what age did I put last time the census was taken?" And, after the Gipsy Smith mission, too! But therein lies the difference between the sexes—a man—even our worthy Mayor—always loves to recall to memory events which are lost in obscurity to most of us; while a woman—no thank you—the past, outside ten years back, is a sealed book, and we are left to imagine that she is anything in antiquity between ten years and half a century.

My landlady, Mrs. Jenkins, has very decided ideas on the subject of the census. Let me give them you with her own telling oratorical effect. Said she "You know, Mr. T., I don't agree with these here censuses; and for the life of me I can't understand what the churches is a-coming to, what with the professionals and swinging censurers with insects in them; and it's my opinion as no decent woman should tell her age to a man even if he is a clergyman, and as far as telling of him what her sects is I don't agree with no such goings-on. What with these here papers to fill up, which I do say is impudence itself, and a man coming round to ask how many lodgers you got under your roof, and what they pays, and if you be vaccinated, and if your drains is in perfect order, which I do think the Corporation ought to be ashamed of itself for leaving such big holes in the road, as Mrs. Jones walked into one of them unbeknownst and broke a dozen of eggs and a new pair of glasses she had just given three and sixpence for, and she a lone widow with five children and one of them out fighting De Wet, which I don't hold with him at all, being like a man that sold me a Canadian gold watch, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and turned out to be only gold plated outside, and so poor in the works that he wanted winding up every two hours, which I consider such things ought not to be allowed."

You will gather from this little rhapsody that Mrs. Jenkins has decided opinions on public matters, and, possibly, you may glean that she is a little garrulous. If so, you are right, she is both decided and talkative, although her opinions are a bit mixed. You see, she went very wrong over the meaning of the word "census," and, like a bad play, couldn't pass the "censor" without stumbling.

I see that one of the Corporation employees was fined 2s. 6d. for carting manure through the streets in prohibited hours. This starts quite a Gilbertian vista of absurdities; the Corporation prosecutes itself for a breach of its own byelaws, it fines itself 2s. 6d., which it pays over to its own cashbox, and thus everyone—even the Town Clerk—is satisfied.

The burglary at Aston Magna Vicarage, near Moreton-in-Marsh, on Sunday last was a literary and scientific filibustering expedition of the finest type. Carried away by the glowing advertisements of Encyclopædias in the London press, with the oft repeated statement that "You can't afford to do without

them," our literary friend removed in the dead of night thirteen volumes of Mackenzie's Encyclopædia and three volumes of the Imperial Dictionary, a decent little parcel of entertaining knowledge, and showing very good taste on the part of the burglar. When burglars take to burgling encyclopædias I should say business must be pretty bad with them, and they should apply to Government for a grant to tide over difficulties!

Speaking of encyclopædias, I see one or two gentlemen disagree to differ in the "Echo" as to the methods of Gipsy Smith, the missionary. Well, you know, this sort of breaking bottles of ink on your brother's head to show there's no ill-feeling is quite out of my line, but the aggressive Gloucester gentleman of the bovine sect appears to consider himself quite as infallible as the Pope—or as we each of us think *we* are, shall I say—and if people are not converted in the "Bullockian" style they are not converted at all, "for I, Bullock, have said it!" I should say the converts themselves are the best judges as to their own personal experiences.

The Fine Art Society's Exhibition is open for a short time at the reduced price of sixpence, and well worth the money is the pictorial treat upstairs. But I cannot congratulate the society (although, being a well-meaning, jocular sort of fellow, I like to congratulate all I can) on the outer entrance to the show. I was recommended to plunge sixpence last week, so, while in High-street, I made a dive for the entrance, but discovered myself in a wine and spirit office, the entrances being so much alike—that the mistake was excusable. An obliging young man asked me whether I would take Scotch or Irish, but "shunning the flowing bowl" I removed myself to the pavement again, and made another attempt. This time I found a door open, and a clerical-looking gentleman, well advanced in years, sitting behind a small table at the bottom of a regular "Eiffel Tower" of stairs, leading to a room apparently over the "whisky department." Above the door was an inscription, "Admission 1s.," and on the door a bit of notepaper with "Admission 6d." scribbled across it in a genial, happy-go-lucky, smudgy style! The old gentleman was not quite certain whether it was 1s. or 6d., but eventually I was allowed upstairs on the understanding that I should call in and pay the 6d. when passing if the price had not yet dropped. Arrived, faint and weary at the top of the stairs, I found a really magnificent collection of pictures, needlework, poker-work, wood-carving, and ladies' conversation well worth the sixpence. I am not going to criticise the pictures, that has been already done in these columns by more able critics than I.

My little par. relative to the house titles on Cleeve Hill last week, has brought me a reminder of a curious title in Cheltenham. There is a bran new red-brick house of the most pronounced order of bricks, in St. Luke's district, which bears the title "Mere Stones." As a friend remarked to me "Anyone can see it is mere brick!"

TOUCHSTONE.

QUEEN'S LAST MAUNDY MONEY.
The coinage of the small silver pieces known as Maundy money for 1901 has been completed, and will be distributed on Maundy Thursday, April 4, as usual. Being the last issue of Queen Victoria's gifts, the Mint anticipate a great demand for the limited supply.

Queen Victoria's immense and splendid collection of jewels (says "Truth") has been principally bequeathed to Princess Beatrice, Princess Christian, and Princess Louise, and several valuable objects are left to Princess Louis of Battenberg and Princess Henry of Prussia. Most of the jewels left to Princess Louise belong to her for life only, after which they are to revert to her sisters. A diamond crown and other objects which can only be worn by a Queen are bequeathed to Queen Alexandra, and are to become heirlooms.



A CLEEVE HILL CELEBRITY,
MRS. YEEND.

The photographer sent the accompanying note with his picture:—"Herewith please find photo of Mrs. Yeend, the 'Empress of Cleeve Hill.' This old lady has been for many years the most conspicuous and best known figure before the eyes of visitors to the hill-top of Cleeve, and, as she told me when I took the snapshot outside her cottage door, she has had enquiries as to her welfare from all over the world, and when she was unwell a year or two ago it was considered an event of sufficient importance to demand a paragraph in the local press. The old lady has a marvellous memory, and she remembers the minutest details of personal gossip about everyone. She wishes now that she was fifty years younger, so that she might enjoy the advantage of the new tramway."



A TYPICAL BIT OF CLEEVE HILL
SCENERY.

A telegram was received on Wednesday by the Baptist Missionary Society announcing the death of the Rev. J. L. Roger, of Arlington Mission Station, Stanley Pool, Congo. Mr. Roger first went to the Congo thirteen years ago.

The remains of the late General Sir Samuel James Browne, V.C., were cremated on Wednesday at Woking, having been conveyed from Ryde on the previous evening. The service at Woking was attended by, among others, Sir Dighton Probyn, representing the King, and Earl Roberts, with whom the deceased served in India.

GYMNASTICS AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

Col. G. M. Onslow (Judge). Capt. Hodgson.

Instructor Leacey.

Gloucestershire in Travel
and Fiction.

BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



Photo by J. Joyner,]

[High Street, Cheltenham.

COMPETITORS IN THE OPEN COMPETITION,
Wednesday, 12th March, 1901.

INTERIOR OF THE GYMNASIUM.

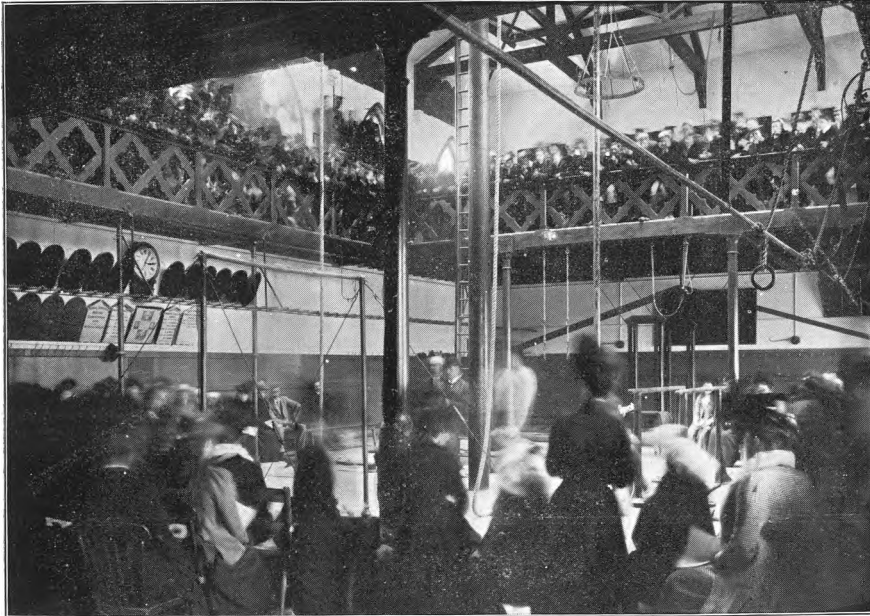


Photo by J. Joyner]

[Cheltenham.

Exposure three minutes, during which time Instructor Leacey was performing on the horizontal bar, upon which the shadow of his form can just be seen

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt are both kept indoors from the effects of cold.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands and Prince Heinrich are to pay a state visit to Schwerin on April 1st, and later they will make a round of visits to various European Courts. Her Majesty and the Prince have now left Amsterdam and are settled at the Chateau de Loo.

Her Majesty the Queen has expressed a desire to become patron of the Association for Providing Medical Aid to Women in India.

Major-General Lord Ralph Kerr, C.B., has been selected for the colonelcy of the 10th Hussars, vacated by the King on his Majesty assuming the colonelcy-in-chief. Lord Ralph Kerr served in the 10th Hussars from November, 1857, to May, 1881, and commanded the regiment for five years.

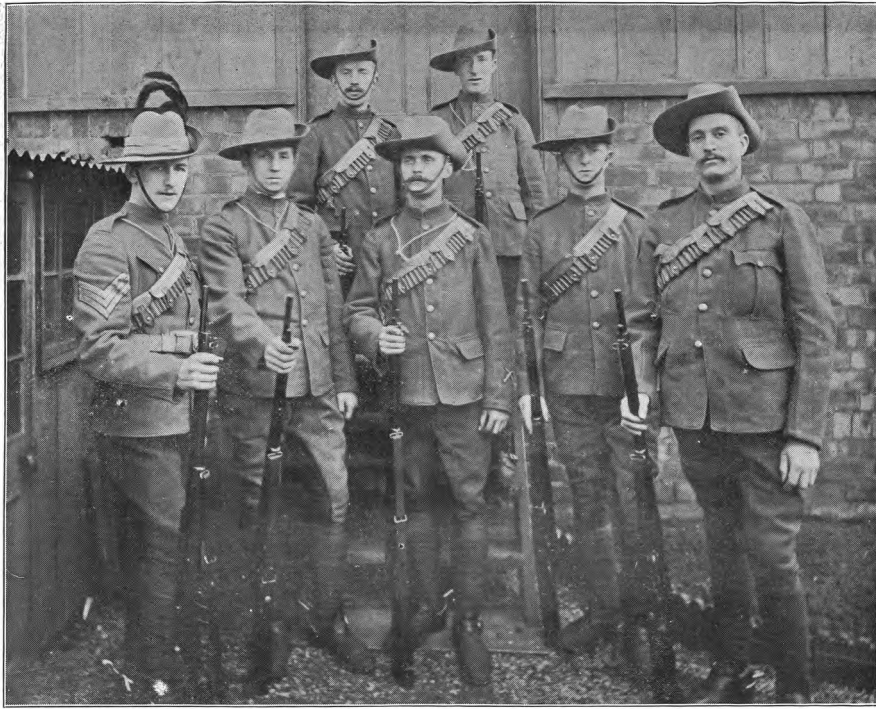
The mention of Fielding reminds one of Mrs. Whitfield, of the Bell, in "Tom Jones." Jones enters our shire from the south. Near Bristol he encounters a troop of soldiers going to join the Duke of Cumberland against the Pretender, and offers himself as a volunteer. Various adventures befall him, and he finally traverses the county with the companionship only of Partridge. The paragraph relating to Gloucester reads thus: "Being arrived here, they choose for their house of entertainment the sign of the 'Bell,' an excellent house indeed, and which I do most seriously recommend to every reader who shall visit this ancient city. The master of it is brother to the great preacher Whitfield; but is absolutely untainted with the pernicious principles of Methodism, or of any other heretical sect. He is indeed a very plain, honest man, and in my opinion not likely to create any disturbance either in Church or State. His wife hath, I believe, had much pretension to beauty, and is still a very fine woman. Her person and deportment might have made a shining figure in the politest assemblies; but, though she must be conscious of this, and many other perfections, she seems perfectly contented with, and resigned to that state of life to which she is called; and this resignation is entirely owing to the prudence and wisdom of her temper: for she is at present as free from any Methodistical notions as her husband." Smollet's book opens in Gloucester. The family who discover and patronise Humphrey Clinker, the Brambles of Brambleton Hall, are represented as Monmouthshire county people. Miss Melford, their niece, was at school to Mrs. Jermyn,—would that "her house at Gloucester" could be identified. Miss Lætitia Willis was a dressmaker in the same city, who aided the school-girl in her secret loves with the "play-actor." Old Mr. Bramble says of her escapade, "Liddy had been so long cooped up in a boarding school, which, next to a nunnery, is the worst kind of seminary that ever was contrived for young women, that she became as inflammable as touch-wood." He is describing, of course, schools as they were, not as they are in the year of grace 1900, in our fair city. The Mayor is knocked up at night that he may intervene as a magistrate. Much of the after correspondence from Bath, London, and the North is with inhabitants of Gloucester.

Chas. Dickens's introduction of Twekesbury into his "Pickwick Papers" is too well known to need citation. Besides, is not the fact duly chronicled on the tablet affixed to the doorpost of the "Hop Pole" Inn?

"Dean Forest Sketches," by Mrs. Crawley Boevey, and "Tales of the Speech Houses," by Chas. Grinrod, are books with which everyone is familiar. They relate, as their titles indicate, almost entirely to the western borderland of our county, the former in series of short tales commencing with the Norman and coming down to nearly our own times.

A less known but pretty little book is "Idylls of the Cotswolds," by Winston Kendrick. As you read the "Idylls" in your summer-house, with honeysuckle and roses peeping in at the windows and doorway, and the swifts screaming and skating through the blue sky above, and the bees humming around you, you can pause and listen for yourself to "what the hare-bells heard" on Minchin-hampton Common; you can see with your mind's eye the villages in the picturesque nooks on the hill side, the golfers on the wide, free, springing turf of the breezy uplands, near the prattling mill streams below, and the convent bell ringing full and clear. Amidst such surroundings the pastoral love stories related seem more appropriate than legends of far off times would be, with knights in shining armour rescuing distressed damsels on ambling palfreys.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SERG. HERBERT YOUNG, Cheltenham,
 Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.
 Formerly in the local postal service and also
 a corporal 1st Gloucester Royal Engineer
 Volunteers. Promoted full sergeant two
 days after volunteering for the front.

Reading from left to right, commencing top line : Troopers G. T. Fryer, R. Workman,
 Sergt. F. Cheshire, Troopers R. R. Clay, H. S. T. Devereux, S. B. Thompson, F. A. Beddard.



PRV. JOHN MOORE, 2nd V.B.G.R., Stroud,
 Volunteer Service Company for South Africa,



TROOPER H. HUNT, Gloucester,
 Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry.

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.

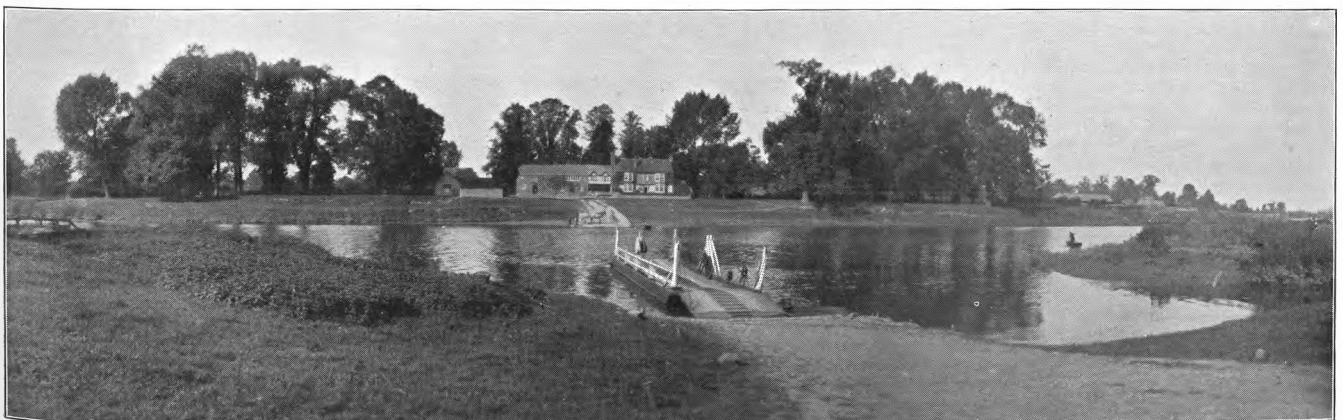
Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same in the newspaper, but an honorarium of 5s. will be paid in respect of each Photograph so used, with the exception 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 eleventh competition is Mr. W. C. Crofts, 9 Northwick-terrace, Cheltenham. The prize picture is that of the Lower Lode Ferry and Inn, Tewkesbury.

Entries for the twelfth competition closed this (Saturday) morning, March 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.



LOWER LODE FERRY AND INN, TEWKESBURY (Prize Photo).

Talk, Talk, Talk.

* * *

Most people know the story of Æsop's marketing. This wise and witty slave—like many another who performs the duties without bearing the name—had to learn his special lesson and prepare it for the world's acceptance amid the routine of hum-drum occupations, a fact that has not prevented his name and message surviving five-and-twenty centuries.

Æsop was sent to lay in household stores, because his master was giving a feast, and his orders were to get the best things in the market. He brought home nothing but tongues, he loaded the table with tongues—tongues of nightingales, tongues of peacocks, tongues of beaficos, perhaps, among the rest. His master, being not unnaturally enraged at an explanation which advanced the moral excellence of the tongue as a merit, when it was required as something to eat, said, "Then next time let us have the worst things in the market." Again Æsop served up only tongues, because these, he said, were the source of most evil, they wounded, they misrepresented, they maligned, they slew reputations, which was worse than taking life. Possibly the philosopher was punished for his perseverance in perversity, but a story remains that the race will not let die.

One is glad to remember that the old Greek thought tongues sometimes the best things in the world, because it is easier for us to recall the idle or harmful words they have uttered than to remember when they inspired us upwards.

But there are various excuses to be made for unamiable speech; first, that we are infinitely more amusing when our talk is ill-natured than when it is kindly, that a single sarcasm may make a hole like a bullet when good-nature is as dull as a shower of wool. The desire to be witty, to be listened to, to be accounted smart, is strong, particularly in the young. They want to be noticed, to differentiate themselves from their neighbours, and a caustic tongue gives a certain pre-eminence. Unwise seniors, who would think sharp wit particularly objectionable in their own generation, sometimes find it amusing in the children, and if they rebuke it, do so with a tolerant smile. But the children grow to maturity—and the habit of sarcasm remains when the wonder of it has ceased to please. What is considered humour in our teens may look like malice and uncharitableness when the "ties" are numerous. The very same phraseology that secures a reputation for wit at twenty may entitle its possessor to be regarded as a spiteful cat at fifty.

But as a rule the race groans more under talk that is vapid than under talk that is satirical. Where a few friends are gathered together there may be a feast of reason and a flow of soul, but in a great assembly the oates are usually sawdust and dry bones. It is not the dullards only that restrict themselves to ineptitudes. I have sat at the festal board between dullards only that restrict themselves to ineptitudes. I have sat the festal board between a man reputed very witty and another reputed very wise. The paper afterwards spoke of the gathering as brilliant, and of course it would not have been to the advantage of any one present to say how lugubrious it was. Self-consciousness spoils intercourse, and large social functions are killing good talk. When one returns from a so-called intellectual party, one cannot help wondering if the salons of former days really heard all the reputed brilliant discourse, or if the name of it was a subsequent creation. Even Dickens, outside the circle of his intimates, was as mum as a stockfish, while the dreariness of certain literary and social clubs known to me drives me to seek with zeal the gay distraction of my attic 'neath the eaves. As to the average afternoon call, is it to any one aught but a painful duty? One's real intimates drop in when the "at home" is off; but about that also there is a difficulty lest the visitor might be arrogating to herself a cordial *entente* not recognised on the other side. In a mixed com-

pany people are afraid to talk wisely, lest they should seem priggish or ponderous. As to the martial or other sensation of the hour, it has become a weariness; no self-respecting person would condescend to speak of it. The majority take refuge in stock topics, the Royal Family, the weather, health of their relations, while the more gifted originate a few flippant observations, repeat a few, and take their leave.

But the arsenal richest in the arrows which the tongue launches lies in the right we assume to discuss those who belong to us, whether as relatives, employees, or employers. Now, talk of anything personal to ourselves, except with those on whose keen and sympathetic interest we can confidently reckon, is always an evidence of weakness. Sometimes the weakness is physical—a mere momentary yielding under a prolonged and heavy strain—in which case the intelligent sees the load thrown off and kicked without loss of respect for the victim. But the habit of complaint, even where we suffer, is fatal.

If we have troubles they are our own to deal with; it is as much a matter of self-respect not to parade them as to keep the list of our debts to ourselves.

Some people, by no means bad people in the main, can never speak of their relatives by marriage, let us say, or of their cousins, or more remote kindred, without flying the flag of derision. They would do a great deal for Tom or Jane in an emergency, but the emergency does not arise, while opportunity to wield the two-edged sword is very frequent. Subsequently they complain that Tom or Jane has become estranged, and declare that some people cease to love their kindred when they marry. If the censorious could only remember that relatives are sections of the family body corporate, no more to be wounded voluntarily or paraded than sections of one's person, peace, health, and fitness for many things would result.

—LEISURE HOUR.

Innocent Flattery.

Sir Arthur Helps once made the whimsical suggestion that a census should be taken of the human suffering of a single day. The returns were to be written in the Palace of Truth, when it would be found, he contended, that nineteen-twentieths of the griefs of the world are not only due to preventable causes, but to what are in themselves absolute trivialities: imagined slights; unnecessary pains to maintain the appearance of unrealities, as more wealth, more ability, or more claims to consideration than we possess; resentment against adverse criticism repeated to us without the context, which would have modified much of its harshness; fear of misfortunes destined never to overtake us; miserable quarrels over infinitesimally small issues, and all the other painful goads which we insert, point outwards, in the daily load which is often our moral ballast.

We all like to think we are charitable, would sacrifice ourselves for cases of real distress, would make conscious efforts for pitiable objects; but few of us are at pains to cultivate that form of charity which, while alleviating much real suffering, would not only cost the donor nothing, but prove a source of immediate pleasure and reward. I refer to the saying of pleasant things that are true, to tale-bearing when the tales are of eulogy, and not of censure.

Nothing in the world affords as much pleasure as appreciation, when bestowed intelligently and by our peers; yet in most cases we hide our esteem even where it has been honestly won, and if we are asked for approval give it grudgingly, with many a qualifying "but" and "if." We tell ourselves that this is wisdom, lest the object of our praise should become inflated; in reality it is due to the curmudgeon spirit which, giving a penny to a beggar, would wait to extract three farthings of change from his wallet.

Intelligent commendation for real merit never harmed any human being, and it is as much the due of the amiable, the generous,

the capable, the well-meaning, as is the workman's day's wages. The most successful teachers, not only of the young and ignorant, but even of the vicious and imbecile, have always been those people with a talent for the discovery of aptitudes, of abilities, of merits. The proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," embodies a volume of experience. Few people are free from the curious crank of wanting to live up to their reputation, of wanting to verify the evil that has been uttered of them. This is illogical but human; it would be wiser to strive to stem the tide of disapproval; but few are strong enough for that, it is so much easier to lift the oars and drift. If we withheld the words of cheer that would have heartened the traveller at the outset of the journey, it will be vain to cry warning and encouragement from the bank when the roar of the cataract is in his ears. If we want our censure to take effect we must be honest with our meed of praise.

Shakespeare tells the story of two people who mutually detested each other, till their neighbours conceived the idea of conveying to each an assurance of the other's secret admiration. The result was as might be anticipated, the foes rescinded their prejudices, and learned to love each other. The converse would obtain equally: censure delivered at second hand would first wound, then alienate the closest friends.

No blessing bears fruit as promptly as that bestowed on the peacemakers. There are people whose mere presence is a rest, whose serene mind is never clouded by an unkind thought, whose tongue would not know the way to utter a harsh judgment. They see evil things and recognise them as such, but they do not prey on carrion or spread pestilence. Are anyone's feelings macerated? they know where to find the styptic; is anyone hungry for appreciation? there is always a crust in their cupboard. Good-will is second nature; they are not conscious of pursuing any plan, nor have they any theory of virtuous procedure. Like their Master, who, according to legend, noticed the beautiful teeth in the reviled dead dog, they find redeeming points where others would see only degradation.

We tell ourselves that we desire the good of those about us when we keep their small perversity so clear before us, and ignore their sturdy merits. We admit that they are faithful and generous, but that trick of temper or of habit frets us. The good we accept as a matter of course, but the fault is always made prominent, is always treated and disciplined. We mean well, or think we do, till one day the object of our censure—dearly loved after all—goes out into kinder if more dangerous company, and the door of separation between us is closed for ever. After all we possess no right of discipline over those of our own generation, nor is our convenience necessarily the standard of anyone else's duty; but failure to recognise that elementary fact in human relationship turns many a household into a battlefield where the strife is protracted and cruel, though the world hears no clash of arms. The rights of those about us would make quite a creditable list did we enumerate them, and the instalments we pay on such debts of honour have the curious quality of enlarging our own dividends.

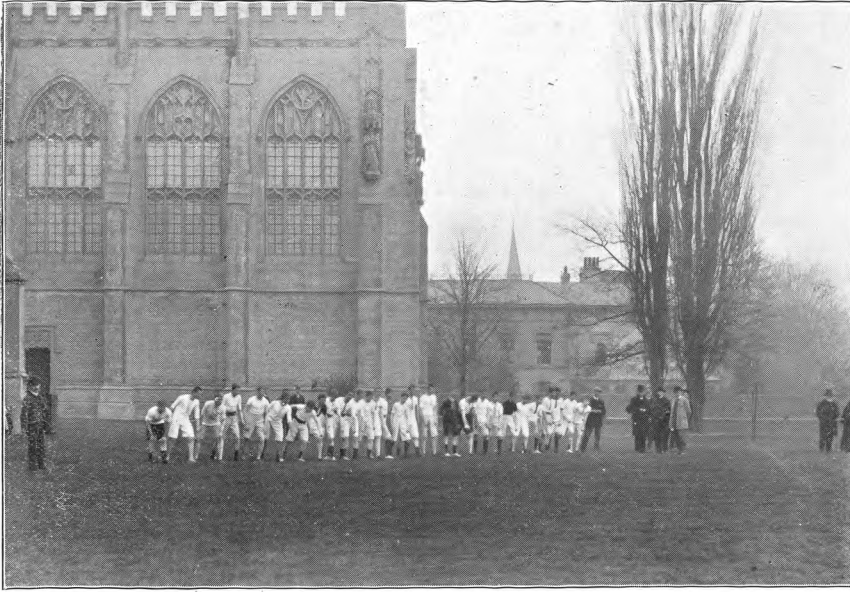
—LEISURE HOUR.

CHELTENHAM HARRIERS.



Ready for the cross-country run for the "Unwin" Cup, Saturday, March 9, 1901.

Long-Distance Race at Cheltenham College.



The start for the "Shurdington," Friday, March 15, 1901.

treated to a masterly and condensed narrative of the life of Moses—as hero, philosopher, politician, and general,—taking as the text Hebrews xi., 52.

As one of my critics remarks, one can only give "a mangled version" of the sermon in these columns; but there were several striking utterances which I will repeat as they occur to me. "Moses was the greatest of human heroes, take him for all in all. His writings are the most sublime which have ever rivetted the attention of man. They may contain scientific inaccuracies, for they were not written for Fellows of the Royal Society, but for Hebrew serfs and peasants; yet Moses forestalled the findings of modern science by thousands of years in the actual order of his record of Creation.

"We pride ourselves on the constitution of the British Empire—the perfection of order, liberty, and union,—but the emancipation of millions of slaves, without a sword being crossed, is wonderful even beside this. The secret of Moses's strength of character lies in those simple words 'by Faith.'"

Taking the three great epochs of Moses's life, the preacher then skilfully traced the formation of his character, by his refusal to be associated with the luxury of the Egyptian Court (where he ranked as the son of Pharaoh's daughter), and by his long period of waiting, weary waiting, in exile, for the time when he should lead his people out from the grasp of the oppressor. Then followed the story of Moses's appearance before the King, the refusal, the plagues of Egypt, and at last the triumphal exodus of God's chosen people, without the loss of a single life. Moses chose to live for God. He put his affections on things above. So let us live for the world, not to get all the good we can out of it, but *to do all the good we can in it*. Wait for God's time and God's opportunity, like Moses, and make the sorrows of life, as well as its joys, minister to the formation of our character.

Such are a few of the thoughts culled from the sermon, but there were many references to archaeological discoveries and the mummy remains of ancient Egyptian dynasties, which added an intellectual and convincing zest to the discourse. After the Benediction a three-fold Amen was sung by the choir with telling effect. LAYMAN.

THE LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

Lord Rosebery's speech at the City Liberal Club, on Tuesday night, has given rise to some talk and speculation in Liberal circles. The dinner at which it was delivered was private, and no trustworthy version of what the noble Lord said is available. The Liberals who heard the speech regarded it as an appeal to the Liberal Party to unite on a strong social programme. They also believe that it marks in a definite manner Lord Rosebery's return to the active work of the Liberal Party and an indication of his readiness to resume the responsibilities of Leadership.

The "Westminster Gazette" gathers that Lord Rosebery said he "thought that the Liberal party never had a better opportunity than at the present moment. The Government had allowed the nation to become involved in a great and costly war, and all reforms had been left neglected. There was unrest and dissatisfaction everywhere. Never had the Liberal party such a chance. The cause of its loss of hold on the City and on the nation was, in his opinion, its disregard of the sense of Imperial responsibility. But to-day it was given a new opportunity. It had given no pledges. It had a new standpoint. It had the tradition of a glorious past to look back to, and boundless work to look forward to. Let it learn the lesson that loyalty to its leaders was essential if it was to win in the fight, and he did not fear for its future, for it was once more free to continue its great work."

The late ex-President Harrison's will contains bequests to various friends and relations to the amount of 375,000dols. His widow receives 125,000dols. and most of the personal property.

A Tour of our Churches

XII.—CHRIST CHURCH, CHELTENHAM.

Readers of last week's "Chronicle and Graphic" must have been delighted with the characteristic portrait of the Rev. Canon Childe, vicar of Christ Church, reproduced in its columns; characteristic as giving evidence of that energy and alertness which is the distinguishing trait in his character. Christ Church in itself,—in its services, its parochial organisation, and its day schools,—is an eloquent testimony to that mind which, for sixteen years, has persistently and regularly worked for high ideals and greater sacrifices on the part of the congregation.

But talent in the provinces is always liable to receive a call to the Metropolis, and the elevation of the Vicar of Christ Church to an honorary canonry of Gloucester Cathedral four years ago was only a prelude to the more fateful removal to St. James's, Marylebone, a gain to that church, but a loss to Christ Church and Cheltenham. Seeing that Canon Childe is so soon to leave us, it seemed only befitting to visit Christ Church last Sunday evening, to record one of the last services in which he would engage.

Every accessory, both inside and out of the church, seemed to assist the worshipful effect; outside, the imposing elevation of the tower, its decorated battlements and pinnacles standing in clear relief against the evening glow; and up the slopes of Bayshill, and from the direction of Lansdown, the pavements were astir with worshippers, most of them having that well-to-do appearance and bearing which has come to be intimately associated with the Christ Church congregation.

Inside the church, the view from the west gallery was striking in the extreme; at the east end the gorgeously-decorated chancel-arch, almost overpowering with its beauty of colouring and majestic conception, then the classic lines of the altar, reproducing in miniature the soaring arch above, from the apex of which looked down the figure of Christ in Glory, surrounded by elders and angels. There is no Crucifix or picture of the Crucifixion to disturb the mind of the Low Churchman, however, as at All Saints'.

The air is full of music, glorious chords and subtle melodies from the great but absolutely invisible organ, mingling with the responses of the choir in the vestry, which is at the west end of the church. Soon the

organist changes to a softer theme, and the choristers walk slowly up the aisle, the congregation standing until they and the clergy have taken their places. The choir of Christ Church is justly famed in Cheltenham, and it can certainly claim to be one of the numerically strongest (on this occasion I counted some thirty-three men and boys); and the singing was everything that could be desired.

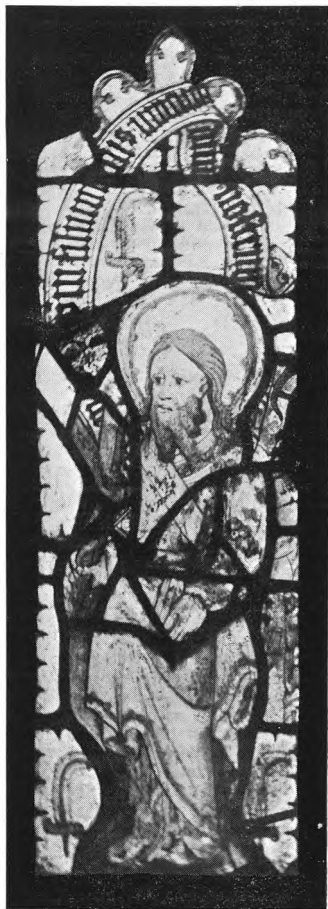
With the addition of the long lines of white robed choristers and the scarlet hoods of the clergy, backed by the frescoed chancel arch, the scene was even more beautiful, and, by this time, nearly every part of the church was well-filled; the galleries contained mostly young men and women, I noted, the proportion of men being larger at Christ Church than at many of the other services I have attended.

The sentences of the service were intoned by a curate with a good tenor voice, and the responses were sung, unaccompanied, by the choir in a manner that was above criticism. At the recital of the Creed the eastward position was not adopted by anyone, so far as I could see, but there was the usual obeisance to the Holy Name. The only part of the service which seemed to me to be capable of improvement was the reading of the lessons, the clergyman who undertook this having a peculiar nasal utterance which made it difficult to hear him from where I was sitting. But Christ Church is not a good building to speak in, its great space and the galleries and transepts all tend to break up the sound, so that it was difficult for me to follow every word of the Vicar's sermon even.

The anthem, during the singing of which everyone stood, was Mendelssohn's "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," with the preceding solos beautifully rendered. Indeed, I would like to give a special word of praise to the tenor soloist for his effort to impart true religious feeling in the passage "O that I knew where I might find Him!" After the usual Lenten hymn, Canon Childe ascended the pulpit, and even his manner of doing so was characteristic; with no sanctimonious appearance, or the orthodox folded hands, but erect, vigorous, and glancing to one side and the other at the congregation—a strong and manly figure, and one who would be in the vanguard of the Church militant.

And the sermon was one befitting its author: intellectual, broad-minded, and showing an evident wish to satisfy the brain as well as the soul of the listener. In the short space of time allotted to the sermon we were

THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT HAYLES ABBEY.



A report appears in the main sheet of the "Chronicle and Graphic" of an interesting lecture in the Cheltenham Art Gallery by the Rev. W. Bazeley on the recent excavations at Hayles Abbey, near Winchcombe, which have been described from time to time in our columns. The photos on this page all have reference to these discoveries. The two pieces of stained glass representing St. Andrew and St. James the Great reciting the second and third paragraphs of the Apostles' Creed were discovered at old Toddington House. They were at one time in a window of the old church at Toddington, as the following inscription shows:— "This window was glazed and the figures from *Hayles Abbey* placed here by Thomas Charles Lord Viscount Tracy in 1789."

The other pictures are (1) of the south-east corner of the cloister, with the door of the warming house and (in the centre) the steps leading to the dormer or dormitory which were laid bare by the removal of an ash tree, the roots of which overspread them; and (2) the

remains of the eastern apse of the church, now lying once more beneath the turf, with the base of the shrine of the Holy Blood of Hayles (on the left, below the gate in the corner of the picture). The photographs were taken by Mr. R. W. Dugdale.

The work of excavation is being carried out at great expense, and funds are urgently needed to complete the investigations. Contributions to the fund will be gladly received by the Rev. W. Bazeley, Matson Rectory, near Gloucester, or Mr. G. M. Currie, 26 Lansdown-place, Cheltenham.

The death is announced of Mr. Nathaniel Forte, which took place on Friday last at Clifton, in his 85th year. Mr. Forte, who had resided in Clifton for upwards of forty years, was the only surviving son of the late Mr. Nathaniel Forte, Speaker of the House of Assembly of the Island of Barbados, and belonged to a Somerset family who settled in that island in the 17th century.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

A PAINSWICK POEM. BOW-WOW.

A "tail" (not one to be trodden upon) of the
Three Old Men of Painswick.

September's sky was cool and bright
As "round the town" a Cotswold wight,
In Painswick "prime," about ten score,
A huge heraldic banner bore,
Crying "Bow-Wow!"

His hat was off, his hair was grey,
He smoked a blackened cutty "clay,"
Which from his lips at whiles he took
To "whisper"—(Lord! the welkin shook!)—
"Gyar-r-r-n! Bow-Wow!"

As past, with manful stride he strode,
His white beard swept the crowd-lined road,
And, unabashed by Law's alarms,
He, holding high the blazoned arms,
Yelpt "Bow-Wow!"

With perfect teeth and "optics" clear,
At distance, shouting in the rear,
Came Pater, bold and full of pride,
To hear how "peart" his "youngster" cried
That "Bow-Wow!"

A stranger, wending by the way,
Besought the spry old sire to say
What meant that quaint canine-like cry.
But, "Feyather," winking t'other eye,
Said "Bow-Wow!"

As mused the novice, with amaze,
The banner struck his troubled gaze:
There, gold upon an azure field,
A lettered legend stood revealed—
E'en "Bow-Wow!"

Anon the street he stalked amain,
With puckered brow and soul in pain,
And pined for lore that would unfold,
This mystery of the days of old
Cleped "Bow-Wow!"

Of Painswick's patriarchal race
One now approached, at spanking pace—
"GRAND-feyather": he whose ancient blood
Flowed in his veins before the Flood—
Crying "Bow-Wow!"

The stranger BOWed and thus began:—
"Weird, pre-historic, mummy man—
Dread protoplast of Kosmic birth—
Declare, or die, what means this mirth—
This "Bow-Wow?"

The "Old 'Un" fixed him with a look:
"Yeou! hint-erloper! yeou're mistook!
YEOU beeyant no Freeman" of this town!
"That" knocking straight the stranger down—
That's "Bow-Wow!"

*Note by Polyphemus Pointer, "Antique-wary":
The "Freedom of the Town" of Painswick is
usually conferred on heroes at the annual Dog-
Pie Feast in September. It is a rare and highly
appreciated honour, as it carries the right to
wear the Town Arms on the seat of the trousers
for protection of the person, together with the
privilege of yelling "Bow-Wow" in the streets
without being knocked down or raised to the
seventh heaven by the toe of a native boot.
Wherefore it would appear that the customs of
the place are honoured both in the "breach"
and in the observance.



Photo by Messrs. Bassano,]

[Old Bond Street, London.

LAURENCE MORTON BROWN, Esq.,
RECORDER OF GLOUCESTER.

Printing . .

Of every description at the . . .
"Chronicle" and "Graphic" Offices.

Damage to the extent of £800 was done to
the mail packet Pas de Calais by her recent
collision off Dover.

A British syndicate has acquired iron de-
posits in Norway believed to contain
60,000,000 tons of ore.

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 PRIZE PICTURE.



"An Alpine View near Cheltenham," or "The First Day of Spring."
The Trolley, Leckhampton, March 21, 1901.

HOW THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT WON THEIR BADGE.



Just one hundred years ago—on the 21st March, 1801—was fought the battle of Alexandria, by which the prestige of British arms was restored, after a series of unsatisfactory, and, in some cases, disastrous campaigns, from the war with the American Colonies to the resultless expeditions to Flanders and Holland. It was not the fault of the British soldiers that England's military fame had sunk to a low ebb—they had always fought bravely and well—but it was nevertheless the fact that at the commencement of the century just closed our island's glory in the fields of war was perhaps under a deeper cloud than ever before. But at Alexandria the British infantry proved—as they have since proved again and again in many a hard-fought fight—that they were worthy of the best traditions of the past, and more than a match for the finest battalions that could be brought against them. This Egyptian campaign of 1801 was the first in which special honours were given to the regiments engaged, each corps being allowed to bear the badge of the Sphinx on its colours, together with the word "Egypt"; while the 28th Foot gained the unique distinction of bearing their number on the back as well as the front of their head-dress.

Probably the mention of the 28th Foot will not revive many recollections nowadays. And, when we say that the old 28th is now the 1st Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment, perhaps most people will only remember it as one of the unlucky battalions engaged in the brave but hopeless struggle, ending in

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 12th competition is Miss E. Raimondi, of 36 Montpellier-terrace, Cheltenham. The prize picture is that of "An Alpine View near Cheltenham."

Entries for the thirteenth competition closed this (Saturday) morning, March 30, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

who served throughout the Peninsular War, and at Waterloo, and subsequently became Marquis of Anglesey. Paget was only 26, but had been Colonel of the battalion for some years, and, though so young, proved fully fitted for his position. The 28th was stationed on the left of the British line before Alexandria, the extreme left consisting of a ruin held by the 58th, while the 28th occupied a redoubt, open to the rear, to the right of this ruin and slightly in front of it. It was early in the morning of the 21st of March, some time before the dawn, when the French forces moved out to the attack and crept swiftly and silently over the noiseless sand through the dense darkness, towards the British position. A false attack was made on our right, the sudden sharp crackle of musketry broke the stillness of the night, and directly afterwards the enemy's main column fell fiercely on the British left, and the redoubt and ruin were soon ringed round with flashes of flame, as the 58th and 28th resolutely met the furious onslaught. The 28th, with whom we have now more particularly to do, fought desperately in the darkness with the attacking force at close quarters, in front and on both flanks, and kept them at bay until reinforcements came up and the French were temporarily driven off. Fresh battalions of the enemy came up, however, and one, the "Invincibles," penetrated unseen for a short distance into the British lines, but, being discovered by the 42nd, received a warm welcome from that gallant corps and were thrown into some confusion, but, pluckily continuing to advance, passed behind the redoubt held by the 28th, the rear companies of which fired on the French as they passed, and their overthrow was completed by the 40th and 23rd.

The stubborn stand made by the British infantry all along the line had upset the plans of the assailing forces, but they still pressed the attack persistently, in particular making desperate efforts to carry the ruin and redoubt. Suddenly the muffled tramp of horsehoofs was heard on the desert sand and a strong body of French cavalry appeared through the dim light of early dawn, charging furiously towards the open space to the right of the redoubt, where the 42nd were stationed. The Black Watch were taken unawares and the French horsemen charged through them before they had time to form their ranks; the valiant Highlanders, however, though cut up, were not beaten, but fought in scattered groups, emptying many a French saddle. The horsemen, after passing through the 42nd, turned and galloped at full speed towards the rear of the redoubt, where the 28th were at the moment engaged in repelling another fierce attack on front and flank. It was a critical moment, but Paget, who had been wounded early in the battle, was equal to the emergency. Cool and clear his order was heard above the rattle and roar of the conflict—"Rear rank, 28th! Right about turn!" and with equal promptitude the rear companies of the North Gloucesters swung round at the word of command and stood unflinchingly with muskets raised, till at the word "Fire!" the deliberate volleys rang out pitilessly and unerringly, and the leading lines of the charging cavalry melted away, while the main body swerved to the right, broken and disordered, to fall before the fire of the British reserves.

The old 28th, attacked simultaneously in front and rear, had stood firm and repulsed the enemy, winning for themselves undying fame; and in commemoration of this feat the Gloucestershire Regiment, alone of British battalions, bear their badge on the back as well as the front of their helmets.

England delights to honour her heroes and keep in mind their brave deeds, and, on the hundredth anniversary of the victory of Alexandria, we may fittingly recall how the "Fore and Afts" won their name; not forgetting that this is only a page out of their history, and but one of many occasions on which they have fought for the honour of England beyond her encircling seas.

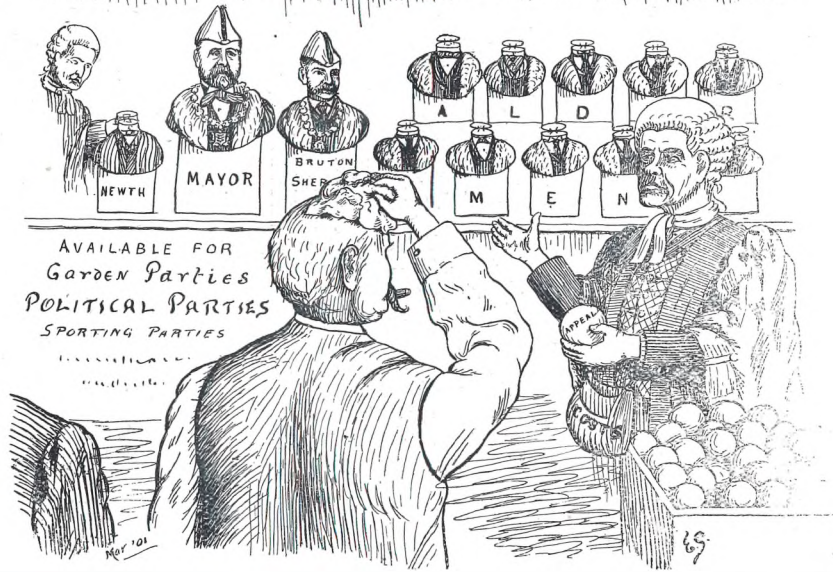


In consequence of the death of her Majesty Queen Victoria, the annual banquet of the Royal Academy will not be held this year.

capture, at Nicholson's Nek, nearly 18 months ago. Certain regiments, such as the Gordon Highlanders or the Black Watch, the Connaught Rangers, or the Buffs, are well known by repute, but the names of the majority convey no special impression to the hearer's mind. Gloucestershire, however, has good reason to be proud of the two line battalions which bear her name. The 1st Battalion is the 28th of which we are speaking, the old "North Gloucesters," with a history "second to none in the British Army"; the 2nd is the splendid old 61st, the "South Gloucesters" of former days, and the heroes of many a fierce and gallant fight in the Peninsula and in India. A glance at the list of honours borne on the colours of the regiment, while far from recording all the actions in which it has fought for Sovereign and country, will give some idea of its glorious services in the past. This is as follows:— "Ramillies," "Louisburg," "Quebec, 1759," "Egypt" (with the Sphinx), "Maida," "Corunna," "Talavera," "Barrosa," "Albuhera," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Punjab," "Chillianwallah," "Goojerat," "Alma," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," "Delhi." This is a roll of honours only exceeded by some half-dozen regiments in the whole British army, though neither of the battalions of the Gloucesters has been engaged on active service since 1857 until the present campaign.

But to return to the story of how the 28th earned their distinctive honour and won the name of "The Fore and Afts." The corps was at the time commanded by Edward Paget, a brother of the great cavalry leader

YE OLDE GLOSTER SPORT
WITH UP-TO-DATE FIGURES



SPORTING SAM (with a Bland Smile): That's not bad! Ten Aldermen and a Councillor bowled over. But what I wanted was to unseat the Mayor.
BILL BRIEF: Money makes the Mayor to go, sir; and they tell me you're a Liberal Party. Have another shy!
SPORTING SAM: No thanks, it's a paying game for you, but it's too expensive for me. Let's settle up now!

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Heads of families must prepare to make a true return according to the best of their knowledge and belief, for to-morrow is Census Day and England expects that every man, and woman, too, if she happens to be the head of a family, that day will do their duty. It will be a thankless task in many cases where the burning question of age comes in. I have heard of two or three good things locally in connection with this numbering of the people. Midnight railway journeys are projected to evade the inquisitorial document. A much-married man, whose quiver is full of them, says that he shall have to consult the real "head of the family" as to the number, names, and nativity years of the numerous olive branches, and he shall make a virtue of necessity by proposing that she fill up the paper! One not very young lady remarked to her father a few days ago that in the "condition as to marriage" column she supposed he would describe her as "engaged to be married to Captain —, but on date not yet fixed." I certainly think the enumerators will well earn their not very liberal "re-umeration," as I once heard a former Mayor of Gloucester, who never opened his mouth but what he put his foot into it, call re-umeration.

Cheltenham is confidently looking to the census to work out her salvation in freeing her from the silken bonds of the County Council by raising her to the dignity of a county borough. The numbering is well-timed, because it will come when the colleges and educational establishments are in session and the residents in residence, while she will get the unexpected benefit of a number of navvies on the line" to Cleve. The 50,000 ought to be easily made up. She will at least be able to boast of one centenarian, a lady who freely admits she is the "oldest inhabitant." Gloucester is regarding the census from a totally different point of view to Cheltenham, as we have it on authority that when it is evident by the returns that it holds more than the fifty thousand people within

its boundaries, the municipality will be able to borrow money on easier terms, as the security will become in the nature of gilt-edge. Churchdown, the half-way place between the two boroughs, is in a state of animated expectancy, for the Chosen people, with good cause, believe they will "tot-up" considerably over a thousand, and that it will therefore be entitled to come within the category of a "populous place." There's one thing I fear will be again demonstrated, and that is the continued depopulation of the truly rural parishes.

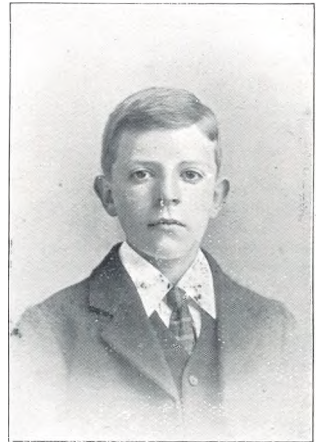
Our venerable and venerated Bishop of the Diocese, whom I was glad to meet twice last week in Cheltenham on Confirmation duty bent, has in his recent Pastoral Letter recalled to one's memory a pious benefactor of the Garden Town. His lordship refers to the gratifying results that have come from £1,000 generously given by the late Rev. W. W. Liddell (the rector of Cowley) to "give continuous life to the noble bequest of the founder—good and honoured John Walker, who re-endowed as a mission canonry one of the two suspended canonries in our Cathedral." It scarcely seems 13 years ago that Mr. John Walker, M.A., of Cheltenham, gave £5,000 to endow this canonry, but such is the march of time, and the Mission, so ably conducted by Canon Bowers, is a living monument to his memory.

In a note in a previous number I alluded to the *impasse* in municipal matters at Gloucester, and expressed the opinion that the Ides of March would be reached before a decision was given in the cases. I find I was not far wrong, for the decision of the Court (which the Conservatives are, unfortunately, debarred from further challenging) is now made, and the ten Conservative Aldermen are put out and the corresponding number of Liberals are put in. I cannot understand why the 102nd section of the Municipal Corporations Act, 1882, was not more pushed to the front and insisted upon being noted in the earliest stages of the proceedings on behalf of the respondents. I am advised that under this excusing section Mr. Newth was *de facto* a Councillor and his votes were valid until by a certificate of the Court he was

declared not to have been duly elected. If that is law, it is certainly also equity. But, by the refusal of the Commissioner to state a case, it cannot be gone into, and the Aldermen therefore fall with Mr. Newth on the solitary contract question. It is a very unsatisfactory ending. I will only say in regard to the incoming Aldermen that two of them, at least, possess literary ability, for Mr. Frederick Sessions has given proof of it in the "Graphic," by his highly-interesting articles on Gloucestershire in Travel and Fiction," and Mr. Sidney Hartland, F.S.A., is an authority on "Folklore." I hear authoritatively that the costs in these petitions will run to at least £1,200. Law indeed spells "L. s. d." That "just is" the way of summing it up sententiously. Should your cartoonist hit off the situation, he might make the winners say "We do not know the cost," quoth we, "but 'twas a famous vic-tory."

"When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling" he is generally engaged in "planting his swag" or living upon his ill-gotten gains. My belief in this is fortified by a sensational affair that has recently happened in the Cathedral city. It is alleged that on Sunday, March 17th, a watchmaker and jeweller's lock-up shop in one of the main streets was cleared of the whole of its contents, save some watches for repair which were found in a handbag left on the roof at the back by the thief or thieves of "time." The hue and cry was raised, but no arrests were made, as was the case in the recent pawnshop burglaries. The mystery was thickened a few days later by the discovery at the dawn of day, in an approach to the Midland Railway coal-yard, of a sack-bag containing the bulk of the missing property. The parties fortunate enough to find this haul, and we hope, to get the £20 reward offered by the owner for its recovery, were two honest hauliers in the employ of the Co-operative Society, who were proceeding to their daily work. Meanwhile, pending the mystery being elucidated, the lot of the local police is not a passive one. GLEANER.

A PROMISING LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER.



W. SIDEBOTTOM,

Two years winner of the "Shurdington" Run at Cheltenham College.

Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, with her daughter, Mrs. Strong, and her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne, has settled in a new home on the top of one of the hills of San Francisco, with a lovely view.

Lieutenant E. Ashmead-Bartlett, who has just resigned his commission in the Grenadier Guards, suffered severely from enteric fever in South Africa, and was five months in hospital. He has been unable to rejoin the service since, and is now in the south of France for his health.

CHELTENHAM RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM,
SEASON 1900-1901.

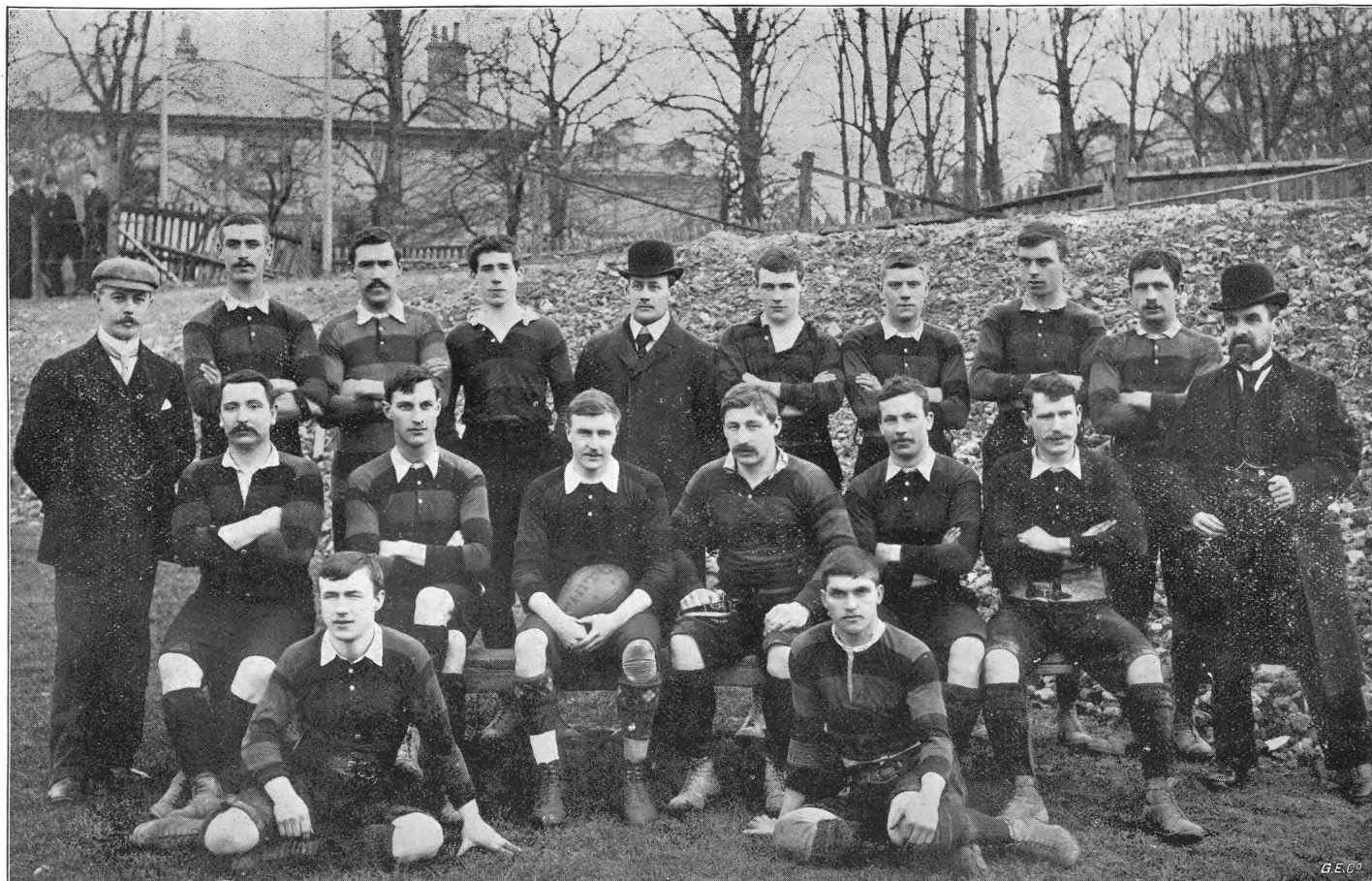


Photo by Maurice Hack, Cheltenham.

Top row (standing):—W. Sawyer (Sec.), F. Fry, H. Pike, W. Hailing, T. P. Gillmore, A. S. F. Pruen, G. Cotterell, J. Charlottes, G. Cossens, G. H. Lane (Hon. Treas.).
Second row (sitting):—C. Craddock, A. E. Greenhill, J. O. T. Powell (Capt.), C. Fisher, C. Cox, C. Clifford.
Third row:—T. Brick, A. Goddard (half-backs).

J. O. T. POWELL,

Captain of the Cheltenham Rugby football team, is an old player for his years, and a good one at that. At one time famous as an Association player, doing duty for the Casuals, he later on became prominent at the sister code, doing excellent service for Burton-on-Trent while resident in that town. Two years ago he secured an appointment in Cheltenham, and threw in his lot with the Red



and Black brigade, taking up the duties of captain at the commencement of the present season. A thorough enthusiast, he always "plays the game," and is a genuine sportsman, ever anxious for the welfare of his club. Either at half-back or three-quarter he is a most useful player, with fair speed and splendid kicking and dribbling powers. In passing somewhat erratic, but, taken all round, a great acquisition to any team.

Matches Played 32, Won 18, Lost 10, Drawn 4.
Points for 34 Goals, 37 Tries, 272 Points.
Against 12 " 24 " 124 "

A. B. Daunter, Back, Sub-Captain.
* A. F. Hailing, C. E. Lewis, } Three-Quarters.
* F. Fry, F. Weaver, }
A. Goddard, R. Karn, } Halves.
W. E. Noller, Capt., C. Craddock, C. Fisher, E. J. Coles, H. Lockley, } Forwards.
* R. J. Gillmore, T. P. Gillmore, S. N. Hodgkins, T. W. L. Caspers, }

* Played for Gloucestershire, Somerset, Eastern Counties.

Matches Played 32, Won 18, Lost 10, Drawn 4.
Points for 27 Goals, 15 Tries, 264 Points.
Against 15 " 22 " 139 "

A. B. Daunter, Back, Sub-Captain.
* A. F. Hailing, Capt. F. Fry, C. E. Lewis, C. Clifford, A. Goddard, J. O. T. Powell, R. J. Gillmore, C. Fisher, T. P. Gillmore, W. D. K. Adkin, C. Craddock, E. Meyer, W. Hailing, H. Lockley, } Forwards.

* Played for Gloucestershire, Somerset, Rest of South, London & Universities.

GLOUCESTER'S FAMOUS FOOTBALL TEAM,
SEASON 1900-1901.



Photo by F. W. Pickford, Gloucester.

Top row (standing):—Sid. Bingle (Sec.), H. W. Grimes (Hon. Sec.), T. Spiers, F. Oswell, A. Hawker, C. Hall, J. Lewis, F. Click, C. H. Dancy (Hon. Treas.), T. Bagwell (Trainer).
Second row (sitting):—J. Gough, C. Smith, J. Cook, G. Romans (Capt.), J. Stephens, G. F. Clutterbuck, C. Miller.
Third row:—R. Goddard, G. Hall (half-backs).

The Earl of Leven and Melville has been appointed to be his Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

An address presented to the King by the Corporation of King's Lynn bore a solid corporate seal stamped with the old dies, which are some 600 years old.

A marriage has been arranged between the Rev. Harry Boughey Walton, M.A., rector of Coddington, near Ledbury, and Miss Hilda Bickham, youngest daughter of Mr. Spencer H. Bickham, of Underdown, Ledbury.

Sir Redvers Buller is confined to his room at Aldershot with influenza. He was advised by his doctor not to leave Government House on Thursday last, but he would attend a military lecture, and caught a fresh cold.

The Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod—to give M. Pobiedonostzeff his official title—was the late Czar's tutor, and his influence with the present Emperor is said to be great. Thirty years ago he became a member of the Imperial Council. He is 74 years of age.

Col. Ian Hamilton, C.B., who lately commanded a division in South Africa, has been selected to succeed Major-Gen. Sir Coleridge Grove as military secretary to Lord Roberts.

Capt. Arnold and Lieut. Costa have arrived at Lisbon with the two Induna chiefs from Macomba, on behalf of whom the chiefs presented to the King of Portugal four beautiful ivory tusks. It was remarked that they seemed lost in admiration of the Queen.

Lieut.-Col. Geddes S. Twynam, late of Rose Bank, Paignton, who died on Thursday, entered the Service as a second-lieutenant in the Ceylon Rifles in October, 1845, and after serving in the 61st Regiment and 13th Light Infantry, retired as a lieutenant-colonel from the latter regiment in December, 1875. The deceased officer saw much active service during the Indian Mutiny. He served with the 61st Regiment at the siege and capture of Delhi, and at the action of Nujafghur, and was with the 13th Light Infantry at the actions of Dumuriahgunge, Tulsipur, and Bootwab, receiving the medal with clasps.

An appeal will shortly be made to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to exempt officers serving in South Africa from income-tax on their pay.

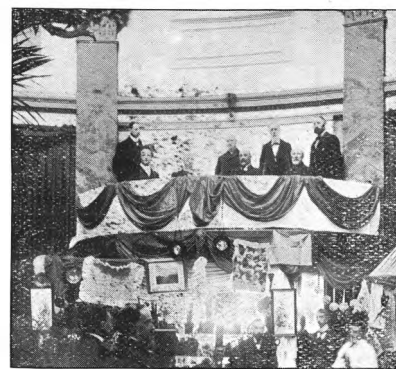
The Russian Embassy at Constantinople has presented a Note to the Porte, demanding payment of the £50,000 (Turkish) arrears from last year on account of the war indemnity. With the demand presented last week for £43,000, the Porte has to face a payment of £93,000.

Lord Lovat, on his return from South Africa at the end of April, is to be presented by the tenantry of Inverness-shire with an illuminated address and his portrait in oils. A committee has been formed to arrange a fitting reception for his lordship on his arrival at Beaulieu.

The King has approved of the arms to be borne by the Duke of Cornwall and York, and an official description will be published. It is understood that the arms comprise those of England, the lion, unicorn, crown, and garter, with the motto, "Dieu et mon Droit," slightly varied by an added device.



SALEM BAZAAR STALLHOLDERS.
Cheltenham, March, 1901.



OPENING OF SALEM BAZAAR.

Man about Town.

* London, Friday.

The wide-brimmed khaki-coloured slouch hat has for many months past been a familiar head-dress of Volunteers for the front, and, goodness knows, we in London have seen plenty of them in the streets. These recruits generally walk about garbed in brand new khaki, heavy black overcoat lined with red flannel, in pairs. Earlier in the history of the war these gentlemen attracted a vast amount of attention; but now they are passed by as one of the ordinary crowd. The fact of the matter appears to be that, owing to the particular "side" which some of the recruits ready-fitted up for "transport" assume, the people are utterly sick and tired of them in their perambulations. No doubt it is thought that, instead of "piling on the agony," and in some cases creating an unseemly spectacle in these regulation clothes, the would-be soldier would be better employed if he were kept to his drills after his selection, and not allowed to run wild. These latest additions are evidently trading on the successes of the C.I.V.'s and others, who really rendered yeoman's service. The military authorities are advised to keep the Volunteer in civilian clothes until he is actually in harness, and to keep him well employed.

I am pleased to see that the brewers have decided to accept the proposals of the Beer Bill. They will agree to anything whereby a pure beverage can be brewed and dispensed; but, in the face of this, we are advised not to take alcoholic stimulants. It is asserted that these have a deleterious effect on the action of the heart by considerably increasing the amount of work it has to do in a given time. For instance, the heart of a man who does not use stimulants beats about 100,300 times a day, while it is stated that the consumption of alcoholic drinks in fairly moderate quantities will cause the heart to beat from 25,000 to 30,000 times more per day. This seems to imply that those whose heart is not in a normal condition had better take an occasional sip in order to quicken the pace.

We all must know that there can be no resuscitation of the Militia ballot; nor will the English people listen to any suggestion for the adoption of compulsory military service. We are a warlike race—too warlike some aver—therefore, the inauguration of the Society of Working Men's Rifle Clubs, in which the Commander-in-Chief manifests so keen an interest, is an organisation which is sure to succeed. If it at least facilitates rifle shooting it will justify its existence, and will lead up to volunteering. For home defence volunteering of one description or another is what we shall rely upon. The grand quality which renders a civilian useful in moments of national emergency is the ability to shoot straight. Have the rifle clubs established



CHINESE STALL AT SALEM BAZAAR.

(The centre figure is that of Miss Jennie Beckingsale, a Missionary lately returned from China.)

Mrs. Godfrey Burr, the authoress, better known as Miss Katherine Douglas King, died on Wednesday at Rushall Vicarage, Staffordshire. It was only in June last that she was married to the Vicar of Rushall.

*

Lieut.-Colonel Heilmann, of the General Staff, and officer of the Legion of Honour, while driving along the Avenue Bosquet in Paris, on Tuesday, came into collision with another vehicle, suffering terrible injuries. He was conveyed home unconscious, but never rallied, death ensuing early on Wednesday morning.

Mr. Justice Mathew has appointed Mr. David Henry Crompton, barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, Clerk of Assize on the North Wales Circuit, in succession to Mr. Henry Crompton, who has resigned the appointment.

*

Lieutenant-General F. Green Wilkinson, colonel of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and Major J. Hanbury Williams, C.M.G., and Captain C. Parr, officers of the regiment, have been selected as the deputation to go to Lisbon in connection with the appointment of the King of Portugal as colonel-in-chief of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

throughout the country got a test of efficiency yet? If not, I may say that the man who can hit a shilling at 20 feet is "on the right road to becoming very quickly trained into a good shot." The club to which I belong set themselves a far more difficult task. We aim at a bull's eye the size of a sixpence from a distance much exceeding 20 feet.

But in addition to securing the services of the working men as rifles, every school throughout the length and breadth of the land should organise its own corps. Then we should be getting at the right thing. On the cricket or football grounds, if possible, they should fix their ranges—of course, at a respectable distance from the pitch. Then having, speaking in the case of cricket practice, had their fair turn at the net, the youth could adjourn to the range and put in his rifle practice. By this means, I think, there would be a gratifying addition to the number of boys who took a practical interest in shooting. But there must be discipline, the object of which is to secure ready and cheerful obedience. However, we are luckily taught this in our schools and colleges, and if it is not so complete as it should be, there is not much to grumble at.

The census will bring out some glaring facts which are at present unknown to the authorities. Apart from the exposure of the much-commented-upon age of ladies who are more than sweet seventeen, it will reveal the number of unemployed, and perhaps the number of those who are literally starving. Would we who live in comparative luxury ever believe that during last year, or rather the year before, sixty-eight people died of starvation? Sixty-one of the victims were grown men and women, ranging in age from twenty-three to ninety-four years. In the majority of cases the relieving officers state they had no previous knowledge of the cases. In spite of our costly Poor-Law system, it is a glaring fact that people do die of starvation without ever coming under the notice of the authorities who are appointed to help them. It is well-known there are many of the very poor who would rather die than enter a workhouse; but it must be believed that the fault very often lies with those who administer the Poor-Laws. We cannot, whoever may be at fault, regard deaths from starvation as part of the normal course of things.

Then, this overcrowding question will be brought to the front. Take one of the large Whitechapel quarters as an instance in point. Foreign Jews are the principal residents there. The increase here in the number of Jewish inhabitants since the last census is quite sensational. Ten years ago, in six of the typical streets of the quarter alluded to, the percentage of Jews was about 10. Now it is 100. The same unhealthy, dirty tenements accommodate nearly double the number of tenants, seven people existing in one squalid room. The rents of these hells have doubled in the time. The difficulty which the authorities have experienced in the past has been to get at the landlord. The L.C.C. are rightly considering a plan whereby they will doubtless be able to dig him up. In the interval the man who has been waxing fat on the rents of these hovels may sell out. This housing problem is coming to the forefront, and I am glad of it. Once we get the war settled, I feel certain the question will come prominently before the Houses of Parliament, and it will not be a day too soon.

According to the ladies' papers, the plain man marries the pretty dashing girl and the plain girl the handsome man. In the first case handsome men are generally proud and selfish, and pretty women vain and want a lot of looking after. The handsome man, therefore is so absorbed in his own importance and appearance that he has no time left to look after the pretty woman, so they can't possibly run together in harness. The usual class of men, odd though it may seem to the novel-

reading young woman, fall in love with a woman far more for her personal attraction than her mere good looks. Plain women, as a rule, we are told, grow up with a knowledge of their own plainness, and, therefore, have more time to spend on the development of their other charms than a merely pretty woman, who knows that the fact of her having a pretty face is quite enough without anything else to make her attractive and popular. You see, prettiness soon fades, and the qualities which the plain woman has cultivated score a point in married life, at any rate.

ARTHUR J. SMYTHE.



"De quoi vous plaignez vous, mon. Brigadier?" says the Marshal. "Mais des poux!" "Des poux! Mais nous en avons tous."

No! gentle reader, I am not developing a grossly unrefined style of humour, although I admit the above stirring anecdote of Marshal Canrobert's times is open to the charge of licentiousness, with the accent on the first syllable. No, this is merely the impressionist style of the gentleman who is the thorn in the side of the N.S.P.C.C. Like Peter Pindar, the "Reynolds" of our great grandfathers, who wrote a mock-heroic poem of some thousands of lines entitled the "Lousiad," Mr. B.P. considers no branch of creation, however humble, too minute for his special attention.

*

But let me give that gentleman a hint or two! I have often thought that I should make a good hand at writing to the papers myself, and I have been told by my friends that I have a particular ability in writing nasty things without meaning them, or meaning them without writing them—I know it is one or the other. Now, supposing I were to give, say, six hours a day to writing letters to the press, I think I should try to put all I had to say into the letter itself, and not to sign my name in the middle of the eloquence somewhere (blight it in its early bloom, so to speak), and then wander on into a series of questions and anecdotes of the "poucean" style of the above for another half column or so as a postscript. Hint number 2: I always thought that gentlemen in the legal way of business, even if retired, were smart enough to suppress any circumstances in their defence which would give away their case. But the writer of the "drawing-room souvenir" previously referred to constantly informs his opponents that three or four years ago the local inspector issued a summons (oh! rash temerity) against the gardener and gardener's wife of the great B.P. Now, I should have posed as a disinterested party, and taken as my watchword, "Every man his own zoologist," and not let out that lapsus N.S.P.C.C.! But, then, you see, I am not B.P.

*

The Algebraic equation of the quarrel runs thus:—The Great B.P. plus one guinea equals The Greater B.P. (British Public) plus N.S.P.C.C.

*

From a business point of view the advertisement for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is an admirably planned

one, and is worth quite ten guineas a column, for the guinea which our genial and level-headed friend has sent to the lady of the knotted rope has had the effect of producing scores of others—for the N.S.P.C.C., which is not quite the effect desired, I presume.

*

Speaking of advertisements, now that the war is running so slack, and there are no excitements on the tapis, I find the most instructive and interesting part of my evening paper in the advertisements. You get sound advice on business matters, matrimony, chest complaints, morality, and measles, with just at the tail of the concentrated eloquence a casual reference to the fact that —'s Pills are the root of all happiness, or somebody else's Boiled Beans are excellent for Bilious Benedictis. I knew a man once who took Double B shot for a week under the impression they were some patent pills! The pills had been removed from the box and the shot put in their place; well, you know, the Double B shot cured the influenza from which he was suffering, and beyond a slight feeling of weight on the chest there were no after "ill-effects." But, you see, he read the advertisements every day as they came out, and the intellectual treat quite extinguished the indigestion he would otherwise have felt.

*

I have worried quite a big wrinkle into my classic brow during the past week by a calculation which I have been vainly endeavouring to make. In the newspaper readings of the General Hospital Report there is a sentence which runs as follows:—"Branch Dispensary:—The number of patients treated during the year was 3602 at a cost of 2s. 6½d." How cheap! Here is real economy indeed! But being nothing of a statistician I am absolutely staggered at the brain power required to find out how this totals out to each person. When you come to think of the dispenser's salary, and the cost of the drugs, and other items which would probably represent nearly the whole of the 2s. 6½d., you can easily see there must be a very small margin of profit on the branch dispensary, and I venture to hope that a special appeal should be made for the odd farthing required to make it up to 2s. 7d.! I would gladly become a guarantor to the fund, on receiving an undertaking that I shall in no case be called upon to make up any deficit!

*

Is football popular? Why, yes, I should think so. Passing the back of Hampton's Gardens last Saturday I came across quite an outside grand stand of spectators, each one at a minute knot-hole or crack in the gigantic fence which surrounds the ground, while at one place was a cart with the two men in charge standing on the goods they were (presumably) delivering, and shouting directions to their favourites over the fence. At intervals the horse attached to the cart moved on a few paces, which left our heroes suspended high and dry (well, hardly dry, perhaps) on the fence until matters could be rearranged by a little gymnastic display on their part. Altogether an interesting and instructive sight.

*

Those terrible census papers will have to be filled up in a few hours, and great will be the flutterings amongst those whose general designation "Gentleman" will no longer suffice. It will be necessary for all those unemployed to confess to the fact that they are retired money-makers of the deepest dye, which doubtless will be a terrible affliction, for the man who has fought his way, rung by rung, up the ladder of fortune, is always most anxious to kick away the rungs when he has got to the top.

*

I hear that a gentleman of the name of Hardcastle is working up a new Ratepayers' Association, the old one being defunct, or nearly so. The name of Hardcastle provokes allusion to a celebrated play, and it has been said that "he stoops to conquer" by seeking the good will of the tradespeople of the town. One of the planks of his programme is to be the blocking of further expenditure on the "Draughts Club," otherwise the White Elephant, likewise the Winter Garden.

TOUCHSTONE.



Meet of the Cotswold Hounds at Lilleybrook, Charlton, The residence of Mr. H. O. Lord, on March 13, 1901. Master and huntsman talking to Mr. Lord.

Gloucestershire in Travel ... and Fiction.

BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.

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* * *

We must not close without a word or two respecting Mrs. Craik and "John Halifax, Gentleman," though we are conscious there are other works, albeit of a smaller calibre, that are useful in their way as retaining some items of folk lore, and some faithful reproductions of the patois, such as "Roger Plowman," "Lays and Legends of Gloucestershire," Buckland's "Arcadian's Life," etc., that must go unnoticed through limitations of space. And the little Cheltenham story, "The Roman Baths," by that Mrs. Sherwood on whose booklets for children most of the middle class youngsters of sixty years ago were brought up; this, too, must be passed lightly over.

The cenotaph of Mrs. Craik (Dinah Muloch) is in the Abbey Church of Tewkesbury, the town she has helped to make famous as "Norton Bury," and it reads thus, "Each in his place fulfilling his day, and passing away just as that sun is passing, only we know not whither he passes, while whither we go we know, and the way we know. The same yesterday to-day and for ever." How accurate is her description of the old town—the town of narrow alleys, as it was in our own youth; "the narrow, dirty alleys leading out of the High-street, yet showing a glimpse of green field at the farther end; the open house doors on either side, through which came the drowsy burr of many a stocking loom, the prattle of children paddling in the gutter, and sailing thereon a fleet of potato-parings.

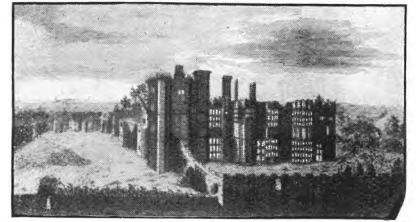


THE BELL INN, ONCE ABEL FLETCHER'S HOUSE.

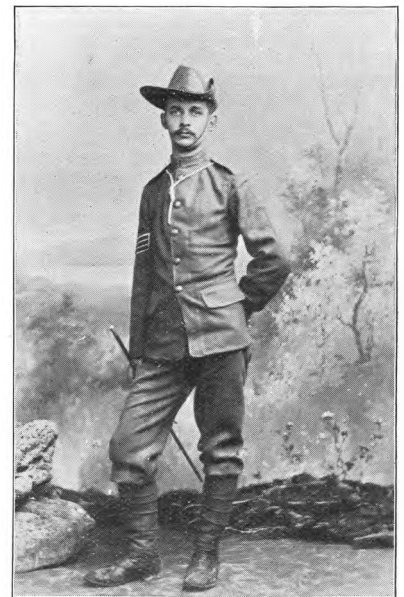
In front, the High-street, with the Mayor's house opposite, porticoed and grand; and beyond, just where the rain clouds were breaking, rose up out of a nest of trees the square tower of our ancient Abbey—Norton Bury's boast and pride." How well she has pictured old Abel Fletcher's house and garden: "At the end of the arbour, the wall which enclosed us on the river side was cut down—my father had done it at my asking—so as to make a seat somewhat after the fashion of Queen Mary's seat at Stirling, of which I had read. Thence we could see a good sweep of country. First, close below, flowed the Avon—Shakespeare's Avon—here a narrow stuggish stream, but capable, as we at Norton Bury knew to our cost, of being roused into fierceness of foam. Now it slipped on, quietly enough, contenting itself with turning a flour mill hard by, the lazy whirr of which made a sleepy incessant monotone which I was fond of hearing. From the opposite bank stretched a wide green level, called the Ham, dotted with pasturing cattle of all sorts. Beyond it was a second river (the Severn), forming the arc of a circle round the verdant flat. But the stream itself lay so low as to be invisible from where we sat; you could only trace the line of its course by the small white sails that glided in and out, oddly enough, from behind clumps of trees, and across meadow lands." Equally true to experience is her account of the "waters that were out" in one of the periodic floods to which Severn-side towns are liable. "Coltham" is, of course, her Cheltenham, and Enderley, where she fixes Rose Cottage—roses hung in clusters, a dozen in a group, roses, nothing but roses—is Amberley, in the happy valley of Nailsworth, and the wood hard by is a wood typical of all the beech groves of Cotswold. No "old folk" were there among this forest Eden, "no gnarled and withered foresters—every tree rose up, upright in its youth, and perfect after its kind. There was as yet no choking undergrowth of vegetation; nothing but mosses, woodbine, and ferns; and between the poles of the trees you could trace vista after vista, as between the slender pillars of a Cathedral aisle." And the little rivulets coming from the hills above, the old well-head where the cattle drank, the steep meadows and narrow path-ways, the fresh breeze sweeping the cloud shadows across the common, and the glorious crimson sunsets over "Nunnely Hill"—we have seen them all, and know that her pen-photographs were carefully taken on the spot. And John Halifax himself, a good master to his men, an ardent but cautious social reformer, a prosperous mill owner, dwelling in his mansion at Beechwood, is only one of scores of the men of that region to whom it owes its prosperity, and of whom Gloucestershire, and England herself, may well be proud, for these are they who make our native land great and contented, happy at home and respected

abroad, as "khaki"-coated armies and iron-clad navies never did, and never can, though they may, and do, make her hated of other nations.

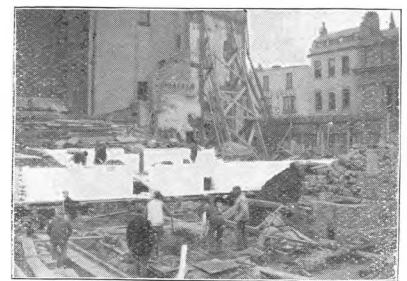
[THE END.]



THORNBURY CASTLE.



SERGEANT W. E. TANNER, of 87 Tewkesbury-road, Cheltenham. Volunteer Active Service Company. "The Buffs," East Kent Regiment.



ASSEMBLY ROOMS SITE, High-street, Cheltenham, on which the new Lloyds Bank is being erected.

Sir Alexander Onslow, Chief Justice of Western Australia, who has been administering the Colony pending the arrival of the new Governor, has left Perth for England, on leave of absence. He has been Chief Justice since 1883, and prior to that was Attorney-General of the Colony. He was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1868.