

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1901.

The Month's Magazines.

In "The Monthly Review," Capt. F. E. Young-husband takes up the cudgels on behalf of European interference in China, in answer to some of the strictures by Sir Robert Hart which have aroused so much attention. Included in other articles in this influential magazine on subjects of contemporary interest are "Civil Service and Reform," by Major-Gen. Sir Edmund du Cane, K.C.B., in which the writer insists that very few defects exist in the present system; "The Administration of Patriotic Funds," by Earl Nelson, a moderately-expressed plea for a central authority to prevent overlapping and bad principles of distribution; "German Anglophobia," by H. W. Wolff, an impartial study of a peculiar national phenomenon; "The Distribution of British Ability," by Havelock Ellis, a philosophic paper on the way in which different localities produce different classes of geniuses; "The Evolution of the Englishman," by Horace Hutchinson; and "The Native Problem in our new Colonies," by Mr. E. Sidney Hartland. R. de Maulde discourses genially on "The Art of Life"; and for those interested in art Mr. T. Sturge Moore writes "In Defence of Reynolds"; while archaeologists are treated to a paper on "The Ruins of the Hauran" (illustrated), by Miss G. L. Bell. Criticisms, editorials, poetry, and fiction complete the number.

"The Windsor" is justified in boasting of its fiction, to which Mayne Lindsay, Anthony Hope, Barry Paine, and E. P. Oppenheim are now contributing. But there is space for other good things, such as an artistic sketch of "Child-Life in Brittany," with artistic illustrations, "Queen Victoria's Visits to Foreign Nations," "Freemasonry," "London's Electric Light," etc. "Pearson's" is light and popular. A striking feature this month is a series of portraits of all the lineal descendants of the late Queen—86 in number. Arthur H. Beavan contributes "a character sketch" of Queen Alexandra. Cutcliffe Hyne and Allen Upward's short stories are complete in themselves each month, and other writers are represented by storyettes. "In the Deep Seas" (an account of the explorations by the Prince of Monaco on the world beneath the sea), "From Paris to Russia by Balloon," and other popular articles on science and natural history, relieved by humorous writing, are noticeable. "Self-Protection on a Cycle" is in continuation of a series showing the virtuous weak little tricks to protect themselves from the designing strong.

Signor Venturi, the Milan archæologist, was on Sunday elected a foreign associate of the Academy of Fine Arts in the room of the late Signor Verdi.

Sir Edwin Arnold, it is stated, is now totally blind, though there are hopes that his sight may be partially restored. His vigour of mind continues, and he is still able to do literary work.

The "Frankfurter Zeitung" announced on Monday the death at Waiblingen (Wurtemberg), from malaria, of Dr. Schlichter, the well-known African traveller and geographer. Dr. Schlichter some time ago carried out a series of geognostic investigations in South Africa on behalf of the British Government.



A carved stone on the Abbey Lawn, Cirencester
(apparently capital of a column), supposed to have formed part of the old Abbey.

Mr. R. Biddulph Martin, M.P., will devote the greater part of the Easter recess to a trip to the Adriatic.

There is reason to believe that Sir Arthur Havelock, G.C.M.G., will be the next Governor of Victoria.

The marriage of Clervaux Morley Saunders, of Bovacott, Devon, son of the late W. A. F. Saunders, of Wennington Hall, Lancashire, to Ruth Everilda, daughter of the late Louis Arthur Goodeve, barrister-at-law, Middle Temple, and of Mrs. Arthur Goodeve, of 2 Collingham-road, and Clayton, Clifton, will take place on the 27th inst. at Wymering, Hampshire.

Mrs. Matthew Arnold, the widow of the poet, is lying seriously ill at her daughter's house in Sloane Gardens.

Ten additional £13 pensions have been created by the Royal Scottish Corporation, to mark the accession of King Edward VII.

Lord and Lady Leigh will arrive at Stoneleigh Abbey on the 21st inst., after an absence abroad for some months. They are at present at St. Raphael, whither they have proceeded from San Remo.

The revenue of New South Wales for March amounted to £875,412, showing an apparent decrease of £56,917, as compared with the receipts in March, 1900. The actual revenue for the month was £763,777, while the Commonwealth revenue collected in the colony was £208,853. The revenue of Western Australia for March amounted to £274,596, as compared with £242,326 in March, 1900.

Gen. Wilkinson and Major Williams have arrived at Lisbon on the 21st inst., after an absence abroad for some months. They are at present at St. Raphael, whither they have proceeded from San Remo.

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

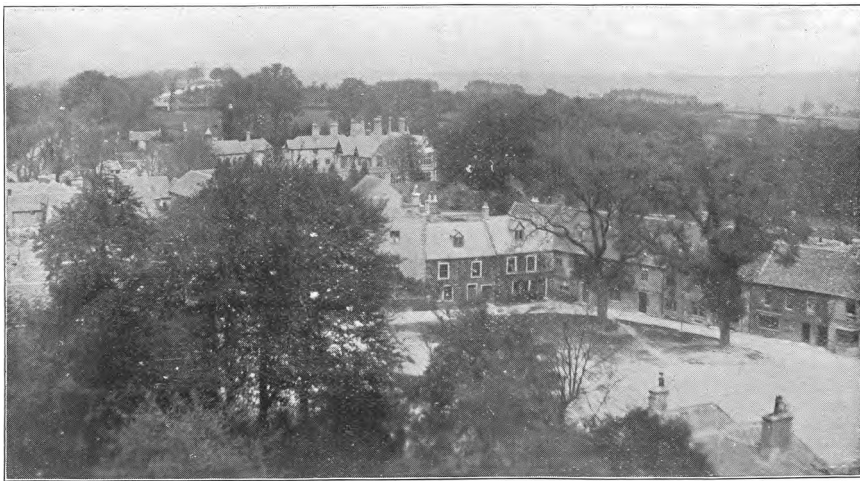
the names of the successful competitors will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

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 13th competition is Mr. Charles F. Nichols, The Square, Stow-on-Wold. The prize picture is that of a view of Stow.

Entries for the fourteenth competition closed this (Saturday) morning, April 6, 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 View of the North End of Stow-on-the-Wold,

Taken from the top of the tower of St. Edward's Church, the house standing amongst the trees almost in the centre of the picture being "Fosse Cottage," the residence of Mrs. Witts

A Tour of our Churches

*

XIII.—A BAPTISMAL SERVICE AT CAMBRAY CHAPEL.

The scene as viewed from the gallery of Cambray Chapel on Sunday evening last was an interesting and suggestive sight; every seat in the building was filled, and there was that atmosphere of restrained excitement which is so evident and yet so intangible and indescribable. The opening exercises of the services, hymn and prayer, have passed, and the text of the evening's sermon is just being announced by the minister, a man about the middle height in stature, with jet black hair, and brilliant flashing eyes, which seem to rivet the audience. As he speaks I note the evident and intense sincerity of his accents, and a peculiar quiver of emotion, which seems to convince one even apart from the meaning of the words uttered. It is easy to see, from the way in which the vast congregation anticipates the telling phrases of the discourse, that he is a favourite—nay, more, a beloved teacher. In one of the front pews sits an old woman, who, with hand to ear, and eagerly bent figure, bends her head in quaint approval at the end of each glowing sentence; and the young, the boys and girls in the galleries, they sit with eyes intent on the minister, except at intervals, when here and there a curious glance will be directed at the long line of white-robed figures next the communion rails—the candidates for baptism—for this evening fifteen converts are to make open confession by baptism as practised by the Baptists, viz., by total immersion. Fronting

the pulpit, inside the communion rail, may be plainly seen the font, strangely suggestive in shape to an open grave; and all this great congregation has assembled with mingled feelings of curiosity, and reverence, to see the candidates pass through the ordeal, for ordeal it undoubtedly is. Thirteen of those to be immersed are young women or girls, and they are dressed in a somewhat ungainly white gown covering them from head to foot, and wearing white gloves and shoes. Two young men also are to be baptised, but they are clad in sombre black gowns, so that even in the solemn ceremony of baptism the every-day contrast between male dinginess and female daintiness is strenuously observed.

But the sermon claims our attention. Without a note of manuscript, with the open Bible as his only reference, the minister appropriately sounds the key-note of the whole service as one of "outward expression." He takes as his text the story in Luke vii. of the woman who washed our Lord's feet with her tears while He was in the house of Simon the Pharisee, and eloquently, with a total absence of hesitation on the one side or straining after effect on the other, puts before the congregation the moral arguments in favour of baptism as an "outward expression" of spiritual change. A contrast was drawn between the cold, law-abiding, calculating, legal uprightness of Simon the Pharisee and the demonstrative, eager, and impulsive expression of the erring Mary. But there are many modes of expression in religion. We should not wholly condemn Simon; he showed a breadth of charity in inviting this Nazarene teacher into his house at all. Yet we must regret that he was a man who, knowing the truth, did not dare to confess it openly. There

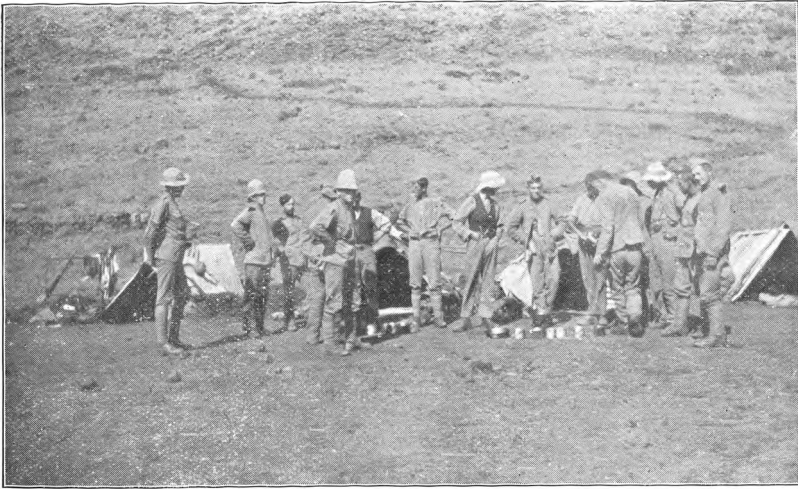
is a need of testimony before the eyes of the world to-day; for what is religion without expression? We were shocked and pained not long since by hearing the glorious strains of the "Hallelujah Chorus" ground out by a steam organ. Let us compare this with the same chords sung by a chorus of 10,000 voices, each voice breathing into the music the necessary expression. The music would be the same, and yet one is entirely mechanical, and the other would be the very essence of religious musical expression. So a picture without expression is naturally condemned by the critics as being devoid of true art. And the Church of to-day needs more expression. We have been too satisfied with committees and organisations, we have sent out our circulars by the thousand, we have made our business arrangements perfect; but the Church has lacked expression and enthusiasm. This it is which has sickened the world; it is this which has made the world atheist. Let us not imagine that Christ is to be found in golden pomp and ritualistic display, but rather in consecrated and enthusiastic Christian lives.

The preacher then went on to speak of the terrible and corroding nature of sin, and the necessity for plain speaking on the subject, and argued that an outward expression of the inward spiritual change such as baptism afforded was necessary to the convert. Looking down at the font beneath the pulpit, he showed the waiting candidates that the act of baptism would remind them of past sin, would give open confession that they knew they had sinned, and passing through the water they would publicly admit the great fact of their forgiveness; the old life would be buried in Christ, and the new life symbolically begin. "But," said the preacher, "we do not believe for one moment in any saving efficacy in baptism itself. Baptismal Regeneration is one of the greatest enormities which have ever affected the Church." An appeal to the candidates never to slacken their zeal, never to turn back from their decision, and, even at the last moment, rather to "go back and wait and weep than take a step you do not feel" concluded the sermon, which was an able eulogy of enthusiasm and outward expression in religion. During the hymn of dedication which ensued, the minister left the pulpit and donned a black gown, while the fifteen candidates filed into the railed-off space before the font. A prayer was offered up for blessing and guidance, and one by one the white-robed figures walked down the steps into the water until they were almost waist deep. The minister, already standing in the centre of the font, placing one hand behind the neck and the other on the folded arms of the candidate, uttered the words, "I immerse you into the glorious name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," and at the last word completely immersed his charge by a quick movement. There was just the "swish" of the water, mingled with the sound of the appropriate lines "Be thou faithful unto the end and I will give thee a crown of life" sung by the seated choir and congregation, and in a moment the baptised one, shedding streams of water from her clinging garments, was being assisted into the withdrawing and dressing-room. And so on, through the long line of white gowned women and girls, quickly, and without unseemly incident of any kind, the form of baptism by immersion was carried out, the two young men being afterwards immersed at the other end of the font. A prayer by the minister standing at the water's edge and the Benediction completed the service, and the chapel was soon empty, except for a lingering few who remained to wait for friends or relatives who had been immersed.

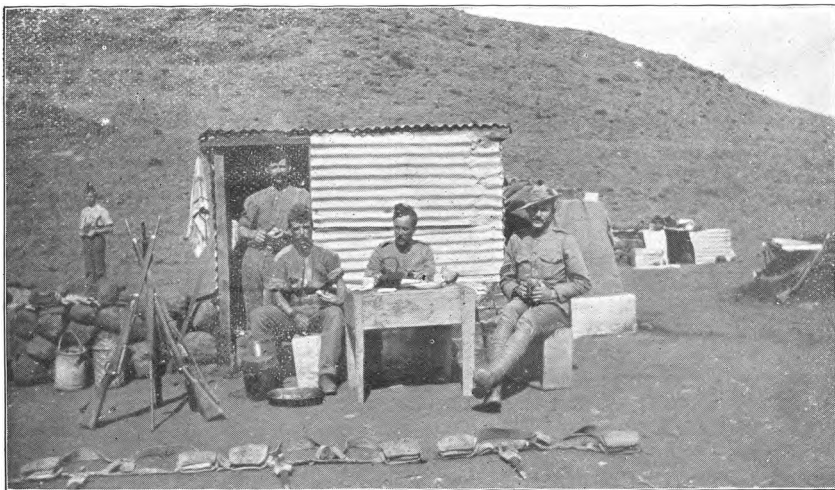
LAYMAN.

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Gloucestershire Rifle Volunteers getting Breakfast in South Africa.



N.C.O.'s of Gloucestershire Rifle Volunteers at Breakfast in South Africa.

Photos by Second-Lieut. E. C. Barnes at Israel's Poort.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

County, District, and Parish Council Elections are over now for the next three years, and the members can therefore devote themselves to business. While there were only four contests for the County Council, a fighting spirit ruled in a considerable number of places where District Councillors (including Guardians) and Parish Councillors had to be elected. Cheltenham, Gloucester, Stroud, and Tewkesbury kept their hands in with the ballot papers, and the Forest of Dean, too, furnished a good percentage of contests. In the Garden Town five seats on the Guardians, three in the Cathedral City, and three in the Tewkesbury, four in the Westbury-on-Severn, and one in the Stroud Unions changed hands. Six out of the ten wards of fighting Gloucester were in the throes of an election, while pure technicalities only prevented two or three of the other wards from indulging in their favourite pastime. I am credibly informed that two candidates at least were put on the "invalid" (with the accent on the "val") list because on the nomination paper of one the year was put "190" instead of "1901"; and on that of another the candidate was described as living in a parish which has for several years been absorbed in the one civil parish of Gloucester. The ancient city, we must all know, delights in technicalities, and it would not surprise me

to hear that failure to dot an "i" or to cross a "t" made a nomination invalid. Both the clerical and female elements have been strengthened on the Gloucester Board, and on the Tewkesbury another of the fair sex joins it. By far the most interesting Parish Council contest was at Eastington, near Stroud, where a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, de Sigri (who claims to be a lineal descendant of Prince Charlie, the Pretender, and lives up to it by going about the village attired in the "garb of Old Gaul"), brought about a fight in alliance with the parish pedagogue. The infallible ballot, however, left them both at the bottom of the poll, but the Count is by no means disheartened, and means to have another flutter, when no doubt his "programme" will be more palatable to the electors. I see that party feeling ran so high at North Nibley that a coffin was carried through the village, and that effigy burning was only prevented by police interference. The most candid confession, after the event, is at Lydney, where, in an advertised address, Mr. Robert Courteen thanks his supporters, but adds, "As I am now relieved of the duties of a Councillor, I shall be enabled to use all my energies in minding my own business." It is not everyone who has the courage to say that.

In railway circles in Gloucester they talk of a remarkable recognition case, in which two persons formerly living in the fair city are the actors. A letter came from St. Helena from a soldier in the North Gloucester

Militia, stating positively that he has recognised amongst the Boer prisoners there a man who was formerly boots at one of the hotels near the station, and who a few years ago unceremoniously left Gloucester, with no band of music playing "The girl I left behind me," and went to Johannesburg, where he settled down and earned something more than his daily bread in a baker's business. The irony of the present situation is added to, I find, by the fact that this renegade Britisher used to, when boots, "chivy" from outside the hotel or give him a cold douche from above, a certain shoeblack who has since blossomed into a Militiaman, and, as chance has willed it, now stands sentry over his previous persecutor. Briefly put, instead of boots upon shoeblack, it is now ex-shoeblack upon ex-boots. At any rate, the strange case is another exemplification of the saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction," and is a queer incident of a local character connected with the war, to supplement the statement of Trooper Grantley Goulding, of the Imperial Light Horse, that at the battle of Elandslaagte he met as a prisoner the Boer sprinter Blignaut, whom he had not seen since, a few years previously, he had contested with and beat him in a foot race at the sports of the Gloucester Athletic Club.

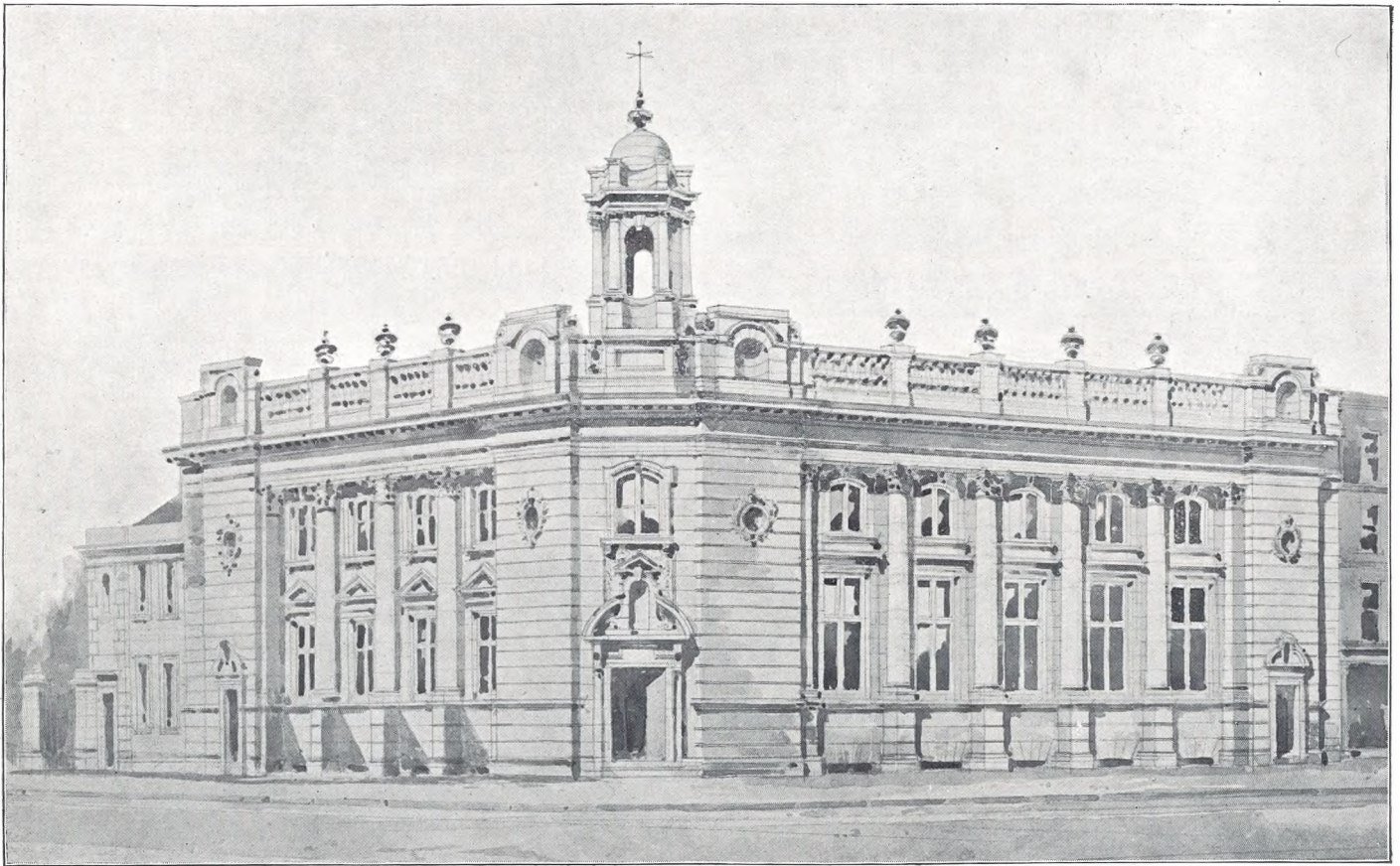
Gloucestershire is generally in it in some form or other in any notable event. It was in it in the Varsity Boat Race, for the Oxford stroke was R. Culme-Seymour, whose paternal grandfather was the late Rev. Sir John H. Culme-Seymour, canon of Gloucester Cathedral, and his maternal grandsire, the late Mr. Lucy, a well-known county magistrate and chairman of the Sharpness New Docks Company. As the Culme-Seymours are a celebrated Naval family, it seems that the Oxford stroke's love of water is natural from both sides of his descent. The Cambridge crew also had a gentleman connected with Gloucestershire, namely B. W. D. Brooke, son of the Rajah of Sarawak, who has had an estate and residence near Cirencester for a long time.

It affords me much pleasure to add to the list of Cheltenham's benefactors, or rather benefactresses, the name of the late Miss Hannah Harvie, of 19 Lansdown-crescent, lately deceased, who, out of her estate of £140,000, left £2,000 to two charitable institutions of the town of her adoption, while at least £50,000 is to be divided amongst certain charitable and philanthropic institutions in the Kingdom, some of them getting £5,000, and none less than £1,000. As I have said before, I shall not lose sight of the good deeds of those who leave really substantial sums to charities. I am a firm believer in "Charity that never faileth."

I revert to the Census, merely because it already appears a case of Censure at Cheltenham in the taking of it. The Mayor voiced at the Town Council meeting, on the day the papers were collected, a number of complaints from persons who had not been favoured with a blue paper, and it certainly seems a remarkable omission that his Worship himself, although living in one of the oldest houses and being the head of the municipality as well as of a family, should also have been overlooked. I don't propose to go into the question as to whether "some one has blundered" in not being able to "stand and deliver" the papers properly. I, however, see that the Council had done what they could in appointing the chief clerk in the Rate Office to assist the Registrar. The rate people do not, as a rule, overlook inhabited houses.

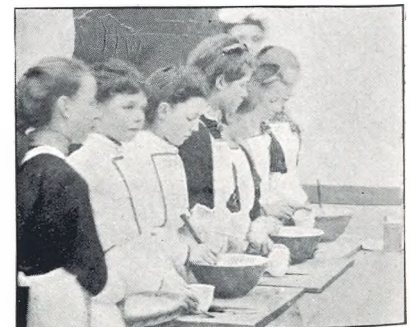
GLEANER.

You should be extremely careful to dry your hands thoroughly well after washing. An excellent thing is to keep some oatmeal on your washstand, and rub some over your hands after drying them. A little of the following mixture well rubbed into the hands at bedtime will help to prevent them getting chapped:—One tablespoonful of glycerine and the juice of two lemons. Shake well together before using.



LLOYDS NEW BANK AT CHELTENHAM.

The above is the Elevation of the handsome building which is being erected on the site of the Assembly Rooms by Messrs. Collins & Godfrey, of Tewkesbury and Cheltenham, at a contract price of about £18,000, from designs by Messrs. Waller & Son, Architects, of Gloucester.



Cookery Demonstration at the Winter Gardens, Cheltenham, March 29, 1901.

1—A Nicely-laid Table. 2—Boys' Class. 3—Girls' Class.

HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.



"I'll teach 'em to insult their best player! Wait till this bomb bursts!"



"Who'd have thought it would have gone off like that!"

NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRONICLE AND GRAPHIC."

Sir,—On the 8th March I received a circular from the Lord Mayor of London, inviting me, as Lord Lieutenant, to bring the proposal of a national memorial of the late Queen to the notice of the residents in Gloucestershire, with a view to the collection of funds for its erection.

As the proposal had not at that time assumed a definite shape, I thought it best to wait.

A site has now been selected, and the general form which the memorial will take is now known, namely some architectural structure comprising a statue in front of Buckingham Palace.

I am therefore in a position to submit the request of the Lord Mayor to the county of Gloucester, with the assurance that it will meet with a loyal and generous response.

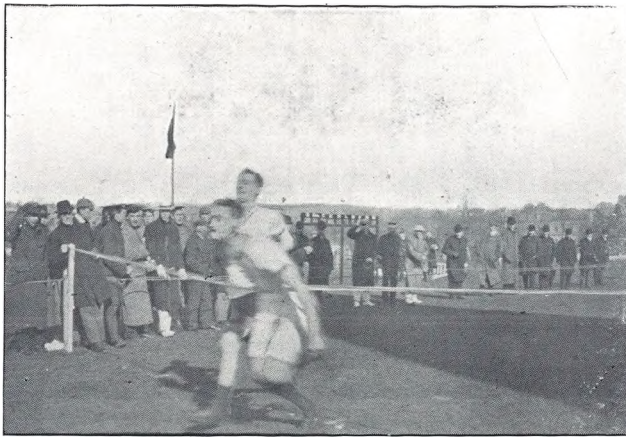
In addition to the larger donations which may be expected, there will be smaller sums offered by those who are desirous of showing their respect to the memory of Queen Victoria by contributions proportionate to their means.

The Lord Mayor has suggested that the chairmen of Urban and Rural District Councils might assist by opening lists for this latter class of subscription.

It is desirable that collections for the fund should be made only by trustworthy and responsible persons. The larger sums should be sent to "The Queen Victoria Memorial Fund (Gloucestershire subscription)" at Lloyds Bank, Gloucester, or at any other of their branches in the county or in Bristol.

DUCIE,

H.M.'s Lieutenant, County Gloucester.
16 Portman-square, W., April 2nd, 1901.



Cheltenham College Sports: The finish for the Mile.

STRANGE FREAK OF A FOX.

The Rev. S. W. Harvey, vicar of Chipping Sodbury, who wishes it to be known that he is not "a sporting parson," has written the following interesting account of the maternal care of her young by a vixen fox:—On Saturday morning, March 30th, the Vicar of Chipping Sodbury, whilst walking in the vicarage grounds, down a side garden path, close to the house, and bordered on one side by a few trees and some thin undergrowth, was astonished to see a large fox start up close beside him and bound away across the lawns and out of sight. The Vicar went in amongst the shrubs to see what could have attracted the fox to the spot, and came upon a litter of seven cubs, one of which was dead—all apparently not more than a few hours old. After these had been inspected by the family and household, the house at that side of the grounds was kept perfectly quiet, and in about half an hour's time the vixen was seen stealthily returning to her young. She lay upon them from 10 a.m. till dark, when it became impossible to observe her further. On Saturday night, about midnight, she was heard barking loudly in the vicarage grounds, also on the top of Bowling Hill, Chipping Sodbury. On Sunday morning there was no trace left of Mistress Fox or her family, save for a little nest-like arrangement of dead leaves and scraped-up earth. This spot is only 25 feet from the vicarage house, and is in full view of several windows.

Sir Henry and Lady Campbell-Bannerman left Charing Cross on Tuesday afternoon for Dover, en route to the Continent.

On Tuesday a cablegram was received at Washington from General McArthur announcing that, as the result of an investigation he has made since his arrival at Manila, Aguinaldo has taken the oath of allegiance to the United States.

At the meeting of the Yorkshire Congregational Union at Scarborough on Friday, it was announced that English Congregationalists had contributed to the Twentieth Century Fund £512,704, Welsh Congregationalists £53,000, and Irish £10,000.

The Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday received an intimation from Oxford that it was the desire of the family of the late Sir John Stainer that his remains should be laid to rest in that city. It is, however, hoped that it is yet possible to induce Sir John's family to agree to a burial in St. Paul's.

Mrs. Archibald Forbes, widow of the famous war correspondent, is placing a granite monument over his grave at Aberdeen. She has also stated her intention of placing a bronze tablet with portrait in King's College Chapel, Aberdeen University, where Mr. Forbes was educated, and of bequeathing to that institution a replica of Professor Herkomer's portrait of her husband, and a sum of money to found a prize in his memory.

GENERAL HOSPITAL CHAPLAIN FUND.

Sir,—I have been requested by the Board of Governors to bring to the notice of those interested in the General Hospital the gradually diminishing subscriptions to the Chaplain Fund.

We are precluded by the rules of the hospital from appropriating to this fund any subscriptions or donations given to the institution.

For the last thirteen years the subscriptions have been augmented by drawing on the reserve fund. This, however, will be exhausted at the end of the present quarter. The subscriptions average about £25 per annum; but while we are anxious to retain the services of the present chaplain, we cannot of course expect him to do the work for this totally inadequate sum. The Board of Governors have every reason to believe that, when these facts are known, many who have not hitherto done so will become subscribers to the chaplain fund, and thus allow the services of Mr. Gantillon, which he has exercised for fifteen years, to be continued.

Subscriptions to the "Chaplain Fund" will be thankfully received by Mr. H. T. Carrington, honorary secretary and treasurer, at the hospital, or may be paid to the credit of the "Chaplain Fund Account" at the Capital and Counties Bank.

C. E. CROKER-KING, Lt.-Col., President.
General Hospital, Cheltenham, April 2, 1901.

Mr. G. B. Faber, M.P., is suffering from laryngitis. His departure for the Riviera has been postponed.

According to the "Free Lance," the Countess of Cromartie, Baroness Conyers, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and other "peeresses in their own right" can claim to sit in the House of Lords.

Lord Roberts has just made two additions to his staff of aides-de-camp of particular interest. One of these is Major Phipps-Hornby, who won his V.C. in command of the famous Q Battery at Sanna's Post. The other is Major the Hon. G. J. Goschen, of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Buffs, and, of course, Lord Goschen's son.



This picture shows W. Mortlock, Jun., of Cheltenham, who has returned from South Africa, with his collection of War Relics, which includes pieces of shells fired from Long Tom into Ladysmith, shells from Colenso and Newcastle, Mauser and Maxim bullets, Kruger coins, Queen's chocolate and box, wild cats' and snake skins, Kaffirs' bracelets and necklaces, Testaments, photos of places in Ladysmith, Transvaal, Free State, and Natal stamps, etc.

By the Way.

Congregations in the churches and chapels were very sparse on Sunday last, for most of us were staying at home vainly trying to struggle through that census paper. Many and various were the scuffles over the exact meaning of some of the questions, and I understand that one of our well-known local celebrities, in a fit of temporary aberration, wrote himself in as Deaf and Dumb, Blind, Lunatic and Imbecile, although there was no necessity to keep so rigidly to the truth!

My friend Jones tells me he had a serious disturbance with his wife over the bit of blue paper. You must understand that Jones is a very diminutive specimen of humanity, while his wife is fair, very fat, and quite forty. Under these circumstances Mrs. J. took for granted that both in weight of influence and pounds avoirdupois she was the head of the household, and not her meek and microscopic husband. Mr. Jones (naturally) had the audacity to object to this slight on the superiority of man, and there were words, both wild and furious, on either side, in the course of which the census paper was stamped on, torn up, and generally scattered to the four winds. I do think Mr. Walter Long was short-sighted in the extreme not to have foreseen this eventuality. He should

have clearly stated the head of the house to be the "lord of creation" and not the "better half."

Honestly I do think the poor, hard-working enumerators have had a desperate task collecting the papers. I know my landlady, Mrs. Jenkins, kept the collector waiting the best part of an hour, while she put on her glasses and read every word of the "directions on the label" at the back of the census-form through, guessing all words of more than one syllable; as far as I can gather she had some hazy idea that there was something to pay, or that there was a kind of hoax about the whole affair (being the First of April), and she afterwards quoted to me a classic phrase derived from one of her much revered ancestors "that it didn't do to sign your name to nothink unless you knowed whether you was going to be took in or not."

But in some cases the enumerators themselves were the sinners, for one of these gentlemen set himself the task of filling up the papers himself after a kind of verbal catechism. At the third house in one of the aristocratic suburbs leading off Lower High-street a burly labourer was asked—

1. Are you the Head of the Family?
2. Is your wife married?
3. Are you Male or Female?
4. Is your wife Male of Female?

After the last question the enumerator remembers nothing until he found himself in the Hospital, suffering from concussion of the

brain, three broken ribs, and a dislocated collar bone. I hear that, if the case comes to the Police-court, spectators will state that our burly friend with the fists seemed quite annoyed at the peculiarly searching nature of the enquiries made! But those who read their paper through will see they were quite within the scope of the printed directions.

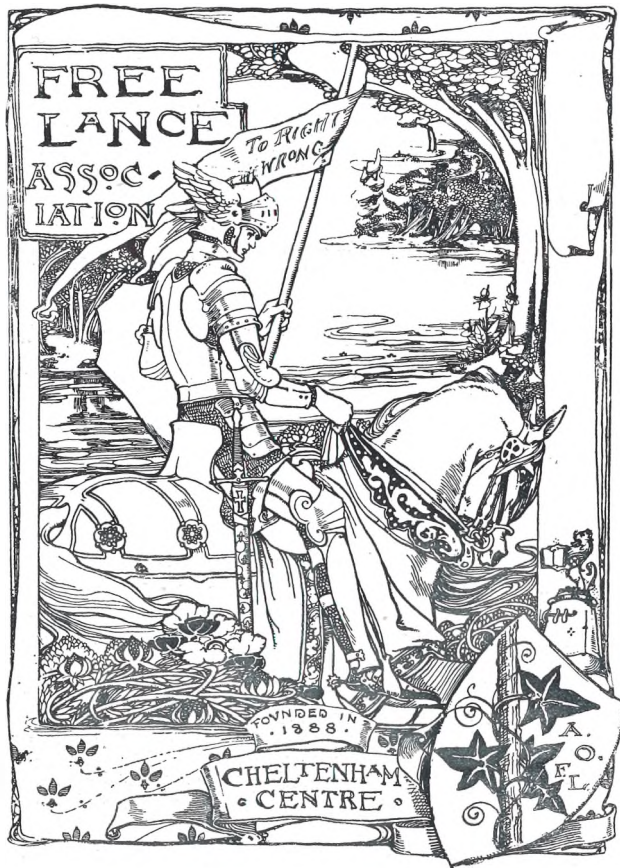
In my own particular and personal case I was for a long time undecided whether to place myself in as a "dealer in chaff" or a "comic cutter," but eventually decided that "ink-slinger" would be the most truthful statement of my occupation. The man who collected my paper wouldn't accept this as any known form of money-grubbing, and although I brought all my First of April eloquence to bear on him he would insist on my altering it. No amount of insisting would persuade me, however, to so wilfully pervert the truth as to write myself in "journalist," so that the matter remains in abeyance. I feel as if I should have liked to have "Witnessed my hand" on the gentleman's features for his trouble, for he so ruffled my temper that six entirely new and copyright jokes and thirteen excellent puns slipped my memory, and I haven't been able to find them anywhere since.

Novelties in advertising always interest me, and I can retail a rich, creamy novelty to you. There is a little monthly magazine called the "Free Churchman" circulating amongst the Free Churches of Cheltenham, and under an advertisement of a dairy farm "where new milk of excellent quality is supplied, etc., etc.," there is a little publisher's note which runs thus:—"N.B.—The publisher has been supplied from the above Dairy for seven years, and has found the milk of excellent quality!" The advt. only require a photograph of the publisher, "brought up on —s milk for the past seven years," to be quite unique. What a new horror this opens up:—"The Editor of this paper always eat Boiled Beans for Biliousness." "The printer of this journal always wears our 30s. Libel Suits." "The publisher begs to notify that Jones's Pale Pills for Pink People have been of great assistance in removing an out-of-date mother-in-law from his private household." "The compositor who set this type records the fact that while doing so he is chewing one of Mirabel's Pastiles for coughs and sneezes, $\mu\alpha\kappa\omicron\rho\ \epsilon\pi\iota\sigma\tau\eta\lambda\epsilon\upsilon\sigma\epsilon\iota\varsigma$

Most interesting all this; "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and the knowledge of the particular fancy of the editor or compositor in the direction of ailments and patent medicines would make us appreciate his efforts to the fullest extent!

Good Friday is always associated, in my mind, with the recollection of my young days at a public school, where, after the long and dismal service at the old parish church, we used to take part in a bun-eating contest in an out-of-the-way corner of the playground. The rules of competition were as follows:—(1) Entrance fee one penny, payable in advance (marbles not taken); (2) the buns to be of the "penny hot cross" variety and quite new; (3) the competitor who eats most buns in ten minutes to be adjudicated winner; (4) the losers to pay for all buns eaten. I remember well how on one occasion the brother of a well-known Cheltenham doctor managed, with much exertion, to absorb 14 penny buns in the specified time! But, with a saving sense of humour, the prize was—three more buns, a quite superfluous gift, seeing that the 14 previous buns had required such close packing that there was really "no standing-room" inside!

While speaking of sports, I hope there will be a fine day, a good gate, and no accidents at Montpellier Sports on Easter Monday. A curious accident happened at a sports meeting two or three years back. A pneumatic tyre exploded, and the competitors for one of the races went three times around the course before they discovered it was not the starter's pistol! Fact! TOUCHSTONE.



Above is a reproduction of the front design of the Cheltenham Free Lance Association Annual Dinner Menu Card. The Report of the Dinner will be found in the "Chronicle" main sheet.

Poet's Corner.

"PARFAIT AMOUR."

*

At our old home, a day in spring,
 Forgotten frost, forgotten care,
 Each bough its nesting birdlings held,
 Each leafy nook its loving pair;
 A little feast before us spread,
 We two, from envious eyes secure,
 From tiny crystals shyly sipped
 "Parfait Amour."

The roses on your dainty hat
 Looked pale beside the tender glow
 Of your sweet face, where shadows fell
 And lingered, as if loth to go.
 Our only gold was in your hair—
 We both were young, we both were poor—
 And yet we dared to love and dream
 "Parfait Amour."

In doubtful time your little foot
 Followed the music's throb divine,
 And 'neath the table's snowy spread
 Your fingers trembled into mine.
 Of fame and gold we dared to dream,
 Hope spread for us a dazzling lure;
 Yet, failing these, we still had left
 "Parfait Amour."

A score of years have fled, and fame,
 Still in enchanted distance fair,
 With cruel spite ignores my name:
 Still all our gold is in your hair.
 A score of years! Ah, well! What then,
 Since life, and hope, and friends endure;
 Since in our hearts still glows undimmed
 "Parfait Amour."

W.A.C.

BUYING THE RING.

The most amusing thing is to watch a man go in to buy an engagement ring for his sweetheart. He is modest. He feels that the tradesman will suspect that he is engaged if he does not take care. He believes that the faintest suggestion of what he really wants is tantamount to disclosing the name of the girl and all about their devotion.

"Will you let me look at some rings?"

"Certainly, sir."

A tray of gentlemen's rings is laid before him. He pretends to examine them critically; but the expression on his face tells that he is quietly wondering how on earth he is going to get a lady's ring under the pretence of buying one for a man. They are passed over in review. He selects none. He walks over to another case.

"What are these?"

"Oh, these are ladies' rings."

"But won't they do for gentlemen as well?"

I rather like that pattern."

"Certainly," blandly answers the jeweller, as he shows them.

At length the young fellow begins to try them on his finger.

He never picks up one that will go anywhere near the joint of his little finger. The impassive jeweller has understood the case long ago, and leaves him unobserved in his trying-on process. None seem to fit.

At last, after a lot of thought and trouble, he selects one, has it wrapped up, pays his money, scoots out of the shop, and if anybody were to follow him they'd find him measuring the purchase by a ring that sticks on the nail when he tries to get it on his finger.

Mr. Thomas Cochrane (O.C.), who became forty-four years of age on Tuesday, is the younger brother of Lord Dundonald. He married Lady Gertrude Boyle, the eldest daughter of the late Lord Glasgow. Mr. Cochrane is M.P. for North Ayrshire, and was private secretary to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Mr. Cochrane, like many other people, has done some soldiering lately, as he commanded the 4th Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He began his military life in the 93rd Highlanders, and afterwards went into the Scots Guards.

A proposal has been made by the Dean of Winchester for the erection of a rededns in the Ladye Chapel of Winchester Cathedral in memory of the late Miss Charlotte Yonge.

GLO'SHIRE IN TRAVEL AND FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRONICLE AND GRAPHIC."

Sir,—I have read with great interest the lengthy but by no means exhaustive series of articles under this heading that have appeared in your columns, and I desire to supplement the able notes of Mr. Frederick Sessions by referring to a Gloucester born author of modern times who is "not without honour save in his own country." I allude to the late Mr. William Dawes (son of Mr. W. Dawes, builder, of London-road) who was an architect by profession and in his early days migrated to Manchester, where he speedily made himself a name famous both in the world of architectural design and of literature. Who is there in the North getting on for middle age who has not read the works of "Elijer Goff"? This was the *nom de plume* of Mr. Dawes, who was really the English "Artemus Ward." The plot of "Elijer's" story is laid and worked out in Gloucester. Thus he commences his book—"Excoos me, I'm Elijer Goff. I'm in the ile and drug line, formully erbs; but sints my goods was konrskated by the Injuns of the fur West, and my vallybul kollekshun of worm bottles bruk, erbs hev spilled over. I kum tu yure anshunt city on a purfeshnal vizet, as affairs hev assumed serius dimenshuns, and fax hev bekom swelled, owin tu my hevins suksessfully lost all I was woth." He thus describes his return from the States—"When I sot fut on British sile, which I found in considerable quantities at Sharpness Pint, my emoshuns evaporated, and I busted into song. . . Ten minutes more and I fund myself aboard the kanal biler boat, steaming galey along. The deck was crowded. I sot down between 2 sumnot massiv women, as smelt like kakes and jin. Thur woz a fiddle playin spirited toons to the babies, while them in charge was engaged in sterner amoozements. About the middle of the distance I fell asleep, owin tu the fiddlin', and at the end I was invertedly hawled ashore by a jib crane."

"Elijer" started "in pursoot of the amoozin and instruktiv," and he evidently got it at the old Swan and Falcon and Bull Inns, which are easily recognised as the two hostleries that he visited. Then he stands for the Parliamentary seat, accepting a "requisishun, noomerusly sined by myself and sevrul othurs, whose handritin is sumwot kuryusly similar." In his canvass he says, "The women stud by me tu a man." Such incidents as these on the election day—"I've jes 1 more vote as is open tu a reasonable offer" and "Elijer, my friend, a pint of 'arf-n-'arf'll du it"—are familiar to old electioneers. But "Elijer" was immaculate and therefore lost. It is worth recording that his famous "Manifesto tu the Elecktors" was circulated by millions in North Country constituencies, and did more to win seats for the Conservative party than all the ponderous platitudes of provincial politicians. Although "Elijer" is dead, his memory is cherished by some of his old friends in the "anshunt city."

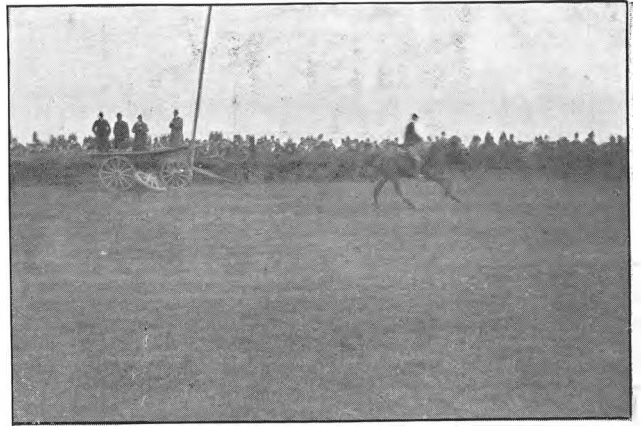
Yours truly,

AN OLD FRIEND.

Gloucester, April 2nd, 1901.

The infant daughter of the Earl and Countess of Denbigh was christened on Monday in the chapel attached to Newnham Paddox, and was given the names of Victoria Mary Dolores. His Majesty the King was pleased to be one of the godparents, and was represented on the occasion by the Hon. Everard Feilding. The sponsors were the Earl of Gainsborough and Viscountess Encombe.

A little mutton fat rubbed on your boots would soften them considerably and prevent them from cracking. You should always keep your shoes when not in use on boot-trees, as that keeps them in good shape, and prevents those tiresome creases which generally wear into holes.



SNAPSHOTS OF BODDINGTON HARRIERS' POINT-TO-POINT MEETING.

Our five "snapshots" of Boddington Harriers' Steeplechases have typical scenes on the course as their subjects. In one we see Mr. Gibbons, the Master of the Harriers, who acted as starter on the occasion, calling the "field" together near the weighing-tent. Another view represents Hampton Vine winning the Farmers' Light-Weight. The ubiquitous bookmakers, who lend "animation to the scene" whether the meeting be big or little, were also considered "fair game" for the camera. Two gentlemen have been "fixed" in the act of writing the latest prices on their board; and in the companion

picture we see Mr. Donald Fergusson, a well-known member of the local literati, on his pedestal, oblivious of a regulation against stools and stands, lifting up his voice on the subject of the "odds." In the foreground the familiar figure of the veteran "sport," Mr. Sam Brookes, may be espied; and as he is "smiling all over his face," the natural presumption is that he has "backed the winner." A smaller "snap" discovers Mr. R. Ticehurst, happily free from the boredom of board-rooms, getting a "tempting tip" from the sporting friend at his elbow.



THE SWEETHEARTS' PROTECTION SOCIETY.

A number of aggrieved bachelors are contemplating the foundation of a society for the protection of young men lovers.

At a meeting held by these extraordinary young men the chairman said: "You and I, gentlemen, represent an opposed class.

"A hundred tyrants crush us to the ground, a hundred clowns make sport of us. And why? Because we love. That is our sole crime. Because we listen to the voice of Nature, because we obey the promptings of youth.

"In a word, because we pay homage at the shrine of beauty and goodness, and aspire to enter the blessed estate of matrimony, a hostile crew rises up to torment us with scorn and censure and ridicule."

The Society is to be called the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Worthy Young Lovers."

Mrs. Howie, a half-caste Maori with a remarkable voice, is shortly to be heard in London.

FOR DINNER GIVERS.

There is one thing a hostess should always remember among the many necessary to the comfort and happiness of her dinner guests, and that is that a low decoration for the centre of the table is not only the swellest thing, but it is infinitely better taste than the frequent Egyptian pyramids of flowers around which a guest cranes his neck in a vain endeavour to catch a glimpse of some one on the opposite side. Don't erect a huge wall between your guests, for there is nothing prettier or more interesting to a dinner-giver than the sight of the snowy linen, the sparkling glass and silver in front of him, stretching across to the row of black and white men and smartly gowned women, to whom a counterpart of the scene is presented.

The pay and half-pay of the Commander-in-Chief has been increased by Royal Warrant from £24,500 to £25,000 per annum from January 3rd, 1901. A Field-Marshal, from December 1, 1900, is to receive half-pay at the rate of £2,000 a year.

SIR CHARLES DILKE'S VIEWS.

Sir Charles is a prolific writer and a constant speaker. He writes a great deal to the leading French papers, and in a recent issue of the "Revue de Paris" he deals with British Army Reform. He tells his readers that he does not for one moment believe that we shall have compulsory military service, but feels that there are certain members of the Government who would really bring conscription about if they had their own way. Lord Salisbury is not with these people, and if only his lordship would retire from his position they would make it their business to push forward their pet ideas on the important question. There is certainly no advance in public opinion in the direction of compulsory military service. The truth of the matter is that we have not as a nation been brought to the extremity of having to force men to join the ranks. Rather, it can be said without fear of contradiction that we can get plenty of men if only we ask them to join in a gentlemanly way, and treat them properly afterwards.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

MOVING A HOUSE.

An unusual haulage contract was recently performed at Sunderland. A house of two storeys was bodily removed from its site in Tunstall-road and carted off to Newcastle, which is twelve miles away. An American undertook the work; and the structure was underlaid with scaffolding, under which a trolley was subsequently run. Protruding from each side was a platform. On the one side a magnificent team of heavy horses were attached, and on the other horses and their attendants moved until on the principle of the see-saw the balance was obtained, on which the team was started, and the whole hauled off.

* * * INCOME TAX.

The most stupid person who ever lived can raise money by an income tax, and our wonderful financiers have been content to do with the irreducible minimum of brains. But an income tax fairly levied all round would not last a year; an income tax levied on a large class would not be endured save in emergencies; so to preserve their favourite weapon the financiers have piled the whole impost upon a class numerically insignificant at the polls. It is grossly unjust alike in its incidence and in its exemptions; but it is worse than unjust, it is short-sighted, foolish, and dangerous to the State, when employed in any other way than as a resource in emergencies. — "Times."

*** ECCENTRICITIES OF A COUNTESS.

At the time of her death the late Comtesse de Castiglione had no fewer than five flats in different parts of Paris, four of which were chiefly used for storing rare furniture and other objects. She lived in the fifth, in the street bearing her name. It contained many roughly-made deal boxes and basket trunks packed with rich laces, furs, fans, scent-bottles, and jewelled nicknacks. There were, says the "Daily News," fifty fans of the greatest beauty. A summary history of each, and on what occasion it was used, was written on a docket. A great quantity of plate was found in a box in another of the flats, with a tea service in massive carved silver of great value. Her collection of Venetian rose and other Italian guipures is said to be of priceless worth. The parasols and canes are not less remarkable. Canes came into fashion for ladies just before she retired from the world to bury herself alive as a recluse in the very heart of Paris. These articles are in themselves almost a fortune. The cambric body-linen is of incredible fineness. There are also trunks filled with souvenirs of the Tuileries, which the Countess gathered in the ruins of that palace. Pawn-tickets have been found for sums amounting to 180,000 francs. One of them covers a famous necklace of pearls that was missed, though she mentioned it in her will. It is worth £12,000. She pawned it for a trifle compared with its real value. The heir of the late Countess is a distant cousin who lives in Genoa.

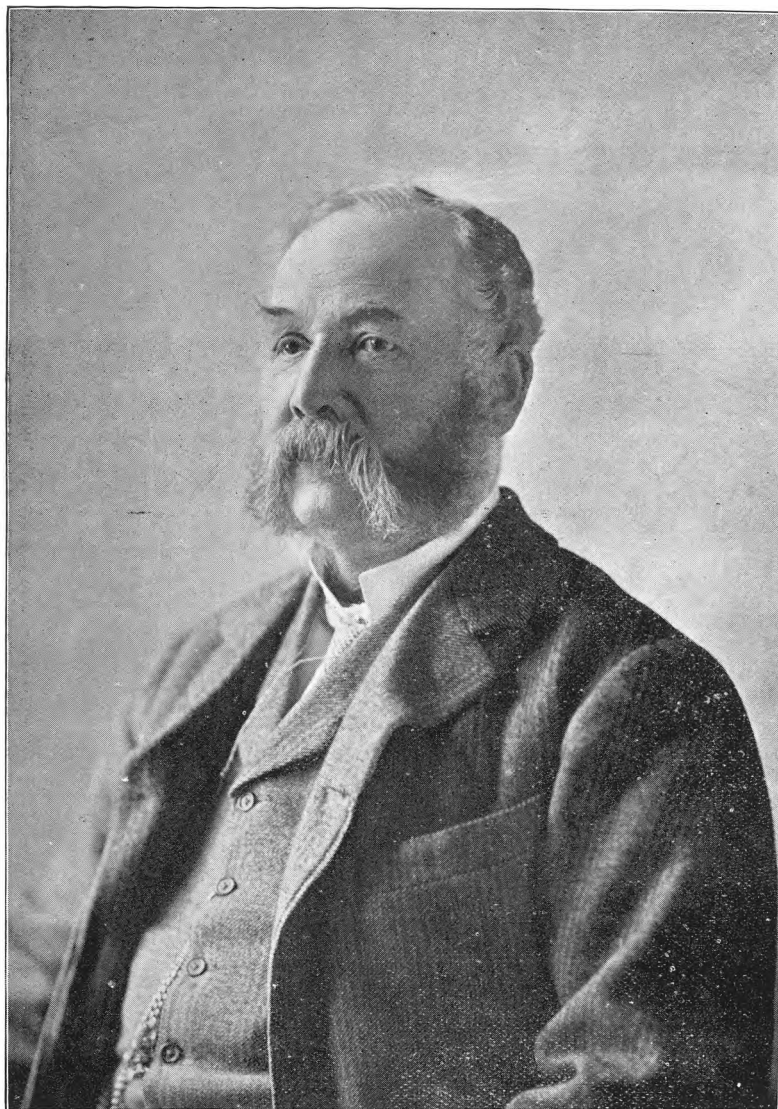


Photo by Elliott & Fry,]

[Baker-street, W.

COL. AGG, J.P.

Died April 6, 1901.

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 14th competition is Mr. A. Bamber, Netherby, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham. The prize picture is that of "A Late Spring on the Cotswolds."

Entries for the 15th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, April 13, 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 Late Spring on the Cotswolds."

Cleeve Hill, April 1901.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

Colonel Agg has gone over to the great majority, and Cheltenham is the poorer by his death. The gallant officer was a typical townsman of the military caste, who, after having served the country well, returned to his native place and closely associated himself with its public and social life and some of its more important commercial interests. I must place on record at least one interesting case of befriending an old military comrade that I happen to know stands to the credit of the Colonel. The Adjutant of his regiment was a Gloucesterian who, for gallantry and bravery in the Crimea when a non-com. in the Guards, was given a commission. On his retirement from the 51st Foot he commuted his pension and invested the whole money in a hop farm in Kent, and unfortunately lost all of it. His necessitous circumstances coming to the knowledge of Colonel Agg, that gentleman obtained him what employment he could at the Original Brewery and at the Opera House, of which undertakings he was a director, and the former Adjutant (since deceased) was exceedingly grateful.

*

That knowing individual, the "man in the street," would have scarcely seen by outward and visible signs that a contested election of Town Councillor for the Middle Ward was proceeding in Cheltenham on the day before Good Friday. I myself strolled along the "Prom," once or twice and saw no sign of activity outside the Imperial Rooms, which was one of the principal polling stations. When I read the result in the "Chronicle" I could not fail to observe that the Liberal candidate was sandwiched on the poll between the official and the unofficial Conservative, and had, therefore, become a middle-

man. I have not the pleasure of knowing either of the three contestants, but I gather that the best man won, for he possesses the essential qualifications that he has not only the ability but the leisure time to devote to the duties of his office. And if he follows in the footsteps of his namesake, the late lamented E. Lawrence, who formerly sat for the Middle Ward, and was the local Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Conservative party, he could not do better.

*

Gloucester is keeping up its reputation for making municipal records, as it is now practically without a Mayor, Mr. Albert Buchanan merely holding the office on until its suits the convenience of the Council to replace him. I like the manly and straightforward way in which Mr. Buchanan states the reasons for his resignation. It would be distasteful to him to continue to occupy the chair in face of the facts that the political party that opposed his election and also sought by abortive petition to deprive him of his office are now in a decided majority in the Council and old colleagues who had done good work for the city have been removed from their position as aldermen; he boldly adds that he believes that the Mayor should be of the same political convictions as the majority. There is no humbug or claptrap in this avowal or deploring the existence of party feeling. Mr. Buchanan, as a native, knows full well that it has from time immemorial existed. It is, in fact, a survival of the bad times of the old close and self-elected Whig Corporation, which body was swept away nearly 70 years ago by the Municipal Corporations Act. And Mr. Buchanan is of the party, elected by the ratepayers, which has proved the real one of municipal progress. All the principal public buildings and structural works stand as splendid monuments of their enlightened policy. They have had temporary reverses before, and been put

out of office, owing to the unscrupulous way in which their opponents have worked the increased rates' cry, but they have always come up smiling and retrieved their position in time. I can well understand that Mr. Buchanan would have found his position distasteful, and that he appraised at their full value the "crocodile tears" that his dear friends the enemy are shedding at the idea of his giving up the mayoralty. Under them his position would be as unbearable as that of a Premier in a minority in the House of Commons.

*

"Who's to be the new Mayor?" is naturally a question agitating Gloucesterians. I believe this is being settled in the fair land of France. Thither, just after the final act of the petitions, two at least of the leading actors repaired to recuperate, being joined at "gay Paree" by one of the new but undeclared aldermen, returning home from the Holy Land. The Riviera was their goal, and it may be that by the blue waters of the Mediterranean or at Boulogne-sur-Mer the trio will arrange which of them is to be the makeshift Mayor. At all events, I hope that whoever takes on the mayoralty for the unexpired term will not suffer from nightmare through contemplating the responsibilities of the office under the exceptional circumstances. Mr. Buchanan has at least the satisfaction that his name will be handed down to posterity as that of the Mayor who declared King Edward VII., and is immortalised in the "Graphic," and that he gives up the seals of office with untarnished honour.

*

A very amusing telegraphic blunder has just come to my knowledge. Some good Samaritans in Cheltenham had arranged to send an invalid young woman to an institution Bristol way by a certain train, but they had to forward a telegram to this effect—"Mary has a chill and cannot come to-day." Imagine their surprise on finding that "chill" had been rendered "child," and that the shocked Bristol people declined to take in the young woman in consequence. This reminds me of an experience of an acquaintance, a year or two ago, who, proposing to cycle to Malvern with two lady friends, wired to the landlord of a half-way hostelry to prepare lunch for three at a specified time. And he was fairly floored to find on arrival there that a steaming bowl of "punch" was awaiting them after a very hot and dusty journey. Telegraphy, thy ways are curious.

GLEANER.

...

The Congregational body has lost a veteran minister by the death at Blackburn of the Rev. A. Foster, the doyen of ministers in North-East Lancashire. For several years he was chairman and secretary of Lancashire Congregational Union, and for thirty-four years held the pastorate of the Park-road Church, Blackburn. He recently resigned from all these positions owing to ill-health.

*

The Duke of Rutland's health has been benefited by his visit to Sidmouth, where he has been staying for about three weeks at the Knowle Hotel. Since the death of Mr. Gladstone, the Duke has been the doyen of ex-Cabinet Ministers and of Privy Councillors. His official career commenced in March, 1852, when (as Lord John Manners) he joined Lord Derby's first Cabinet as Chief Commissioner of Works and Buildings.

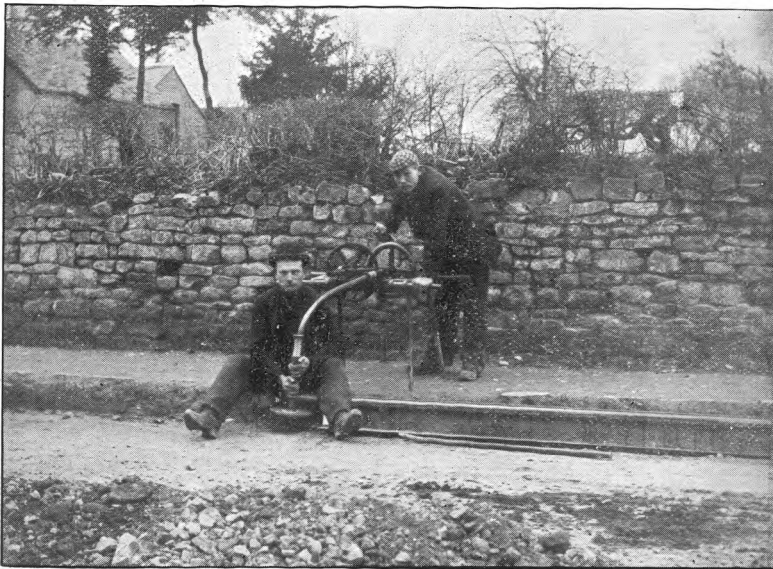
*

The members of the Special Mission, headed by the Duke of Abercorn, sent to notify the accession of King Edward VII., were received by the German Emperor at noon on Tuesday with great pomp and ceremony. They were taken to the Royal Castle in three State carriages, escorted by a squadron of the 1st Prussian Dragoon Guards, an honour hitherto unprecedented in Prussian history in the case of the escort of an Ambassador. The Emperor received the mission in the uniform of a British Admiral.

CHELTENHAM TO CLEEVE TRAMWAY.



Laying the Metals at Prestbury Village.



The Emery Wheel at Work.

By the Way.

* The Bank Holiday sports at Montpellier were a great success, thanks to the energy and organising powers of the secretaries and committees, and the Town Council would have been ill-advised to withdraw the use of the Gardens for what has now become an established annual fixture in Cheltenham.

* The sports were not confined to the Gardens, however, for those who were unlucky enough to be caught in the five-o'clock storm did a prodigious amount of sprinting to get under shelter in good time. I saw a nursemaid with a "pram," containing an assortment of children tearing down the High-street at a pace which surely came under the category of "furious driving"; but there was no policeman to intervene, for even the myrmidons of the law had sought shelter.

* A gentleman whose colossal proportions seemed to suggest good living and plenty of it, covered a hundred yards down the Promenade in the record time of 9.25 seconds,

and the run on the public-houses was something alarming for the time being.

"Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink!"

was the cry on every tongue, although I have a shrewd surmise that the "drop to drink" referred to something stronger than water!

* The British Women brought all the powers of their Temperance Association to bear on the great crowd of Welshmen and other foreigners who "excursed" Cheltenham for the day. The Imperial Rooms were turned into a temperance restaurant, while outside old Father Neptune in merry rivalry spouted streams of Adam's wine in all directions. I hear that some of the Taffies were so impressed with the good cheer, the warbling of ballads, and the "charming waitresses" (vide the local Press), that they preferred to remain in this earthly Paradise all day, and quite forgot to go and see the sports!

* Women's organisations and societies are well to the front just now, what with Antivivisection, Domestic Science, and Women's Suffrage. The last-named of these societies,

viz. that for the extension of the political franchise to women, was on the stump at the Victoria Rooms yesterday, and supporters and opponents were earnestly requested to attend. I note that the ladies were obliged to get a "mere man" to preside, and another "even merer" to address the meeting on their behalf. I think, on the whole, the "mere men" throughout do take a greater interest in the extension of the franchise to women than women themselves do. Ask any member of the "uncertain, coy, and hard to please" sex if she wants a vote, and she will only show a very languid interest in the whole affair; but ask her if she would like a new creation in millinery and the whole soul of the fair one will show itself eloquently—for the space of an hour or two sounding the praises of that lovely hat. The hat—I mean that—being so, and while things are thuswise, ladies, you cannot expect to be taken seriously.

*

Signs of spring are abundant in the Garden Town now, but one of the oddest combinations in business I have ever seen came under my notice last week. My "Chronicle" boy was delivering "Chronicles and Graphics" with one hand and selling Cheltenham-grown violets with the other! I don't precisely see the connection, unless I may venture "Sweetness and light." Sweetness (the violets), and light (the "Chronicle and Graphic.") But, on the whole, I suppose there's as much connection between these two lines of business as there is between Christian Socialism, Municipal Trading, and the N.S.P.C.A. What say you, gentle reader? For further particulars see handbills!

*

O ye shades of historical heroes! Do I read aright! "Oliver Cromwell, a tramp, was charged with begging at Stroud on the 5th inst. and committed to Gloucester for seven days' imprisonment." Where were the Ironsides? And what was the Nonconformist conscience doing to allow such a name to come to such base uses? Like Cæsar's dust, to stop a bunghole.

*

I have secured, regardless of expense, the following unpublished essay, by Jones Minor, a youth who has evidently been keeping his ears open. There is a good deal of unconscious humour in his remarks, and a distinct "soupeon" of truth:—

THE WINTER GARDENS.

The Winter Gardens is a nobel bilding. It was bilt for contractors to put glass on, and for dog shows.

I like dog shows, bekos you can set the dogs on barking by hissing, and they can't get at your legs, like they do in the streets.

When the Winter Gardens isn't used for dog shows it is a ball-room where you dances.

Father says it's no good of for dances, bekos you might break the glass in the ceiling if you jumped up too sudden.

I think father must have been goaking.

The Winter Gardens is so called because there isn't anything growing in it.

The newspapers used to call it the white elefont, but now they call it a nobel bilding. It is now in corse of construction. It has been in course of construction ever since it was first bilt. The Winter Gardens was opened by Jipsy Smith with the Story of my life wich broke 2 panes of glass.

Jipsy Smith says it's rong to go to ball-rooms, he says I never was invited to a ball-room in my life. At the Winter Gardens the people stood on a ball-room to lissen to Jipsy Smith (the ball-room was on mineral springs). Since Jipsy Smith adressed the Winter Gardens the Sunday concerts have been stopped. So have Mister S. B. Dix. Mr. Dix has retired from the Corporation bizness, not having been elected. Father says Mr. Gilding has been elected at 3 pounds a week. I get 3d. a week pocket-money, and father says that's 2d. too much.

The Winter Gardens is a nobel bilding. It is chiefly noted for its warmth in summer and its coldth in winter.—JONES MINOR, aged 10.

TOUCHSTONE.



SERG. ANSELM DAVIS, I.Y., Gloucester
(Just gone to the front).
Photograph by E. W. Lifton, Gloucester.



TROOPER PERCY JEW, I.Y., Gloucester
(Just Home from the Front).
Photograph by E. W. Lifton, Gloucester.

Built
1834

Reopened
Sept 30
1900

BAPTIST CHAPEL

MINCHINHAMPTON

Twentieth-Century Effort
HISTORIC SCROLL
Renovation of Chapel
Total Cost £549-12-9½

Pastor Rev. S. J. Ford, Vicars, Mr. Geo. Kneebone, Mr. Francis Darwood, Mr. Wm. Phillips, Mr. Chas. Keen, Mr. Paul Davies.

Contributions of Members of Church & Congregation.

Rev. J. Ford	Mr. Geo. Kneebone	Mr. Wm. Phillips	Mr. Chas. Keen	Mr. Paul Davies
Mr. J. Ford	Mr. Geo. Kneebone	Mr. Wm. Phillips	Mr. Chas. Keen	Mr. Paul Davies
Mr. J. Ford	Mr. Geo. Kneebone	Mr. Wm. Phillips	Mr. Chas. Keen	Mr. Paul Davies

by Memorial. In memory of -

Rev. J. Ford	Mr. Geo. Kneebone	Mr. Wm. Phillips	Mr. Chas. Keen	Mr. Paul Davies
Mr. J. Ford	Mr. Geo. Kneebone	Mr. Wm. Phillips	Mr. Chas. Keen	Mr. Paul Davies
Mr. J. Ford	Mr. Geo. Kneebone	Mr. Wm. Phillips	Mr. Chas. Keen	Mr. Paul Davies

Sunday School.

John Bullen	Wm. Phillips	Chas. Keen	Paul Davies
John Bullen	Wm. Phillips	Chas. Keen	Paul Davies
John Bullen	Wm. Phillips	Chas. Keen	Paul Davies

Contributions of Friends.

John Bullen	Wm. Phillips	Chas. Keen	Paul Davies
John Bullen	Wm. Phillips	Chas. Keen	Paul Davies
John Bullen	Wm. Phillips	Chas. Keen	Paul Davies

Sales of Work.

April 1899	53 2 2
Dec 1899	3 2 0
April 1900	74 0 5
Sept 1900	57 0 5

Gifts of Furniture.

The Chapel Clock	5 0 0
The Warrant Book	20 0 0
The Welford Organ	2 16 6
The Platform Chair	15 0 0
Sanctuary Vestments	6 0 0
Mr. J. S. Keen's Book	32 11 6

MOTTO FOR 1900 - "GO FORWARD"

Each year's gain is a member's gain. The nominal value of a gift.

Rev. W. H. Smith
1883-1900

Rev. W. H. Smith
1883-1900

HISTORIC SCROLL AT MINCHINHAMPTON.

We give a photograph of an historic scroll at Minchinhampton Baptist Chapel, which was unveiled on Easter Monday by Mr. C. E. Clark, of Frampton Mansell. The scroll bears the names of all the pastors since the chapel was opened in 1824. On the top is a portrait of the present

pastor, the Rev. S. J. Ford; at the foot a picture of the chapel; and in the centre of the scroll are the names of the subscribers to the 20th Century Fund for the renovation of the chapel. These include the Baron de Ferrieres, of Cheltenham, and of the first Lord Mayor of Bristol.

HOW THE STOCK EXCHANGE PAYS.

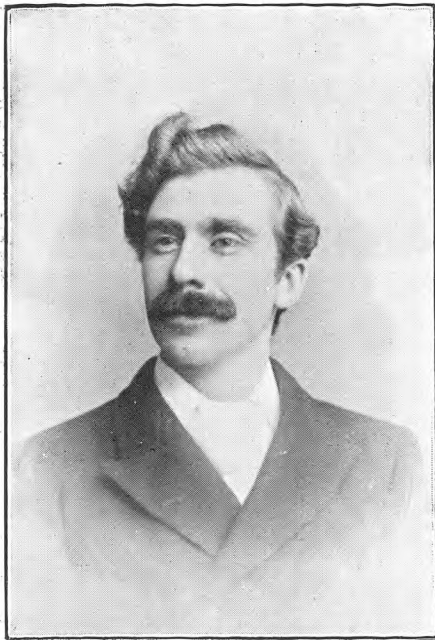
In memory of the late Lord and Lady Inverclyde, who died in February within two days of each other, a handsome brass lectern has been placed in the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Merton, by their daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Robinson, wife of the Rev. E. Murray Robinson, vicar of the parish.

According to Reuter's Toronto correspondent, it is announced that Mr. Blake, M.P., has severed his connection with the Toronto law firm with which he has been connected for over 40 years. It is considered that this definitely disposes of the rumours which have been floated at intervals regarding the hon. member's return to Canadian politics.

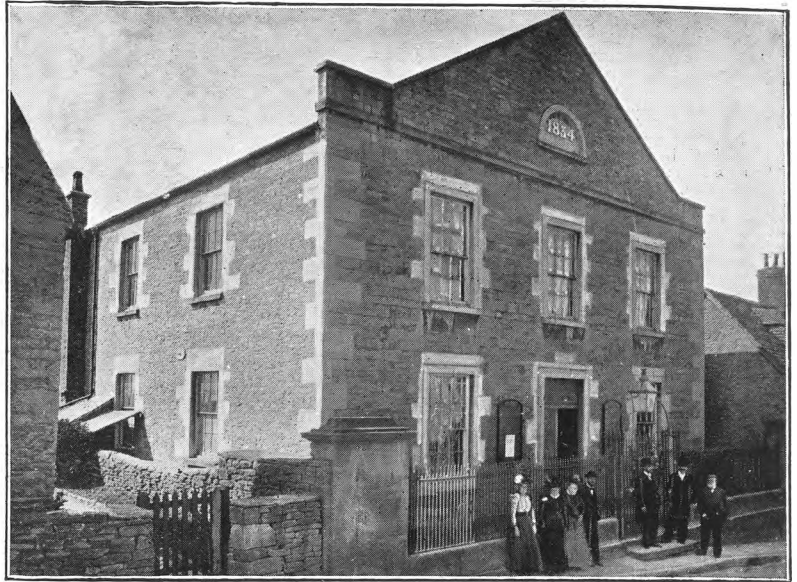
The annual report of the Stock Exchange shows how the past year's dividend of 75 per cent. was arrived at. The total receipts for the year to March 25 amounted to £335,757, the expenses were £119,964, and the revenue account shows a credit balance of £215,792, against £168,703 in the year 1899-1900. The receipts from members' entrance fees were £109,935, against £64,638 in the year 1899-1900, the amount having been swollen by the rush to avoid the increased entrance fees for 1901-2. The number of proprietors now is 1,157, and it is they who get the dividend of 75 per cent., or, in other words, divide the £180,000 between them as the year's profit.

The Hon. Percy Wyndham, who is at present in the South of France, has been elected chairman of the Wiltshire Quarter Sessions, in the place of the late Earl of Radnor.

A marriage has been arranged, and will take place in July, between Lucius Henry Gwynn, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin, fourth son of the Rev. John Gwynn, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, and Katharine Maria Tinling, fourth daughter of Colonel S. W. Rawlins, formerly of the 8th Hussars, and late commanding 2nd Welsh (69th) Regiment and 41st Regimental District, of 3 Westfield Park, Clifton, Bristol.

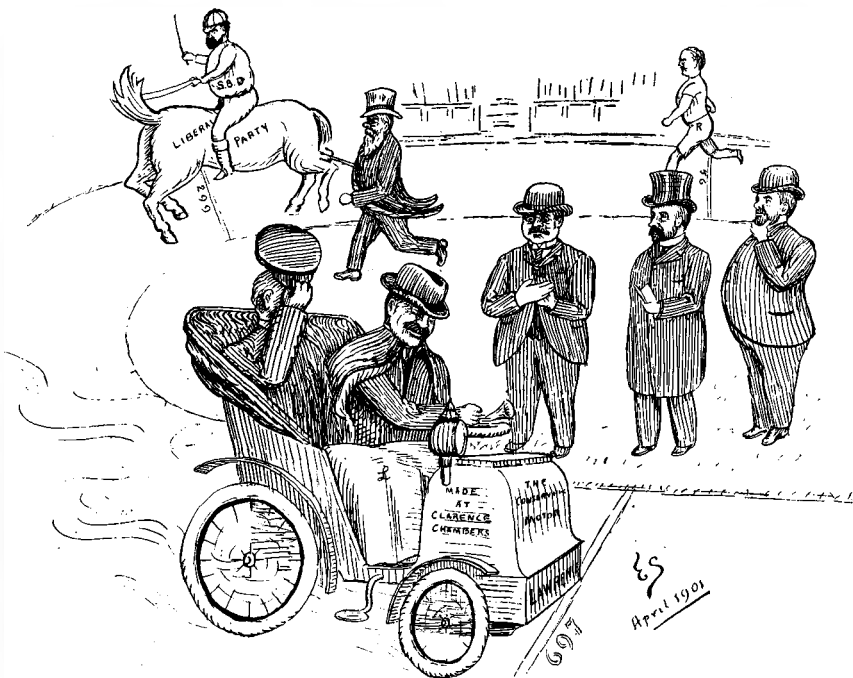


REV. J. FORD,
Pastor of Minchinhampton Baptist Chapel.



MINCHINHAMPTON BAPTIST CHAPEL.

THE MIDDLE WARD HANDICAP.



AN UNEQUAL CONTEST.

In which efficient party machinery triumphs over "a headless body that is wagged by its tail," and the one that runs alone is "not in it."

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE SPORTS.



THE START FOR THE FOOTBALL RACE.

Mr. Patrick M. Leonard (formerly judge of the Hampshire County Courts) died at Winchester on Saturday at the age of eighty.

* * *

"LABBY" AS A POTENTATE.

"It has probably never struck anyone," writes "An Old Beefsteaker" in the "Free Lance," "that the superiority of 'Labby,' M.P., is entirely due to the positions to which he has been unexpectedly advanced. I do not allude to his adventures in Italy, Germany, and Russia, but I do not think that many persons know he has been both Emperor of Mexico and President of the French Republic. According to the accounts which the Member for Northampton gave to me, he landed at Vera Cruz on the day on which the unfortunate Maximilian was expected, and being in official uniform, was escorted by cavalry to the capital of the country in the belief that he was the new monarch. 'When we got there,' said Mr. Labouchere, 'I explained the mistake.' The Election to the Presidency of France occurred during the Commune, when 'Labby' was a besieged resident.' He entered the Hotel de Ville and found a number of 'Nationals' electing a President amid violent discord. Mr. Labouchere proposed himself and his name favouring him he was unanimously chosen. 'While they were discussing the Ministry,' he added, 'I went to inspect my official residence.'

The "Worcester Diocesan Magazine" states that the Bishop's health is much improved, and that he hopes to be at work again by the end of this month.

*
A handsome present has been made by the Emperor William to each member of the Duke of Abercorn's Special Embassy as a souvenir of the visit to Berlin.

*
We regret to report the death of Mr. Irving Montagu, the famous war artist and correspondent. Mr. Montagu had had a varied career—he had been through five campaigns, and had participated in fifteen battles.

The members of the New South Wales State Ministry have been sworn in. Mr. John Lee is the Premier and Colonial Secretary.

*
Mr. W. A. Orr Patterson, High Sheriff for Ayrshire, died at Venice on Tuesday. His body has been embalmed, and left for Scotland.

*
The Leamington Town Council on Tuesday accepted with regret the resignation of Mr. Henry Consett Passman, who has been Town Clerk for over a quarter of a century. Mr. Passman contends that he has saved Leamington £25,000 by his successes in litigation.

Poet's Corner.

TO SPRING.

Spring! I'm peering 'neath the hedge-rows—
 Searching near the rills;
 Looking for the violet's blossom
 Which thou hidest in thy bosom,
 For the yellow pale primroses
 And the daffodils:
 Knowing, if I haply find them,
 Spring! thou art not far behind them!
 And I'm wandering o'er the meadows,
 Rambling in each grove;
 Listening near the hawthorn bushes
 For the early song of thrushes,
 For the mellow voice of blackbird,
 And the coo of dove:—
 Listening for the Cuckoo's coming
 And the Bee's low dreamy humming!
 Blue-eye'd Spring! why dost thou linger?
 Why this long delay?
 Flow'rs are springing up to meet thee;
 Woodland songsters long to greet thee;
 Nature, at thy joyous coming
 Dons her best array!—
 Spring! I too am here to bless thee—
 And I'm yearning to caress thee!
 Beauteous Spring! dost thou remember
 How, in days gone by,
 Hand in hand at morn and gloaming,
 We went through the green fields roaming,
 Like two blithe and happy spirits—
 You, dear Spring, and I?—
 How we gathered flowers and honey
 In those happy days and sunny?
 Ah, dear Spring! since then much sorrow
 Has made dark my sky!
 And I fear I oft have met thee;
 And was changed and did forget thee;
 Suffered thee to pass unnoticed
 Like a stranger by:—
 Not remem'ring in my sadness
 Thy sweet smile of mirth and gladness!
 But I now am waiting—weary
 Of thy long delay!
 Waiting for thy wreath-crown'd bowers
 For thy wealth of birds and flowers,
 And the bright extatic pleasure
 Of thy sunny day!
 Ah! thou'rt here!—thou do'st caress me!
 Much-lov'd spring—oh let me bless thee!
 —Wm. Byrne, in "The Legends of Cheltenham."

THE GOSPEL OF ART.

Work thou for pleasure: paint, or sing, or carve
 The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
 Who works for glory misses off the goal,
 Who works for money coins his very soul.
 Work for the work's sake, then; and it may be
 That these things shall be added unto thee.

A ROSE RHYME.

Heedless how it may fare with time
 I send you here a rose of rhyme.
 Its fragrance, love; its colour, one
 Caught from Hope's ever-constant sun.
 Upon each leaf a lyric writ
 (Your eyes alone may witness it),
 And in its heart for you to see
 Another heart, the heart of me.
 All roses are as fitly worn
 By you as by your sister Morn,
 Since you, like Morn, fail not to give
 New beauty to them while they live.
 If this against your bosom rest
 One brief sweet hour, its life were blest;
 Then, should you chance to cast it by,
 It would not find it hard to die.
 So take this bloom of love and song
 And, be its life or brief or long,
 Know that for you its petals part,
 Disclosing all its lyric heart;
 For you its fragrant breaths are drawn,
 For you its colour, love's glad dawn,
 And for you, too, the heart that goes
 Song-prisoned in this rhyme of rose.

—W.A.C.

Mr. Joseph Lawrence, Sheriff of London, Conservative candidate for the Monmouth Boroughs, opened his campaign on Tuesday night at Newport. Dr. Rutherford Harris, the unseated member, heartily supported his candidature.

A marriage has been arranged between Susan Cordelia Ludlow Lopes, eldest daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Ludlow, of Heywood, and Archibald, second surviving son of the late Dr. Henry and Lady Millicent Bence-Jones.



TROOPER F. M. RANSOM, of Cheltenham. South African Constabulary.

THE KING AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The King during his sojourn at Windsor Castle continues to manifest the greatest interest in the Castle and its surroundings. His Majesty is making a personal inspection of every part, including the popular farms. An extension of the library is contemplated, and the 100,000 or more volumes which it contains are likely to be considerably increased. As can readily be imagined, upon the shelves are many works of immense value, including a splendid copy of the famous Metz Psalter, a unique Caxton on vellum, Charles I. Shakespeare, Mozart's first oratorio, a letter of indulgence from Leo X., papyri from Herculaneum, and others. Here is stored one of the richest and most extensive collections of prints in the kingdom, embracing the Raphael collection, together with over 20,000 drawings of old masters and about 1,000 miniatures of great value. The King has inspected the apartment known as the Gold Pantry, where rests the Royal collection of gold plate, worth, it is said, somewhere in the region of two millions. In this collection there is a dinner service of gold for 140 persons—some thirty dozen plates, valued at £10,000, and many cups, salvers, epergnes, and tureens. Among the ancient cups is one which belonged to Charles I., and another once the property of Henry VIII., and there also can be seen Nell Gwynne's blowers. Of late there has been some consternation and surprise as the result of the weeding out of employees; but since all old servants will be liberally treated, there appears to be no room for complaint.

IS THE HANSOM DANGEROUS?

The hansom cab is being attacked from the standpoint of danger, and it is said that London is no place for it, as the streets are more slippery and more crowded than those in any other city. Horses driving hansoms meet with many accidents, and when the animal stumbles or falls the passenger has little chance of escaping injury. Another prolific source of accident is the kicking in of the footboard by a spirited horse. The splinters fly about, and the passenger is lucky if he escapes injury. Coming to figures, it is stated that in 1899 licenses were granted for 340 fewer hansoms than in the previous year, and 366 fewer than in 1897. Mr. Dewar, M.P., and others have started an agitation against the covered van, which is generally regarded as the most deadly vehicle in our streets. In 1899 the hansoms injured 1,404 persons, as against 948 hurt by the covered van. The last named, however, caused 46 deaths, while of the hansom victims 13 died. It is thus a question which is the more dangerous.

It is announced that the birth of an heir to Prince Albert of Belgium is shortly expected.

TYPICAL BOERS.

There are already many inquiries as to the identity of the author of that most absorbing and important book "A Subaltern's Letter to His Wife." The book has only been out a few days, but seems to be much read, judging from inquiries. Some suspect that the author is Mr. C. R. Rankin, the son of Sir James Rankin, the member for Herefordshire. Mr. Rankin went through the war in South Africa until, as we all thought, it was practically over. He then came home in time to contest the Torquay Division, and be defeated. His book teems with characteristic stories. There are, for instance, some extraordinary illustrations of the impudence and ignorance of the Boers. One man claimed £57 damages from the British at Bloemfontein for the expense of bringing home and burying his son, killed in action against the British. That was impudence. Here is ignorance and impudence combined. A gunboat broke her back on some mudbank near Lorenzo-Marquez. A number of Boers promoted a company for the purpose of buying the gunboat, floating her off, and commissioning her for the taking of London and the capture of the Queen. Sheer ignorance is responsible for the third case we borrow from the "Subaltern." A Boer had saved a couple of thousand pounds. He was about to go on a far journey, and heard that banks were to be trusted. He went with his hoard to the nearest bank and stated his case. "How much will you charge for looking after all this money for a year?" asked the Boer. "We shall charge you nothing; on the contrary, we will allow you interest at 3 per cent.," was the reply. The Boer at once smelt a suppositious rat; the arrangement was far too good to be honest; his money would be safer buried. And so he left the bank with his stocking in his pocket.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE CRICKET.

The annual statement of accounts of the Gloucestershire County Cricket Club for the year ending December 31st last has just been published. The receipts, including a balance from last account of £2,469 12s., amount to £5,500 12s. 6d., the principal items being:—Nottingham match £35 10s., Somerset £49 6s., Warwickshire £67 3s. 9d., Lancashire £114 10s. 3d., West Indians £37 2s. 6d., Dublin University £14 3s., Worcestershire (Gloucester) £136 4s. 6d., Monmouthshire £1 13s. 9d., Sussex £319, Middlesex £117 3s. 6d., Kent £119 8s. 6d., Yorkshire (Cheltenham) £369 2s., Essex (Cheltenham) £308 17s., Surrey £130 12s., half receipts of the Warwickshire match at Birmingham £28 14s. 10d. (total £1,850 13s. 1d.), privilege to sell refreshments at Clifton and Cheltenham £41 10s., one year's dividend on Gloucestershire County Ground Company shares to March 31st, 1900, £24 10s., members' subscriptions £1,055 17s. On the other side of the ledger are to be found the following items of expense:—Preparing ground £70 19s. 2d., umpires £142 7s., scorers and telegraph men £107 5s. 6d., materials, tent hire, etc., £228 0s. 1d., money and check takers £139 18s., printing, advertising, stamps, stationery, secretary's travelling expenses, etc., £213 4s. 11d., stands at Clifton and Cheltenham Colleges £99 15s., police £77 5s. 6d., secretary's salary £200, bowlers on County Ground £136 12s. 8d., contributions to Clifton, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Tewkesbury, Winchcombe, and Stroud Cricket Clubs £120, County Ground Company (one year's rent) £175, Luncheons, etc., £194 3s. 4d., Warwickshire (half receipts at County Ground) £33 11s. 11d., West Indians £18 11s. 3d., expenses of players, presentation bats, etc., £1,405 10s., by balance £2,127 9s. 2d. (deposit at Prescott and Co. £1,300, 175 fully paid up £4 shares, Gloucestershire County Ground Co., Ltd., at cost, £653 9s., cash at bankers £100 11s. 3d., cash in secretary's hands £73 8s. 11d.). The annual meeting is to be held on Thursday, the 25th inst.

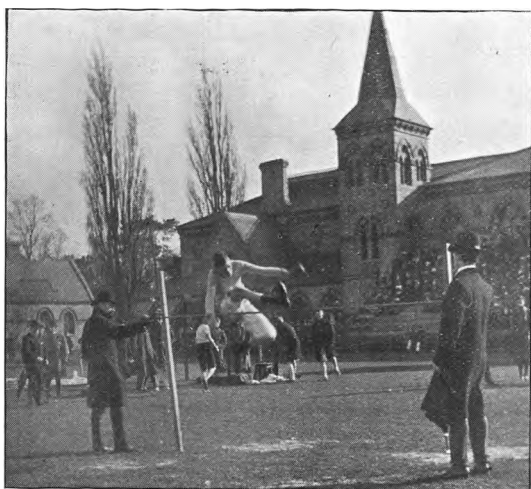
Lord Portman now receives an enormous income by reason of an ancestor some two centuries ago having bought what is now the Portman estate as a farm to amuse himself with when compelled to be in attendance at Westminster as M.P. for his county.

On Tuesday the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin made his State entry into Schwerin, and was cordially welcomed by the inhabitants. A reception was held at the Castle, and the official record of the new ruler's accession was signed.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE SPORTS.



THE WATER JUMP.



THE HIGH JUMP.

ALPHABETICAL WITICISMS.

The alphabet as a field of discovery is, no doubt, now exhausted. Wits and poets can invent no new trick or gimcrack with the material to hand. None can hope to outlip the Lipogrammatists or outpan the Pangrammata of the Seventeenth Century; and in this age, when the printing press works at such a rate, one may go further and ask, Who wants to outlip or outpan those gentlemen of their works? So we lose sight of the impossibility of it in the fact that we have now too much else to do than to play games with the alphabet. Of all practical jokes of an alphabetical nature the most common is the omission of the letter H; and, as it frequently happens that the people given to this kind of thing are not joking at all, it is no wonder that the letter H resented such treatment. A joke's a joke, but it is no joke when one is the first letter in Heaven, or in another place, and a capital at that, to be ignored altogether, so that one can neither reign in the one place, nor serve in the other. Feeling this most keenly, the exasperated H once incited a remonstrance to the people of Kidderminster, protesting:—

Whereas by you I have been driven
From 'ouse, from 'ome, from 'ope, from 'eaven,
And placed by your most learned society
In Hexile, Hanguish, and Hanxiety.
Nay, charged, without one just pretence,
With Harrogance and Himpudence:
I here demand full restitution,
And beg you'll mend your Helocution.
There is no denying that H is a very important letter, for, although Mr. Haswell might possibly be as well without it, it may be seen that this does not appreciably lessen its importance; for, as Mr. Rowland Hill contended, it is not merely an aspiration or a breathing, but a real tangible something which, being taken away from him, would render him "ill" for the rest of his life. Yet, glorious and aristocratic as is our H—a never-failing Shibboleth of the tribes—there are some who contend that we make too much of it. They say our maps are full of it, especially at 'arrow-on-the-hill, and at 'ardwick-in-the-'ollow; that our poets never know when to have done with it, especially in such lines as—

The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill;
and
A 'part that is 'umble might 'ove for it 'ere.
Yet these very same who say the language is already overcrowded with the fatal letter forthwith

pile Pelion on Ossa by adding more, especially in such lines as—

A helephant heasily heats at his hease
Hunder humbrageous humbrella trees.
A few turns on the letter G endeavour to give it that indispensability which belongs to the H—
What's good or great or grand without a G?
asks one. Another explains that—
A godly glow must sure on G depend,
Or oddly low our righteous thoughts would end.
And a third makes sweeping generalisations, summing the series in words that apply even to this day when the cricket season is coming on—

The want of G all gratitude effaces
And without G the Graces would run races.
The Lipogrammatists of old, so far from insisting on the importance of certain letters, maintained that many of them might have been left out of the alphabet altogether, and, to illustrate this, they wrote long poems from which they systematically omitted any given letter. The greatest man of his time at this kind of thing was Tryphiodorus, who wrote an epic poem consisting of 24 books, called severally Alpha, Beta, Gamma, etc., ut lucus a non lucendo, because each one was written entirely without the use of the letter which formed its title. Now it is so easy not to write an epic poem, consisting of 24 books, with the unrestricted use of all the letters in the alphabet, but it must be immeasurably easier not to write it in the manner of Tryphiodorus. Nevertheless, he proved 24 times that only 23 letters were really necessary to the writing of a work which never had any other merit. It is said that Pindar once found time to write an ode from which he omitted the letter S, but this was probably not because he had nothing better to do, but merely to avoid for some good reason the hissing sound of the sibilant. The followers of this art have been many. Gordianus Fulgentius wrote his "De Aetatibus Mundi et Hominis" on a peculiar plan, excluding the letter A from the chapter on Adam, B from that on Abel, C from that on Cain, and so forth. De Vega has no less than five novels, from each of which one of the five vowels is entirely ostracised. In criticism of all these works, it might be said that the thing is not carried far enough, and that if Tryphiodorus, for example, had omitted the other 23 letters of the alphabet from each of his 24 books the whole thing might have made a far more interesting epic poem.

The Pangrammatists were a reaction from the Lipogrammatists. They insisted on a full and un-

sparing use of all the letters; indeed, if their alphabet had contained over 200 letters, like the Ethiopic, they would gladly have employed them all in a single sentence and asked for more. The best known instance of Pangrammatic genius is the following:—"John P. Brady, give me a black walnut box of quite a small size"; which on inspection will be found to contain every letter of the alphabet. A remarkable combination of the lipo and the pan varieties of grammata is found in the poem known as the "Fate of Nassan." Each verse contains the whole of the alphabet with the constant omission of e, a very difficult letter to dispense with. One verse will suffice for example:—

Vainly for succor Nassan calls;
Know Zillah that thy Nassan falls!
But prowling wolf and fox may joy
To quarry on thy Arab boy.
Another whim of those who spent their ingenuity on the alphabet has survived under the name of Univocal Verses. These demand that each stanza shall employ consonants freely, but not more than one vowel. For instance, dealing with, or rather, without the vowel o, a Univocal poet turned out this kind of thing with fluency:—
No monk too good to rob or cog or plot,
No fool so gross to bolt Scotch collops hot,
No cool monsoons blow soft on Oxford dons—
Orthodox, jog trot, book worm Solomons!
And at length, modulating to U, he concludes:
Dull humdrum murmurs lull, but hubbub stuns,
Lucullus snuffs no musk, mundungus shuns;
Puss purrs, buds burst, bucks butt, luck turns up trumps,
But full cups, hurtful, spur up unjust thumps.
Space will allow scarcely more than a bare mention of alphabetical alliterations, of which there are many examples, consisting of 26 lines, each line making the most of its initial letter. Thus it happens that—

An Austrian army awfully arrayed,
Boldly, by battery besieged Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
And so on until Xerxes, Xanthus, Xeno, and Zoroaster are duly invoked, when the terrible occurrence and the alphabet come to an end. To such a length has alliteration been carried that even in modern times the contents bills of certain newspapers show signs of it. But even these cannot hope to rival the title pages an author once prepared for a compilation of extracts from many sources. This effort was alliterative, and took the letters of the alphabet as they came. It told how the book contained:—

Astonishing anthology from attractive authors;
Broken bits from bulky brains;
Choice chunks from Chaucer to Canning;
Magnificent morsels from mighty minds;
Tremendous thoughts on thundering topics;
Yawnings and yearnings for youthful Yankees;
and

Zeal and Zest from Zoroaster to Zimmerman.
If this would not cure a modern tendency to alliterative measures, then there is nothing left but to recommend them to the careful consideration of that "famous fish-factor (who) found himself father of five flirting females, the first four (of whom) were flat-featured, foul-favoured, forbidding-faced, freckled frumps, fretful, flippant, foolish and flaunting." He will cure them in the first fifty lines of his history—or never!—"Evening Standard."

* * *

SIX SERGEANT SONS.

The King's attention has been drawn to the fact that Mr. Clarke, of Chichester, has six sons, all of the rank of sergeant, serving in the Leinster regiment, two of whom are in South Africa. His Majesty has replied expressing his gratification at the news and trusting that those in South Africa may return home safely.

* * *

Mr. Albert Besant, solicitor, brother of Sir Walter Besant, the well-known novelist, died of pneumonia at his residence at Cosham, Portsmouth, on Tuesday.

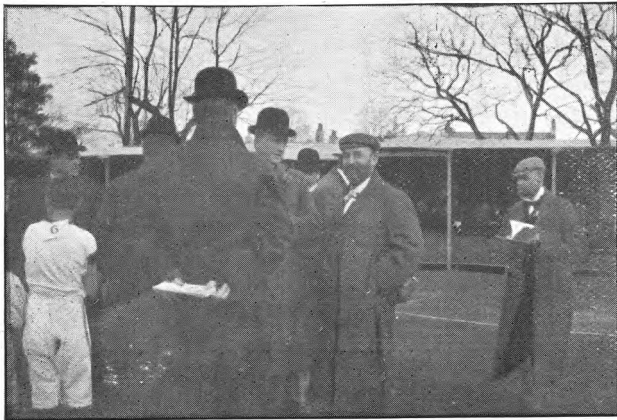
*

Princess Louise of Bavaria, the Consort of the Heir Presumptive to the Bavarian Throne, has formed a league for the curtailment of the skirts of ladies' walking dresses. The league (says the "Standard" correspondent) has already been joined by several prominent professors, physicians, artists, etc., and their wives.

*

The deputation of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry chosen to salute the King of Portugal on his appointment as colonel-in-chief of the regiment has returned from Lisbon. His Majesty King Carlos graciously conferred the Grand Cruz de S. Bento d'Aviz on General Green Wilkinson, and other classes of the Order on Major Hanbury-Williams and Captain Parr.

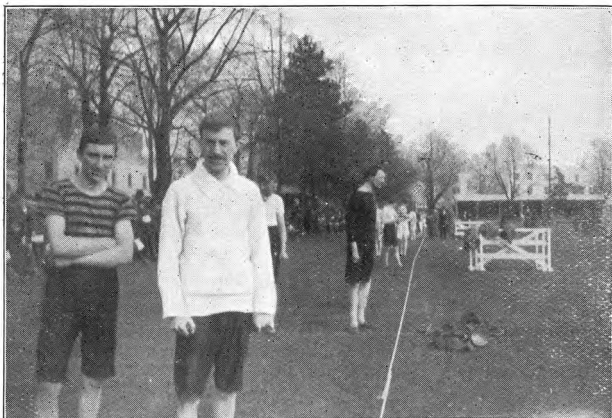
CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, APRIL 13, 1901.
 SNAPSHOTS AT THE CHELTENHAM ATHLETIC SOCIETY'S SPORTS, MONTPELLIER, EASTER MONDAY.



The Judges.



The Final for the open 120.

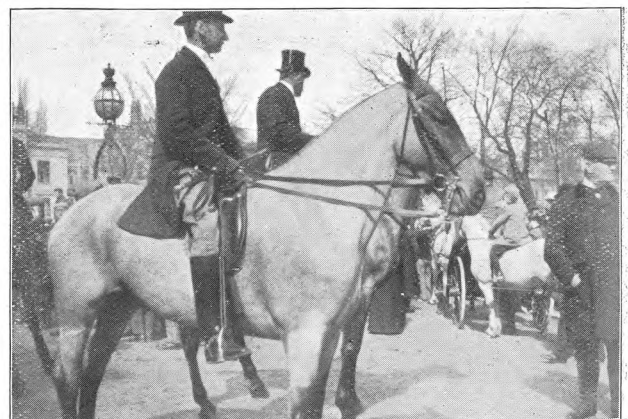


Waiting for the Start in the Open Mile.



Robinson (leading) and Day competing for the Four-Mile Midland Championship.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE MEET OF THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS, QUEEN'S HOTEL, EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 8.



At Monmouth, on Wednesday, Lord Llangattock was presented with the honorary freedom of the borough in recognition of his many benefactions to the town. A special Corporation meeting was held in the Rolls-hall for the occasion, and great enthusiasm prevailed. The script was presented in a silver-gilt casket. Subsequently Lord Llangattock was entertained at a public banquet. Lord Llangattock's gifts to the town include a large public-hall, a gymnasium, and an isolation hospital. He was Mayor of the town for two years in succession.

M. de Staal, who, it is stated, will before long present his credentials to the King, is the doyen of the Corps Diplomatique in London, having represented the Russian Government at the Court of St. James's since 1884. The next in seniority are Count Hatzfeldt and Count Deym, Ambassadors respectively of Germany and Austria, who have been accredited to the British Court since 1888. M. de Staal, who is close upon eighty years of age, is seen very little in London society, although he makes a point of attending all functions of an official character.

Mr. L. A. Atherley-Jones, M.P. for North-West Durham, has been presented by the Divisional Liberal Association with silver table articles in commemoration of his silver wedding anniversary.

*

The White Star liner Teutonic arrived at Queenstown on Tuesday night from New York with Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the American financier, of steel trust fame, on board. He refused to discuss the business that had brought him to Europe.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

AN ENIGMA AND ASPIRATES.

The following very clever enigma was written by Catherine Fanshawe, but is often attributed to Lord Byron:—

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And Echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth, 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven
asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death:
It presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth.
Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be
found,

Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart, and though deaf to the
ear,

'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear.
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower—
Oh! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

The solution of the above is the letter "H."
The following sentence may be given as an
exercise in the use of this too often dropped
or added letter:—"Henry Hebblethwaite, of
Upper Hampstead Heath, had an exceedingly
horrid habit of hitting unoffending horses on
their heads with a heavy halter as they
ascended Highgate Hill on a holiday excursion."

* * *

A LIFE-SAVING CONTRIVANCE.

A novel life-saving dress has just been invented. It consists of a kind of cloak suit of rubber, and is provided with a number of pockets containing matches, a tiny signal-lamp to light at night, and small packets of food. A large float-ring is formed of cork rings covered with canvas. Above the float is the opening into which the passenger places himself, and there is also a helmet attachment to protect the head if necessary. While in the water a simple contrivance permits the air channels in the legs to be pumped full of air, and when this is done the suit will be tilted on its back, and allow the person a little rest in calm weather. It is claimed that anyone could keep afloat in this suit for several days, and it is as easy to put on as the ordinary cork jacket.

* * *

ORIGIN OF "CHESTNUT."

In "The People" Mr. Joseph Hatton gives the origin of the term "chestnut" as applied to a venerable joke. There is a play called "The Broken Sword." Two characters in it have a scene in which one Captain Xavier, a sort of Baron Munchausen, is interrupted in a story by his friend Pablo. The captain relating his exploits says, "I entered the woods of Coloway, when suddenly from the thick boughs of a cork-tree"—Pablo interrupts him with the words "A chestnut, captain, a chestnut." "Bah!" exclaims the captain. "Booby! I say a cork-tree." "A chestnut," reiterates friend Pablo, "I should know as well as you, having heard you tell the story these twenty-seven times."

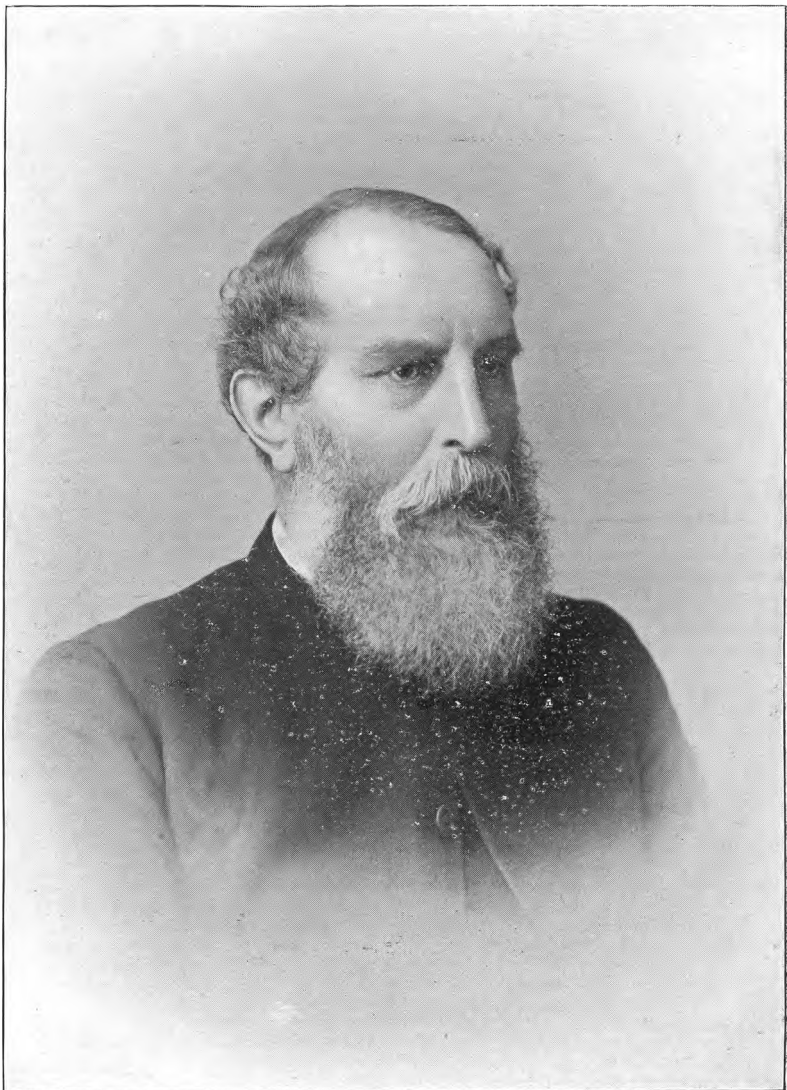


Photo by Joyner.]

[High Street, Cheltenham.

REV. CANON HUTCHINSON, M.A.,

Rural Dean of Cheltenham and Vicar of SS. Philip and James, Leckhampton.

DIED APRIL 10, 1901.

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 15th competition is Mr. Sidney Sheen, "The Ivies," Waterloo-street, Cheltenham. The prize picture is that of the Mythe Bridge, Tewkesbury.

Entries for the 16th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, April 20, 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.



MYTHE BRIDGE, TEWKESBURY.

This structure is of graceful proportions, and is considered the finest one-arch span over the Severn. It stands on the site of the Upper Lode of olden time, and opens up a line of communication with Herefordshire and South Wales. It was commenced in 1823 by that celebrated bridge builder Telford, then president of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and was completed in 1826, the

cost having been upwards of £35,000, and more than £3,500 having been expended in procuring Acts of Parliament and in legal proceedings. The span of the arch is 170 feet. The structure was known as "the ha'penny pay bridge" until December 17, 1891, when it was opened free to the public by Mr. A. C. Dowdeswell.

By the Way.

MRS. JENKINS ON THE TRAMLINE.

Speaking of this here electric tramline, I do think as how the young man as is laying of it down ought to be encouraged for his trouble, which I never did see anyone push along so quick in my born days. Not as how I agrees with these here electric fandangos, which you never know where you are with them, as the saying is; leastways I knows I had such a shock as very near scared me out of my seven sensuses only last winter wot with a galvanic shock wich I paid thruppence to 'ave turned on to me at a chapel bazaar and the young pusson in charge gave me a bit of extra strong current wich I couldn't leave go the handles, and it took two of the deacons and the minister to get me away, wich I consider such things ought not to be allowed, and me a lone fieldmale, as the saying is.

Poor Jenkins used to say to me, says he, "Maria, if you live long enough you'll see as how horsees'll be doned away with, except for

these here German sausages and such like," wich I used to laugh at him and say "Jenkins, you've been drinking again." But time proves all things, and I'll be bound he was right. Howsomdever, I don't hold with putting great banks of stones on the side of the road so as how a elderly respectable fieldmale makes quite a hexhibition of herself a getting over them, wich a friend of mine as is engaged in business told me they lost half their customers for the time being through it, let alone the wickedness of a picking up the roads of a Good Friday, wich I've heard tell they would work on a Sunday as well if it hadn't been for what 'twas.

What I ask myself is, Why don't they run the trams through the middle of the town? wich Mrs. Jones, a perticler friend of mine, what lives at Montpellier, says she would have to walk nigh on a mile to get on the line of march, as the saying is, and they do say that the cars be to run down St. George's-place instead of calling in to the Great Western Station, wich I consider is a thundering shame; leastways, wot's the good, I should like to know, of being put down with all your bundles and

parcels, wich I always carries a number of 'em with me, besides a umbrellia wich my old aunt left me in her will, being the sole testament she 'ad to leave except an old family Bible with the covers torn off, wich I consider is better than some as takes the chair at meetings and doesn't act up to it in the quietness of their family hearthstone; but as I was a saying, wot's the good of putting of us down outside the Free Library to walk all the way to the station, and me a bit asthmatic? I say it's a scandal, and I do 'ope as 'ow there ain't no truth in it, and I don't believe as 'ow Mr. Nevins would be so silly as to do such a thing, he being a Hirishman, wich I always respects the nation through my sister's first husband being of that persuasion, and a better sort you never knowed, wich he died on the field of battle fitting for his Queen, wich is more than a lot of generals and kurnels and such like can say. Howsomdever, I s'pose they trys their best.

Thus Mrs. Jenkins, and the old lady, albeit she is very prolix and diffuse in her remarks, is undoubtedly right, and voices a public sentiment when she asks: "Why do not the trams run through the middle of the town?"

When the line was spoken of
The critics had their fling;
When the road was broken up
The birds began to sing.

In other words, the tradesmen now are grumbling, and reasonably, too, that the trams should run right away from the main thoroughfares after they pass Clarence-street, and at such a prodigious distance from Montpellier and the upper Promenade, that visitors to the town who take the cars will have no idea of the chief beauty of the streets of Cheltenham. But it's never too late to mend, and a bird whispers to me that when the townspeople see the electric trams running they will demand them in the other parts of the town. Thus, with true Irish diplomacy, "Gently has it." Anyhow, we may safely reckon that Mr. Nevins will come out all right.

*

The business premises of the town have been besieged during the past week by a detachment of photographers who have invaded the town, and have literally taken by storm—or camera—numbers of shop fronts almost before the proprietors had recovered from the shock of the sudden charge, so to speak! But one irate business man in the Bath-road defied the attacking parties, and dared them to photograph his premises against his will, with or without a charge, and I understand there was quite a pitched battle between photographers and tradesman. The photographer brought his Pom-Pom (camera, I mean) to play upon the beleaguered garrison, and for a time it seemed that all was lost, but by a judicious amount of walking in and out of the premises, the proprietor and his assistants managed to satisfactorily wreck the picture taken, and eventually the attacking force withdrew, with many anathemas and curses against our self-assertive friend. Casualties: Two plates spoilt, and a very blue atmosphere, which quite obstructed Bath-road for the time being.

*

In theory and poetry (synonymous terms) the flower girl is pretty, clean, and sells freshly-plucked flowers; but what a delusion! In the Garden Town of England, of all others, the Promenade flower girls are neither pretty, nor (sad to say) clean, and they do not sell fresh flowers, while even an occasional appearance at the police-court for obstructive rudeness. One day last week I saw the most dilapidated of them take a gentleman visitor's arm and simply hang on to him until he bought her and her fragrance off by a copper. This is mere blackmail, and is not worthy of the Promenade. Those who are foolish enough to give them money may be glad to know their favourite recreation—smoking cigarettes at the back of Promenade-villas! Thus does reality differ from the conception of the poet and sentimentalist.

TOUCHSTONE.



PRETTY RURAL SCENE AT SWINDON, NEAR CHELTHENHAM.

The stream entrant to the Old Mill Pond, from path leading to the Church.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* "Good Gloucestershire." I think I can fairly apply this term to our county, as recent official statistics quite justify it. At the Easter Quarter Sessions the County Chairman stood, or rather sat, in the gratifying position of being able to congratulate the Grand Jury on the fact that there were only six prisoners for trial, and not a single case of larceny, this happy state of things constituting a record. It is a singular sign of the times, however, I notice, that two of these six cases were of attempted suicide. The immunity from crime is to a certain extent due to the withdrawal from the county and its absorption into the Bristol borough of a large and populous area, which used to send up many criminal cases to Gloucester. Mr. Russell Kerr is slowly but surely approaching the white gloves presentation goal, and I hope he will soon get a pair, as did Mr. Morton Brown and Mr. F. Stroud on taking their seats for the first time as Recorder of Gloucester and Tewkesbury respectively. A prisoner for trial at the latter place is quite a rarity. Quarter Sessions also enabled the justices present to take the oath of allegiance and judicial oath, and the Duke of Beaufort to make one of his rare visits to the county town for this purpose. Talking of the oath of allegiance reminds me that I once heard one of the present ornaments of the city bench on being sworn in render it as "true allegiance to our Sovereign Lady the Queen." And at another sessions for the city at which I was present the newly-appointed crier (fresh from his duties as a subordinate official at the Cathedral) innocently called for "Silence while the Royal Proclamation against Vice and Immortality is being read." This proclamation against vice and "immorality" is authoritatively stated to be obsolete by reason of the death of Queen Victoria, and I think no good purpose will be served by reviving it, as it was an anachronism, and only unnecessarily took up time to read it at the commencement of the assizes and sessions. Some of the observant ones at the Shirehall used to take pleasure in noticing how many times a certain Clerk of the Peace, now defunct, coughed when reading it.

* The Easter Vestries are over, and the Archdeacons are busily engaged in performing their annual Archidiaconal functions, by holding visitations, in which the charging of fees for the admission of churchwardens and the delivery of charges to the clergy and laity form the principal business items. I much regret that the Venerable Archdeacon of Gloucester is going to retire, owing to advancing years, for he was a man of decided personality, and his Charges were always original and outspoken. I note that at

least three ladies have been appointed incumbents' wardens in this diocese, and that one bears the same name as the Rector who gave her this office. The ladies are certainly coming to the front. The lamented death of the Rev. W. H. Hutchinson and the impending removal of the Rev. Chris. V. Childe from Cheltenham remind me that the Garden Town has had a very fair share—four out of twenty—of the honorary canonries of Gloucester Cathedral. The appointment of a new hon. canon and rural dean in the place of Canon Hutchinson, not necessarily the same person, rests with the Bishop, who may be trusted to make wise selections.

* Cheltenham is prepared to receive with open arms the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, who are due to "do ten days" from May 15th. Absence is said to make the heart grow fonder, and as our gallant Yeomen became "men of Ross" last year and did not like it, they will doubtless appreciate this saying and Cheltonians reciprocate it. I take it that their training this year will be of a more up-to-date character, and that troop and squadron movements and sword drill will give place to reconnaissances and scouting and mounted infantry drill. It is a good sign that those members who possess field or race glasses are ordered to bring them up with them. I wonder if they will have moveable targets provided on Cleve Hill for shooting. A thought struck me in strolling along the Promenade a few days ago that the Corporation might give the gallant Hussars a bit of useful musketry practice and combined sport in thinning out the rooks from the tree tops in the merry month of May. Would not "Rook shooting to be had here" constitute another Cheltenham attraction?

* I see that your observant and funny correspondent "Touchstone" made merry over the "Nonconformist conscience" because Oliver Cromwell, a tramp, had got seven days' hard for begging at Stroud. Then, almost contemporaneously, I notice in the "Sunday Companion" that the Rev. William Cuff stated that the reading of the book "Oliver Cromwell," when he was a young man in Cheltenham, changed his destiny from being a Churchman to a Nonconformist. The "Incidents" of the rev. gentleman's life are, I am glad to hear, to be reproduced in today's "Graphic." "Touchstone" may be interested to hear that it is by no means the first time that the name of Oliver Cromwell, and the name of William Shakespeare for that matter, have turned up in these parts. It is on record that the present Conservative agent succeeded in removing the names of two persons bearing these historic names from the register of voters for the city of Gloucester. He had, of course, good grounds for his action, and their names did not deter him from doing his duty. GLEANER.

Opera House, Cheltenham.

Acting Manager MR. GEORGE ABEL.

MONDAY, April 22nd, 1901

(SIX NIGHTS ONLY)

The Celebrated Drury Lane Drama,

In Four Acts, Entitled—THE

Shaughraun,

BY DION BOUCAULT, ESQ.

With all SPECIAL SCENERY and EFFECTS.

* * *

Mr. E. C. MATTHEWS (the Popular Irish Comedian) as Conn,

Mr. JAMES STEVENSON as Harvey Duff, and

ETHEL ARDEN (Mrs. George Abel) as Molay Dolan

(Who will make her Farewell Appearance in Cheltenham, by permission of the Managing Directors.)

* * *

— TIME AND PRICES AS USUAL. —



RICHARD PATE.

Founder of Cheltenham Grammar School, 1576.

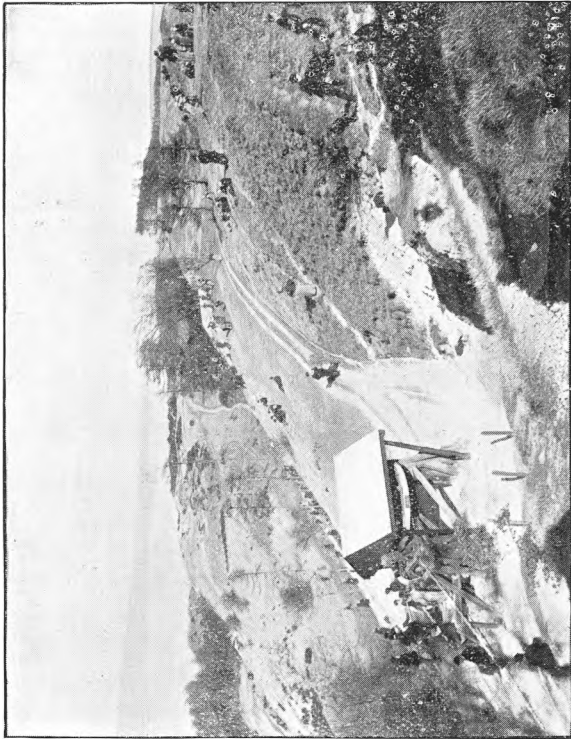
A REMARKABLE WAGER.

From Ilford comes particulars of the feat performed the other day by "Bodger" Nightingale, a local athlete of fame and brawn, who undertook to walk from the White Horse, Ilford, to the Rose and Crown, Bow, a distance of four miles, carrying a sack of sand weighing one hundred-weight, within the hour. The Bodger, who enjoyed the services of a pacemaker affectionately known as "Brocky," started at 12.15 p.m. with the sack slung over his head by means of a handkerchief. Many hundreds of people witnessed or accompanied this "pilgrim's progress" into London, and the cheering was great and thirsty when "Bodger" dropped his burden on the threshold of the Rose and Crown one minute inside time.

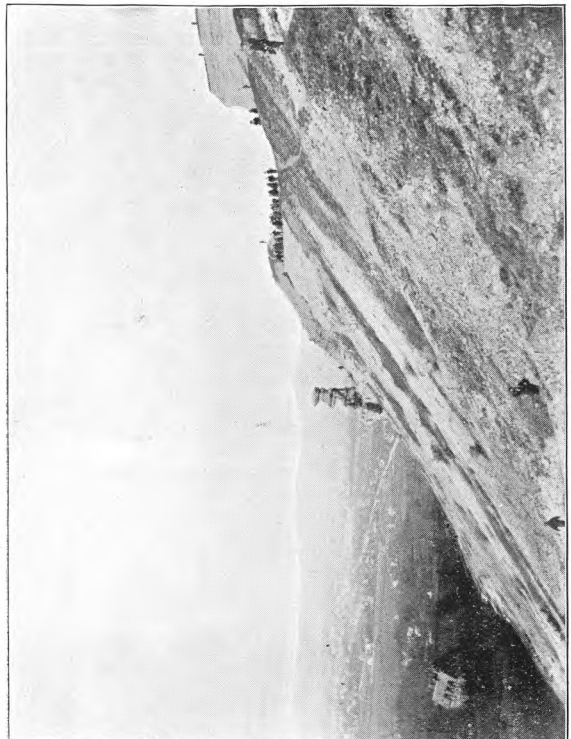
A LEGEND OF THE CROSS.

A curious legend of early date averred that the Cross was made of the wood of a tree composed of three kinds—cedar, cypress, and box, which grew from three seeds obtained by Seth from the Garden of Eden, at the request of Adam, in whose tomb they were buried. Grown up to huge dimensions, the tree was cut down by Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba found it and raised it up. Solomon, however, buried it where afterwards the Pool of Bethesda existed. The tree at the bottom of the pool gave healing virtue to the water. At the time of the Crucifixion it swam to the surface, and was taken and used for the Cross of the Saviour. The elder tree is supposed by some to have formed part of the Cross, and in the Eastern Counties a person is deemed to be safe during a thunderstorm if he be under an elder tree, since lightning is believed never to strike a tree of which the Cross was made. Napier, in his "Folk Lore of the Northern Counties," mentions a curious custom of planting an elder tree in the form of a cross upon a newly-made grave. If it blooms it is regarded as a sure sign that the soul of the departed person is happy.—"Manchester Courier."

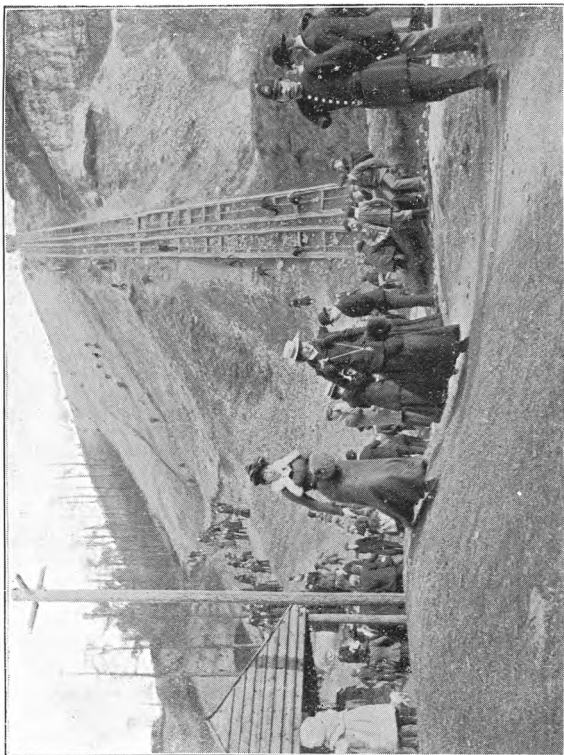
LECKHAMPTON HILL ON GOOD FRIDAY.



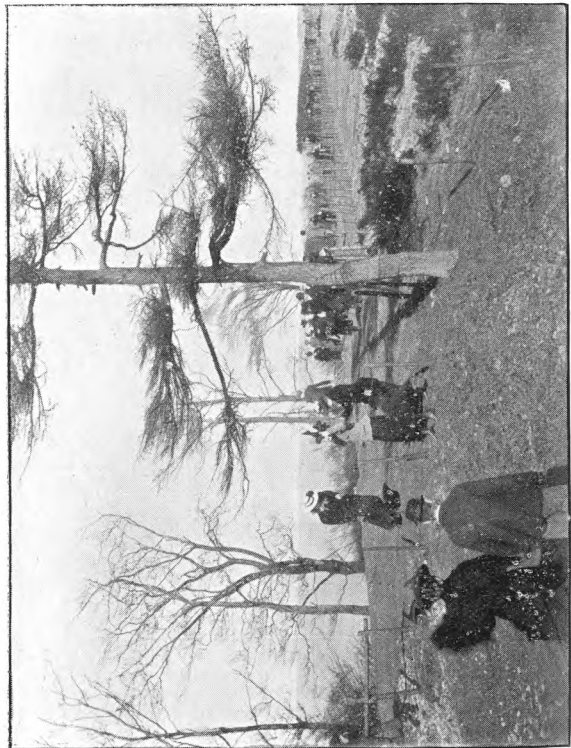
"NEARING THE TOP."



"DEVIL'S CHIMNEY—LOOKING TOWARD HOME."



"HALF WAY UP."



"BLOW AT THE TOP."

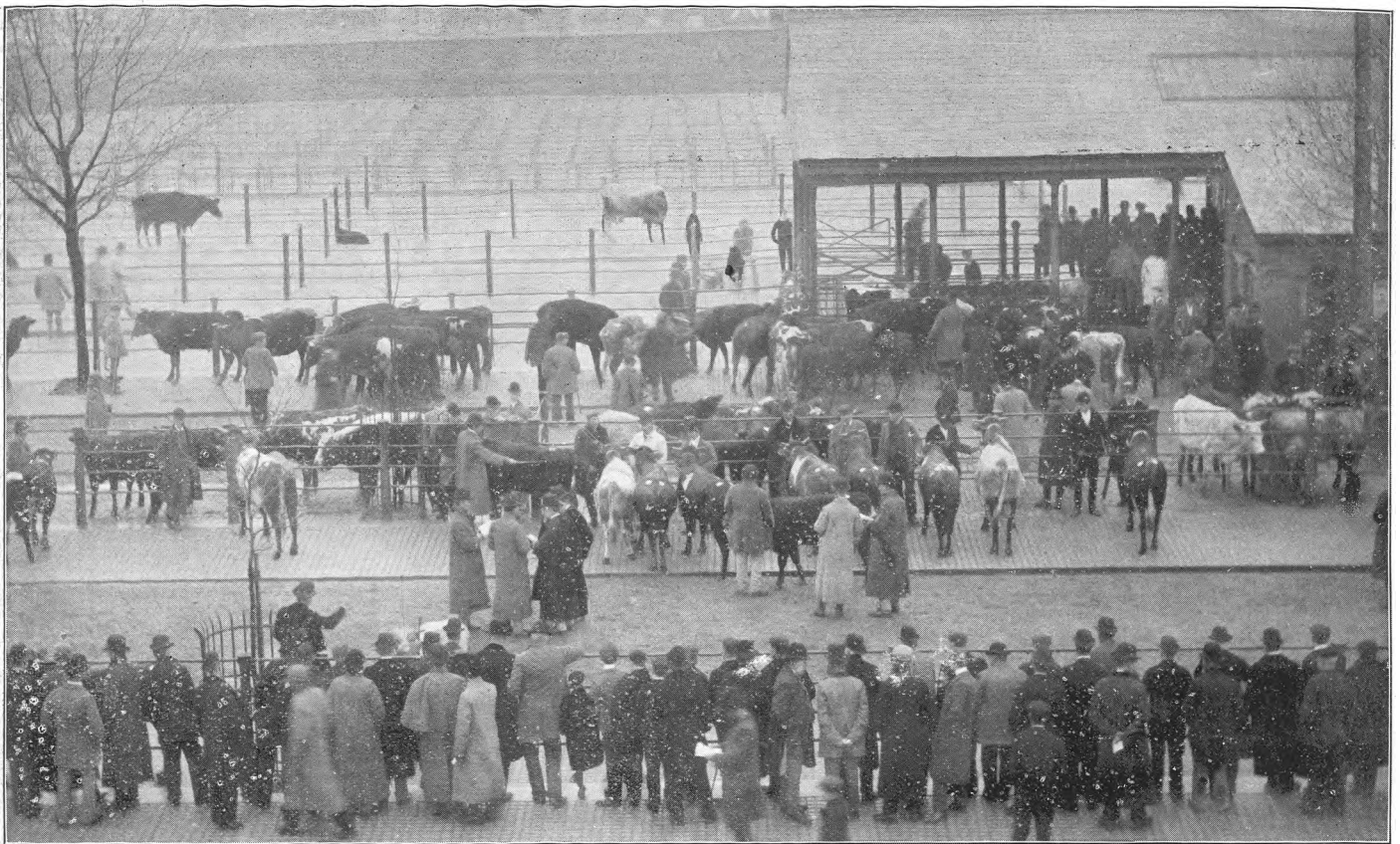


Photo by Mr. H. C. Jones,]

[Northgate, Gloucester.

BULL RUN, GLOUCESTER APRIL FAIR, 1901.

(JUDGING FOR PRIZES GIVEN BY Messrs. BRUTON, KNOWLES, & Co., GLOUCESTER).

Mr. H. W. Bruton, Mr. H. Knowles, and Mr. H. Tew Bruton are in group in pathway on left, while Mr. J. Peter and Mr. R. Stratton, the Judges, are on the right.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR ON WINSTON CHURCHILL.

*

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has some interesting notes in "M.A.P." on Mr. Winston Churchill.

There is, he says, no young member of the House of Commons at this moment whose future is the subject of more frequent debate and of wider interest. That he has a future nobody doubts; he is predestined to early official employment; and after that, it all depends on himself how far he will go. He brings to political life many personal as well as hereditary advantages. Above all things, he is absorbed in his work. Never did a man enter the House of Commons more completely absorbed in his ambitions, in his career, in himself. All that he has gone through, hitherto, has been but as a preparation and an education for a political and Parliamentary career.

That eager bend forward of the head, that intense interest in all that is going on, are all proofs of this absolute and thorough absorption in the House of Commons. It is one of the curious proofs of the ascendancy he has already exercised—and personal ascendancy is one of the greatest forces in making a political career—that already he gets other men of the same age to accept his superior claims.

Has the young man heart as well as ambition? There you find different answers. Strangers think him too self-absorbed to care for any other human being. But intimates tell of many instances of real good feeling—as, for example, when he went and laid some flowers on the grave of an old nurse to whom he had been much attached and who had been good to him in his childhood.

As to his appearances in the House: up to the present, I rank them as distinctly better than those of his father. Lord Randolph

Churchill was a distinctly poor speaker when he started in 1880—which was the time he really began to speak—and it was not till he had trained himself by speaking every night for five years that he came really to be effective. And even then he never struck me as a great speaker—his speeches read better than they sounded. The one speech of his that I thought wonderfully effective was that on the Parnell Commission after the exposure of the Pigott forgery; and even that speech was marred by one coarse expression. It was force of character and a certain intuition rather than great intellectual powers that gave Lord Randolph Churchill his great place in Parliamentary history. Indeed, it is almost as hard to explain to anybody who did not know him the ascendancy of Lord Randolph as to explain that of Mr. Parnell; in both cases it was the curious indefinable and indescribable thing which Americans call by the name of magnetism.

Young Winston Churchill, on the other hand, seems to me to speak always well—with a certain hesitation that reminds one of the father, with a certain lisp which is not altogether unpleasant; but with a facility and correctness of diction and even with a fluency which were not in the speeches of the father, in his earlier days at all events. The son has this enormously great advantage, too, over the father—that his training for political life has been much better, much more thorough. Lord Randolph was incredibly ignorant when he began his Parliamentary life. I don't know whether the story is true or not; but it is said that he thanked Sir Henry Irving very much when he saw him play Hamlet; it was the first time he had ever known the plot of the play; he had never read it.

As to Mr. Winston's knowledge of books I know nothing; but he has had the severe

training of life and men which, to my mind, is much better. And it is quite plain from even a brief conversation with him that he has the observation and intelligence to take full advantage of the tremendous opportunities he has had in this direction. I never got a more real conception of what the feelings of men in a battle are like, than I got from just five minutes' talk with Mr. Churchill. And nobody who read his letters from South Africa can deny him fine and very remarkable powers as a writer. I don't think his father, with all his gifts, could have written so well. The faults in Mr. Churchill's character that are suggested will either pass with time or help him when he is in a position of command. It may or may not be true that on one occasion he requested that Lord Kitchener should be brought over to be introduced to him; and that at a time when the one was already a famous general and the other was still a subaltern. But even if it be true, it shows that tremendous self-confidence and self-assertion which must be in the blood of a son of Lord Randolph; and, believe me, that of all political talents, self-confidence is the most valuable and the most triumphant.

• • •

The Emir of Bokhara's second son has just died of consumption. He was only sixteen years old.

*

General von Moltke, who has come to London from Berlin on a special mission to King Edward, is a nephew of the great strategist.

*

The memorial to Queen Victoria in Perth, Western Australia, is to consist of a cathedral tower for the church of St. George, and a peal of eight bells.

THE LATE COLONEL AGG'S FUNERAL.



A COUPLE OF SNAPSHOTS.

A Tour of our Churches

* * *

XIV.—ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH.
[CROWDED OUT LAST WEEK.]

On Sunday evening, the night of the great Easter festival of the Christian Church, I made my way to the church of St. Matthew, which stands opposite the Free Library and Art Gallery in Clarence-street,—a church which forms perpetual monument to the life work of the late Rector of Cheltenham, Canon Bell. For it was Canon Bell who, in the face of every difficulty, persevered in pressing the needs of such a sister church to the old sanctuary of St. Mary—a building which could never have the same historic interest or holy memories, but which would accommodate the overflow of parishioners from the smaller building. It was imagined by some of the over-cautions that St. Matthew's would be a burden rather than a blessing; but time has proved that it is possible—nay, even easy—to comfortably fill both churches, and in no sense has there been any detriment to the Parish Church. Like "brethren in unity" the two churches work harmoniously together, and when there is a special gathering at St. Matthew's the bells of St. Mary's peal as merrily forth as if they were clanging in the tower of St. Matthew's.

I have often thought that the most striking piece of street architecture in Cheltenham is formed by the contrast of the bold outlines of the Free Library and St. Matthew's in Clarence-street. Looking westward, in the twilight, the details of both buildings are lost in a blue haze, with the bright red and gold of the setting sun behind. The two towers seem like giant portals to the town, standing on either side of its main entrance from the station, and appropriately enough too—for are not knowledge and religion pictured on the town arms by the cross and the two open books?

On Sunday evening this beautiful effect was even more accentuated than usual, by the brighter colouring of the painted windows of the apse and side chapels.

Entering the church by the doorway under the arch, I was at once impressed by the immense size of the building; I am not sure, but it seemed to me more spacious than any other Cheltenham church, and, moreover, the pews were better filled than in many I have visited. There were very few empty spaces to be seen, and the proportion of the sterner (and more sceptical) sex was remarkably good. But I must confess I was a little disappointed to see no Easter decorations; not a flower was visible anywhere; at the time of budding spring, much more of the Resurrection festival, one might reasonably have expected a little floral decoration.

The service commenced with a hymn, St. Matthew's being in the strictest sense an Evangelical church; and the lessons were

read by a young man in a peculiarly aggressive manner, but with clear enunciation, and in a voice which could be heard over the whole building with ease. The service throughout was of the simplest character, there being two curates officiating. None of the responses were sung, nor were they intoned, although there was a genuine endeavour on the part of the choir to keep to a certain pitch throughout. In the absence of any accompaniment, however, this seemed impossible, and in the longer responses the drop in tone was quite a note and a half from beginning to end. When there happens to be such a good organ and capable organist as at St. Matthew's, it does seem a pity that, without unnecessary display, the responses should not be musically accompanied, as at most of the Evangelical churches of Cheltenham.

The Psalms for the day, and Cantate Domino and Deus Misereatur, were well sung by the choir, the setting of the last-named being particularly pleasing; and the hymns were all appropriate and suggestive of Eastertide and the Risen Lord. Before the sermon the announcements were made by one of the officiating curates, and I noted they included an evening communion, preparatory to which the elements were already placed on the altar table covered with a white cloth. Running round the back of the apse is a scriptural quotation, which clearly states the Evangelical belief with regard to this Sacrament: "As often as ye do eat this bread and drink the wine ye do show forth the Lord's death till He come."

The preacher during the hymn before the sermon ascended the pulpit, and, after a momentary struggle with the reading-stage thereon (which appeared somewhat difficult to adjust), settled down to his discourse, an able and timely address from Luke xxiv., 34, "The Lord is risen indeed." The preacher's sermon was good indeed, but his voice, possibly in order to fill the huge building, was of a harsh and strident character. No doubt that is not his fault, but I am bound to record my impressions faithfully in these details. We were first reminded of Faust, who, when he heard the Easter bells, said in his hopelessness, "I list the tidings, but faith faileth me." Sad beyond all sadness was it that anyone should say to-day, "I hear the tidings of Christ risen, but I do not believe." But glad beyond all gladness to all believers was the glorious story of the Resurrection Morn.

All nature sympathises with the Church in her joy. With the bursting leaf and the swelling bud the life of spring rises from the death of wintertide; and should not the Church rejoice in the resurrection of her Lord?

In the Gospel for the day there were two lessons, (1) of encouragement, and (2) of exhortation. Referring to the sorrowful Magdalene searching for Christ in the dark-

ness of that Easter morning, the preacher drew a beautiful picture of the soul seeking the risen Christ in the darkness of to-day, and of its many failures to find Christ in mere rationalism, formalism, or the routine of unending ritual. As Mary said, "They have taken my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." But the heavenly messengers said, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" And so we must look for Christ, not amongst dead things, but in the newness of a risen life. Seek and seek patiently! Is it not true men will seek patiently after happiness, wealth, fame, friendship, nearly always with disappointment and failure? How much the more should we seek for the Christ! The second point of exhortation was then dealt with at length, showing that those who are risen in Christ to a new life must seek the things above, and the three-fold meaning of the Resurrection was explained, as the seal of Messiahship, the pledge and prophecy of our resurrection, and the indication of what our present lives must be in union with Christ. "Because He lives we shall live also; and although many of us would wish to know more of the hereafter, is it not enough that we shall see His face and be with Him?" This formed the substance of the sermon, which occupied about fifteen minutes. At the conclusion of the service the Hallelujah Chorus was given as a voluntary by the organist, many of the congregation remaining in their seats to listen.

LAYMAN.

• • •
STIRRING LIFEBOAT STORY.

A thrilling story of women's gallantry comes from Runswick, a tiny village nestling amid the precipitous cliffs to the north of Whitby. The fishing fleet had been out for a number of hours, when about mid-day those on shore were alarmed on observing a number of distress signals flying from several of the vessels. By this time the wind from the north had risen to the proportions of a gale, and as the nearest of the boats was some three miles away from the shore, it seemed not at all improbable that a terrible catastrophe would take place, particularly as with but few exceptions the whole of the able-bodied male population of the village were away in the distressed boats. The women, however, lost no time in launching the lifeboat, and were preparing to put out to sea themselves, when one of the boats of the fishing fleet was driven safely upon the shore. The crew at once volunteered to go to the assistance of their less fortunate comrades, and being joined by five ironstone workers, they manned the lifeboat, which was promptly launched by the womenfolk, who dauntlessly waded into the surging waters and cast off the ropes from the boat's carriage. The lifeboat was successful in rescuing the whole of the distressed boats after several hours' very arduous labour.



HUDDLESTONE'S STONE (OR TABLE), CLEEVE HILL.

This stone is said to mark the spot where Cenwulf, one of the last Kings of Mercia, parted from his guests after the consecration of the Abbey of Winchcombe (811). According to the ancient charter of the Abbey, the guests included the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Kings of Kent and East Anglia, and numerous bishops and noblemen. The

present stone was erected by the Southam De la Beres about three hundred years ago, in place of the original stone, which had been either removed or destroyed. A short description of this interesting monument appeared in the "Cheltenham Chronicle" some two and a half years ago.

THE KING AND HOLYROOD.

MEMORIES OF A BY-GONE DAY.

If it be correct that a British King again summons his Scottish subjects to meet him within the walls of Holyrood Palace (says a writer in the "Telegraph") the invitation will have a certain poetic fitness, for within the Palace was celebrated the union of the Thistle and the Rose—the marriage of James IV. of Scotland to Margaret Tudor, which, after a hundred more years of strife, brought the union of the Crowns. The Palace has in its time seen evil days. In 1044 and 1547 English armies burned it, and though it was restored, it again fell victim to a fire, which broke out while Cromwell's soldiers were in possession. Again it rose. James I. of England was crowned in it as King James VI. of the Scots. Charles I. was crowned there too, and James VII., as Duke of Albany, held court within the Palace. In it, too, Bonnie Prince Charlie, in the brief heyday of his fortunes, held kingly state, before he sought the stricken fields of England. But these days belong rather to the fields of history and romance. The foreshadowing of Royal State being resumed at Holyrood makes doubly interesting the last great visit of State, which was paid to it in 1822 by King George IV. True, her late Majesty Queen Victoria visited Holyrood on many occasions, especially while her Consort was still spared to her. She then made it a halting-place for a few days on her way to and from Balmoral; but the Palace was a residence rather than a Court. King George was in Scotland for twelve days in 1822. Accompanied by a naval squadron, the Royal George yacht arrived at Leith Roads on August 14, and was welcomed with great demonstrations of loyalty. The most interesting visitor to the Royal vessel was Sir Walter Scott, who was the bearer of an elegant silver cross, the gift of the ladies of Edinburgh, which his Majesty signified his intention to wear in public next day—Sir Walter's birthday by the way. The King made his State entry into Edinburgh in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators, who covered the slopes of the Calton Hill and even crowded the distant heights of Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags. King George wore the superb jacket of crimson and gold which he had used at the Coronation, but which was concealed in a great measure by

a splendid mantle of white satin, lined throughout with crimson, and fastened with a cord of gold and crimson. His lower vestments were crimson, and he had on brown boots, adorned with gold tassels and fringe, and a black velvet Spanish cap looped with gold and with a black feather. His horse was almost covered with a scarlet shabrack, edged with white lace and adorned at the corners with silver thistles. At the city boundary the loyal Corporation of Edinburgh tendered the city keys with the customary ceremonial. At Holyrood his Majesty was received by the hereditary keeper of the Palace, the Duke of Hamilton, premier peer of Scotland, who, in his capacity of Earl of Angus and representative of the Royal House of Douglas, had the privilege of carrying the Scottish crown. Almost every member of the nobility and gentry of Scotland was present. They included three Dukes, three Marquises, seventeen Earls, two Viscounts, twenty-seven Barons, fifteen Judges of the High Court, about seventy Baronets and Knights, four Generals, nine Lieutenant-Generals, and fifteen Major-Generals. The levee lasted just over an hour. On the Tuesday following the King held a Drawing Room, at which nearly 500 ladies were presented. On Thursday, though it was said his Majesty was "not very well pleased with those who had in some measure pledged him to undertake it," a procession was held through the principal streets. Having reviewed the military at Portobello next day, the King in the evening attended a ball given by the peers. Besides the carriages of the nobility, almost all the coaches and every hackney chair in Edinburgh was in requisition, and between eight and nine, says the contemporary chronicle, "the fair daughters of Scotia had assembled in a constellation of unwonted numbers and brilliance, their feet already beating and bounding for the dance, and their eyes ever and anon turned round in wistful expectation for the King. Where all were so fair, so fine, and so happy, it would be invidious to make any distinctions. It is sufficient to say that all that was gay and elegant in Scotland had assembled." His Majesty attended a civic banquet in the historic meeting-place of the Scottish Parliament, and visited the theatre, where "Rob Roy" was played by a company in which Mrs. Siddons appeared as "Di Vernon." It will be observed that King George IV., though he met his subjects in

Holyrood Palace, resided at Dalkeith, and probably if another State visit were to be paid to Edinburgh a similar expedient would have to be adopted, in view of the limited accommodation in the old residence of the Scottish Kings. Holyrood is little changed in its surroundings from the days when the Stuarts resided within its walls. The everlasting hills of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags stand out boldly to the south, the Royal park spreads fair and green to the east, and if the Canongate is no longer the home of the Scottish nobility it is still the main thoroughfare to the King's stronghold of Edinburgh Castle, and the seat of the King's Government in Scotland.



TROOPER MINTON MANSELL,

Of Wormington Farm, Dumbleton, volunteer of Strathcona's Horse, now disbanded. Trooper Mansell embarked on the return journey to Canada on April 16th.

LORD SHERBORNE DISPELS A FICTION.

Lord Sherborne has sent to "Notes and Queries" a letter from his aunt, Lady Louisa Howard (the only daughter of Lord Lansdowne), which effectually dispels a reiterated statement that Thackeray withdrew from "Vanity Fair" his "original woodcut" of the Marquis of Steyne because Lord Lansdowne was offended at the likeness which it bore to him. Lady Louisa Howard, who is the only living person who can speak authoritatively on the question, states her belief that Thackeray had not met her father until long after "Vanity Fair" was published, and adds—"My brother lent us the early numbers to read as they came out, but I did not finish it till the edition of 1849—which I imagine was the first—but I never heard a word of any supposed likeness to my father in any of the illustrations. If any such was pointed out to him, he would have only laughed and taken no further notice, and I am sure never imagined that the character of Lord Steyne, if he had read it, could be pointed at him. I remember hearing at the time that Lord Hertford was supposed to be suggested; certainly no part of it suits my father, except perhaps a taste for pictures and the title." Lady Louisa married in 1845 the late Hon. James Kenneth Howard, a brother of the grandfather of the present Earl of Suffolk, whose mother was the Hon. Elizabeth Jane Dutton, daughter of the first Lord Sherborne and wife of the 16th Earl of Suffolk.

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THE REV. WILLIAM CUFF.

FROM BUTCHER'S BOY TO BAPTIST
"BISHOP."



The "Sunday Companion" of March 30th contains a highly-interesting article on "Incidents of my Youthful Days," specially contributed by the Rev. Wm. Cuff, who has risen from being a butcher's boy to the position of President of the Baptist Union. He is a Gloucestershire man, and we give the following extracts from the article:—I was born seven miles north of Gloucester, right in the valley of the lazy old River Severn. Its flood, with a boat, was one of the delights of my youth. But my native village is mainly out of its reach. In 1852 it rose to such a height that three houses were flooded, and my father's was one of them. The name of the village is Hasfield, and till a few years ago it was seven miles away from a railway station or telegraph office. The railway is as far off as ever, but the good squire has had the telegraph wire brought into the village, and my sister keeps the post-office. We arranged beforehand that the moment the wire was ready I should send the first message along it, and I did. This was the message, "Hurrah! science has touched Hasfield."

My parents were poor, but respectable, and of the thorough-going sort. They were born in the village, and their ancestors for many generations before them. It is an ideal church and churchyard, in which to be married or buried. There my parents were married, and there my honoured father is buried, after sixty-three years of married life. He died at eighty-seven, and my dear mother is still living at the great age of ninety-four. Of course dear mother remembers our late beloved Queen's Coronation; and she has been spared to see pictures of her funeral. For many long years my mother kept the village school, and from her lips I learned the alphabet and the meaning of figures and the use of a pen. She rocked my cradle to the Old Hundredth, and taught me to kneel at her side and lisp the name of Jesus. Mother was all to me, and I was all to her. There were seven of us in family, and I was the only boy. We are all alive, and well.

There was a school for boys—farmers' sons—about two miles from our house. The whole thing was about as rough as it well could be. The utmost discipline prevailed, and the master was a good teacher, and could teach the boys all he knew. I hated school and books and all restraint, and longed to be free. School days were soon over, and I went to work. There was a butcher, and I was always with him when I could be. He had a good horse, and that was enough for me. I wanted to learn the trade.

To that man I went, to begin life in earnest, when I was about fifteen years of age. It was a rough, hard life, and early and late did I toil. We were soon more like father and son than master and boy. He was very kind, and taught me everything—how to buy and sell, and kill and dress, and all about horses, as well as sheep and cattle. Of course,

there was not much meat wanted in the village; but we killed a lot, and took it to Gloucester Market every Saturday.

But Hasfield could not hold me. I soon left and went to Cheltenham. It seemed to me such a big world—so full of life and movement and chances. Through God's gracious goodness I fell into good hands. The first Sunday my aunt took me to church. That saintly soul the Rev. Gordon Calthrop was the rector. So the first man I heard preach on my first Sunday from home was Gordon Calthrop. Many years after, when we were both settled in London—he at Highbury and I at Shoreditch—I called on him and told him of that first Sunday from home. From then, 1874, a friendship was fostered which lasted till his death. We entered into a covenant with each other that at 9 a.m. every Sunday we should pray for each other. I believe it was faithfully kept.

At the time I went to Cheltenham, 1856, good Dean Close was the vicar of the old parish church (St. Mary's), and there I usually went on Sunday nights. I think I see him now as he was then—a finely-built and developed man—and he could preach the good old Gospel of grace and love. Until that time I knew nothing of Dissent, for I had been carefully kept from every kind of Non-conformist place of worship. One day a boy who worked in a grocer's shop, and was a bit bookish, told me of a lending library for boys and girls. The cost was a penny a week. I at once joined and got a book—"The Philosophy of Laughter," by Paxton Hood. I liked that, and soon got another by the same author, only it was a very different book, "The Life of Oliver Cromwell." That little book changed my destiny. I have the same copy now on my shelves, with the old stamp on it, "Newbold's Library." It is to me a most precious treasure.

There were some fine men in the Nonconformist pulpits of Cheltenham at that time: Dr. Morton Brown, the Congregational minister, revered and beloved by all who knew him; Rev. W. G. Lewis, with a large and crowded chapel—a very powerful preacher was he. Then the other Baptist minister was dear, good James Smith, the author of so many little books which have been blessings to thousands of God's saints. To his chapel I ultimately went. There I joined the Sunday School, and a new sort of life and thought began to open up to me.

Not long after this I joined the young men's Bible Class. A man of God named James Bloodworth was the leader, and we numbered over a hundred young men. In that class I gave my heart and life to the Lord. Soon after this I was baptised, and joined the church of which James Smith was the pastor.

There was a class of a sort of unmanageable boys in the school, for which no teacher could be found. I consented to try.

In a few months the class of four boys had increased to thirty, and then the number soon grew to over a hundred. It was in the midst of those boys that I learned to love souls.

It was what we call a sheer accident that I ever began to preach. One Sunday a good man constrained me to go with him to a cottage meeting in a village not far from Cheltenham. When we got there, he compelled me to speak to the people. There were from eight to ten there, and all farm labourers and their families. The old thatched house stands there still, and the same man lives in it now. I stood with my back to an old grandfather's clock, and that clock is to be mine as soon as the dear old man goes home to God. I have a photograph of the old house and the old man sitting at the door, which I value beyond money.

After that little service my life seemed fixed. Now and then I took a small cottage meeting, and attempted to preach. It always seemed a failure to me. It came to pass that a friend called to tell me that a man was unable to go to a certain village to preach twice on the morrow. He urged me to go. It was twelve miles there and twelve miles

back, and I must walk. At length I consented to go. It was on my twenty-first birthday. On my way home I settled the question that had haunted me for many months—namely, to give up all I had and all I was for the service of Christ and the preaching of the Gospel.

About two more years passed in business very happily and successfully, and then all was arranged for me to enter Mr. Spurgeon's College. I came straight from the shop to the students' class, and began a student's life in real earnest. Happy, glorious, enthusiastic college days, which can never die! Then came my first pastorate in a small village, called Ridgmont.

Thence I moved to Bury St. Edmunds. I was there nearly five years, but did not like a co-pastorate, and resigned and came to London. Here I have been labouring in Shoreditch since October, 1872—a season to look back upon with unutterable praise and thanksgiving to the Lord.

[We are indebted to the editor of the "Sunday Companion" for the right to reproduce the above article and for the use of the photograph of the Rev. William Cuff. —Ed. C.C. and G.G.]

THE STEAM COACHES FROM
CHELTENHAM.

Sir Frederick Bramwell, C.E. (as one of the very few who remember the early work done in steam locomotion on common roads, and as one who remembers it with a particular appreciation, because during his apprenticeship, in the year 1834 forward, he had the pleasure of being recognised by Mr. Walter Hancock, who did more than anyone in the practical development of the work), has written a letter giving extracts from the House of Commons Report on the subject in 1834. He states, in the course of his letter:—"But not content with imposing excessive tolls, the authorities actually put physical obstruction in the way of the steam carriages. With respect to this point, there is a letter from Sir Charles Dance (on whose coach I rode from London to Reading and back), of February 3, 1832, in which is stated that which took place on June 21, 1831, as regards impediments, on the road between Gloucester and Cheltenham: 'It was reported to me by my engineer (Mr. Stone) that large heaps of stones were laid across the road about four miles from Gloucester, 18in. deep, which the engine had passed over twice (in going to and returning from Cheltenham) with considerable difficulty, and that it was so unusual a mode of repairing a road (which was in excellent order and required no repairs) that it must be a serious obstruction to all descriptions of carriages.' Mr. Stone's letter of June 22, 1831, accompanies Sir Charles Dance's letter. It is as follows: 'Yesterday morning we found the road filled up with loose stones for a considerable way near the four-mile stone. The carriage with difficulty went through them, and also returned through them again without any mischief, but the third time the strain broke the axle between the throws. The horse coaches have been stopped in the stones. The clerk at the branch Bank of England says that he came across by the mail this morning, and that it was also stopped. Mr. Todd, of Cheltenham, says he was obliged to get down from the coach he came to town by, and that the horses could not get it through. 'The Champion,' from London, a fine four-horsed coach, was brought up, and, in whipping to get through, broke the harness to pieces. Wagons are obliged to get extra horses; in fact, the proceedings are most unaccountable. It is some relief, however, to know that the steamer has gone through, where the horses have been brought up, and I hope soon to get the axle mended.'"

The death is announced at Auxerre of General Gras, at the age of 75. Deceased, who was on the retired list, was the inventor of the rifle which bears his name.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, APRIL, 27, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THREE LESSONS.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In teachings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ round
And Gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but has its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this: God rules the hosts of Heaven
And the inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for me,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy benefits on me and all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength where life's surges rudest roll,
Light where thou else wert blind.

* * *

SIR JOHN STAINER AND MR. CECIL RHODES.

Less than a year ago (writes a correspondent with a turn for amateur photography to the current number of "M.A.P.") I was fortunate enough to get a sitting from Sir John Stainer. During the operation he kept up a running fire of the genial and interesting chat which so endeared him to all he met. "Do you know," said he, "I bear a remarkable likeness to Mr. Cecil Rhodes? The other day, at my bank, they all smiled when I came in. Of course I told them it was very rude of them; so they showed me a magazine, with Mr. Rhodes's portrait and mine side by side for purposes of comparison. Really, I felt like writing to Mr. Rhodes to ask if something couldn't be done! Now you're ready, and I'll be quite still." During the preparations (in which a little pocket comb figured) the question of pose cropped up. Sir John leaned an elbow on the piano, and turned his eyes to the ceiling. "Now, if I were a great pianist like Paderewski, I'd stand like this. As it is, I'll stand as a mere man in frock-coat." My correspondent has been kind enough to enclose me prints of the pictures he secured. Their resemblance to the photographs of Mr. Cecil Rhodes is very striking indeed. Another of his little stories (continues my correspondent) was perhaps a sly blow at myself. It was this: "Once upon a time I was so plagued with photographers who were forming galleries of celebrities, galleries of musicians, galleries of old men of all sorts, that I refused to be photographed for ten years. Then a man wrote me saying he'd got a photo of me ten years old; would I oblige with one more recent. I did so. The photo I sent was taken just three weeks after the one he'd got. He wrote back: 'Dear Sir,—You are a wonderful old man; you haven't altered a hair in ten years.'" That same day a student appeared before Sir John at a singing examination. After a very third-rate and obviously careless performance, the student looked up to see the effect produced. "That was rather ish, my boy," was the comment. "I beg pardon, sir?" "Ish! ish! Good-ish, bad-ish, rubb-ish, anything ish," explained the examiner!

* * *

Mr. Philip James Bailey, the author of "Pestus," which was published as long ago as 1838, on Monday attained his 85th birthday.



Photo by Waite & Pettit,

[Cheltenham.]

REV. CANON ROXBY, M.A.,

RECTOR OF CHELTENHAM,

NEWLY APPOINTED RURAL DEAN OF CHELTENHAM.

THE GOOD OLD STYLE.



A REVOLUTION AT THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

We understand that one of the most picturesque incidents of this Revolution was the taking of the Oath of Secrecy, by the Revolutionists.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Another heavy blow has unfortunately fallen upon Cheltenham. The announcement, in regimental orders, that the Yeomanry were to assemble again at the Garden Town for annual permanent duty proved but as a cup of wine placed to one's lips only to be dashed away, for the slow moving War Office have placed their veto upon the fixture, and ordered the gallant Yeomen to "canvas" it instead. So we shall see none of them here, as the Duke of Beaufort has taken them under his special wing, and to his park at Badminton they will hie. I suppose we must all live in hope, if we die in despair, of seeing the R.G.H. here on some future occasion in khaki instead of blue and gold.

Hunting of the fox and of the hare is now over, and the horn of the hunter is now no longer heard on the hills, where it was tootled for two or three weeks longer than in the vales. The Duke of Beaufort's and Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds were the last to leave the field in this county, finishing up the season at the end of this week. Point-to-point races furnished fitting finales to a successful season, save in the Berkeley country, where the farmers always have their carnival on the August Bank Holiday at the agricultural show under the Castle walls. As for the season, cub-hunting was attended with a fair measure of success, and when the real business commenced in November the going was in good order, and foxes were plentiful; for quite seven weeks there was uninterrupted sport, but fog frequently interfered with it. Wet, stormy weather, with floods, was experienced in the first fortnight of the new year, and hunting was entirely and very properly suspended for a fortnight from January 22nd owing to the Queen's death. Hunting was resumed when the bone of the frost was in the ground, but the fox-hunters were never really frozen out. In March scent was very catchy owing to the blustering north-east winds. In regard to the Cotswold Hunt, in which I am more particularly interested, Mr. Algernon Rushout, the model master, is to be heartily congratulated on the season's operations. I find the "beauties" hunted

82 days, and bowled over 30 brace of foxes, while 26½ brace sought refuge with Mother Earth. In fact, they had not a blank day. Not bad, eh? The Hunt Committee's beautiful ball at the College, immortalised by the "Graphic," will live long in the memory of those privileged to be there.

Happily the season passed off without any fatalities in the field, but the Ledbury's closing day was marred by a fatal accident to a gentleman when returning home from the meet. Mr. Blackwood, of Malvern, was showing a companion, Mr. Brown-Cave, how his horse could jump, when he was thrown and broke his neck. The deceased, who was only 24 years of age, was a relative of the Dowager Countess of Darnley, who since her widowhood has taken a residence in the Ledbury country. There have been a crop of casualties, including those to Mr. Rushout and Mr. Henry Baker, who were in the early part of the season put out of the saddle for several weeks through falling at a blind rheen when hunting together in the Berkeley country, and S. Dale, one of Lord Bathurst's whippers-in, sustained a bad scalp wound a week or two ago. Several ladies have unfortunately sustained injuries. Lady Carrington and Mrs. Williams, of Wotton-under-Edge, each broke their arm, and only last week Miss Pinching, of Daglinworth, had a limb broken with Lord Bathurst's hounds.

Next season will, as is already arranged, witness several changes in the mastership and personnel of the hunt staffs of some of the local packs. Mr. Charles McNeill, who is one of the "Tattersall's" of the Midlands, and is known to be a bold and straight rider, will take over from Captain Stacey the mastership of the North Cotswold, and he and his wife, Lady Hilda McNeill, an ardent sportswoman, will reside in their country, at Kilsant House, Broadway. The Ledbury pack will also have as master a commoner with a wife of title, for Mr. Carnaby Foster, a real good sportsman, will succeed Mr. Hubert Wilson in that position, and he has also arranged to take over from him Upper Hall, where Mr. Foster and the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, his wife, will live. Mr. Wilson, who became master of the Ledbury on the death of his brother, Mr. F. T. Wilson, spared nothing that a man of wealth could command to promote sport, and he goes back to his old country to take on the master-

ship of the North Cheshire, and he will take T. Cubberley, the Ledbury huntsman, with him. It is to be hoped that Earl Bathurst will be back from his exile at St. Helena in time to carry the horn with his hounds at Cirencester next season. George Travess, second whip of the Cotswold, will be leaving for a similar position with the Heythrop. As regards Harriers, the only change announced is that Mr. Gratwicke Blagrove, to the delight of the supporters of the Longford pack, has thought better of resignation, and will continue the mastership, but with Mr. Part, of Sevenhampton, as partner. The foxes and hares may enjoy themselves for the next few months—but a time is coming!

One does not expect to hear humour at missionary or religious meetings, but a little is occasionally appropriate and acceptable, and goes a long way when it does come. I have heard of a good and humorous anecdote, which a splendid example of a poor man's parson narrated as a recent Church Pastoral Aid meeting held in Gloucester Guildhall. A prominent canon was announced to address a working-class congregation in London on the comprehensive subject of "Dogma." The vicar of the parish went among his flock to stimulate interest in the forthcoming meeting, and one parishioner whom he encountered replied to the invitation: "Oh! this 'ere bloke is great on dogs, is 'e? I'll certainly come and 'ear 'im!" This reminds me of another "dogmatic" incident which one of the "city fathers" was responsible for at a Town Council meeting some years ago. An Alderman, who was a polished speaker, and often used language which was not understood of the people to whom it was addressed, had referred to the utterances of one of the members as being too dogmatic, whereupon a Town Councillor rose, and with some warmth (thinking the term had a female canine meaning) protested against such an opprobrious epithet being applied to a fellow member. The thing created such a stir at the time that "Punch" considered it good enough to comment upon.

"Vindictive" said Conservatives, "Vindictive" retorted Liberals, in reference to the recent municipal petitions at Gloucester. The Tuffley voters, who had the first say in the matter, have by a majority of 16 declared in favour of the latter phrase, and the Liberals are cock-o-hoop accordingly. But I shrewdly suspect the real issue has been deferred to next November 1st. The fight for the seat was not everybody's money, as it is only tenable for six months. Still, Liberals strove every nerve to secure it, and Conservatives were apathetic, some, I am told, preferring to remain in their gardens and plant their potatoes and peas to making a pilgrimage to the polling station to plant their ballot paper. It is significant that a fifth of the small constituency remained unpolled. At all events, it is not inappropriate that a monumental mason should be elected temporarily to represent a ward in which the Cemetery has a large acreage. I hear the informer is going on with his action against the unseated member to recover penalties for voting, and that it will be tried at Gloucester Summer Assizes.

GLEANER.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL, CHELTENHAM.

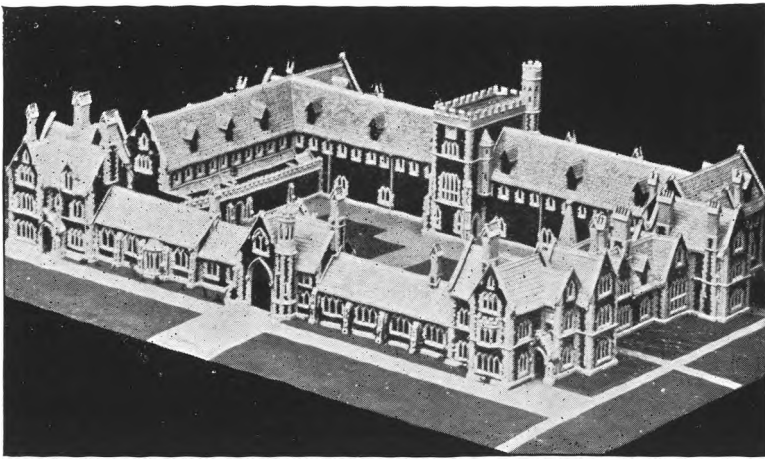
Winter Garden, Tuesday Evening, May 14, 1901,

"THE REDEMPTION"

(Gounod).
With complete ORCHESTRA, CHORUS,
and FESTIVAL ARTISTES, numbering upwards of 300.
Conductor—Mr. J. A. MATTHEWS.

Tickets—3s., 4s., 6s., Numbered; 2s. and 1s.
Plan at Westley & Co.'s Library.

In Committee Room No. 14 of the House of Commons on Monday the Speaker unveiled a bronze bust of the late Sir John Robert Mowbray, Bart., "Father of the House."



ST. PAUL'S TRAINING COLLEGE, CHELTENHAM.

Photographed by Mr. Kott, Cheltenham, from a model.

A Tour of our Churches

XV.—WESLEY CHAPEL, ST. GEORGE'S STREET.

On Sunday evening last I made my way to the somewhat sombre looking chapel in St. George's-street, which is the headquarters of the Wesleyan Methodist denomination in Cheltenham. It has been said by a cynical observer that "the form of religious worship which is nearest to the average man's heart is that form which holds its services nearest to the average man's house," and there is some truth in this thought, for the position of Wesley Chapel, far removed from the centre of the town, tells against the attendance, as I found on my visit. Apparently there are plenty of people who would rather walk 20 yards and be a Baptist or a Congregationalist than 200 yards to be a Methodist. Be this as it may, the attendance was undoubtedly thin, but during the service I gathered that there were special temporary reasons for this besides the permanent drawback mentioned. The Wesleyans in Cheltenham divide up their forces into several camps, there being other chapels under the same superintendence at Bethesda Chapel in Great Norwood-street, at Swindon-road, and at the pretty little new chapel in St. Mark's, and thus the mother church is weakened apparently, though not in reality, the aggregate attendances being well up to the mark. Last Sunday evening, too, the great event of the year in Nonconformist places of worship—the Anniversary—was being celebrated at the Swindon-road off-shoot, and this had drawn many of the regular worshippers from St. George's-street.

The interior of the chapel struck me as being rather dull—almost dingy—in comparison with the bright, drawing room-like appearance of, say, Salem Chapel, but there was a general halo of respectable meeting-house antiquity about the whole which was not displeasing. At the pulpit end of the building is a species of chancel-arch, in which is placed the organ, an unpretentious instrument with a square case suggestive of an enlarged chamber organ, but of very sweet tone, albeit somewhat marred by the unmistakable clicking of the notes and pedals, especially during rapid manipulation by the organist. The musical portion of the service was remarkably well rendered, both organist and choir combining to give excellent expression and modulation of the hymns; all simple, well-known, melodies, in which everyone could join almost without the words—such old favourites as "Crown Him Lord of All," "I heard the voice of Jesus say," "Come unto me, ye weary." The minister for the evening was a young man of distinctly clerical cut, one of the two or three assistants of the head minister or superintendent, as he is termed, answering in position in the Wesleyan Church to the much-worked curate in the Established Church.

Although John Wesley never actually severed his connection with the Church

of England, the Methodist form of service shows no trace of liturgy or formality. At St. George's-street on Sunday evening everything was extempore, as at other Nonconformist chapels, except, perhaps, the recital of the Lord's Prayer after the first hymn, and the order of service was that which I have now so many times chronicled at other places of worship. The Scripture reading was in the 4th chapter of St. John—the story of the woman of Samaria—well and clearly read, and without any trace of that affectedness which is sometimes a grave fault in the pulpit. The sermon was taken from the same subject, the whole narrative being treated verse by verse, with a running comment—a species of encyclopædic commentary on each phrase as it occurred. As a mere occupant of the pews the discourse appeared to me better suited for a Bible class or adult Sunday school lesson than for a sermon; there was little or no ethical thought, and too little reference to human sentiment, the details of daily life, or practical work-a-day Christianity to please me; but it should be remembered the preacher was young, and would probably grow into a more imaginative and less discursive style of oratory by a greater acquaintance with the joys and sorrows of life. The sermon started with a description of the scene at the well, and the two characters of the Scripture narrative were traced as Teacher and scholar.

The scholar was a despised Samaritan woman, a race looked upon with contempt by the Jews, a poor woman evidently, and one who had wandered into sin. Her eyes were blinded by the traditions of her people, that blindness which belongs to a class or a sect who cannot see with others. For her the Son of God was a mere passer-by resting for a while on the well side; so occupied was she with earthly affairs, that she was not expecting to see the Messiah, although she knew He would come. This is typical of people to-day, concerned so much with things of this world that they have no time to think of Christ, although He visits their homes with blessings watching over them, protecting them; yet they see Him not, although He is so near to each one. The minister then passed on to the consideration of our Lord as the Teacher, and mentioned that His outward appearance, or dress, or accent, betrayed his Jewish race as you or I could tell a Scotchman or a Welshman if we met him!

The lesson which Christ teaches his ignorant scholar leads skilfully up to a confession of sin. Jesus deals gently, tenderly, with the woman; she is not anxious to learn, so, like all the best teachers of to-day, this greatest of all teachers works from things seen to things unseen, from object to abstract truth, from the seen water in the well to the water of life;—so doing, He forgets His thirst, and thinks only of the woman's salvation. Then, this Great Teacher touched the chord of inquiry and curiosity which is so strong in her sex, until the woman of Samaria was quivering to know what this Living Water meant, and she exclaimed "Sir, give me this water!"

Thus, as on a dry summer day the earth is cracked and broken up by the sun, thirsting for rain, the woman's soul showed real signs of desire for the blessing. She confesses her sinful life, and goes to tell others of what the Lord has done for her, which the preacher cited as an argument for the use of young converts as evangelists, etc. The sermon, the latter part of which was delivered in semi-obscurity, until the minister's face was hardly discernible from the back of the chapel, concluded with the old anecdote of the vessel gone out of its course, with its crew dying of thirst, signalling to a passing craft that water was wanted. The answer came back, "Let down your buckets, and drink!" They had unconsciously drifted into a fresh water lagoon, and the water they wanted was all around them, had they but known it! So those who are dying for that life-giving stream were urged by the preacher in his concluding remarks to stoop down, and drink, and live for evermore.

LAYMAN.

*

ST. PETER'S, WINCHCOMBE.

Winchcombe is proud of its parish church, and well it may be, because there are few towns of its size that possess such a noble building. It is of fourteenth century date, in the perpendicular style of architecture, and consists of a chancel, clerestory nave, north and south aisles, handsome entrance porch, and western tower, with pinnacles. It has many gargoyles of fantastic designs. In the chancel is a piscina bearing the arms of the founder of the church, Lord Boteler. The building was thoroughly restored nearly 30 years ago, and of late years Mrs. Dent, the lamented lady of Sudeley Castle, did much for its interior embellishment. I attended service there on Sunday evening last. There was a good, but not quite a full congregation present. First came a hymn, and as no number was given out, most of the congregation seemed to know where to turn for the words; it would appear to be a "stock" hymn, somewhat regularly used at the opening of the service. The curate read the opening prayers and versicles, and kept fairly well to the reciting key. The Vicar, who, by the way, is a Doctor of Literature—read the lessons and the later prayers. There was evidence of a good surpliced choir, but the boys were very few in number. The psalms were well chanted, as were also the Magnificat and the Nunc Dimittis. Three more hymns were sung. An anthem is often given, but this evening was not favoured in that way. A good organ was artistically played. The Vicar gave a splendid discourse from St. John xxi. 27. He did not read an essay to his hearers, but gave them an extempore sermon, critically analysing our Lord's very special dealing with St. Peter, and closing with the clinching point that there was work for all of the present day, as much as there had been for St. Peter. Christ's manifestation of Himself, the preacher said, speedily ran off from His other disciples to that of St. Peter only, and He brought heavy artillery to bear on that one single soul. The preacher thought the principal reason more souls were not won now-a-days was that too much attention was devoted to the masses rather than to individuals. No wonder that Peter was grieved on Jesus asking him three times, "Lovest thou Me?" but the Master was making the man go to the very ground of his own heart, and ascertain once and for all where he stood and how he was affected. Work for Christ was done from a great variety of motives, and success was not real unless the work was done from pure love of Him. Each of the three times Jesus told Peter to "Feed My Lambs," "Feed My Sheep," "Feed My Sheep." Concluding, the Doctor said that all might be doing much for the Master's flock, and everyone should ask himself or herself, "Am I taking my part in the work?" Suppose Christ came and asked us, "Lovest thou Me?" would He believe us if we answered "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee"? In their Girls' School on the previous Sunday morning, the preacher said, there were two teachers only; and at the Boys' School the same afternoon there were four classes without teachers. That was neglecting His lambs indeed! A vesper hymn concluded a bright service.

LAYMAN II.



DEERHURST CHURCH.

One of the best-known examples of Anglo-Saxon architecture. It was built during the 10th and 11th centuries. There are many later additions, but a great deal of the genuine Saxon work remains. The most striking features are only to be seen in the interior of the church, but in the outer walls of the three lower stories of the tower and the nave (built about 980), the "herring-bone" masonry, and the "long and short work" at the angles (both well-known characteristics of Saxon architecture), are seen in great perfection.

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 16th competition is Col. Snead, of Prestbury. The prize picture is that of Deerhurst Church, as given above.

Entries for the 17th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, April 27, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

Printing . .

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

A FLIGHT OF SWALLOWS.

A novelty at the shops are tiny swallows and butterflies made with a spring, to be used as clasps. They are of solid bronze and are substantial, while preserving the delicacy of workmanship in which the Japanese artisan excels. They are useful to hold ribbons in place, to loop back light lace curtains, or for any of the numerous services for which a small ornamental clasp is needed. One housekeeper has a veritable flight of 60 of these little swallows adjusting the lace draperies of a wide bow window. A use that quickly suggests itself for them is in the arrangement of the muslin and laces of a dressing table.

* * *

NOT AN IDEAL GUEST.

An ideal hostess once had Rudyard Kipling as a guest for several days, and, being of a literary turn of mind, was naturally honoured by the event. Naturally, also, she wished to exhibit him, but this the gentleman frowned upon, threatening to leave the house if she so much as mentioned his presence.

She swallowed her disappointment and entertained her friends just as if the peal of the door-bell did not send the distinguished guest scurrying to his bedroom, to remain until the visitor had departed. At the termination of his visit her tongue was loosened, and she talked to her heart's content. But one-half of her friends doubted the truth of her statements, because they did not understand the delicacy which compelled her to obey the wishes of a guest. She was a true hostess, but he was a surly guest, inasmuch as it would not hurt him to appear for an hour to meet her friends, and the act would have given her an amount of pleasure.

WOMEN IN FRANCE.

An important step was made with the close of the old century towards the emancipation of woman in France. This reform was brought about chiefly through the persistent efforts of Jeanne Chauvin, who was the first and for a long time the only woman lawyer in France. She was determined to plead in court, "and," she says, "nothing is so stupid and so unprofitable as to abandon an undertaking—perseverance is my religion, and it is to this that I owe my success." She is young, fine looking; and her voice is clear and strong. "Coquetry is an excellent thing," she declares; "it is important that men in all countries should learn to appreciate and admire the women of 'superior education,' but these in turn should, I believe, be as graceful and charming, and as well dressed as possible."

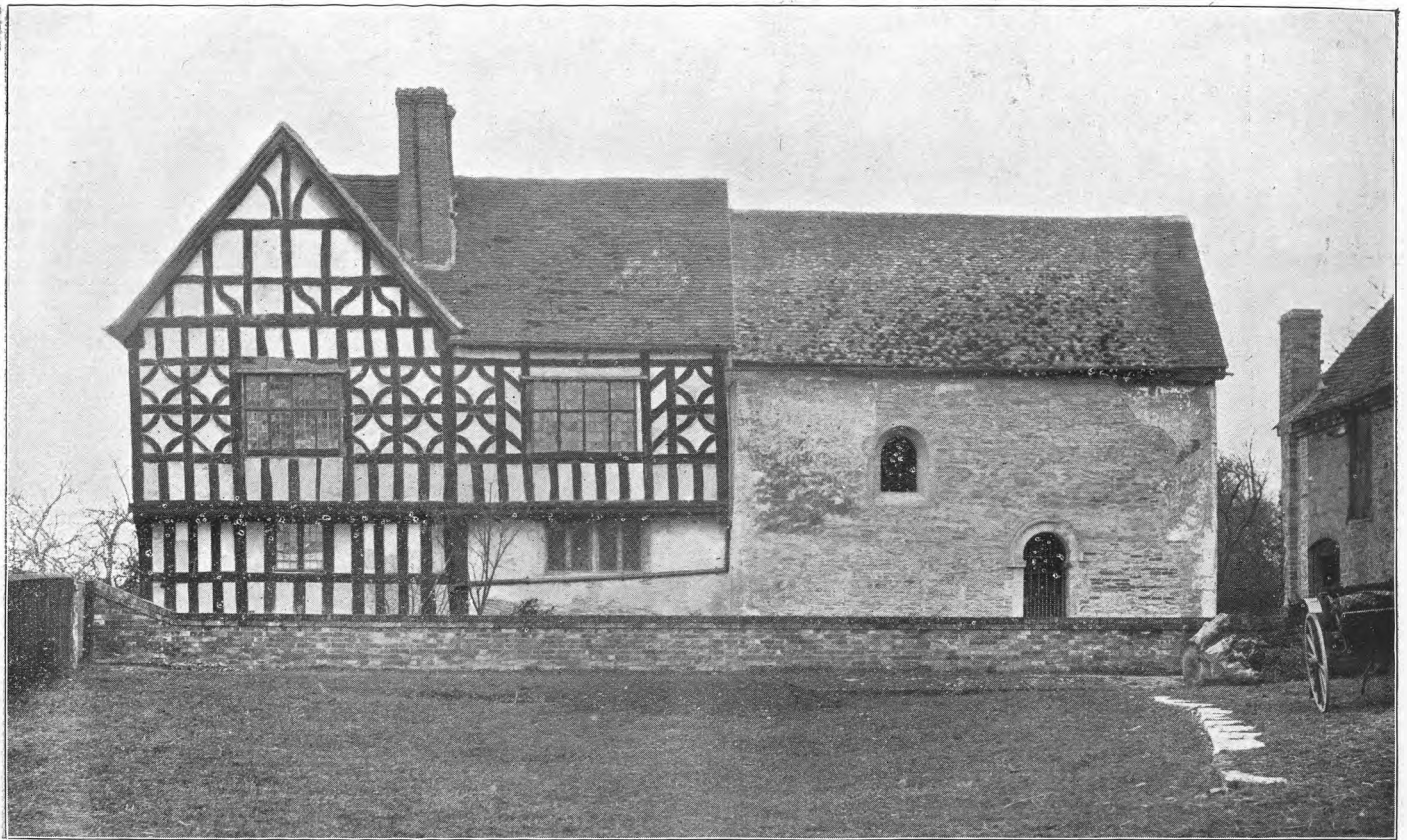
* * *

CUT FLOWERS.

It is a sure death to cut flowers to place them in a draught or where the sunshine will strike them. Always cut the ends of the stems before placing the flowers in water, snipping them off at right angles to the stalk.

Mignonette, which usually droops when first placed in a heated room, should be left in the ice chest in water until it hardens. The best ways for keeping flowers may be learned by a little observation at the florist's.

Violets, for instance, you will notice, are carefully wrapped in tissue paper and kept with the stems in water in the ice chest. Moistened newspaper is as good as the tissue paper for covering them. In this way they may be made to last for some time.



DEERHURST CHAPEL.

This Saxon chapel forms part of an ancient farm-house, and was so built about that its existence was not discovered until a few years ago, when part of the chancel arch, the north doorway, and one of the windows, all in good preservation, were laid bare through some alterations. It was built in 1056 by Odda, a Saxon earl, in memory of his brother Aelfric. Both church and chapel once formed a part of a Benedictine priory, founded in the ninth century.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHARACTER.

IMPRESSIONS OF ONE WHO KNEW HER

The "Quarterly Review," issued on Friday, contains an important article on the character of Queen Victoria, believed to be from the pen of a Church of England dignitary in close connection with the Court, who gives an outspoken and highly interesting estimate of her late Majesty. The writer observes that the Queen was always actuated by an extraordinary singleness of purpose, but, conscious as she was of the vast round of duties in which she had to take her part, she was sensitive about the quantity of time and thought demanded of her from any one point. Her prejudice against Mr. Gladstone really started in her consciousness that he would never acknowledge that she was, as he put it, "dead beat." In his eagerness, Mr. Gladstone tried to press her to what she knew, with her greater experience, to be not her work so much as his, and she resented the effort. He did it again, and she formed one of her pertinacious prejudices. The surface of her mind had received an impression unfavourable to the approach of this particular Minister, and nothing could ever in future make her really pleased to welcome him. In daily life, too, the inherent obstinacy, but checked by the high instinct of public duty, would often make itself felt. Those who were much with her were never allowed to forget that she was the most important person in the room. It was part of her real importance in great things that she was obliged to be a little tyrannical in small things.

Speaking of the Queen's well-known punctuality, the writer says it was almost more than a habit with her—it was supersti-

tion. Her persistent and punctual attention to affairs lasted much later than supposed. She did her business as head of the State until the Thursday before her death. Of her personal attributes her smile was perhaps the most notable. Under the evil spell of the photographer's camera it disappeared altogether. Tribute is paid in the article to the Queen's personal courage. On her last visit to Dublin she was strongly urged to have an escort of cavalry close to her carriage. She refused point blank, saying, "Why, if I were to show the least distrust of the Irish they would think I deserved to be made afraid of them."

With reference to the late Sovereign's attitude towards religion, it is noted, as regards the political side, that she accepted without discussion the paradox that she was the head of two more or less antagonistic religious bodies. She considered her political relation to the national religions exactly as she treated her headship of the Army or Navy. She wished to be kind to her Catholic subjects. "I am their Queen," she said, "and I must look after them." Of her personal religion, the writer says that in her Majesty the religious life was carried out upon the plainest Christian lines, without theological finesse and without either vacillation or misgiving. She was a broad Churchwoman in the true sense, and her attitude towards dogmatic religion was a latitudinarian one. It rather set a mark in her mind against a person that he or she was a Ritualist. It was always an element in her reticence regarding Mr. Gladstone that he was too High Church. "I am afraid he has the mind of a Jesuit," she used to say. She liked Roman Catholics very much better than Anglican Ritualists, partly because she had a respect for their antiquity, and partly because she was not

the head of their Church, and so felt no responsibility for their opinions.

Apropos of her relations with her Ministers, the author remarks that throughout periods of crises nothing could equal the firmness in which she supported the decision of the Government. This was particularly the case during the South African war, and, though she regretted that she had not seen the end of the conflict, it is absolutely untrue that she wished it to be prematurely stopped, or stopped by weak concessions. The story that in her last words to the Prince of Wales she ordered him to stop the war is denounced as a falsehood.

THE VALUE OF LOVE.

A week without sunshine depresses the spirits and throws a gloom on everyday duties. A week without love throws a gloom on the heart and sadness over all.

To the man who has a sweetheart, or the girl who has a lover, the dawn of a new-born day brings joyful anticipations, but to those who know not love it oftentimes brings a weary sigh and a heartache more sorrowful than tears.

To the one who knows the blessings of a happy love, fully returned, the days seem all too short, and the hardest tasks are entered into with a song on the lips and a willing hand.

To him whom Heaven has denied the sweet delights of love the long hours drag slowly enough; but the shadows of night which gather are not darker or more gruesome than the shadows which lie dark and heavy over his heart.

Every human being needs a close companion; aye, and a near and dear and sympathetic one, to tell one's hopes and aspirations, successes and failures to, to make life worth the living.



CANON HUTCHINSON'S FUNERAL.



Above is a view of the premises of our Winchcombe agent and correspondent, Mr. George Tovey. Mr. Tovey has been connected with our publications for upwards of 20 years.

ENGLAND UNDER THE CHARLIES.

It is not our intention to give a picture of England under the first two Stuart Kings (says Mr. William Andrews, the writer of an interesting article in the "Argosy"), but to present an account of the days and ways of the old watchmen, better known as "Charlies," who were for a long period the recognised guardians of the night. These men come early on the scene in the annals of this country. The reign of the third Henry was fraught with trouble, and during his inglorious times he had serious disputes with the citizens of London. In 1253 he ordered a strong guard of horsemen, supported by infantry, to protect the streets nightly. It was a complete failure, and gave rise to a gang of thieves, who, under the pretence of searching for aliens, broke into houses and carried away goods. A more efficient watch had to be devised; the mounted guard was discontinued, and in its place a permanent watch was established. London and other large cities were divided into wards, and over each ward was appointed an alderman, who usually

acted as a magistrate, and in various ways watched over the interests of the ward. In the earlier days of the watch strong young men were employed, who were armed and able to deal effectively with any lawless characters they might meet when on their nightly rounds.

The famous Statute of Winchester was passed in 1285, and, altered and amended, for more than five centuries was in force in this country. The chief points of the Statute are as follow:—

- (1) Forbids the compounding or concealment of felons.
- (2) Districts in which felonies are committed were to produce the bodies of the culprits within forty days or be liable.
- (3) The watch and ward of towns was to be regulated, and all suspicious strangers were to be detained.
- (4) High roads were to be cleared of trees and bushes up to two hundred feet on either side, so that robbers might not lurk therein.
- (5) Every man was to keep in his house "armour" according to ancient assize.

(6) Two constables were to hold a view of the armour twice a year.

It will be seen from the summary of this Statute that a serious attempt was made to maintain law and order, and armour was in readiness to defend the land against a foreign foe.

Stow says that in the reign of Queen Mary, a bell-man was appointed in each ward, and it was the duty of these functionaries to wander through the highways and byways of the dark city, saluting the masters and mistresses with suitable rhymes for the season of the year, and at the same time bidding them hang out their lights. This usage appears to have been in accordance with a rule made in 1416, when Sir John Burton was the Mayor of London. He ordered lanterns and lights to be hung out in the winter evenings between Allhallows and Candlemas. The custom was maintained for an extended period, and came down to the days of Queen Anne. The lighting of provincial cities and towns was extremely unsatisfactory, and it is to be presumed that the inhabitants had to grope their way about as best they could with limited light, if, indeed, any at all, to dispel the darkness of the night. At York, in the reign of Charles II. (1673), the only mode of lighting the city during the winter nights consisted of twenty-four lanterns, which the Lord Mayor caused to be made and hung up in the principal streets of the city. Three hours was the regulated time for burning the light. Attempts were strenuously made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to enforce silence in the streets. We learn from "Statutes of the Streets" that men were prevented from blowing horns or whistles after nine o'clock at night under pain of imprisonment.

Long before Sir Robert Peel instituted a new police force in 1829, called after him, "Bobbies" and "Peelers," the watchmen, better known as "Charlies," were of little service to the community, and chiefly composed of men unable to work, and who were obliged to apply to the parish for relief. The orders regulating the Charlies are somewhat curious, and the following are drawn from the Clink Commission, an old Southwark authority, superseded by the Metropolis Local Management Act. Mr. W. H. Atkins, the clerk of the St. Saviour's District Board of Works, disinterred the orders issued in 1786 to the parish watchmen. The following is a copy:— "You are to be subject to the beadle and obey their orders and directions. You are to be at the watch-house punctually at such an hour as shall be appointed by the beadle every night, each having a lantern, candle and long staff, and to proceed to such place or stand as shall be appointed by the beadle, to beat your bounds every half-hour, proclaiming the time of the night or morning, and not to depart from your post until the time appointed by the beadle, and then you are to repair to the watch-house and there to remain till discharged by the beadle, and with him to leave your key and rattle: and if you are prevented by sickness or other unavoidable accident you are to send notice to the watch-house or to the beadle on or before the hour of meeting that night."

It appears that the chief defect in the effective work of the watchmen was caused through employing men who were not equal to the requirements of the duties imposed upon them. Much diversion was obtained by the "bloods and bucks" of the period from the Charlies. If they caught one asleep, which was no uncommon occurrence, his box was overturned, door downwards, or turned to the wall, leaving the sleeper to get out the best way he could when he awoke. Sometimes the watchmen would turn on their tormentors, and the result would often be fractured heads and broken arms. Towards the end of the first three decades of the nineteenth century were heard the watchmen's last calls as he went round his beat, lantern in hand to light his tottering steps. He proclaimed as clearly as his husky cough of ten years standing would permit:—"Pa-a-ast ten o'clock, and a rainy night!" "Past two o'clock, and a cloudy morning!" If the weather was stormy he usually snored away the night in his small box, kept fairly warm in his treble-caped great coat.

✧ SUNDAY'S SEVERN BORE. ✧
SNAPSHOTS AT STONEBENCH.



Cheltenham Cyclists.



Gloucester Trippers.



"Here she comes!"



"There she goes!"

THE DESPISED STONE AT GLOUCESTER.



The following extract from Lysons' "Romans in Gloucestershire" may be read with interest:—"The remains of a vast temple—if we may judge from the bases of the pillars, nine feet in circumference—were lately discovered by Mr. John Blinkhorn in the cellar of the house occupied by Mr. Palmer, confectioner, in the Westgate-street, Gloucester. It extended under Mr. Compton's and Mr. Baber's shops nearly down to the County Bank. Vast quantities of bones were dug up on this site, and so numerous as to be only accounted for by the fact of their having been the bones of beasts offered in sacrifice to the heathen gods. Was this perhaps the very temple which some of the Roman writers say was built to Claudius, who was worshipped as a god in Great Britain, and in which Aviragus is said to have sacrificed? Is it not probable that these churches, and even our cathedral itself, were built with the very stones which once formed those temples, thus causing Christianity to triumph over idolatry?"

Mr. Alfred King, the builder, some years ago made extensive alterations in this house for Messrs. Godsell, the Stroud brewers, and there was in the cellar a protruding stone which was so inconvenient that they decided to have it removed. It appeared to be embedded in the foundation wall of the cellar. It was of great weight and thickness. As soon as it was dislodged from the position it had probably occupied for centuries and was exposed to the light and reversed, it was found that a semi-elliptical hollow had been cut in it by some instrument. The marks of the instrument looked as if they had been recently executed by the hand of the Roman mason. The marks were neither worn nor abraded. The workmen considered it to be a curiosity, and they by way of compliment kindly sent for me. I was familiar with prevailing traditions, and modestly pronounced my humble

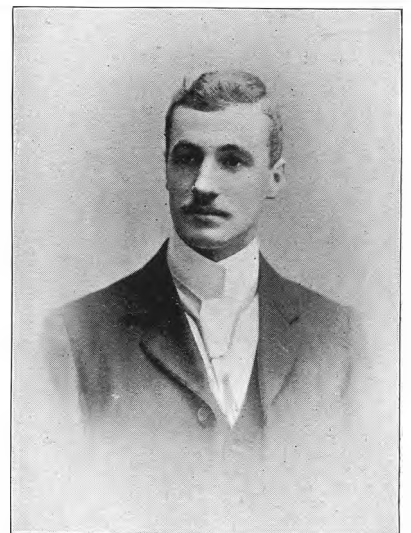
opinion. I considered it to be Roman, and it probably belonged to the old Roman temple which centuries before had occupied the site. I said I would obtain the opinion of John Bellows, my Gamaliel in these matters. I went, and we were soon on the spot. It was surrounded by a miscellaneous crowd. John Bellows carefully took the dimensions of the stone and of its elliptical cavity by aid of his Roman scale. It was his opinion that it was Roman, but before he could pronounce his final judgment Mr. John Hargrave was observed to leave his shop door and walk hastily across the street, and with all the dignity of an archbishop or a Roman Emperor he enquired in a loud, anthem-like voice: "What have you got there?" A bystander replied: "A Roman stone, gaffer." The learned tailor gave it a contemptuous look and exclaimed "Nonsense! It is only the stone in which old Palmer used to chop his sausage meat!" And while the crowd laughed idiotically, John Hargrave returned to his shop with an air of triumph over "humbbug"! John Bellows put his measure in his pocket, and he and his humble satellite exeunt omnes.

The erudite tailor's judgment was fatal, at least pro tem. I called on Miss Palmer and made enquiries. She remembered the cellar and the protruding stones, had never seen the cavity, and it had never been used in making sausages, as they always chopped their pork on a board.

The condemned stone was examined by several antiquaries, and it was photographed. Mr. A. King has carefully preserved it in his garden in Nettleton-road, and it is now filled with water, where little Fritz floats his imaginary navy.
H.Y.J.T.



At a meeting on Monday in Chester, it was decided to present two handsome silver salvers to the Duke of Westminster, on the occasion of his marriage.



PVT. C. O. JAMES, Cheltenham Rifles, invalidated home from the front with enteric and dysentery.

Bishop Welldon, metropolitan of India, has addressed a letter to Archdeacon Stone stating that his health has rendered a change to Europe imperative.



Photo by J. Jopson.

[High Street, Cheltenham.]

THE SEVERN BORE.

There was a good "head" last Sunday morning, and the above view of the unique tidal wave was obtained just below the Lower Parting, near Gloucester.

The May Magazines.

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"The Smart Set" is a monthly of American origin which styles itself "a magazine of cleverness." It is certainly full of up-to-date fiction, well-written verse, humorous jottings, and articles on subjects of social interest. Mrs. Sherwood has a sensibly written appreciation of "England's Princely King."

In addition to the usual "Art of the Camera," "The Royal" this month gives a series of photographs of "footlight favourites" under the title of "From the Stalls," including one of Miss Lillah McCarthy, a fair Cheltonian. "King Edward as a Sportsman," illustrated, is an article which will appeal to loyal readers; and interspersed with a variety of fiction, including the beginning of a series of "London Mysteries," by Baroness E. Orzy, are articles on such-out-of-the-way subjects as "If," "Hats Off," "Flying Beasts and Flightless Birds," "Risms and Rhythms," "Table Golf," "Paying-off a Warship," etc.

The May "Pall Mall" has an appropriate frontispiece after Giacomelli, "The return of the Swallows," and a noble poem by George Meredith, symbolically illustrated, "The Voyage of the Ophir." Leslie Stephen contributes an interesting article on "Romance and Science," showing that our own age is no more prosaic than the less scientific ages that preceded it. Mr. Archer's "real conversation" this month is with John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie), who has something good to say on women's men and men's women in fiction. Mrs. E. T. Cook contributes a humorous article on "Street Nuisances and Noises"; and M. H. Spielmann's "Behind the Scenes at the Royal Academy" is amusing, as well as interesting. The anonymous article on "Submarine Boats" is of special interest in view of the ex-

periments about to be made in the British Navy. Those who are fascinated by the awesome story that science has to tell of primeval life will find much to their taste in Professor Cole's "Earth's Earliest Inhabitants." The Countess of Cork and Orrery has a bright essay on "Etiquette," in which she manages to consider its philosophy, evolution, etc. Eden Phillpotts and several other well-known writers contribute fiction, and the serial features maintain their attractiveness.

An interesting illustrated article will be found in "The Leisure Hour" on "The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth"; and other contributions include "The Author of 'Ben Hur' at Home," being a bright character sketch of Gen. Lew Wallace; "With His Majesty's Mails," describing the wonders of the travelling post-office system; "Canadian Life," "Tramps in Tasmania," etc. For readers of a literary bent W. Stevens gives some practical hints on reading under the title of "Eyes or No Eyes—Brains or No Brains," and Mr. T. Wright, the biographer of Cowper, writes about that poet's "Unpublished and Uncollected Poems," with facsimiles. The series of essays on "How I Spend a Day" will enable one half of the world to understand how the other half lives. The fiction is excellent, including a serial by Silas Hocking. In the companion religious magazine, "The Sunday at Home," a new serial by David Lyall, "Gold that Perisheth," is commenced, and Dr. Clifford writes a stirring article on "The Sphere of the Church in the Coming Social Regeneration." "In the City of the Charter Oak" and "An Ancient Treasure Town of Bohemia," both illustrated, will appeal to those who like to read of "the wonders of the world abroad." The other magazines of the R.T.S. for the younger generation, viz., "The Girls' Own Paper" and "The Boys' Own Paper," are full of attractive stories and articles. In the former a new serial by Ethel Turner starts. All the magazines have artistic frontispieces.

Lyndhurst-road Congregational Church, Hampstead (Dr. R. F. Horton), has now a membership of 1,182, and the branch church at Cricklewood 165. The total income last year was £8,561.

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Mademoiselle Sardou, daughter of the famous dramatist, is engaged to be married to Comte Robert Deflers, whose play "Les Travaux d'Hercule" is now running at the Bouffes-Parisiens.

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The Rev. D. L. Ritchie, of St. James's Congregational Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, has decided not to accept the call given him to succeed Dr. Guinness Rogers at Clapham Congregational Church.

*

Mrs. Langtry opened her new London theatre on Monday night. The piece was "A Royal Necklace." The building is splendid, and everything indicates that money has been spent with a lavish hand.

*

Mr. H. M. Pay, one of the oldest British residents of Boulogne, was found dead in the Rue Thiers on Monday morning. The deceased was very well known, having resided in Boulogne for over 50 years.

*

The Kaiser is stated to have just put the finishing touches to a treatise on the capture of the Taku forts by the Powers. He is also credited with having compiled studies in various periods of the history of Germany, Austria, and France.