

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

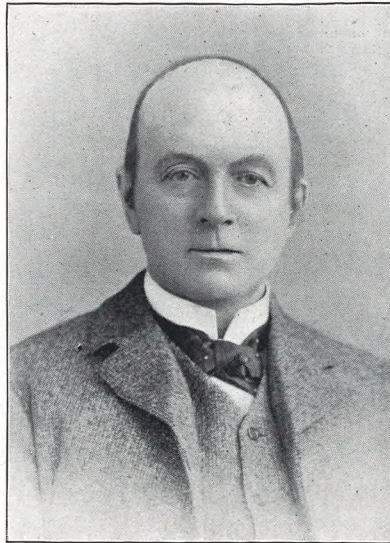


Photo by H. W. Watson, [Cheltenham and Gloucester.]

W. F. HICKS BEACH, Esq., J.P.,
Chairman Cheltenham Justices.

HUNTING: AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

The period of the year has now arrived at which the annual meetings of hunts are held, and a change or retention of masters very often turns upon financial matters. In hunting, as in other sports and pastimes, expenses have increased enormously. The angler of a century ago would have opened wide his eyes were he asked the sum by way of rent which a salmon river now commands; the shooting man would scarcely have dreamed of renting a moor, forest, or manor at to-day's prices; while the people who welcomed polo to England as a new form of amusement would indeed have stared had they been told that the time would come when a polo pony would be knocked down at auction for nearly £800. Hunting expenses, too, have increased; not only those to which the followers of hounds put themselves for their own comfort and convenience, but those of hunting a country, and which a master has to carefully consider before he accepts office. The primitively-kept establishments which heretofore sufficed for sport would no longer find favour with the modern hunting man, who, without reference to what the master might be called upon to pay, would put forward the slenderness of the establishment as a valid reason why he need not give more than a nominal sum to the maintenance of the hunt. Nowadays, hounds must be of the best; the huntsman and at least the first whipper-in must have two horses a day; and staff must be well turned out; keepers require to be well paid for so far going against their nature as to preserve foxes and

doing the stopping; arrangements have to be made for taking down and replacing wire; while to save foxes from an untimely death poultry bills have to be settled on a liberal scale, and other damage has to be made good. Hunt subscriptions have always been and ever will be a difficulty, and every attempt to adjust contributions have more or less failed. A donation of £10 a horse is not really much to ask a man to pay, yet its exaction would mean that the poor man who might live in two cheap rooms and own a couple of £25 horses would be on the same footing as the man who lived in a mansion and possessed two 400-guinea hunters. Any attempt to adjust the subscription according to the number of days a man hunts would equally fail to work satisfactorily, for whereas a poor man might by the exercise of judgment and good stable management get one horse out on two or three days a week, another would deem himself underhoused unless he had five or six at his disposal for the same amount of hunting. It is, however, by no means improbable that, having regard to the growth of hunting expenses and the difficulty which some masters experience in obtaining a satisfactory guarantee, fewer hounds will be used and shorter hours will be observed in the field, with the result that second horses will not be required. This is one of the matters with which masters of the future will probably find themselves confronted. Not a few followers of hounds, especially those who leave their own homes for quarters in some fashionable country, where, of course, rents rule high, take a nice house with a good stabling, keep as many horses as they can possibly afford to feed, mix freely in society, which involves, of course, entertaining, and then, finding that they have run the length of their tether, give a parsimonious subscription to the hounds. The time will doubtless come when the hunting budget will have to begin at the other end; and when a man will have to say to himself, "I have to give a certain sum to the maintenance of the hunt; rent will cost so much, and how many horses can I afford to keep out of the balance of income?" Hunting is costly only because it involves the purchase and keep of horses, the buying of saddlery, and the engagement of servants. Having made this outlay, the sport costs little more than the subscription, just as a yachtsman or the owner of a rowing boat pays no rent for the water on which his craft floats. There are few hunts which are in a really flourishing condition financially, so it behoves those who hunt to give as liberally as they possibly can. —"The Field."

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THE SIXPENNY LIBRARY.

Cassell and Co. have issued in their sixpenny series that enthralling romance of the English Civil War "The Splendid Spur," by Q. Wilfred Woolam has issued through Elliot Stock and Co., two attractive sixpenny booklets, "All Change" and "Victoria Vale." The first, which consists of "jottings at the junction of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries," claims attention for bright table talk and good verse, while its apothegms are quite reminiscent of Rochefoucauld, without any of his bitterness. "Victoria Vale" is a panegyric on the Queen, and also contains miscellaneous pages for the passing epoch.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

TWO POPULAR NOVELS.

Mr. Winston Churchill, the young American novelist, not to be confounded with his English namesake, made a name in England with his "Richard Carvel," and his recent novel, "The Celebrity," though much sighter than the well-known historical romance, bids fair, as it deserves, to reach a large circle of readers in the mother country. If not very profound, the idea is novel, and it is worked out in a breezy, dashing manner, with abundant spice of humour and good-natured fun at the expense of some typical American characters. The little vanities and shortcomings of a successful literary man are amusingly set forth without the slightest intrusion of anything that can be deemed offensive. In order to invest his doings with an air of mystery, the "Celebrity" temporarily assumes the name of a man, who, unfortunately, happens shortly afterwards to decamp from a place of trust with other people's capital. Certain characters in the know—the hero and his lady friends—have mighty fun with the "Celebrity" out of this incident; and almost worry the life out of him by encouraging him, in company with an eccentric millionaire and others who seriously believe that he has committed a crime, to endure many hardships in order to escape from penalties which he has never incurred. The scene on Bear Island in the great lakes where the party mistake the real criminal, who is also endeavouring to reach the Canadian shore, for a detective, is extremely funny. On the whole, the joke is carried so far against the "Celebrity" that we begin to sympathise with him. In addition to the humour, there is some pretty love-making in the book, which is included in Macmillan's 6s. series.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason is of the romantic school of writers, who love to turn from the present, which we know to be somewhat prosaic, to the past, in which strange adventures can be more naturally and conveniently set. The world learned from "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" how deftly Mr. Mason can weave the fanciful threads of romance; but in "Miranda of the Balcony" he has shown that he can be equally romantic with modern characters and a modern, if not always a civilised, background. We have moving adventures, mystery, plot, and counterplot, blackmail, telepathy, and love to hold our interest; and it is a book which, once opened, cannot be put down until the reader has satisfied his curiosity by absorbing it all. In brief, Miranda's husband is the cause of most of the excitement. A detected traitor to his country, he has to flee from military service at Gibraltar, and, cunningly contriving to make it appear that he has been drowned, he takes to the profitable but illegal occupation of landing guns on the North African coast. Meanwhile a young engineer named Char-nock falls in love with Miranda, who, however, discovers that her husband is alive, and, later on, that he has been kidnapped by enemies in Tangier and sold as a slave in the interior. Summoning Char-nock to her aid, she prevails on her lover to undertake the rescue of her husband, in which task he succeeds after two years of hardship and adventure in the interior of Northern Africa. The scene is laid chiefly in Spain and Tangier, which affords opportunity for picturesque and dramatic situations. The black-mailer Wilbraham plays an important part in the plot, which, however, is happily worked out, as the superfluous husband gets himself drowned in grim earnest in the last chapter. The novel forms one of Macmillan's 6s. series.

Prize Photography.

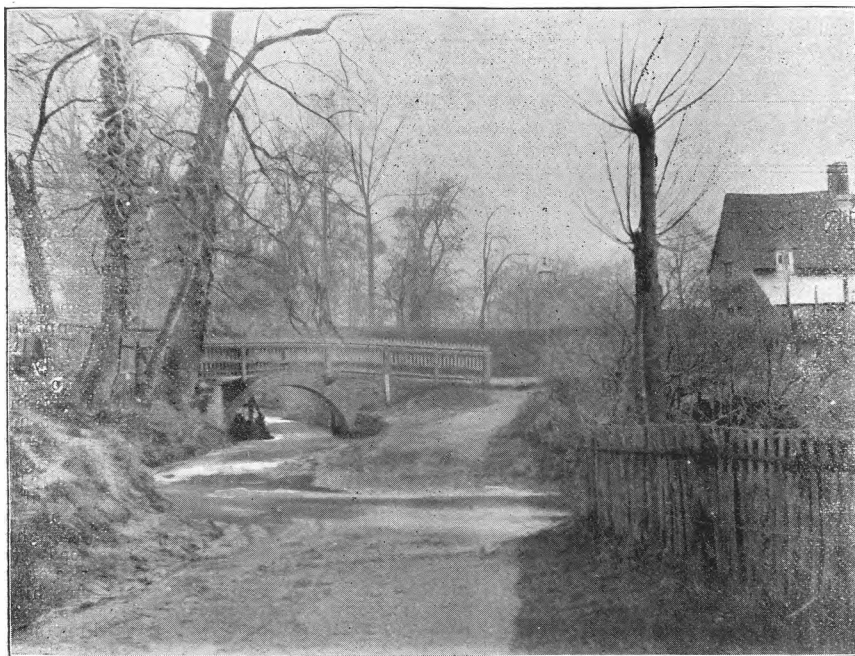
The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a WEEKLY PRIZE of HALF-A-GUINEA for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH the work of an Amateur.

The winner in the 17th competition is Mr. W. T. Musgrove, 11 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings. The prize picture is that of "A View

of the Chelt at Charlton Kings."

Entries for the 18th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, May 4th, 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 CHELT AT CHARLTON KINGS.

A Tour of our Churches

A SALVATION ARMY HOLINESS MEETING.

Waiting outside the Salvation Army Hall in Lower High-street on a recent Sunday morning, a picture flashes through my mind; my memory recalls the passage of a little body of men and women through the dark and narrow streets of a small provincial town, singing cheerfully the while a surging crowd of roughs hurl filth, bags of flour, soot, and all manner of missiles, mad with rage to think that these people take no notice of bleeding foreheads and bruised bodies, but, if anything, sing the louder and seem more radiantly happy than before. Thus did the Salvation Army make its first entrance in the arena of my experience—persecuted, hated, maligned, yet, like every religious sect, flourishing under these apparent difficulties and drawing multitudes from the "submerged tenth" into its ranks. But that was fifteen years or more ago, and the gigantic organisation which the fertile brain of General Booth evolved from nothing has passed from persecution to success, and respectable mediocrity; to-day no crowd either obstructs or follows the band and procession, and the novelty which once attracted huge numbers of the curious and the idle awakens little or no interest. Thus it is that familiarity breeds contempt, and unless the Salvation Army can introduce new methods of sensation it seems to me that the object of the brass band and procession is quite played out, presuming that object to be the attraction of the masses, and not merely vain display.

As these thoughts flit through my brain I hear the strains of the band coming down the High-street, and soon the familiar banner-led procession comes in sight, the bandsmen

resplendent in their red jerseys, and waking the echoes of the sleeping street in fine style. As they arrive outside the door of the hall a whistle is sounded to cease playing, and, bare-headed, a prayer is offered by one of the bandsmen before they enter the building. It is well to remember that the Salvationist's Sunday commences early with a "knee-drill" or prayer meeting at 7.30, followed by a brief open-air service in one of the poorer streets (from whence the band and followers had now come). Then there would be two more open-air meetings, besides the usual services, before the day was over, and an open-air meeting every evening during the week! Truly these men and women do work hard!

Entering the hall, I noted there was a very "free and easy" spirit amongst those present; one soldier walking about selling copies of the "War Cry," and a general conversation going on between those who had just arrived and others already in the building. The hall itself is a depressingly gloomy old structure, which originally did duty, I believe, as a Presbyterian Mission Hall, and still possesses a large graveyard adjoining. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the huge overshadowing galleries, the old-fashioned pews, and the dingy appearance of the exterior militate largely against the numerical success of the Salvation Army in Cheltenham. On this occasion there was a mere handful of people present, perhaps 60 or 70 all told, and in such a huge building these seemed almost lost.

The "Holiness Meeting" started with "Song" No. 1, from the current issue of the "War Cry," announced by the leader, an Ensign of the Army, a young man with a happy, honest face. I noted that he did not go on to the platform at the back of the building, but simply sat at a table in the body of the room. The band played the tune through, and then led, or rather drowned, the

singing, for, if you have heard the band in the street, and wondered at its vigour, just imagine the sound pent up within four walls, if you can! It was something prodigious! After this "song," the chorus of which was repeated again and again, a prayer was offered by the leader;—a prayer, every phrase of which was punctuated with a running volley of "Hallelujahs," "Amen," "Yes, Lord," from those kneeling around him, some even shouting these ejaculations at the top of their voices, as the prayer grew more fervent; without a pause the prayer was changed to a couplet from a Salvation hymn, led by the Ensign with a concertina; then followed more prayers, and similar responses from familiar hymns. After these prayers another "song" was sung, the congregation sitting, the lesson was read (everything being interspersed with the ejaculations before referred to), and personal testimonies were asked for. Three soldiers, two men and a woman, responded, in rugged but intensely sincere language, giving their spiritual experiences in such a manner as to clearly show that their religion meant everything to them, and that sacrifice for Christ was a duty—nay, a pleasure—to them. The Ensign rose, after these three experiences had been recounted, to make the announcements for the week, a bewilderingly long list of engagements, as it seemed to me, and suggestive of great activity on the part of the corps. He particularly urged those present to endeavour to clear the debt on the building (some £8), before he received marching orders in a week or so, and incidentally mentioned that his salary, which was also £25 in arrears, was of no consequence! Here was a young man, who could earn good money outside the Salvation Army, happy in supporting a wife and family on a pittance which represented barely £1 a week, and gladly giving up £25 arrears of that! If I were inclined to moralise, I could find in myself to say,—What a lesson to those who take up "the Church" as a means of living! But "sacrifice," even more than the time-honoured motto of "blood and fire," is the great motive power of the Salvation Army movement. Just as in the Society of Jesus the followers of Ignatius Loyola have to start on the lowest level and work upwards, be they high-born or low-bred, so in the training of "officers" for the Salvation Army no distinctions are made;—everyone has to first submit to menial tasks, and to officer struggling causes, and every year orders are received to depart to another corps, thus guarding against that "man-worship" which is such a difficulty in many congregations of other sects. Once only was this order disobeyed, and then by "The General's" own son, and what was the consequence? He was dismissed from the Salvation Army! Thus, you see, there is a rigorous discipline in even the minor details of organisation.

But to revert to the service. The discourse which the young Ensign gave was based on the story of the Prodigal Son, and, without any pretence to oratory, was a good, plain, straightforward statement of facts, and was intended to press home the necessity for reality in Christian life, there being so many counterfeits who have every appearance of the truth, but who are no more than tinkling cymbals. "God wants us," said the speaker, "to be real above all things!" After the address, which lasted about fifteen minutes, a prayer for penitents was offered, and those who wished to be prayed for were asked to rise for a moment, but there was no response to this; then followed another short prayer and the Benediction.

As I passed into the open air, I could not help thinking that there were some in that building, old warriors in the S.A., who would gladly exchange the present times of success and respectability for the soul-stirring and sinew-bracing days of conflict and persecution.

LAYMAN.

ST. MARY'S, SUDELEY MANOR.

St. Mary's, Sudeley Manor, holds a somewhat unique position. It stands in the private grounds of Sudeley Castle, and yet is a parish church. It was erected by Sir Ralph Boteler, Baron of Sudeley, about the middle of the fifteenth century, and is in the Perpendicular style of architecture. The

whole structure is embattled, and forms a rectangle of five bays, the divisions being marked on the outside by buttresses rising between the spacious windows and terminating in crocketed pinnacles above the parapet. It has a large traceried western window, above which rises a dwarf corbelled tower. In the 17th century the Castle was surrendered to the Parliamentary forces, and the chapel was grossly desecrated, and afterwards was allowed to go to decay. It was thoroughly restored nearly forty years ago by the late Mr. J. C. Dent, being re-opened by the Bishop of the Diocese in August, 1863. Queen Katharine Parr died at Sudeley Castle in 1548, and was buried in the chapel, the funeral obsequies being conducted by the famous Miles Coverdale, her chaplain and almoner. Mr. Dent erected a costly and elaborate memorial over her remains. It consists of a recessed and feathered ogee arch, richly decorated, and flanked by canopied pinnacles containing statues, within which is placed a panelled altar tomb, adorned with emblazoned shields, and supporting a recumbent effigy of the Queen carved in stone. The church has much handsome oaken work in the ceiling, screen, and sittings. It has accommodation for some eighty people only; but as the parish contains less than 100 inhabitants, that would seem sufficient, and on my visit on Sunday afternoon last this small accommodation was not at all taxed, as there were many vacant places. The windows are filled with good but modern stained glass. In the south-western corner are hung the colours, very dilapidated, of the 8th King's Regiment. The church has a good organ and an able organist.

The Rector is a venerable gentleman, and he is assisted by a choir of surpliced men, there being no soprano voices. This seems rather an anomaly, as in villages one can generally find a few boys that can easily be taught to sing; but it is often difficult to get men who know enough of music to take their proper parts in the harmony. The psalms and canticles were chanted, and several hymns from the A. and M. collection were sung.

Ascending the pulpit, the Rector took for his text the words "A little while," which, he pointed out, occurred seven times in the short Gospel for the day. He mentioned the many times this number seven occurs in the Holy Scriptures. "A little while" called their attention very strongly to the passing away of worldly things—the transiency of all that was of this earth. Thirty-five years ago that day (the third Sunday after Easter) the preacher officiated for the first time in that place of worship. The matter was of small moment perhaps to his hearers, but it impressed the speaker with the truth of the vanity and the passing away of all things. Not an inmate of the Castle on his coming was left; not a farmer remained in the parish; not a labourer in his cottage; one, and only one, member of the choir was still with them. "A little while" was stamped upon everything. They might divide the "little while" of their life into portions: a little while of understanding; a little while of strength; a little while of wealth; a little while of pleasure; a little while of opportunities. All was passing away! All was vanity! But they must remember that all must be accounted for, and the question to be asked and answered by everyone was "What use have I made of the seven-fold blessings I have received?" Let all so live that when the "little while" of their earthly pilgrimage is over they might be received, through Jesus Christ, into eternal life around God's throne for ever and for ever.

LAYMAN II.
HIGHNAM CHURCH: ITS JUBILEE.
Undoubtedly the modern church of this county with the most picturesque surroundings, and having an interior embellished by the artistic taste and skill of a distinguished amateur painter, is that of the Holy Innocents at Highnam, within an easy three-quarters of an hour's walk from the old county town. Built on a rise in the beautiful park of the Court, and bordered on all sides by chestnuts and other flowering trees, the sacred edifice has stood for half a century a

blessing to the parish particularly, and a monument to the piety, generosity, and artistic ability of the good Squire, Mr. Gambier Parry, who passed quietly away 13 years ago. But his works still live. The graceful spire, towering above the forest of trees, guides one to the church from whichever way it is approached. As one enters "God's acre" from Gloucester, the first graves to the left are those of Mr. Gambier Parry and his two wives and of the Rev. Edward Mansfield (the first vicar) and his wife. The church is of stone, and in the Early Decorated style, consisting of chancel, a nave of five bays, aisles, side chapel, south porch, and tower, with lofty spire. There is not a window but what contains beautiful stained glass, and therefore a "dim religious light" reigns supreme in the interior, necessitating the burning of wax candles in order to see to read; but when the brilliant sunshine bursts through the panes the magnificence of its interior is best seen to advantage. Most of the wall space is adorned with painted frescoes by the hand of Mr. Parry. Over the chancel arch, above the rood screen, is a representation of the Last Judgment. In the north aisle is the triumphant entry of our Lord into Jerusalem, the principal characters in the New Testament being depicted. The first bay of the nave on the south has the Expulsion from Paradise, and the Annunciation is depicted on the opposite bay. There is a splendid reredos, and this and the re-table are invariably adorned with choice flowers, for there are the Court capacious conservatories always handy to draw upon.

The church contains sittings for 400 persons, which is about a hundred in excess of the whole parish population, so that there is ample room for the "outsiders" who flock there, from Gloucester chiefly, and are made very welcome. The services are quite orthodox, and are bright and hearty, the choir, consisting of men and boys, with occasional help from Gloucester vocalists, doing their part well. Highnam has only had three vicars—and very good ones, too—the first of whom lies at rest in the churchyard; and the second (the Rev. J. G. Tetley) is now canon of Bristol Cathedral; while the third, the Rev. P. L. Park, who came there from St. Paul's, Clifton, in 1892, is a model parish priest. He expounds the Scriptures in a masterly and convincing way, and his discourses teem with practical Christianity, while his pulpit style is decidedly good. The lessons are read by the National Schoolmaster, save when the youngest son of the late Squire is on a visit to the Court. As to the churchwardenships, these offices are filled by the principal farmers, and, happily, there have not been many changes during the fifty years. This week the jubilee of the consecration of the church, on April 29th, 1851, has been commemorated by an octave of services, which commenced on Sunday last, when the Ven. Archdeacon Hayward was the chief preacher, and in the course of his sermon he rightly described the church as a "glorious" one. There have been several celebrations of Holy Communion, and processional and recessional hymns, as at the great harvest festivals, have been the order. Canon Tetley was the bright particular star on the Jubilee Commemoration Day, and his presence once more in the familiar pulpit brought back to many present memories of profitable and pleasant sittings under him. He seized the occasion to deliver a well-deserved panegyric on "the one to whom we owe the beauty of holiness about us—of Thomas Gambier Parry, our founder and our friend. Here and now it is but the veriest outline of a noble life that I can even attempt to trace. He was, we may reverently say, one from his very birth destined to take a memorable part in the world. In his orphan childhood, in his up-growth, cared for as they were by loving guardians, there was no human hand to shape his career. God, who had need of him, led him by the way wherein He would have him to go, and we, his old companions and people, know the rest. A framer of schemes for others' good, traced with an unflinching hand, and furthered by a munificent giving, a minister of

beauty, whose inner eye could read God's secret in creation, and the magic of whose brush made it known to his fellows; a man of culture, whose exquisite taste was disciplined by patient study." The Canon did not fail to draw the lesson from the life and work of Mr. Parry. Blessed, indeed, I say, was the fair village of Highnam to have possessed a resident Squire who built and endowed a church, and erected a vicarage, school-house, and model cottages, and laboured in many ways to Christianize and humanize the people around him. "Noblesse oblige" might well have been his motto.

CHURCHMAN.

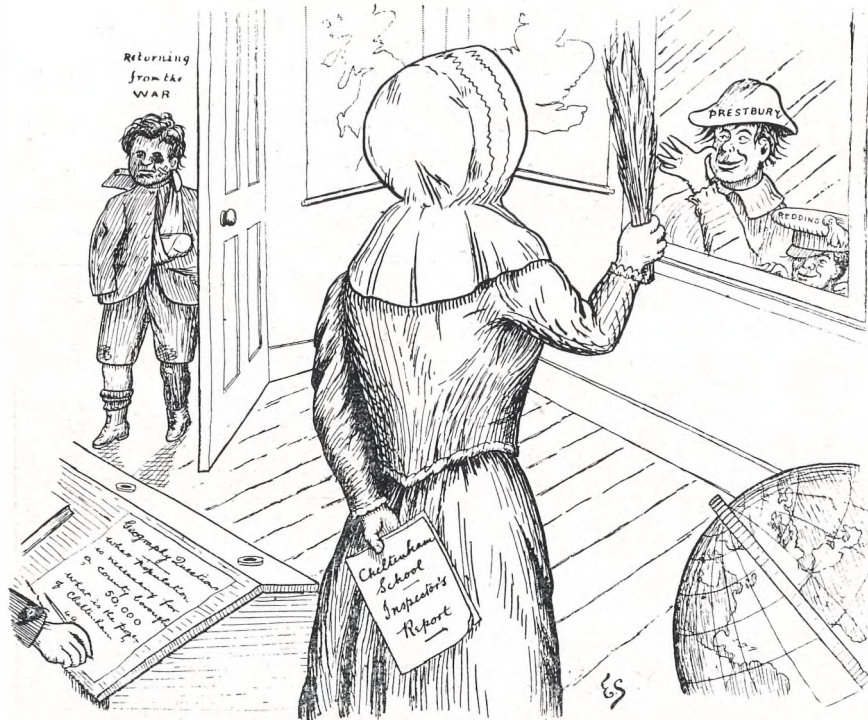


"CUPID,"
Statue for niche at Gifford House, Rochampton, S.W., the residence of Mr. J. D. Charrington.

R. Lindsey Clark, Sculptor—Cheltenham, 1901.
See page 2 main sheet.

A first edition of "The Newcomes" (Thackeray's own copy) sold at Sotheby's on Tuesday for £55.

A DISAPPOINTING REPORT.



DAME CHELTONIA: If you boys had only come in before the Inspector's visit, I should have got the grant.

RIDING ON AN AVALANCHE.

Few mountaineers go far enough into the avalanche regions to see much of them, and fewer still know the thrilling exhilaration of riding on them, says John Muir in the "Atlantic." In all my wild mountaineering I have enjoyed only one avalanche ride; and the start was so sudden, and the end came so soon, I thought but little of the danger that goes with this sort of travel, though one thinks fast at such times. One calm bright morning in Yosemite, after a hearty storm had given three or four feet of fresh snow to the mountains, being eager to see as many avalanches as possible, and gain wide views of the peaks and forests arrayed in their new robes before the sunshine had time to change or rearrange them, I set out early to climb by a side canon to the top of a commanding ridge a little over three thousand feet above the valley. But I was not to get top views of any sort that day, but, instead of these, something quite different; for deep trampling near the canon head where the snow was strained started an avalanche, and I was swished back down to the foot of the canon as if by enchantment. The plodding, wallowing ascent of about a mile had taken all day, the undoing descent perhaps about a minute. When the snow suddenly gave way, I instinctively threw myself on my back, and spread my arms to try to keep from sinking. Fortunately, though the grade of the canon was steep, it was not interrupted by step levels or precipices big enough to cause out-bounding or free plunging. On no part of the rush was I buried. I was only moderately embedded on the surface or a little below it, and covered with a hissing back-streaming veil; and as the whole mass beneath or about me joined in the flight I felt no friction, though tossed here and there, and lurched from side to side. And when the torrent swedged and came to rest I found myself on the top of the crumpled pile, without a single bruise or scar. Hawthorne says that steam has spiritualised travel, notwithstanding the smoke, friction smells, and clatter of boat and rail riding. This flight in a milky way of snow flowers was the most spiritual of all my travels; and, after many years, the mere thought of it is still an exhilaration.

The Shakespeare festival at Stratford-on-Avon concluded on Saturday. This year the celebration has been a great success.

The number of accepted pictures in this year's Academy will be less than has been the case for some time past. This is caused by the fact that the King has cleared the whole of one wall on which the picture of the late Queen, done by Professor Herkomer after death, is to be hung.

THE KING'S DOUBLE.

It may not be generally known (says the "Free Lance") that the King has a double in the person of Colonel Gerald Talbot, late of the famous German cavalry regiment—the Blue Hussars—and a cousin of Lord Shrewsbury. The likeness is so great that even the sentries on guard at Marlborough House more than once saluted him—before the death of the late revered Queen—in mistake for the then Prince of Wales, as he has passed by after leaving the Marlborough Club. Col. Talbot was at one time attached to the Diplomatic Corps at Teheran, and when the late Shah of Persia visited England some years ago he acted as interpreter to him and accompanied him on his tour through the provinces. Like so many others, Colonel Talbot was bitten with the prevailing mania for speculation, and was very intimate with the late Barney Barnato; indeed, it is asserted that the Colonel was the unintentional cause of Barnato's foolish decision to stand for election as a member of the Marlborough Club. The ex-acrobat, as everyone knows, was badly "pilled"—some people being malicious enough to say that, although he had a proposer and a seconder, there was not a single white ball!

Lord Llangattock's famous shire horse Prince Harold died at Amberley Court, Monmouth, on Friday night. An offer of 3,000 guineas was recently refused for him.

A record automobile trip was made by Count Carl Schoenborn and his newly-wedded wife, who in a Benz automobile climbed Mount Vesuvius to a height of 789 metres, only stopping in front of the last railroad station.

The women in the mining village of Aznalcollar, in the province of Seville, have put out the fires in one of the pits and compelled the miners to leave off work. It is feared that the mine will be flooded in consequence.

Referring on Sunday in the City Temple to the late Dr. Tanner, M.P., as "one of my habitual hearers," Dr. Parker said the late politician was "a Catholic in the morning and himself in the evening." He had a good heart, and was full of humour and humanity.



HEADQUARTERS OF ARMY SERVICE CORPS AT MIDDELBURG, In which town the 1st G.R.E.V. have been stationed. Corpl. Charles Rowe, of Gloucester, audit clerk, is leaning against the post on the left.

LAYING THE CHELTHENHAM TO CLEEVE TRAMWAY.

* * *

A FEW MORE SNAP-SHOTS.



A SCENE IN NORTH STREET.



ALBION STREET.



THE STATION "TURN."



STEAM NAVVY AT WORK.

REMINISCENCES OF TWO
FORMER BISHOPS OF GLOUCESTER
AND BRISTOL.

*

Some interesting reminiscences of Bristol churches and clerics and also of Bishops Monk and Baring have been written by Mr. R. D. Robjent (who was for some years in the office of a former secretary to two or three of the Bishops of Gloucester and Bristol), and published in the "Times and Mirror." In the course of these he says:—I well remember, also, when the Church of St. Jude was consecrated, and what an awfully wretched place surrounded it. The late Bishop Monk was there, and his wife; and a motley crowd of people assembled, full of amazement, as if they were puzzled—and they certainly were—at the very idea of a church being built in such a neighbourhood as it was then. I have never forgotten some of the talk I heard in that crowd, and one woman saying, when the Bishop's wife got out of his lordship's carriage to go into the church, "Well, that is a nice, comfortable-looking lady!" an expression which appeared to have been pretty courteously intended. A marvellous difference between St. Jude's district then and St. Jude's parish now, poor though it be.

Bishop Monk had a splendid voice, which could be easily heard in the largest building. I heard his lordship preach once, and only once, as he did not occupy pulpits. I believe

he preached on that occasion in his Palace Chapel at Stapleton. At several of his ordinations in Bristol Cathedral I was present, and assisted the secretary in the Chapter Room when the young men were licensed to their curacies in the customary way. Bishop Monk was one of the kindest men, and well do I remember on one occasion, when he used to occupy on Monday in nearly every week, for diocesan business, St. Nicholas' vestry, when Honorary Canon Barrow was vicar and examining chaplain, and often present, that I was asked by Canon Barrow to oblige him by taking the Bishop's cheque for £40 to, I believe "Miles's" Bank, to change it for gold. The clerk at the bank wrapped up the gold in paper, and the Bishop, when I gave him the packet in St. Nicholas' vestry, took hold of the wrong end to open it, to count the money, and down went all the forty sovereigns on the vestry floor!

I remember the case of a clergyman he licensed, in the vestry of St. James's Church, to a perpetual curacy some little distance from Bristol, but in his Bristol part of the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol, and in the Bishop's gift. After the clergyman was licensed, he thanked the Bishop for giving him the "living," but his lordship good-naturedly said, "No, I must thank you for accepting it!"

By the way, I may add that the late Bishop Baring was different altogether in mannerism. When a clergyman was instituted by him, shortly after he became Bishop, in the then secretary's office, a hassock was placed

near the Bishop according to the usual custom for the clergyman to kneel. But the Bishop somewhat abruptly asked that the hassock might be removed, as he had "no desire for any man to kneel before him!" The hassock was removed, to the evident surprise both of the clergyman and the secretary. I was present, and can say this from personal knowledge. The clergyman stood while Dr. Baring instituted him accordingly.

* * *

Liverpool police, on Saturday night, caught red-handed a man who, after throwing pepper in the eyes of a lady in the public street, robbed her of her purse.

*

Dr. John Archibald Lorimer, of Farnham, died on Saturday from injuries received in being thrown out of his carriage on Friday afternoon.

*

On Saturday the trial of the Comte de Cornulier, who shot his wife some months ago, in the Rue de Provence, Paris, ended in the acquittal of the prisoner. The verdict was received with applause in the Court.

*

Armand Brissoniere, a French barrister and divorced husband, on Saturday shot at the Jersey Court official who was removing his two children to his wife's care. Brissoniere also wounded himself.



SMART WEDDING AT ST. MARY DE LODE CHURCH, GLOUCESTER.

Marriage, on April 25th, of Miss Mabel Roper Blinkhorn (eldest daughter of Alderman T. Blinkhorn, of "Sandling," Gloucester) and Mr. Fred. W. Foster, of Kingston Hill, Surrey. This Photograph is believed to be the first of the kind ever taken in church.

Photo by H. E. Jones, 75, Northgate Street, Gloucester.

BIRDS WITH CURIOUS DOMESTIC VIEWS.

In an interesting article on the British birds known as "Waders," which appears in the May number of the "Windsor Magazine," the writer gives some particulars concerning one group of these water-birds which proves that "strong-mindedness" as a feminine attribute is by no means confined to the human species. "The Phalaropes are elegant little birds with lobed feet, like a Coot. Their most remarkable characteristic, and one almost unparalleled in bird life, is undoubtedly the very advanced views held by the lady Phalaropes. It has been said that they possess 'all the rights demanded by the most radical reformers.' At any rate, they are considerably larger and more brightly coloured than the sterner sex. In addition to this, however, it is they who do all the courting, and then leave their spouses to the duties of incubation, whilst they themselves go off and enjoy all manner of aquatic sports and amusements."

LANCER SHOT BY HIS CHUM.

Private William Marsh, of the 12th Royal Lancers, was accidentally shot at Colchester Cavalry Barracks on Tuesday by a comrade. The men were cleaning their carbines after afternoon parade, when Marsh in good natured fun, was chased into the corner of the barrack-room. One of his chums picked up a carbine and, playfully pointing it at him, said, "Now I've got you!" He touched the trigger, a report followed, and Marsh fell, shot in the neck. He lies in the hospital in a precarious condition. A dum-dum bullet had been carelessly left in the carbine. The man who fired the shot is under arrest.



Sir George Barker will vacate the Governorship of Bermuda at the end of June. His successor, who has to be named by Lord Roberts, will, it is understood, be a general officer lately employed on active service in South Africa.

DIED TO SAVE HER HUSBAND.

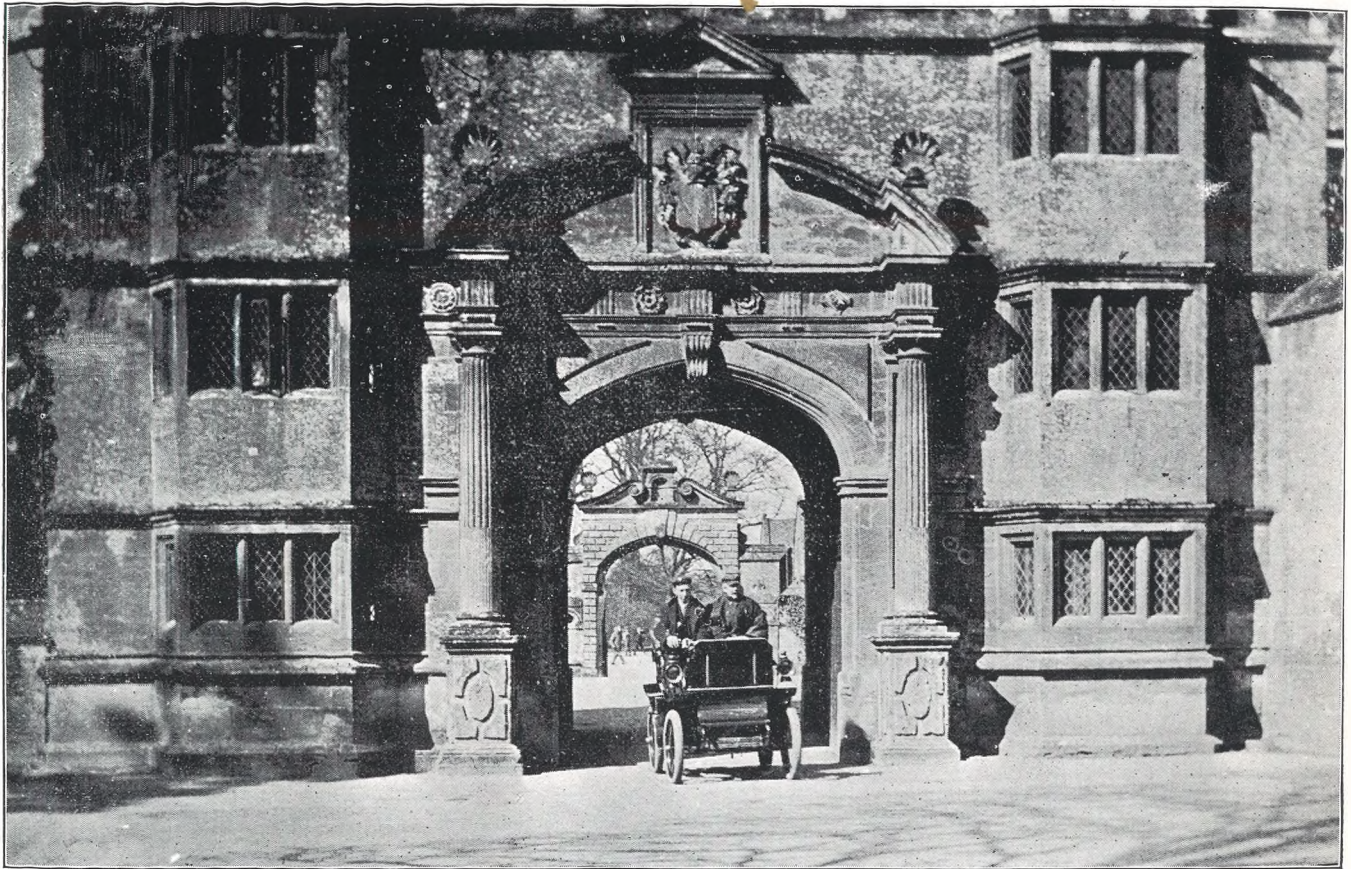
In trying to save her husband, Sarah Robbins, a Bristol labourer's wife, lost her life on Monday night. Robbins was asleep, when a fire broke out in the house. He succeeded in escaping, but his wife, believing him to be still upstairs asleep, made a heroic effort to acquaint him of his danger. She was terribly burned, and died at the hospital. "I thought my husband was in bed, and was trying to save him," was her dying statement.



A jump from 12,000 to 29,000 in the residential population of Southend in a period of ten years may be described as one of the mild surprises of the census.



We regret to announce the death of the Dowager Lady Neeld, widow of Sir John Neeld, Bart., of Grittleton, Wilts, which occurred at her residence, 71 Eaton-square, early on Tuesday morning, in her 82nd year.



BEFORE THE BUDGET—TRAVELLING TO TOWN.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Leader of the House of Commons, leaving Stanway House, near Winchcombe, the residence of Lord Elcho.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

I must give for the special delectation of the fair sex a bit of gossip about a recent wedding which is as true as gospel. The contracting parties had not been engaged in the orthodox fashion usual in most circles, and more particularly in the fashionable ones of this county in which they both moved. In fact, the lady, who is not yet out of her teens, was formally engaged to another worthy gentleman in the North country, the date and place of the marriage was fixed, the guests had been bidden to the feast and reception, and the presents were pouring in to the mansion of the bride's father. But "Man proposes and woman disposes." In the early part of last week the lady clandestinely repaired to Birmingham, and there, at one of the churches, she married the man of her own choice. All the other arrangements were off immediately the news arrived at the paternal home. I can only hope that the happy pair, who are deservedly popular in the Ledbury country, where they hunted, will have no reason to regret the "meet" at Birmingham.

Cheltonians are in a state of animated expectancy about the census result, and wild horses cannot draw from the authorities the actual mystic figures. Enough, however, has leaked out to dispel all hopes of the Garden Town becoming a county borough by virtue of its possessing a population of fifty thousand. So we must grin and bear the mild yoke of the County Council indefinitely. I regret my anticipations that the population in the truly rural parishes would show a still further decrease have been realised so far as the available returns go. In the Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Winchcombe, and Stow-on-the-Wold Unions it is all the same sad story. It

really seems as if we are fast approaching realisation of Goldsmith's fear:

"But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

As curiosities of the census I notice that the population remains the same total in two parishes, namely, Church-Loomb and Lassington, and it is not a little singular that in this latter village the lads outnumber the "lasses" by 31 to 26. The name might now be changed to Ladington. Matson shows the smallest proportion of males to females in Gloucester Union, being 18 to 32. Elmstone Hardwicke is evidently not so adversely affected by its proximity to Cheltenham Sewage Farm, as some folk would make believe, for it records one of the few increases (25) of population in the Tewkesbury Union.

"So mote it be," as Freemasons would say, to the gathering at Gloucester on Saturday of the motor-cars belonging to local members of the Automobile Club, who demonstrated the convenience and utility of these swift travelling carriages to such members of the Highways Committee of the County Council who accepted an invitation to take a ride in them. The favourite run from the Shirehall was to Highnam and back, and amongst the county magnates who annihilated space and faced a hailstorm were the Chairman of the County Council, the High Sheriff, and the Chairman of the Highways Committee. Then there was another distinguished passenger in the person of the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, who was a visitor to these parts. I was glad to see Cheltenham well represented at the meet by Mr. Algernon Wyatt and Dr. Abbott, who were accompanied in their cars respectively by the Mayor and Mr. Councillor Bennett. The whole affair was not so "dusty" after all.

Gloucester has now a "logical sequel" Mayor, as an organ of the newly-elected Chief Magistrate has been pleased to phrase

it, adding that "he can rely on the loyal support of the citizens." The proceedings at the Council meeting on Tuesday did not justify this confident optimism, but it can safely be asserted that the Mayor will not lack a trumpeter in St. John's-lane. I think the candid and outspoken speeches of the opposition at the Council were much more sincere than the honeyed words which it pleased certain members to use at the previous meeting. Then Dr. Hadwen's attack on the flank of the dominant party for the aldermanic appropriation, when his vote, which enabled them to snatch all the seats, was given, as he showed, under a compact that whatever the result of the petitions the honours should be divided, must be an "eye-opener" to all who have not followed the devious business. Two or three weeks ago I ventured to predict that the new mayor would be found in the person of one of a trio who were sojourners in the fair land of France, and so he has turned out to be. Gloucester is always making records, and now there is one of a Mayor succeeding another who has resigned after only serving a portion of the specified term. But the mantle of the predecessor does not fall as a matter of course.

GLEANER.

A SPLENDID PAUPER.

There has arrived at Wisbech Workhouse a splendid pauper, who was admitted at his own request. His wardrobe consisted of seven suits of new clothes, including cricketer costume, flannels, trousers, and black coats.

Printing . .

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

A CHELTONIAN IN INDIA.

* * *

Mr. "Bob" Gilmore, the well-known Cheltenham football player, at his new home in Upper Assam.



THE BUNGALOW.



ON THE VERANDAH STEPS.

A MODERN POMPEII.

Among the interesting features of the May issue of "The Universal Magazine" is an article by Mr. Harry de Windt, describing a visit to the modern Pompeii, Bussana Vecchia, a large mountain village about seven miles from San Remo. This place was destroyed by the great earthquake of 1887, upon which occasion the entire Riviera, from Marseilles to Genoa, was laid waste. It was in the church where most lives were lost. Describing the scene, Mr. de Windt says:—"As the Father ascended the pulpit a violent gust of wind shook the building, startling the congregation, for, just before, the air had been perfectly still. A minute later a hurricane was raging with such fury that the priest was inaudible, but he continued preaching, although some of the people rose from their seats. These were leaving the building in dismay, when the ground rocked beneath their feet, and two or three were dashed to the ground—to see there. The rest of the fugi-

tives rushed into the piazza, only to be crushed by falling houses. Those who were saved say that at first the earth rose and fell like the waves of the sea, swaying large buildings about like ships at anchor in a gale. Then came three violent shocks, at intervals of about fifteen seconds. Immediately following the first arose a deafening sound of falling walls, and the screams of those within the church, for most of those at home were killed in their sleep. The Father at once saw the peril, and shouted from the altar, "Save yourselves!" But it was too late, for the words were scarcely uttered when the cries were stifled by a dull roar that drowned all other sounds. The roof had collapsed, burying over 67 victims. The Father was saved. It was still dark, and from the Sacristy, where he had taken refuge, he could see nothing. At length he managed to strike a match and grope his way to the altar rails, where, raising his eyes, he beheld the stars. "Until then," he tells us, "I thought that this was surely the end of the world."



PVT. C. KINGSTON, 2ND. V.B G.R. Volunteered for service in South Africa in the R.A.M.C.

The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of Sir Arthur Elibank Havelock, G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., to be a Knight Grand Commander of the most exalted Order of the Star of India.

The health of the Empress Frederick is very much improved, and her Majesty is spending almost the entire day out of doors. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein is now visiting at Cronberg.

The engagement is announced of Signor Marconi, the well-known engineer in wireless telegraphy, and Miss Josephine Holman, of Indianapolis, a relative of the late Mr. Holman, a member of Congress.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, travelling as Lady Carisbrooke, and attended by Lord W. Cecil and Miss Bulteel, has arrived at the Grand Hotel, Venice, where her Royal Highness will stay about ten days before proceeding to Germany.

The marriage of Mr. Algernon Richard Hervey-Bathurst, third son of the late Sir Frederick Hervey-Bathurst, Bart., of Clarendon Park, Wilts, with Elfrida Mary, only child of Mr. Howard M. Cockerell, of I. Cromwell Gardens, took place on Saturday afternoon in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square.

Col. T. Currie, C.B., who for four years has held the command of the 1st Prince of Wales' North Staffordshire Regiment, has been appointed officiating general in command of the Jubbulpore district, India. The colonel served with distinction in the Dongola Expedition under Lord Kitchener, and received two decorations from the late Queen, two from the Khedive, and one from the Sultan.

The King has been asked to allow himself to be retained in the position of honorary member of the British Medical Association, to which he was elected when Prince of Wales in 1900, and there was apparently an anticipation that his Majesty would inevitably accept; but, through Sir Dighton Probyn, he has intimated that he cannot comply with the request, though accepting the certificate of his earlier membership. This answer must not be assumed to indicate any inappreciation of the work of the Association, and it has probably been inspired by some point of Court etiquette.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE CANDID FRIEND.

During the past year the Pro-Boers, lending an eager ear to every unsupported calumny, have displayed with an acrid insolence the hatred they bear to their own country. England can do no right—that is their motto; and so keen is their joy in what they believe England's failure, that no concession would appease their greedy detestation. Happily they find approval where they pledge their affection—abroad; at home their spiteful ignorance is sternly disregarded save in their own packed and guarded meeting-houses. But there is another cannibal active in the land, who would publicly devour his own kin. And he is more dangerous, because less ingenuous, than the disciples of Stead. For he is a Candid Friend: he wishes nothing but well to the Empire. It is nothing less than patriotism which moves him to reveal the horrid truth that Great Britain is ruined body and soul. Of course, there is one possible method of retrieval. If only the rulers of the Empire will listen to the profound advice of the Candid Friend, all will be well. So he wanders up and down, fatuous and irascible. You may hear him in clubs murmuring, "Monstrous! monstrous!" He bustles about, prophesying disaster, and growing every day more and more arrogant. Nor can we pass him by with a shrug of contempt, for the man has an easy knack of deceiving the unwary. His noisy protestation of patriotism does not sound so hollow as it should to those who know not the type, while the facile schemes which he sketches over a whisky-and-soda seem quite pleasant to his friends through the haze of tobacco-smoke. Moreover, he loses no opportunity of ill-doing: being idle, he is preter-naturally busy in his idleness. He is carried hither and thither in a whirlwind of talk; he writes uninformed articles in sensational journals, and he is so desperately in love with himself that he spurns his muffin every day that his name does not shine in print.—From "Musings without Method," in "Blackwood's Magazine" for May, 1901.

Musical Festival, Cheltenham.

WINTER GARDEN, TUESDAY EVENING,
MAY 14, 1901.

"The Redemption"

(Gounod),

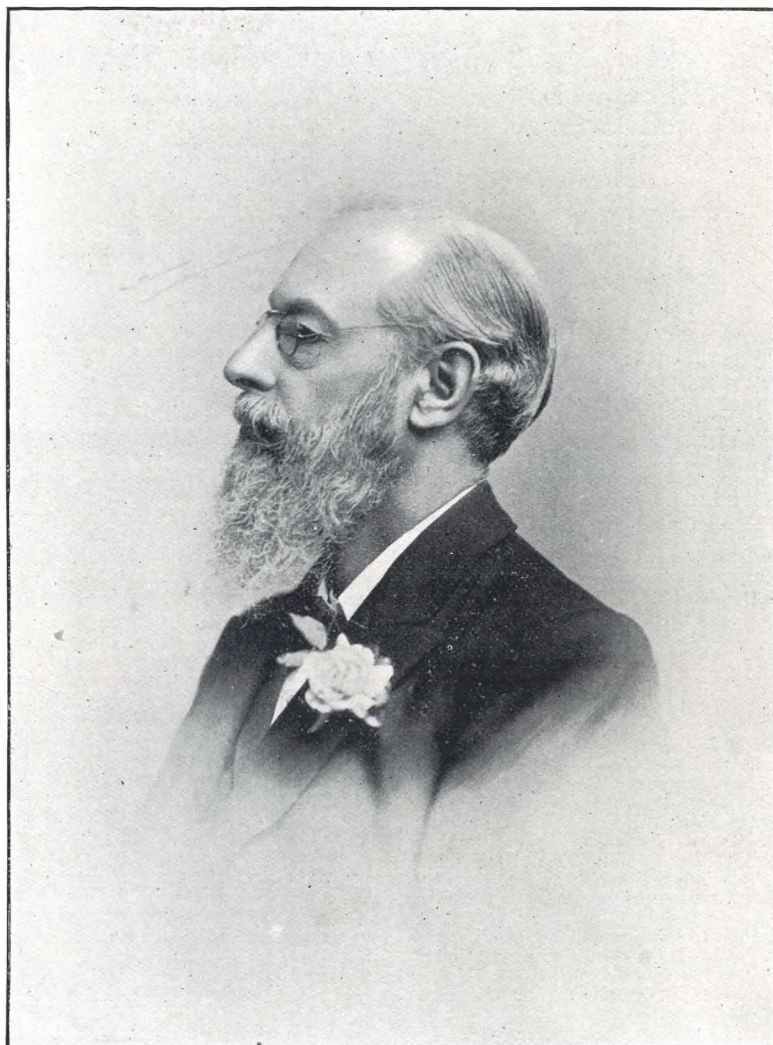
With complete Orchestra, Chorus, and
Festival Artistes, numbering upwards of 300.

Conductor - Mr. J. A. MATTHEWS.

TICKETS: 3s., 4s., 6s., numbered; 2s. and 1s.
Plan at Westley & Co.'s Library.

Cheap Railway Tickets to holders of Concert Tickets
from Kemble, Swindon, Stroud, Chepstow, and Lydney,
on G.W.R.; and Bristol and Stonehouse on Midland
Railway. See bills.

N.B.—The 11.30 p.m. train (G.W.R.) will stop at
Churchdown after the Concert.



* MR. FREDERICK SESSIONS, *

ONE OF GLOUCESTER'S NEW ALDERMEN,

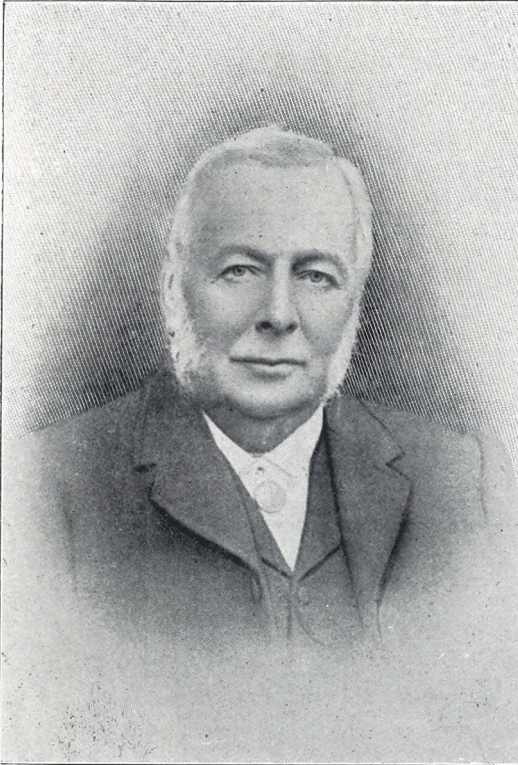
And the author of the interesting articles "Gloucestershire in Travel and Fiction,"
and of "Old Trees and Older Stones," which are appearing in the
"Chronicle and Graphic."

Lord Windsor has intimated his intention of presenting to the Cardiff Corporation a portrait in oils of himself in his uniform as Lord-Lieutenant of Glamorganshire. His lordship filled, some years ago, the office of Mayor of the borough.

Sir George Newnes wanted to know in Parliament on Monday whether the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York would take the title of Prince and Princess of Wales. Mr. Balfour informed him that the decision rests entirely with the King.

TEWKESBURY TOWNSMEN.

FEATS OF STRENGTH ON THE CRICKET FIELD.

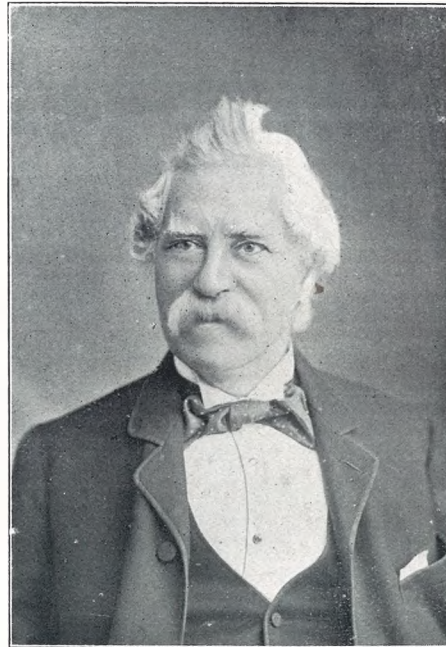


THE LATE MR. FREDERICK MOORE.

We to-day reproduce the portraits of two recently-deceased Tewkesbury gentlemen who for a lengthened period were associated with the newspaper life of Gloucestershire. Mr. Fredk. Moore, who died, in his 68th year, on the 13th January last year, had for close upon 42 years been proprietor and editor of "The Tewkesbury Register," which he established in July, 1858; and Mr. William North, who died on the 15th ult., in his 78th year, had been printer and publisher of the paper for nearly thirty years. Thus, both proprietor and publisher passed away in the brief space of a little over fifteen months.

Mr. Frederick Moore, who at the time of his decease was President of the Gloucestershire Branch of the Institute of Journalists, was very closely identified with most of the forward movements of the old borough in his time. In 1859 he was prominent in the origination of the first Tewkesbury Rifle Corps; in 1860 he accepted office as hon. sec. of the first Tewkesbury Regatta Fete, which has been continued with growing popularity ever since, and of which he continued principal manager until the time of his decease; in 1862 he was initiated first member of St. George's Lodge of Freemasons, and subsequently thrice filled the W.M.'s chair, and was a P.G.W. of Gloucestershire. He was also hon. sec. of the Abbey Restoration Committee. All the recreational movements in the town had his warm and interested support. Mr. Moore held several important local offices, and was Coroner of the Borough.

Mr. William North succeeded, in 1871, to an old-established printing and bookselling business in Tewkesbury, which for nearly forty years previously had been carried on by Mr. Isaac Jenner. Prior to his establishing himself there, Mr. North for a long while had charge of the reading department at Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co.'s, of New-street-square, London. The business at Tewkesbury underwent considerable development in his hands, and from his press came several works which have been received with great favour, and of which he held by copyright. Notably amongst these are the Rev. W. S. Symonds's popular historical romances, "Malvern Chase" and "Hanley Castle"; the Rev. G. Butterworth's "Deerhurst, a Parish in the Vale of Gloucestershire"; and the Rev. J. H. Blunt's "Tewkesbury Abbey and its Associations." The deceased was hon. sec and treasurer of the Tewkesbury Dispensary, an office he filled with great interest and diligence, and also for a while, until its reconstruction, was a member of the Burial Board. He had for long been a sidesman of the Abbey, and a member of the Abbey Restoration Committee from the year 1874, when the work was first actively entered upon. An intimate association during two decades of his London business career with many of the leading writers of the day, combined with interesting conversational abilities, made his society valued by a large circle of friends, by whom his departure is much sorrowed over.



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM NORTH.

THE "DISCOVERER" OF CARNEGIE.

Mr. James Douglas Reid, a Dunfermline gentleman, whose death is just announced, had the distinction of "discovering" Mr. Carnegie, the millionaire. In early life Mr. Reid went out to the United States, where he made a name for himself in the telegraph service. At that time Mr. Carnegie was a poor boy, employed as a telegraph messenger. Mr. Reid, finding that young Carnegie was also born in far-off Dunfermline, took an interest in the Scotch lad, and lent him a helping hand by initiating him into telegraph work. This enabled the future multi-millionaire to get his foot on the lowest rung of the ladder.

Mme. Mary Davies, the "Nightingale of Wales," has retired from the concert platform.

All the 35 Turkish Consuls in Italy have been abolished. They have not been paid for a very long time past, and one after the other has resigned.

The health of Sir William Gatacre still causes anxiety. His injuries in the point-to-point races have turned out more serious than at first thought. In addition to breaking his collar-bone three of his ribs were injured, and he suffered great pain from deep-seated internal bruises.

Amongst the earlier records few surprising feats are chronicled—that is, in the light of present-day cricket; but it is not to be wondered at when one considers the vast difference in the conditions under which the game was played then and those which now prevail. The probability is that modern cricketers would not have figured with so much prominence had they been contemporaries with Alfred Mynn, Fuller Pilch, George Anderson, John Jackson, "Pepper" Tarrant, George Parr, H. H. Stephenson, the Hon. G. C. Lyttelton, V. E. Walker, James Lillywhite, Richard Daft, Tom Hayward, sen., R. Carpenter, and many others, who flourished in or about the middle of the last century. To digress for a moment, the mention of Hayward and Carpenter calls to mind how, in many instances, success in the cricket field seems hereditary, for both have worthy descendants in the popular Surrey and Essex professionals; and witness, also, the long lines of noted cricketers in the families of the Studds, Walkers, Steels, Lytteltons, Fords, and others. Coming to the chief performers of modern times, the record hit is accredited to H. Fellowes, who, at Christchurch ground, is said to have driven a ball 175 yards. Among my early experiences of big hitters, C. I. Thornton, the famous Cambridge University and Middlesex cricketer, stands out prominently. A man of huge frame, Mr. Thornton has probably succeeded in sending the ball out of more grounds, and on more occasions than any other cricketer. A peculiar characteristic of his was that he always went to the wickets minus pads and gloves, no matter what the bowling he had to face. He never waited to get his eye in, but always went in to hit, and, should he succeed in getting set, woe befide the luckless bowler's average. He is credited with having hit a ball from wicket to pitch 168 yards 2 feet, whilst practising at the Hove ground. Drives of upwards of 140 yards were of nearly everyday occurrence with the old Etonian, whose delight it was to pat the ball gently over the old pavilion at Lord's, or the old racquet-court at the Oval. One of his many noted feats was to score 107 in 29 hits for the Gentlemen of England against I Zingari, at Scarborough. In a fixture in which he participated on the same ground there were actually four different balls used in one over, so hard was his hitting. The first three balls Mr. Thornton drove clean out of the ground. In a minor match in which the old Cantab took part, on the Merchant Taylors' Ground, so terrific was his hitting that seven balls were used during his innings.

The St. John's Wood arena has been the scene of many grand hits. The drive over the old Pavilion by W. H. Fowler, the Somerset cricketer, who always favoured a long-handled bat, by those who saw it was said to be a marvellous hit. Another drive of his when measured was found to have travelled from the wicket to pitch 157 yards. Messrs. C. E. de Trafford and J. A. Shuter are also included amongst those who have succeeded in sending the ball out of the same ground, the old Surrey captain accomplishing the wonderful feat of hitting a ball once over and twice into the grand stand in the same innings. "Ben" Griffiths was a marvellous "smiter," and although the Hastings central ground is not so large as some enclosures, still it requires more than ordinary strength and skill to hit six "sixes" in one over. Both he and H. A. Game, the latter a comparatively small man, succeeded in hitting the demon Australian bowler, Spofforth, clean out of the Oval. George Ulyett was another great hitter—one of his off-drives at Edgbaston measuring 130 yards to the pitch. Of Australians, my first acquaintance with big hitters was with G. J. Bonnor, who, as he walked around the Cambridge ground in 1889, showing off his 6ft. 6in. of bone and muscle in fine proportion, I gazed up at with awe. He was a wonderful hitter, though not so exhilarating as C. I. Thornton. The greatest feat accredited to the Australian giant is the breaking of the clock face in front of the Melbourne pavilion. Another



FIRE AT CHARLTON.



FIRE AT CHARLTON.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHALLENGE SHIELD.

Won on Easter Monday, 1901, by Cheltenham Parish Church Boys' School.



G. CARTER. L. DODWELL.
W. DOBBS. H. BECK.

W. G. GRACE ("BY OLD BLUE"). This useful cricketer was born in 1848, and first played for the gentlemen in 1865, as a bowler, he it recorded. Next year, at 18, he scored 224 for England v. Surrey, vindicating his claim to be a "nice boy." Since then he has made nearly all the scores possible, certainly all the totals between 0 and 100, and a good many between 100 and 200. But he couldn't get 93 without "closing" his innings. He never got more than 400, but there were only 22 in the field that time. He once got 839 in three consecutive innings—344, 177, 318 not out. This was exceptional, even for him, but it didn't elicit the approval of the opposing bowlers. Few of his feats did. "Jemmy" Shaw twice in one season got him out in the first over, and smiled as J.C.S. could. Grace got level each time by making over 200 at the second try. Bravery was W.G.'s trump card; he didn't like being hit, probably, but he faced anything and everything. Further, he had a knack of scoring off the most difficult balls, even shooters; he seemed to like the fun of batting; anyhow, he never gave himself away. The bowler might get him out, but he seldom got himself out. Further, his bat was all "middle," most men's bats have one edge, or even two; possibly Grace's had, but the ball never hit there. As a young gentleman he bowled fast and had many victims; as an oldish gentleman he bowled slow, and still had and has victims. His "leg-trap" was famous, and occasionally had a success. No one ever counted the "fourers" that it cost. It was easier to get Grace out with two moderate slow bowlers—so men said—than with two really good fast bowlers. Perhaps this is true, but no one ever heard of the slow bowler, moderate, who would back himself to get Grace out under a hundred or two. W.G. could catch, field, and throw; he was also a humorist; also a real good-natured fellow; but he was a better cricketer than captain. He can still play above a little, i.e. he got over 50 against the Players at the Oval in 1900; not bad for an elderly and portly gentleman. He is still the best defensive bat in England: if anyone doubts this, let him go and bowl to him. His only trouble now is that the ground is rather low down. Don't hit him a catch, however. A parting hint—If you have to play his bowling, walk in to meet it; if you fiddle about between creases, he'll have you—a dead certainty.

A REVIVAL IN BUTTONHOLES.

His Majesty is likely to revive the practice of wearing buttonholes, for he has always had a penchant for them, and considers them to be a great addition to gentleman's evening dress, and not by any means a sign of foppishness. His favourite is either a white rose or a gardenia, but sometimes he allows himself to wear a tiny spray of lily of the valley. Queen Alexandra's pet flower. The Duke of York has a preference for Neapolitan violets, his lamented brother electing as his chosen buttonhole the tuberose. — "The Gardener."

notable performance by Bonnor was the winning of a bet of £100 that he would not throw a cricket ball 115 yards immediately on his arrival at Plymouth in 1882. Coming straight off the boat he won the bet easily by throwing 119 yards. Indeed, he is said to have covered 150 yards at times. Two of Bonnor's chief performances in this country were witnessed at Portsmouth and Scarborough in 1882. On the former ground, against Cambridge University Past and Present, he hit four "sixes" in an innings of 66, whilst at the Northern Spa, against I Zingari, he scored 20 in one over. Whilst playing against Yorkshire in the same year he hit Peate twice out of the ground for six, and one of his great drives whilst practising on Mitcham Common measured 147 yards. Another Australian, H. J. H. Scott, who last came over

to these shores in 1886, was also a phenomenal hitter. He holds the record for runs in one over of four balls, hitting three 6's and a 4, against Yorkshire, at Sheffield, in 1886. Murdoch, Bannerman, Lyons, Midwinter, Massie, and McDonnell also were all great hitters. The last-named had wonderful force behind his strokes, and on one occasion he killed a rook which was flying across the ground. Sid E. Gregory, although so small he goes by the sobriquets of "Little Tich" and the "Midget", is a wonderful hitter, and, in addition, is a fine thrower, being able to send the ball nearly 120 yards.—F. Neville Piggott, in "Sandow's Magazine."

A strike of masons' labourers, affecting about 500 men, has placed building operations at Swansea practically at a standstill.

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

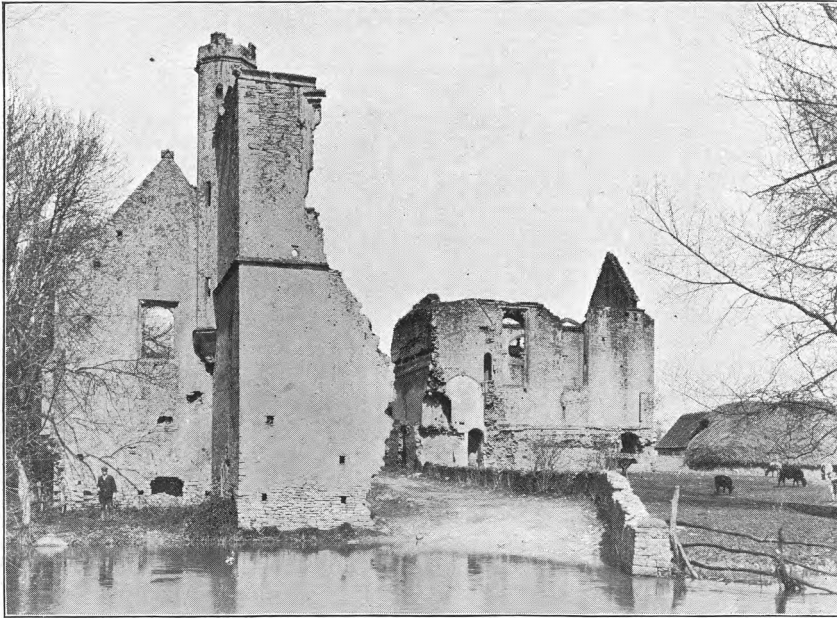
the names of the successful competitors will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

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 18th competition is Mr. F. Gardner, Eva Villa, Montpellier Villas, Cheltenham. The prize picture is that of the "Ruins of Minster Lovell."

Entries for the 19th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, May 11th, 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.



RUINS OF MINSTER LOVELL,

. . . SCENE OF THE MISTLETOE BOUGH ROMANCE.

A Tour of our Churches

* * * THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, PRESTBURY ROAD.

The little iron building which stands just at the entrance to Whaddon-lane, off Prestbury-road, is so intimately connected with the life work of its pastor and founder, the Rev. J. Walker, that it is far better known in the town as "Mr. Walker's Church" than as a branch of the Church of Scotland. And it is only fitting this should be so, for both this church and the one at Bishop's Cleeve were erected by Mr. Walker at his own expense, and he conducts the services in each without stipend or payment of any kind.

The church being so bound up with the personality of its minister, it is only reasonable to study that personality as a guide to the form of worship at the Church of Scotland; a form which is in many ways remarkable for its simplicity, earnestness, and lack of the most elementary formalism. Some years ago, walking over Cleeve Hill late at night, I passed a hurrying figure which I had noticed oftentimes in the remotest country lanes and by-ways, always hastening, with head bent low, on some errand, which I could not divine. But, on that night, a cottager from a little hillside village gave me the requisite information, and I found that this was no strange thing, for week in, week out, the same black-clad figure visited the

bedside of the sick and dying, administering spiritual comfort—aye, and temporal, too, in many a case; perhaps not just in the systematic method of the Charity Organisation Society, but from the depths of a heart overflowing with love to suffering mankind. At all times of the night, and sometimes three or four times a day, would the minister of the Church of Scotland (for he it was) thus show his practical and self-sacrificing sympathy with the poor of the country side.

And when I bethink me that this man's father was Rector of Cheltenham, of his distinguished career at Oxford, of his astronomical researches and literary works, and the many signs of great intellectual powers, I cannot but admire such an extinguishment of self for the greater glory of God as is here manifest.

Mr. Walker has his peculiarities; a man cannot be a consistent Christian without peculiarities; he is also intensely earnest, and a most ardent opponent of ritual, or formalism, while the Church of Rome to him is but as the following of the "Scarlet Woman." But with all this, the wonderful sincerity of his character, in this age of "dilettante" Christianity, has a magnetic attraction far outside his own congregation. Even the man in the street knows how to appreciate truthness of heart, and Mr. Walker's many kindnesses to the police have endeared him to them.

With this preamble I will narrate the form of worship at the "Scotch Church" on Sunday evening last.

The interior of the iron building is lined with stained wood in such a manner as to make it comfortable and warm-looking. I noted there was no trace or suggestion of a communion rail, much less of a table or altar, just a high pulpit, and a wooden lectern facing the pews, and at the back of these, in a built out annexe, an organ of sweet tone, and better than one would expect in such a small church.

The first five pews were covered with white cloths, for this evening the communion was to be partaken of after the service, and the idea apparently is that the sacrament should thus take the nearest possible approach to an imitation of the Lord's Supper, in communicants and minister sitting together at one board.

The service commenced with a paraphrased Psalm (42) from the Presbyterian Church of Ireland Psalm-book, and the minister not only announced the number of the Psalm, but the number of the page on which it might be found. Following this the 51st Psalm was recited by minister and people together, and the Lord's Prayer. Another Psalm was then chanted, but with no "Gloria" or "Amen" at the termination. I noted also that no hymns were used (except the Psalm paraphrases); and, in fact, I could see no hymn-books in the pews, so that I presume nothing but Biblical utterances are admitted in the form of service at the Scotch Church.

A passage of Scripture from the New Testament was read, the 103rd Psalm chanted, and a creed recited, a statement of belief having much in common with the creed of the Established Church, but more condensed, and referring to the Holy "Apostolic" Church instead of the Holy "Catholic" Church.

A somewhat long prayer, extempore, followed, a prayer which was remarkable for the direct straightforwardness of its references to the Sultan of Turkey as the man of blood, and the Pope as the man of sin. There was a supplication that the Queen should be moved to worship without superstition, and that our rulers should not strive for Imperial power or glory alone, but for the furtherance of God's Kingdom. Again, there was a remarkable prayer for the lower orders of creation, a petition which clearly showed the intense love of animals which is such a prominent characteristic of the Rev. J. Walker.

Another Psalm paraphrase was sung, and the minister ascended the pulpit. His pale, almost ascetic, features were almost indistinguishable in the gathering gloom, for the church was very dark; but the soft and cultured cadences of his voice could be heard distinctly in every part of the little building.

The sermon would be difficult, well-nigh impossible, to report in these columns. It was a deeply spiritual discourse on Psalm 102, taking it as a literal prophecy by the Holy Ghost of our Lord's agony at Gethsemane. Verse by verse the most astonishing symbols were extracted and analogies drawn from the expressions of the Psalmist to meet the actual circumstances of the sorrows of Jesus. There was an intense literalism, an uncompromising attitude towards modern thought, which, if not convincing was absolutely refreshing in its straightforwardness and sincerity.

Two sentences of the sermon fix themselves on my mind. (1) "God's judgment of sin is argued away now-a-days! Teachers of lies tell us we have discovered God has a different character now." (2) "The tendency of to-day is to erase mournfulness, contrition, and penitence from religion. Religion is made into an amusement, a pleasure suited to man's complacency and self-satisfaction."

The sermon, albeit rather long, was listened to with great interest by all present, and the service concluded immediately, without hymn-singing, by the Benediction, and there was no collection—a remarkable feature in my tour of the churches.

LAYMAN.

ST. PETER'S, STANWAY.

If for nothing else than that distinguished persons occasionally worship within its walls, Stanway Church would be interesting. Several very prominent politicians have lately been staying at the adjoining Elizabethan mansion, and persons high in the artistic world are sometimes there. Apart from that, the

church, though unpretentious, is interesting. It adjoins the splendid lodge attributed to Inigo Jones, an illustration of which appeared in our columns last week. The sacred edifice had a thorough restoration in the year of the Diamond Jubilee. Up to that time the Early English windows in the embattled western tower were hid by plaster. In addition, a hideous ceiling over the nave was removed. Our forefathers must have been particularly fond of plaster. One of the most noticeable features of the "restoration" was the building of a new entrance porch, subscribed for by the villagers, who put small sums by each week for the purpose. On the outside of the southern wall of the chancel there is a very interesting Corbell table. Inside, the plainness of the walls and sittings rather strikes one; but if plain, it is all good. A stained east window relieves the sombreness somewhat; and there is a particularly handsome eagle lectern, placed there by a former vicar in memory of a sister. The altar possesses good drapery and fittings. Some beautifully moulded fragments of stonework are to be seen, which were found during the restoration. The whole building is in the Early English style of architecture.

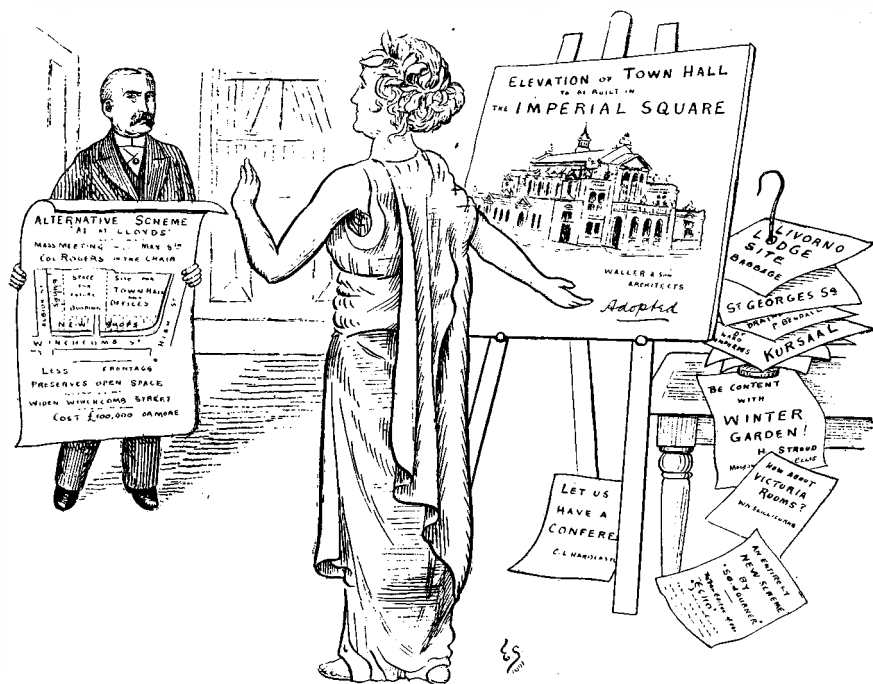
I attended service there on a recent Sunday evening. On the choir coming in in red cassocks I thought I was in for a ritualistic service; but it proved to be of quite a plain, almost "low," character. The Psalms were chanted, and chanted very well, too, but there was no attempt at intoning the prayers and responses. Four hymns were brightly sung, and there was also a vesper hymn at the close. The organ, though small, is sweet in tone.

The Vicar is a young, earnest man. His reading of the first lesson, the receiving of the Ten Commandments by Moses, was well worth listening to. Ascending the pulpit, this clergyman preached from the words "Arise, shine, for thy light is come," as found in the 60th chapter of Isaiah. He said darkness covered the newly-formed earth until God sent the light of day; so the darkness of sin and sorrow covered the earth until God sent His Son into the world; and the words of Isaiah were fulfilled. It was the light of the stars that led the Wise Men to the Child Jesus. The stars taught many lessons. In great cities men toiled for a little money, a little power; when they looked up to the stars they seemed to speak of what was power, and calmly and peacefully taught them to look beyond their own little life on earth, beyond their petty schemes, to the life everlasting—from the things of earth to the things of Heaven—and to remember that man did not live by bread alone. In former times people believed they were born under a lucky or an evil star; Christians were born under the best of stars; nothing could harm them if they were in Christ Jesus, the Bright and Morning Star. The vastness of the starry heavens reminded them of the vastness of the love of Jesus. They could no more measure that love than they could count the stars of heaven; they could only look up and wonder and worship. They could see stars best in the darkness, and so they could see Jesus most clearly in the dark hours of sorrow. Some stars were changeful; but they had the comfort of knowing that Jesus was a Star which remained to them the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Jesus shone upon them as He shone upon their forefathers. Jesus never varied or grew old. They could all say "The Lord is my life and my salvation, of whom then shall I fear? Arise, shine, for thy light is come."

CHURCHMAN.

A TRAIN LOAD OF EGGS.

A train composed of twelve refrigerator cars recently rolled out of Newton, Kan., for California, and each car was laden with eggs gathered in the vicinity of that town by one firm, says the "Kansas City Journal." The twelve cars contained 144,000 dozen, nearly two million eggs. The train went as a special, and it is the first instance of a train carrying nothing but eggs which has been reported by any road running into California.



CHELTONIA: Thanks for the suggestion, Colonel, but it comes rather late. I have been ten years looking for an ideal site and discussing different schemes. Now I've decided on a plan that will answer the purpose, and I mean to carry it out. If I alter my mind again, I'm afraid I shall be homeless for the rest of my life.



Photo by J. Joyner, [taken by electric light] Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM YOUNG WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

Members of the Elocution Class in "The Princess and the Pirate."
(With Mrs. Dalton, until recently Lady Resident at the Institute).

A NAVAL EXPERIMENT.

The destroyer Viper was commissioned at Portsmouth on Tuesday for experimental purposes. She is fitted with Parsons turbine engines, which give her a speed of 35 knots per hour. It is understood that the Admiralty are about to make a series of experiments with these engines.

A remarkable story is current in Constantinople to the effect that the Sultan last week shot a doctor who hurt him during massage treatment.

A marriage has been arranged between Vernon Tickell, second son of Sir Edward Hill, K.C.B., of Rookwood, Llandaff, and Gwynedd Blanche, younger daughter of Mr. Evan Llewellyn, of Langford Court, Somerset.



CHARLTON KINGS BED IN DEELFONTEIN HOSPITAL.

OLD TREES AND OLDER STONES.

* * *
[BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.]
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

* * *
The monarch oak, the Patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees:
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in state, and in three more decays.
DRYDEN.

*
"These stones shall be for a memorial unto the Children
of Israel for ever."—JOSHUA.

*
Gloucestershire's three zones are almost as distinctively marked by their characteristic trees as by their varying geological strata:—Beeches on the hills, elms in the Vale, and oaks in the Forest of Dean. Yew-trees in the churchyards are found in them all, and deciduous trees of every kind flourish abundantly, even though there are certain sorts that locally predominate. It is an umbrageous county, except on the higher wolds; and in the Severn Valley the apple orchards heighten the illusion, to which every hillside-prospect contributes, that this district, as well as that of the Forest of Dean, is a vast woodland. In fact it was so from the very earliest British times, when the villages were placed on summits of hills, and the naked slopes were ploughed in terraces, through the Norman era, and, as we have already seen, in a previous chapter, through those of Plantagenet and Tudor, until a comparatively recent time. Even yet we discover indications of this in the woods and coppices still lingering along the border-lands of our county, and frequently forming the boundaries of parishes. The names of certain races also remind us of a condition of things long since passed away, as, for instance, where such a district bears the designation of "wood," or "forest," or "chase." Many of our villages derive their names from oak, or ash, or beech, or from birch, alder, hazel, or else from "hurst," or "coate," or "grove," or some such woodland place. Gospel oaks, where of old the long trees were blessed by priest with bell and book, and well-known long trees standing between estates, point also to the same conclusion.

It will be our object to tell our readers a little of what we have been able to see and to gather respecting the more noteworthy fathers of the ancient glades of the forest lands within easy reach, and respecting some that no longer grace our pastures and our covers. We do not go back to submerged forests, now 14 to 15 feet below the surface of the lowland meadows, nor yet farther to the weird and gigantic growths of the coal measures, though at both these periods—how many millions of years ago no man can accurately guess—our county was as thickly wooded as it is to-day.

First amongst the trees that recently were, and are not now to be found, must be mentioned the famous Boddington oak, near Cheltenham, which was burned down in 1790, though whether purposely or by sheer accident is not stated. Probably it was owing to some careless person taking refuge inside it and lighting a fire there, for it was hollow, and the elfin chamber was 16ft. in diameter. Though the heart had perished, the outside timber was described by Bigland as "remarkably collected and close at the root." At 3ft. from the ground it measured by tape 42ft. in circumference, and no less than 60ft. at the bole, while it was, by estimation, 45ft. in height. It bore a plentiful crop of acorns right up to the time it was destroyed, although it was considered to be as much as 300 years old,—a sturdy sapling when "Bluff King Hal" was a stripling prince. It stood in a field adjoining the moat of Boddington Manor House.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* * *

The educational establishments of Cheltenham are again in full swing, and the boys and girls are now looking forward to the next vacation. At the two chief colleges they manage the departures and arrivals very well—a special train is run to and from London and the chief intermediate stations on separate days for the accommodation of the pupils, and it is quite a refreshing sight to see brake-loads of the young idea being taken up or set down at the various boarding-houses, with their trunks or boxes following on behind. It is not generally known that a number of teachers and pupils at both Colleges travel daily by rail from Gloucester and Churchdown to the seats of learning, and that they have carriages set apart for their use. There are times, however, when the overflow has to go into the general compartments, and lady teachers have been known to comment freely there on mistakes in the written lessons of their pupils. I have read of the case of two schoolboys who have recently been given a thousand lines between them for the apparently harmless offence of being seen by a master walking arm-in-arm down the Promenade. If they had been walking with one of the fair sex—not their sisters—I could have understood the infliction of the penalty, which seems severe enough in all conscience. A thousand lines between two boys is a very different thing to the same number for a linotypist.

*

I am sure that the good people of Gloucestershire will be prepared to receive with open arms the active service sections of the Rifle and Engineer Volunteers who bravely went out to the front in the dark days, when we wanted every available man there, and who are now returning home covered with glory. The latter, under Lieut. Ricketts, are already on the high seas, having set sail from Capetown on the last day in April on the well-named steamship Englishman. There is, in point of fact, a glorious "charter party" aboard, and includes Col. R. E. Golightly, who succeeded Col. Chaloner, M.P., in command of the 1st Battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry, and also Lieut. de Preville, a son of the late Master of the Cotswold Hounds. We gave our citizen soldiers a good "send off," and I doubt not but they will find no lack of appreciation and enthusiasm awaiting

them on return. I have been watching for some time past at intervals the blank black board by the railside at Lansdown Junction, and have been wondering whether the versatile owner is keeping it dark so as to blossom out with some appropriate motto of welcome to our Volunteers. I was shown a few days ago, as a matter of news, a letter from a Cheltenham Reservist to his wife, and I observed that the old-fashioned style in some circles of sending marked crosses to loved ones has not yet died out, even with grown-up people.

*

Before the "Graphic" next sees the light the battle of the sites of the proposed Town Hall will have been fought out before an Inspector of the Local Government Board in the artistic and serene atmosphere of the Art Gallery, wherein the Corporation decided, as long ago as last August, to apply to the controlling body for sanction to borrow a large sum of money wherewith to pay the cost of erecting the buildings. A great deal has happened between the period of application and that of the Local Government Board seeing their way to fixing the date of hearing it. The very fair job that has been made of the Winter Garden has somewhat altered the aspect of the question. I confess I am in favour of a Town Hall with Ball and Assembly room and Municipal offices combined, both of which are urgently required, and it appears to me that apart from the sentimental objection to Imperial-square as the locale for them, there is the serious practical one of the great expense attending the elevation of a four-sided site. I think the "A.L." place is Lloyds Bank, but I am not prepared to go to the whole length of propounders of the scheme for razing the one side of Winchcombe-street. That may well be left to the future. May some satisfactory solution of the difficulty be forthcoming, say I.

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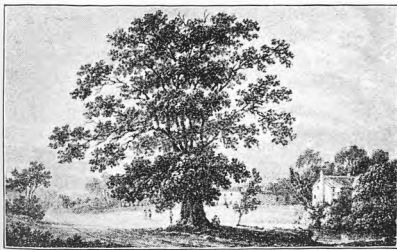
I have had many proofs of the efficacy of writing to the "Echo" to get public grievances or nuisances quickly remedied, and the latest within my knowledge is one in the Hewlett-road. A very short time ago I observed that a resident in the vicinity wrote that it would be more becoming if the awkward stile immediately facing the two seats at the end of the Stanley-road were converted into a gate. No sooner said than done, as I observed in strolling up the hill last Sunday morning to the breezy heights of Battledown.

GLEANER.



BODDINGTON OAK.

In the same parish stood "Piff's Elm." This sound and magnificent old tree was ruthlessly sold for felling by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster in 1845. An ancient boundary mark—the pride of the whole country side, an historical monument, believed to be 1,800 years of age, a natural life (if the supposed age is correct), lived concurrently with the whole history of Christianity,—was sold to put the paltry sum of £13 into the Exchequer of the wealthy London Abbey! Indeed, only half of even this miserable pittance came to it, for the Lord of the Manor put in his claim also, and got the other half!



PIFF'S ELM.

Stripped of some of its larger limbs by the storms of centuries it still produced 500ft of the finest timber, in planks 8 to 10 ft. in width. Its great size and strength may be appreciated when it is understood that its demolition occupied nine men more than a fortnight! This tree had no rival anywhere in the west, nor, let us hope, had the ecclesiastical corporation that despoiled Gloucestershire of its valued relic. Credulous old Auhrey relates that oaks are heard to shriek with agony when the woodman's axe is plied upon them. Had his superstition embraced elms also we should, we fear, have given way to the belief that Piff's Elm wailed more loudly against the sacrilegious hands laid upon it than did the devotees of carven saints against "Puritan" iconoclasts.

"The noise Of falling oaks while all is still Before the storm, in the long interval Between the gathering clouds and that light breeze Which Germans call the Wind's Bride," is beyond our power to hinder, but to sacrifice a tree as old as the nation itself is almost an unpardonable sin on the part of a church claiming to be itself "national"! William Gilpin saw both these Boddington giants in 1774, and he writes that "some of the largest trees in the kingdom perhaps are to be seen in these parts—the Cheltenham oak and an elm, which the curious always enquire about."

The drawing from which the picture of Boddington Oak is reproduced bears this endorsement—"The age of this tree stands on record upwards of five hundred years; the height 70ft.; circumference at the bottom of the trunk 56ft.; the extension of the lower branches 70ft.; within the hollow of the trunk 15ft. by 10ft.—E. Smith."

We are indebted to Mr. Hy. Arkell, of Court House, Beckford, Tewkesbury, for use of the drawing, in forwarding which he wrote:—

"I am sending you the pencil drawing of the Boddington Oak. It stood in the large green field in front of Boddington Manor until recent years known as 'Old Orchard,' though now I think 'The Park.' As you look at it in the picture the Chelt should flow from left to right between it, and the building in the background, which represents the Manor House as it probably was before the erection of the present building in 1840 or 1839, certainly not earlier. The whole of the house was not rebuilt then, but the chief part is of that date. My father (the late Thomas Arkell) built Boddington House in 1840, and it is from what I heard him say that I speak of the date of the rebuilding of the Manor by the late John Blagden, Esq. My maternal grandfather, Mr. Buckle, of Uckington, rented the Manor Farm in the early part of the last century from, I think, the Rev. John Neale, Vicar of Staverton Cum Boddington, and lived at the Boddington Manor. During Mr. Buckle's tenancy I believe a mare and colt got inside and were not found for some time. There was a door to the hollow tree, and seats inside, and people used to come in pleasure parties to it, and became a nuisance. Some think the destruction of the tree by fire was in some measure attributable to this custom. In and before Mr. Blagden's time it was the custom for the owner to live in one part of the manor and the tenant in the part that was not rebuilt at the date I have named."

A DEAN AND CHAPTER LIVING.

The Dean and Chapter of Gloucester have offered the living of Llantwit Major to the Rev. Henry Morris, vicar of Aberavon, who is stated to have accepted it. He is a bilinguist. The living of Llantwit Major, with Lisworney, is stated by Crockford to be of the gross value of £410 per annum, averaging £285, and netting £231 and a house. The population is about 1,000.

Mr. C. D. Seymour, Master of the West Norfolk Foxhounds, has, by invitation of the King, been afforded an opportunity of selecting seventeen couples of the Royal buckhounds.

A JOHANNESBURG ROMANCE.

There has just died at Guildford a man named James Cutterson Pratt, who, it is stated, about 25 years ago purchased the site on which the town of Johannesburg now stands for the sum of £350. Pratt was born in 1833, and was the son of a barrister. At the age of 13 he was sent as a cadet at the Naval College of the East India Company at Finchley. He saw active service in Borneo, in the Crimea, and in India during the Mutiny. His wounds were many and severe. For distinguished service at Lucknow, Delhi, and Cawnpore he was rewarded, and after the quelling of the Mutiny was appointed resident magistrate of one of the districts in the Bombay Presidency. Having been invalidated home, Pratt was landed at Capetown. By some mistake he was reported as dead, and struck off the pension list. Then followed an adventurous career in South Africa, the details of which have already been made public. Upon the land that he bought for £350—some 18,000 acres—Pratt settled down as a farmer. When the Boer revolt against the English Government occurred he raised a band of 600 volunteers and marched into Pretoria and joined the military force there. When the Republic was declared, Pratt refused to take the oath of allegiance, with the result that all his property was confiscated, and he was escorted across the border.

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to grant his patronage to the Society for improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes.

Miss Alice Boughton-Leigh, elder daughter of the vicar of Newbold-on-Avon, has given the sum of £1,000 to the Rugby Hospital, in memory of her late mother. The sum is intended to endow a bed, to be known as the "Alice" bed.

Colonel A. Broadwood, commanding the Royal Guards Reserve Regiment, about to be disbanded, is to be appointed to command the Royal Scots (1st) Regimental District at Glencorse, in place of Colonel W. Gordon, who is about to retire.

Mrs. Magee, widow of the late Archbishop of York, died at the Deanery Peterborough, on Sunday morning, on the tenth anniversary and almost to the hour of her husband's death. The deceased lady was visiting the city, and was taken suddenly ill on Wednesday with pneumonia.



CURIOUS NESTING PLACE—"A SIGN OF THE TIMES."

This is a picture of a robin's nest built in an old tin can in a Cheltenham workshop. On the opposite side of this workshop is a window with a bench in front on which two friends of the photographer were often engaged wood carving. The bird went in and out all the time they were at work. The exposure allowed for the photograph was twenty minutes.

✦ SOME * CRICKET * SNAP-SHOTS. ✦

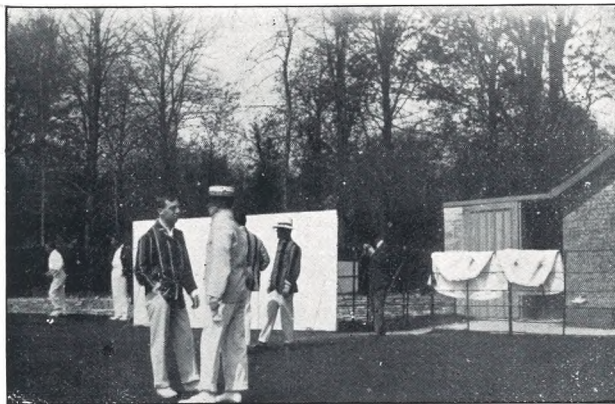
PRACTICE GAME AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.



WOOF BOWLING.



WOOF'S STYLE OF DELIVERY.

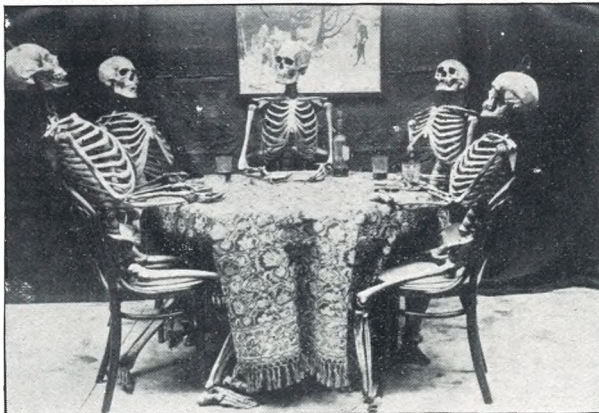


JESSOP'S COUNTY XII. v. CIRENCESTER AND DISTRICT.

Gilbert Jessop and Sydney Boulton preparing to toss.
C. O. H. Sewell and Theodore Fowler chatting immediately behind them.
Claude Smith just to the left.



WOOF BATTING.



ANATOMICAL.

A QUAIN CEREMONY.

An interesting ceremony has just been conducted at the Countess's Pillar, Brougham, when, in accordance with the terms of the will of the famous Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, the rector of the parish (the Rev. A. J. Heelis) distributed £4 on the stone table adjoining the Countess's Pillar. It was at this place that, in 1616, the Countess and her mother, the Dowager Countess of Cumberland, parted for the last time, and the pillar was erected by Anne some 40 years later as a lasting memorial of the incident. The money comes from land at Yanwath, which has had various owners, but is now in the possession of the Earl of Lonsdale.

Mr. P. Boulnois held an enquiry on behalf of the Local Government Board, at Manchester on Tuesday, into an application by the Corporation for powers to borrow the large sum of £843,000. Of this amount, £810,000 is required for the erection of plant to supply electricity in connection with the city tram-cars, and £28,000 for a new police and fire station.

*

Two tons of whalebone have just been sold in Dundee—£1,325 being paid for one lot and £1,350 for the other.

HOUSE-BREAKING IN CHELTENHAM.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRONICLE."

Sir,—Kindly allow me to make a slight correction with reference to above in your otherwise accurate report which appears in the "Chronicle" of to-day. The bedroom was not a front room (such being a drawing-room), and there are no marks on the bedroom door, it not having been locked; but three drawers in that room were forced open, from which they took the money and jewellery. I am not a retired minister, but do *locum tenens* or other clerical work.

G. F. RUSSELL, Clk., B.A.
1 Garfield Villas, Gloucester-road,
May 4th, 1901.

ITALY'S LARGEST NEW BATTLESHIP.

The new Italian battleship Regina Margherita, to be launched at Spezia, will be, according to a "Morning Leader" correspondent, one of the most powerful fighting units of the world. Her chief dimensions are:—Length, 426½ft.; beam, 78 1-5ft.; draught, 27ft.; normal displacement, 13,426 tons. She is fitted with two four-cylinder engines, fed by 28 boilers of the Niclausse water-tube type, capable of developing 19,000-h.p. and a speed of 20½ knots, or, without the least forcing of the boilers, 16,000-h.p. and 19 knots. The armament of this fine vessel consists of four 12in. guns, mounted in armoured turrets, four 8in., twelve 6in., sixteen 3in. or 76-mm., and eight 47-mm. quick-firing guns. Her coal bunkers are capable of holding 2,000 tons, thus allowing the vessel to make a run of 10,000 miles without re-coaling. The Regina Margherita is fitted with eight electric searchlights, and her complement is 36 officers and 655 men.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1901.

Prize Photography.

EXTRAORDINARY EPITAPHS.

We continue the series of extraordinary local epitaphs by giving a few that are still to be found in Lassington and Maisemore Churchyards, within two or three miles of Gloucester.

LASSINGTON.

On a tombstone, with a bit off the top, is this inscription:—

"Under this Ston heres on doth lie,
Was tender in his parents Ey,
His wit was great, his years were few,
Ver two he bid ye world Adjeu."

On another:—

"Sacred to the memory of Susannah, wife of Thomas Cannon, who died Oct. 21st, 1733, aged 69 years.

Farewell, fond wife, my friends a Due,
I meet my judgement, so wilt you."

On another:—

"Sacred to the memory of John Hannis, of Over, yeoman, who died April 26th, 1720, aged 57 years. Redeem ye time with all ye care you can, Death is att hand—Man's life is but a span."

On another:—

"Sacred to the memory of Richard Engly, who died January 24th, 1729, aged 41 years, and of Joanna, his wife, who died March 25th, 1738, aged 61 years.

Weep not for wee, my children dear,
Although our race is run;
It was the Lord that call'd wee here,
So let his Will be done."

On another:—

"Here Lyeth the body of James Salcombe, of this parish, who departed this life, July 30th, 1741, aged 35 years.

Remember, man, that thou must die,
As thou art now, so once was I,
As I am now, so shalt thou be;
Prepare thy selfe to follow me."

And yet another:—

"Sacred to the memory of Thos. Young, late of the parish of Bulley, yeoman, who died Sept. 17th, 1792, aged 83 years.

From all afflictions God has set me free,
Happy day indeed it was for me
That I from sin and misery should cease
To live with Christ in everlasting peace."

MAISEMORE.

On a headstone just to the right of the south porch is the following:—

In Memory of John Wingate, of this parish, who departed this life October 6th, 1765, aged 6 years and 7 months.

Kicked on my belly by a wicked boy,
Which caused my life to end;
But now I'm gone to Heaven,
O God, my only friend,
Grieve not, my parents dear,
I'm now without a pain,
And in God's Heavenly kingdom
Hope we shall meet again."

And on a headstone to the left of the porch is this:—

Sacred to the memory of Thomas White, of this parish, yeoman, who died July 2nd, 1814, aged 74 years; also of Sarah, his wife, who died May 22nd, 1787, aged 33 years.

One week's extremity will touch us more
Than long prosperity has done before;
Death is forgotten in our easy state,
But grief reminds us of our final fate."

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 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 be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

The winner in the 19th competition is Mr. R. V. Clerk, Hazelwell, College-road, Cheltenham. The prize picture is that of Hilcot Woods.

Entries for the 20th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, May 18th, 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.



HILCOT WOODS, NEAR CHELTENHAM.



A TEWKESBURY SCENE.

Old Cottages near to and a boat moored at John Halifax's Mill, with the Abbey in the distance.

A Tour of our Churches

THE HOLY APOSTLES', CHELTENHAM.
A REMARKABLE SERMON.

Sunday last was one of the most delightful spring days conceivable, and the fineness of the weather would have been an adequate excuse for absence from church. But the numbers of well-dressed people, mostly ladies, passing through the open doors of the Holy Apostles' Church bore testimony to the popularity of the form of service there.

The church, which occupies such a unique position at the junction of the road to Charlton and the London-road, may be aptly styled pretty in a literal sense—not majestic, not even beautiful, perhaps, strictly speaking, but decidedly pretty. The architectural arrangement of the pile of buildings, with the drinking fountain and the schools in front, is so admirably adapted to its position that it almost has the appearance of being an ornament to the meeting of the roads rather than a building placed there for another definite purpose. This shows the skill of the architect in a striking manner.

Passing inside the portals, the same pretty effect will be noticed; but here the adjective beautiful may be reasonably applied to some parts of the small, but well-planned church. Particularly would I refer to the double chancel arch with its finely-carved angel corbels, the restrained but elaborate decoration of the apse, and the fine medallions of Saints and Apostles in high relief on either side of the nave.

I was shown into a seat by a black-gowned verger, and I noted the large proportion of well-dressed ladies in the body of the church, many of whom were evidently visitors to the church rather than regular seat-holders. The two side-aisles are set apart, according to an inscription on the walls, for the use of the poor of the district, and were fairly well filled, too.

The service at the Church of the Holy Apostles is decidedly High, although there could be no charge of Ritualism levelled against its forms and ceremonies. The eastward position is adopted during the Creed, and obeisance made to the Holy Names.

The congregation rose at the entrance of the choir, who were dressed in the rather awkward-looking long black cassocks and short surplices, reaching to the waist only, affected by High Church ceremonial.

The service was musical throughout, even

the several Confessions and Lord's Prayer being intoned with organ accompaniment. The organist played very feelingly, and occasionally the choir attained to excellence in their rendering of the Canticles and Psalms; but the trebles were very weak in places, and there was hardly enough vigour in attack.

The hymns chosen were all three appropriate, and set to well-known tunes, but there was no anthem given.

During the hymn before the sermon the verger, dressed for the moment in a white surplice, ascended the richly-carved pulpit and laboriously ignited the four candles there placed, a somewhat antiquated performance, as it seemed to me, for a modern church.

The preacher for the evening was not the Vicar of the church, as I soon discovered, but a "supply" from Gloucester Cathedral—a rather young man, with jet-black hair and pale face. After announcing the texts, in the last chapter of St. John's Gospel, the 15th and following verses: "Simon, lovest thou Me. —Feed My lambs," he made a long and impressive pause, and then, with a little cough, he plunged into one of the most remarkable sermons I have ever heard—remarkable for the intense human feeling and practical observations shown in every sentence. The more staid members of the congregation were startled beyond measure at the many daring utterances, and the effect on the occupants of the pews around me was obvious. I will endeavour to give some idea of the discourse, which was given in an entirely conversational manner.

There can be no question, said the preacher, that Simon loved Jesus, but there can be a question whether we love Him! I am not referring to emotional, sentimental love, but to the love which shows itself in service. We are proud of being practical now-a-days:—Well, let us put the matter in a practical form.

John, James, Mary, or Lucy, or whatever your name may be,—lovest thou me?

I expect most of the men here present would be slow to say "yes" to such a question, and the woman would say they love their husbands and their children, but hardly more than that.

Let me give you some simple ways of loving and getting to love Jesus. Read the Bible. Oh, you say you've read it many a time, and heard it preached about times without number. Let me ask you to read it again, not so much as the story of the Redemption, but as the story of the love of Christ to us.

Christ might have redeemed the world, and yet have been born as a prince, or at an in-

tellectual centre such as Athens.

But He was born in a stable, lived in a village of mud huts, and probably spent most of His life as a carpenter's assistant.

I suppose He would have equally redeemed the world if He had consorted with great intellects, but His friends were mostly humble sellers of fish.

He might have died like Socrates, from a dose of hemlock, or like Seneca, but instead he chose the most painful and degrading death. Why? Because He loved me! So that however grievous the pains and sorrows of a human being, Christ would outdo them all. We can always say "What I have borne is not so hard as Jesus bore for me." He knows all human sorrows from the inside.

Dear friends, why is it that our little ones love us so much? Probably because they come to us at every turn, and find always responsive love. The love comes out of their little hearts to us, and when our work is over they will look back with pleasure to our sweet memory.

So let us approach the throne of God in penitence, and when we find, as we shall find, God's pardon in our hearts, then our hearts will go out in love to that good and kind Jesus who has interceded for us. But there is another human love. Some of us can remember how on such a day as this, we have walked through glades and lanes with the one we loved. To us men, the sweetheart is very dear, but the wife is much dearer! Why? Because for many years, perhaps, she has shared our bed and board,—has leaned with us over the same cradle and knelt beside the same open grave—the fellowship of years. So we get a fellowship, a communion, with Jesus, by long years of association and love to Him.

But some of you men will say: This is all very well, but it is not practical. All right! let us have something that is practical. If I ask you: Do you feed His sheep and lambs? you say you are not a clergyman! No; but it is not only the clergyman who can love and serve Jesus!

You have stood by the altar and pledged your troth to love and cherish, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, the woman who is your wife! Have you kept your word? Have you been the bright upholder of her hopes in the gloomy days or when there has been anxiety about money matters? Maybe your wife has lost something of that grace and beauty which were once hers; Time has drawn its relentless chisel across that once marble brow, her constitution weakened by bearing your children, the snows of time have whitened her once golden or auburn hair; but well is it for you if you can say: "To me, dear love, you never can grow old."

And you women, who are naturally so much more religious than the men, do you use your influence in the right direction? I am not referring so much to that unruly member which is sometimes so extraordinarily active, but to the spiritual influence of a good woman.

If the men are to come back (as, thank God, they are coming) to God's Church in England, it will be because the women folk bring them there.

And the Lambs! Do the children learn to pray at your knee? Do you wrestle in prayer for them? Do you come to church with them? Many parents send their children to church and Sunday school and remain at home themselves, and then wonder why the children do not love the Church better when they grow up! "Feed My Lambs."

It isn't very difficult to have a religious talk on a Sunday afternoon, and it is easy enough to come to church of a Sunday evening withal the temptation of such a fine evening as this for a walk; but it is not so easy to say: "Thy Will be done" in time of trouble. But, please God, we will follow Jesus to the end.

"Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee.

Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

LAYMAN.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, BECKFORD.

As the parishioners of Beckford are having a little trouble with their Vicar, the Rev. John Gough, who has held the living for some three or four years, I thought I would make a journey there last Sunday. I had

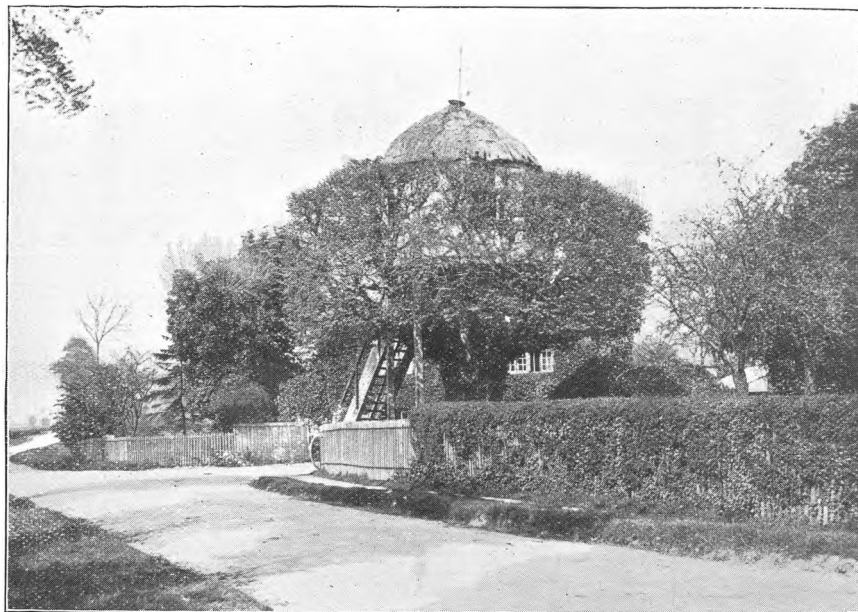
hoped to find their grievance remedied, but found, on the contrary, a fresh notice in the porch, signed by the parish churchwarden, calling another vestry meeting to insist upon the entry in the minute-book of resolutions passed in January last, the principal of which reads: "That this meeting of the parishioners of Beckford, in vestry assembled, repudiates the action of the Vicar in his interference with the fabric of the chancel, and declines all responsibility with such action; and they request the churchwarden to officially call the attention of the Lay Rector to the unwarrantable interference with her property." It appears that the parishioners claim that their exemption from liability to repair the chancel of the church shall not be endangered by the action of the Vicar.

Beckford Church unfortunately secured attention at the time of the "plaster" rage, and the whole of the interior, including the ceiling of the nave, as well as some parts of the exterior, has been covered with plaster. This has grated on the Vicar's artistic nerves, and he has, with his own hands, started scraping off the plaster in several parts. Hence the trouble. We presume the parishioners cannot see the "hideousness" of this plaster, and so, instead of helping their incumbent to restore the fabric to its original beauty, they are doing what they can to hinder him. The rights of a Lay Rector are too subtle a subject for me to go into in these gossipy articles. Witness, for instance, the ruinous state of the chancel at Lower Guiting Church, with scaffolding standing inside and out for many years, and nothing further done.

Beckford Church is Norman, and has the rather uncommon feature in country churches of a central tower, the upper part of which is in the perpendicular style. This situation of the tower indicates, of which there are also signs outside, that the church had transepts. Entering a later porch I found a very fine example of a Norman doorway. Decorated with the "tooth-ornament" and Saracens' heads, it has also some interesting carving in the tympanum. The eye, the cross, and the dove symbolise the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity, whilst on either side is an animal worshipping the Creator. It is undiscoverable as to what species they are; one is furnished with five ears, the other with four, while the latter has both its eyes on one side of its head. The chancel-arch, with figures sculptured on one pillar, is good Norman. Inside may be seen a blocked-up North door, which on the exterior shows an enigmatical carving in its tympanum; a central figure, which may be St. John the Baptist, the patron saint, is holding a cross thrust into the jaws of a dragon, probably typifying the overcoming of evil. On the other side is a bending figure, over which the Saint is holding a curved rod, the meaning of which is obscure. The church has a "three-decker" pulpit, and is fitted with old-fashioned pews, some of them of the very high order. The choir sit at the back, or they could easily renew the old divisions of the church—as they are still at the neighbouring church of Overbury—of nave, choir, and then the chancel beyond; not choir and chancel in one, as is usual now.

Having strolled round the village on Sunday evening before the service commenced, and seen the many good-class residences there, I was astonished at the small and poor congregation present. The service was a fairly bright one. There is an organ, but it is far from being a good instrument, and the organist managed it better than could be expected. The responses were intoned, and "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" were chanted, but the Psalms were read in the old-fashioned style. Three hymns, from the A. and M. collection, were sung. The Vicar gave notices of daily prayer and other week-day services, and I could not help wondering that if so few attended on the Sabbath, how many would be present on week-days. Perhaps more come on Sunday morning, as then loaves of bread are given away, under an old charity.

Ascending the highest floor of the three-decker erection, the preacher gave as his text St. John xvi., 23, and based on it a lengthy sermon on the need of constant prayer. He said the doctrine of prayer, one of the mysteries of the Christian religion, was brought prominently forward at the close of Easter-



Side view of "The Old House in the Tree" at Hayden, near Cheltenham, showing the Tewkesbury Road.

tide, on Rogation Sunday and the days following. No good Christian could for a moment call in question the advantage and the necessity of prayer, and anyone who did must be an unbeliever. Christ told us to "Pray without ceasing," and Himself, in His life on earth, prayed continually, both in secret and in public. He told his followers that "Whosoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you." But to ask effectually supplicants must be reconciled to God, they must be sorry for their sins, must resolve to amend their ways, become dear children of God, and then, asking and believing, He, according to His sure promise, will give to them. They must be cleansed, washed, their sin put away, in order to approach God acceptably. Their prayers must not be vague or shadowy, but they must ask from their hearts for things they feel to be needful, ever remembering that spiritual gifts should be put before temporal ones. Their intercessions should be, not only for themselves, but for their friends, their neighbours, their church, their parish, and even for the whole world, and then their prayers would be acceptable to the Lord.

CHURCHMAN.

* * *

Some more stories are told in a book of memoirs that has just been published. One of them concerns a well-known Bishop. He was starting on a railway journey from Chester station, when the station-master came up to him and said, referring to his luggage, "How many articles are there, my lord?" "Thirty-nine," was the reply. "I can only find sixteen," answered the other. "Then," said the Bishop, "you must be a Dissenter."

* * *

The birth of twin sons to Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse is an event of extraordinary interest to the House of Hohenzollern. The Princess had previously given birth to twins, and as she has two other sons she is now, like the Emperor, the happy parent of six future defenders of the Fatherland. The other remarkable feature of the happy event is that it raises the number of the Empress Frederick's grandchildren to twenty, who are divided between the sexes in the astonishing proportion of seventeen boys to three girls. The newly-born Princes are of course great-grandchildren of the late Queen Victoria, and they make the number of her living descendants seventy-seven.

C. Beecham. C. Travess. G. Travess.



"Breaking up a Fox" with the Cotswold at end of April, 1900. Mr. G. B. Witts (on the left) was on that day Acting Master through the absence of Mr. Algernon Rushout.

The King has conferred the medal of the Royal Victorian Order upon Mr. Leonard Collman, who, after thirteen years' service, is about to relinquish his post as Inspector of the Palace at Windsor Castle.

*

Miss C. Maclagan, antiquary and archaeologist, has died at Ravenscourt, Stirling, at the advanced age of ninety. Miss Maclagan published in 1875 a folio work on "The Hill Forts, Stone Circles, and other Structural Remains of Ancient Scotland," in which the results were given of a very extensive series of researches. In 1881 Miss Maclagan printed for private circulation another work on kindred subjects, entitled "Chips from Old Stones," and a later volume appeared dealing with Scottish archaeology.

*

Sir Alfred Gaselee, says the "World," is to be given one of the vacant first-class district commands in India—that created by the retirement of Lieutenant-General Jennings—in recognition of his services in China. Sir Alfred, before he left for Peking, was Quarter-master-General at Simla. It is not thought probable that he will take up his new duties for some time, as it is known to be his intention to apply for leave to England as soon as the withdrawal of the field force from China permits of his getting away.



✧ BISHOP'S CLEEVE CHURCH, NEAR CHELTENHAM. ✧

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* * *

"To be, or not to be? That is the question" in regard to the proposed Townhall on the Winter Garden site. If it rested with the astute, genial, and sententious "Sapper" inspector, who held the official inquiry on two full days into the application of the Cheltenham Corporation for a £35,000 loan, I believe the answer would be decidedly in the affirmative. But the issue now remains with the greater authority (in a sense), the Local Government Board, to whom the Inspector will duly make his report. I cannot forget that this controlling body, which after all is a small one, consisting, as I understand it does, of the President, Parliamentary Secretary, and Permanent Secretary, have sat on and "addled" Cheltenham schemes before. Therefore, it is not wise to hazard the conjecture that the one scheme that was officially before them will be sanctioned. The proceedings were not devoid of a considerable number of amusing points and incidents, and the two learned counsel did their best to add to the gaiety, though at times the passages of arms between them savoured somewhat of the old dictum, "no case, bully the other side's attorney."

The Gloucestershire "Yeomanry Cavalry," as some good old folks still call them, had a bad time through the weather in the opening days of the camp on the ducal domain at Badminton. They could to a certain extent, however, appreciate the difference between being "feather-bed soldiers" and "under canvas campaigners." They have not attracted much public attention this year, by reason of the fact, I believe, that they are far away from the madding crowd, being some eight miles off a not much frequented railway station. Still I believe the change of locale from comfortable billets in a town, and of the training in mounted infantry drill will be to their advantage and for the country's good. No doubt some of them miss their *bete noir* the Scotchman of the High-street, and midnight revels after mess. Now that camp is to be the order for the future for the Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry, I do hope that our slow-moving authorities will bestir themselves and pick out and secure provisionally a suitable camping ground near the Garden Town to offer for the accommodation of the regiment. "Will ye not come back again" should be the expressed desire of Cheltonians. Yesterday was Mafeking day, and Lord Chas. Bentinck, one of its heroes, is doing peaceful duty on its first anniversary with our Yeomanry. "Many happy returns of the day" to his lordship and all heroic comrades, say I.

A Masonic friend tells me of an "eye-opener" that he had at a recent banquet of the Craft in the Cathedral city. The room was not, of course, "tiled," but there was a screen around the bottom end of the long table, at which he was sitting, and during a lucid interval he popped behind the screen on one side to see if he could find out where the draught persisted in coming, when, lo! and behold he espied a waiter resting and taking a draught, with his lips to the neck of a big bottle of Goulet from which he had just replenished the glasses of himself and party on the other side of the screen. Mumm was not the word over that champagne. This "waiter and champagne" incident reminds me of another, told by a now deceased alderman who was a real "respectable liver." Time was—not so very long ago—when the Mayor's banquets were held at the Judge's lodgings at Gloucester, and the particular occasion was after one of these convivial functions, when the alderman was in the act of leaving the cloakroom with his overcoat just helped on. Feeling something bulky and heavy in both pockets, to his dismay, he found that each contained a quart bottle of champagne. The waiter who was discovered to have "planted" them there had mistaken the alderman's Inverness cape for his own, which was very similar.

GLEANER.



J. H. BUTLER.

E. HANCOCKS.

F. W. GARRARD.

F. YOUNG, (Capt.)

H. BROWN.

C. TARRANT.

S. EVANS.

CHARLTON RANGERS' ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB.

WINNERS OF THE GLOUCESTER AND DISTRICT LEAGUE (DIVISION II.) CUP.

THE ROYAL GLOUCESTERSHIRE HUSSARS.

The history of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars resembles that of most other Yeomanry regiments: a patriotic dread of French invasion and of the horrors of the French Revolution led to the formation of various corps of Fencibles and Volunteers being raised towards the middle of the eighteenth century. These corps included troops of horse, which were called Volunteer or Fencible Cavalry, and afterwards Volunteer Yeomanry Cavalry. All the mounted corps were disbanded in 1800, but a number of independent troops were maintained during the following ten years by voluntary effort, and in 1815 were again formed into regiments under county titles.

Some corps date their formation from the time their first troop was raised, others from the time they were incorporated as a regiment. Many troops in almost every regiment having been disbanded at different periods and new troops having been subsequently added, it becomes very difficult to decide the actual period from which a regiment dates its formation. Previous to the year 1828 there were 124 corps of Yeomanry in Great Britain, containing 500 troops and upwards of 24,000 men. The force in England continued to grow until at one time it numbered 40,000 men. There are at the present time 38 regiments of Yeomanry Cavalry, representing about 12,000 men. The Royal Gloucestershire Hussars are twenty-fourth in the order of precedence, which was settled in 1885.

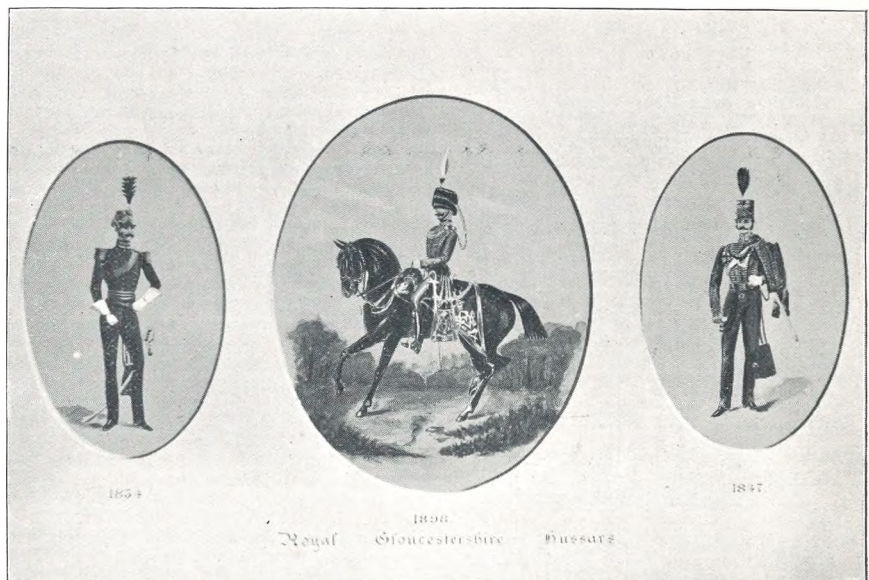
In or about the year 1795 Mr. Snell, of Guiting Grange, took a prominent part in arousing the military spirit of this county, and several troops were raised. Some continued, with various fortunes, until a Yeomanry Regiment was incorporated in 1834. The new regiment soon arrived at a state of great efficiency, and included in its ranks many farmers accustomed to following the hounds, and who were of very excellent Yeomanry material. Seven years later it received the distinguished title of "Royal."

The first uniform worn by the regiment was similar to that of the Light Dragoons of the period, consisting of scarlet coatee, blue overalls, and shako with black plume. In 1847 the title of the regiment was changed to the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, and the Hussar uniform was adopted, with the exception that the colour is a lighter blue than that worn by other Hussar regiments. The bushy bag is scarlet and the plume scarlet and white. The regiment also retains the old pattern red and gold corded girdles, and is one of the twelve regiments permitted to wear gold instead of silver lace.

The present commanding officer is his Grace

the Duke of Beaufort, whose father and grandfather commanded the regiment before him. Cheltenham has for many years been the "happy hunting ground" of the regiment, but last year it went into camp at Ross, and it is at present under canvas in the Duke of Beaufort's Park at Badminton. The regiment, with the Royal Wiltshire Hussars, formed the 3rd Yeomanry Brigade, and Major Lord Charles Cavendish-Bentinck, 9th Lancers (of Mafeking fame), is now the adjutant of the regiment.

Our illustrations are from sketches painted by Mr. F. E. Wallis, of 2 Ashling-villas, Cheltenham.



Types of Officers, Past and Present, of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars.



MRS. JENKINS INTERVIEWS MR. NEVINS.

I was just a-aving a friendly chat over a dish of tea with my next-door neighbour, Mrs. Gaskins, the other day, and she says to me, says she, "Selina, I do hear as these here electric tram-lines is very dangerous, and only a week or two ago I did see a picture in the 'Graphic,' wich a fox and 'ounds got galvanized on to the wires so as they couldn't move; leastways, I 'ave 'eard tell as the wires when they breaks lets the electric current run all about the streets seeking whom he may devour, as the saying is, and only last week a Salvation Army captain was knocked down in the public streets, wot with his touching the wire with the end of his flag-post (wich I don't agree with carrying flags and things about to frighten the 'orses and the motor-cars and such like)."

But as I was a-saying, we got talking "tater tater" (wich is Latin, I know, and is a expression often used in correct sassiety) for the matter of a hour or two, but seeing as 'ow Mrs. Gaskins 'adn't never seen a electric tram running, an' I only knowing it was something to do with the Ash Constructor in Lower High-street, we didn't seem to get much forrader (wich reminds me of a lady friend of mine as went into a grocer's shop were they 'ad the electric light, and asked 'ow it was made, wich the young man said "By electric currents, Madam," and my friend, being a bit 'ard o' 'earing, says she, "I'll take a pound with me," wich she thought 'e asked her to take some currants).

But as I was a-saying, we put our 'eds together, and we appointed me a deppertation on be'alf of the lady ratepayers to interview Mr. Nevins.

So the very next fine day I puts on my best alpaca skirt, and a bonnet as I 'ad for the Queen's Jubilee (bless 'er), and I sallies forth to beard the lion in 'is den, as the saying is, and, sure enough, when I comes to the 'ouse at Pittville there was two great stone lions, one each side of the door, and me a trembling 'atween 'em, like Daniel in the den, or a hanimated waxwork show, wen all of a suddint-like the front door opened, and a 'andsome little boy asks me wot I wanted, wich I asked 'im if "'is par was in," and he says "No, he's in Amerriky," wich knocked me all of a 'eap, and the two lions looking at me that spiteful all the time, but "eventually," as the papers says, I found that Mr. Nevins senior was in, and I was asked into a beautiful front parlour where the old gentleman, who were a fine, well-set-up man for 'is years, were a-sitting at a table with his secretary and writing out cheques for millions of pounds regardless, as the saying is.

Wich 'e turns round to me before I can get in so much as "'ow de do," and 'e says "Well, wot's your business, Madam?" An', if you'll believe me, I'd clean forgot wot I come about wot with them stone lions and me being a bit asthmatic and 'urrying, so I says, says I, "Thank you, Sir, I'm not in business now, me being a widow by trade, wich my 'usband, pore Jenkins, wen 'e were alive were always against being considered a tradesman, seeing as 'ow 'e were a 'airdresser, wich is a perfession, an'—" "Begging your pardon, Madam," says Mr. N., quite smart like "an' wot did you want to see me about?" "Well, Sir," says I, "as I was a-saying, I'm appointed a deppertation from

the Women's Ratepayers' Association to ask you is your tram-cars safe, and me being a fieldmale organization, I asks you to explain the symptom of machinery wot drives them, so as I may report to my constituency, as the saying is, wich I do hope, Sir, that you will put the best that money can buy into it, as reminds me of a uncle of mine as took a cab by the 'our on the cheap, through being a bit near, as they say, wich the bottom fell out of the cab, and the driver wouldn't stop under the full hour, and they do say as my pore uncle 'ad to run all the way with 'is feet through the bottom of the cab, and then 'ad to pay for the ride 'e 'adn't 'ad after all, wich is false economy!"

"Please stick to the point, Madam, and cut it short," says Mr. N., quite offended like, "my time's valleyble, and this isn't a Local Government Board enquiry. You can tell your constituents I neither axe nor expect any outside help or booming. I intend to give good value, comfortable cars, and a cheap ride to the public, and I do not want any patternage but theirs. I shall stop at every street corner to pick up passengers, and the fare will be the same as on the railways, a penny a mile or fraction of a mile"; and before I could catch my breath to say a lot of things wot I 'ad got to ask 'im, 'e says to me "And good evening, Mrs. —, I forget your name; you'll find the front door open!" wich I found myself down the front steps and out in the road before one could say "Jack Robinson," as the saying is, with a paper in my 'and explaining all about electric motors, and vaults, and 'ampers, and dynamos, and other things, wich I do say I never seed such names not in my born days, wich Mr. N. never asked me if I wold 'ave something to take. Howsomdever, I retraced my steps homeward, as they say, and if there is any other deppertation as can do this here interview business better, well, all I can say is, let 'em do it!

SELINA JENKINS.
My readers will have noticed that the literary cult is spreading. Mrs. Jenkins has volunteered to "rite" her opinions on matters various for this column, and such is the exuberant verbosity of her style that there is little space left for my remarks. But she is a good, gossipy soul, and her many references to the doings of her relations, ancestors, and friends are funnier far than anything I could say.

Removing the Style from the Grammar School seems to be a much more stupendous task than removing the immodest stile from Battledown. The parents and others who signed the memorial to the Governors have "taken views not intended for them" in the now classic words of the lady who wrote to the "Echo" and signed herself "Modest."

There is not often such a delicious bit of unconscious humour to be found in the columns of the "Graphic" as in last week's issue. Readers will have noticed the portrait of a popular Gloucester Alderman, whose sympathies are well known in the Cathedral city to be with the pro-Boer party. By some fatality a column of letterpress not precisely sympathising with that form of philanthropy was printed immediately adjoining the portrait. In Gloucester it was considered to be a very funny coincidence.

TOUCHSTONE.

LICENSING PROBLEMS.

The Lord Mayor of Bristol, welcoming the Licensed Victuallers' National Defence League at the opening sitting of the Bristol conference on Wednesday, advocated legislation in reference to grocers' licences and private clubs.—The President of the conference (Mr. C. G. Long, Maidstone), in his inaugural address, said Sunday closing would, despite protracted agitation, never pass in large centres, nor would the Children Messengers' Bill succeed. It was not brought forward so much in the interests of the children as to harass the licensing trade.

GOLF LINKS FOR THE KING.

Extensive golf links are being formed in the grounds of Windsor Castle for the King's use. Several acres of grass in the vicinity of Frogmore are being cut, and the links are to be ready by Whitsuntide, when his Majesty will arrive at Windsor.

AN O.C. IN COMMAND.

With a total strength of one thousand, the Second Battalion of the newly formed Garrison Regiment left Aldershot on Wednesday morning in two special trains for Southampton to embark on the Dilwara for Gibraltar, as fine a battalion of soldiers as ever donned uniform. The spectacle the battalion presented when on parade ready to march off to the Government siding was a very fine one, and one that the Commanding Officer (Lieut.-Col. C. O. Hore) might well be proud of. Nearly every infantry regiment in the service from the Guards to the Rifles was represented in the ranks, and many and varied were the ribbons to be seen amongst them. Headed by the bands of the 1st Battalion, the 5th Royal Irish Regiment, and the Gordon Highlanders with their pipers, the Battalion marched off accompanied by a host of friends. The entraining was carried out under the supervision of Major Barkworth, Brigade-Major. The first train conveyed the right half Battalion, and the second the left half with headquarters. A small detachment of the R.A.M.C. accompanied the Battalion, and the advance party of the 1st Battalion, which embarks on the Formosa on the 25rd for Malta, also left by the second train. Lieut.-Col. Hore will be remembered as the officer who served so gallantly under Gen. Baden-Powell, of Mafeking.

RAILWAY WORKS AT GLOUCESTER.

During the past fifteen years the Midland and Great Western Railway Companies have laid out immense sums in works in and around Gloucester, which is becoming more and more every year a great railway centre. In the last year or two the Great Western have been particularly active in developing their property by laying additional sidings. Their latest work has been to open up the old T track, which, up to about 45 years ago formed a length of the main line from Paddington to Cheltenham. This has been completely laid with two lines of rails and ballasted, and it now only remains for the Midland Company's men to connect with the main lines at Barnwood Junction and to put up a new signal-box, and this work is now being rapidly carried out by them, their company being responsible for the maintenance of this length of the main line between Gloucester and Cheltenham. The re-opening of the T track is ostensibly for the purpose of facilitating the exchange of goods traffic between the two companies without the necessity of running into Gloucester, where the yards are much congested; but it is freely stated in local railway circles that a chief ulterior object of the Great Western is to use the track as the connecting link in their system, when the new line from Church Honeybourne to Cheltenham is made, from Birmingham and the Midlands to Standish Junction, from whence they can run over the Midland to Avonmouth and Bristol with the powers that they possess.

FINED FOR POOR GAS.

The South Metropolitan Gas Company was fined 40s. and costs on Tuesday, at the instance of the County Council, for supplying inferior gas at the Stoney-lane, Tooley-street, testing place. Other tests, declared the defendants, had yielded results well over the minimum. Prosecuting counsel reminded the Court that the company supplied an extensive district. Had the gas been more than one candle short of the stipulated 16-candle power (it was 15½ in that case) a fine of £100 could have been incurred.

At Norwood Cemetery on Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of the elite of the music-hall profession, the funeral took place of E. G. H. Macdermott, the well-known music-hall artiste.



REDMARLEY RACES, APRIL 19, 1901.

Presentation of the gold plate to Mr. Hubert Wilson, M.F.H., on his retirement from the mastership of the Ledbury. Mr. Onslow Deane reading address, Mrs Wilson sitting at bottom of coach, and Mr. Wilson standing close by.

Concerning Clothes.

By MRS. JACK JOHNSON.

Sartorially speaking, woman may be said to be pausing on a black and white brink, on the edge of a river of colour. Anon she toys with the blue water, but preferring it when the glow of sunset invests it with a purple tinge. Light and sunshine tempt her, and she gathers garlands of May and rosebuds for her head, and then leaves them unworn, only to draw her black and white draperies more closely about her. "Are you going to wear colour?" queries the maiden, rather anxiously. "Nothing very pronounced," answers the matron. "But there is no reason why you girls should not, on most occasions." "I shall certainly wear the coloured dresses I have got. I can't afford to throw them away," remarks the economically-minded. "That," laughs the smart woman, "is the very reason why I shall only be seen in black and white, varied by discreet touches of mauve and grey; anything else proclaims its age in a most humiliating fashion." "I should not have thought," said the common-sense person, "that it was of the slightest importance what one wore, except on a very formal occasion, or when Royalty was to be present, when one would instinctively wear black or white." "That is quite sufficient for me," remarked the snob. So you see, mesdames, you can make your choice, and there is as wide a field open in the symbolism of clothes as even Carlyle could have desired.

While on the question of "colour," it is an interesting fact that the committee of the "Great Sale" on behalf of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, to be held in June, sitting at Lord Arthur Hill's house, last week, decreed that all stall-holders and their assistants should wear black or white, or both combined. But then the sale is to be opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and enjoys the special patronage of her Majesty.

Millinery was the first to break away from the dismal bondage of *demi-deuil*. The first spring foliage of spring was not to be withheld from our headgear, and even when the fashionable mauve hydrangeas first began to appear on black picture hats they were accompanied by their large intensely green leaves. In fact, foliage has become quite a feature of this year's millinery. I saw Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox—the smartest dresser in that family of pretty women—the other day gowned completely in black *peau de soie*, enlivened only by large single stars of cut jet sewn on to the silk, but wearing a toque round which ran a garland of green leaves so classically arranged that it might have been worn by Cæsar himself. These little classic wreaths are obtaining very much for evening wear, and very becoming they are, too, to a well-shaped head; and when the coiffure allows discovery of the fact.

Hats and toques are increasing in size so rapidly that it is difficult for a chronicler to keep pace with their dimensions. What I speak of to-day as large may to-morrow be described as "odd-fashionedly small"! Truly, the hats of last season have a positively ridiculous effect when tried on now. A kind of broad plateau-like effect is the

dernier cri in Paris, and quite the most *chic* form of millinery here, where it has not yet attained a mode-destroying popularity. The brim does not "dip" either front or back, if anything there is a slight downward tendency at the sides, so that the face is fully revealed, as well as a little hair as frame-work. The swathing of such brims in tulle, tucked net, or chiffon, having the narrowest of ribbons run between each tuck, needs skilled hands, and is not to be undertaken lightly by the amateur. Still, so many complete hat trimmings are to be purchased—separate from the hat—that home-milliners need not despair. Tucked chiffon can also be bought ready-made, but this should always be applied over a carefully arranged foundation of firm net surmounted by tulle. In this way you obtain not only a soft effect, but considerable durability. The essence of a toque seems to consist in its capacity for revelations. A toque seems to have decided to conceal all sorts of elaborate ornamentation beneath a wide brim, and only to have changed its mind at the last moment. Hence the sudden upward curve, revealing tucks, ribbons, floral decoration and feathers in a most surprising manner. Some very pretty summer toques for girls shew something of a Tam o' Shanter origin, and are carried out in biscuit-tinted crinoline raised above deliciously soft ribbon *choux* bows on one side. These make a charming boating and tennis head-gear, and can be procured wide enough to protect the complexion. The idealised Tam o' Shanter seems to come to our rescue for everyday wear, now that Mary Jane has taken upon herself the formerly ubiquitous "sailor."

What about summer dresses? Well, it all depends on what you are going to do. The tendency to specialise expresses itself in sartorial quite as much as in professional matters. Formerly there were morning gowns, visiting gowns, and evening gowns. Nowadays, a woman must be peculiarly inert if she does not require that her special form of taking exercise should be considered in her wardrobe. Serges, black, white and grey, will be in immense demand this season for all athletic purposes. Indeed, their only drawback is the shrinkage they are apt to undergo at the hands of the cleaners. A deep hem, however, deals with this deficiency, and any mark left by letting it down can be covered by an added row of glace silk ribbon "strapping," without which no self-respecting skirt would consider itself complete. Another way is to treat the shrunken serge as if it were an over-skirt, and, carving it out in wide scallops, place it over a broad border of glace silk, covering the curves with lace insertion, or some of the numerous flat braid trimmings. This is not a bad "tip" for modernising any skirt not quite long enough or full enough to be quite up to date. And on the ladder of such "tips" may not the precarious reputation of being "in the fashion" be attained? For more sedate occasions, such as church-going and garden parties, the fine woollen voile, of exquisite texture, bears off the palm. Made over a silk foundation—this is essential—lace-trimmed, and with shaped flounce, it is at once graceful and smart, without being in the least over-dressed, even for the quietest occasions. The Parisiennes are going quite mad over glace coats and skirts. In all pro-

bability we shall have worn out the former before the latter "arrive" here, and then treat the combined effect as a new creation. It is a funny little way we have, but the black glace coat and skirt is full of possibilities. Its coolness suits the summer, while its society adapts itself to our sudden fits of climatic greyness, and different blouses and buttons may always be used to impart a desirable variety of effect.

There is no dress detail of the moment which strikes so important a note as the ruffle. For a considerable while the almost ubiquitous presence of the feather boa, so to speak, settled the question which now requires considerable forethought. I speak not to the woman whose purse enables her to yield to every fancy as she requires it, but to those whose apparent spontaneity necessitates careful study. A ruffle is nothing if it is not fresh; therefore, the well-advised girl will do well to possess two, even three or more, of these enchanting little wraps. If she makes them herself I should suggest white muslin embroidered with coloured spots for the neck ruffle, while plain white frills, some eight or nine inches in length, falling one over the other, each edged with narrow ribbon matching the spots in colour, would form charming ends. Such a ruffle is quite easy to manipulate, and supposing it to be worn with a plain mauve cotton, and a soft "floppy" hat of white crinoline, tied round with a broad mauve ribbon, what a charming summer toilet we have, instead of merely an insignificant washing gown! It is just this right accentuation of detail Frenchwomen know all about, and concerning which Englishwomen have so much to learn. White silk washing muslin is admirable material for a summer ruffle, and rather newer than our old friend chiffon, which, however, makes a charming background for the various "flower" ruffles, of which the white silk poppies with black centres are, perhaps, the most successful.

SIR HECTOR MACDONALD.

Sir Hector Macdonald, recently home from South Africa, called at Marlborough House on Tuesday afternoon and was received by the King prior to his departure for India.

* * *

DOG IN A HAND-BAG.

Mme. Laroque, of New Bank, Trinity-road, Edinburgh, was fined £5 and costs at Harwich on Tuesday for illegally importing a toy fox-terrier from Berlin. The animal, which was a family pet, was carried in a hand-bag and thus brought into the country.

* * *

The death is announced at Asbury Park (U.S.) of Count Mitkiewicy, who was formerly prominent through his efforts to procure banking concessions in China.

* * *

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place, between Edith, widow of the late Lyon Lord Playfair, G.C.B., and R. Fleming Crooks, of Noctorum, Cheshire.

* * *

Major-General Pole-Carew was presented on Tuesday, at Truro, with a sword of honour by the County of Cornwall and the freedom of the city of Truro in recognition of his distinguished service in South Africa.

* * *

Upon his retirement from the service of the Egyptian Government Sir George Morice Pasha, K.C.M.G., R.N., has been presented with a silver bowl by the officials and employees of the Ports and Lighthouses Administration, and has been made the subject of a special Army Order, couched in the most complimentary terms, and referring to "his long and distinguished career." The Khedive has also bestowed on Sir George the highest distinction at his disposal, namely, the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Medjidieh.

OLD TREES AND OLDER STONES.

* * *

[BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.]

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A third Cheltenham tree that has disappeared was known as "The Gallows Oak." Our view of it was taken in 1806. The lane in which it stood was called "Hangman's Lane," and it grew at the junction of two roads. The lord of the manor formerly held the power of life and death, and lands called "Gallows lands" were set apart for the purpose of keeping the instrument of punishment in repair. Whether criminals were actually hanged on the tree itself, or whether the gallows stood beneath it, or near it, seems uncertain. There was nothing pleasant or specially beautiful, at any rate in later days, about this particular survival from the Middle Ages, though Mr. Witchell, in his charming "Fauna and Flora of Gloucestershire," calls it a "monarch oak." There were old people recently living who well remembered it.



THE GALLOWS OAK, CHELTENHAM.

Yet another of our dead trees was the "Watch" Elm of Stoke Gifford (see "Gloucestershire Notes and Queries," vol. 1, p.436), so called "from its being the place where, in former times, those met who were appointed to do watch and ward, and from its being the standard from whence they went to make their respective rounds." It measured 41ft. round, and was a long while so hollow as to afford a shelter for animals. It was blown down by the wind in 1760.

Of celebrated trees still standing near Cheltenham, "Maud's Elm" is the principal. It is a tall and stately tree, with two huge limbs, one of which quickly divides again, thus making a third ere the head is reached; or, rather, we ought to have said, this was so only a short while since. Its original height could not have been less than 80ft. from the ground, but, alas! when we saw it in May last (1900) the fellers had come up against it, and had reduced its stature by fully 35ft! The great limbs were lying at its foot, and the man who was loading them on the timber-carriage remarked "They be gawn verry bad." Some of them, it is true, were quite hollow, but others were perfectly sound, and would cut into short, excellent planks, 2ft. to 2½ft. in width. Eighty feet is not unusually tall for a Gloucestershire elm, but the trunk of Maud's Elm is no less than 21ft. in circumference, which is a large girth. Its symmetry and towering height, and the legends connected with it, formed at one time a powerful attraction to the visitors of our queenly watering-place. The Duchess of Devonshire of seventy years ago was one of those who admired, visited, and often sketched it. You pass it on the road from Cheltenham to the picturesque little village of Swindon, near the bridge over the Midland Railway. The tradition is that a handsome girl, named Maud Bowen, was, on a false charge of felo de se, buried where four cross roads met, with a stake thrust through her body, after the

barbarous custom of the times, and that this elm is the stake itself grown into a fair and famous tree.



MAUD'S ELM, AS IT WAS.



MAUD'S ELM, AS IT IS.

Near Gloucester stands the "Lassington Oak," on a wooded eminence, from whence one of the prettiest views of Gloucester city is to be obtained, with the Cathedral as the centre and the Cotswold Hills as the background and framing. Its main boughs are so long and heavy as to endanger the trunk itself; their weight would pull it asunder but for the props placed under them. The trunk is 29ft. round it, and the spreading branches overshadow a vast space. Six centuries of growth are assigned to it by "those who know." Six centuries carry us back to the days of one of England's greatest rulers, King Edward I., surnamed "Longshanks." The Wars of the Barons, and of the Roses, and those of the Parliament against the Stuart usurpations, surged over our island; Parliaments were founded, serfdom was ended, towns became free, black deaths and plagues swept off their hundreds of thousands; Lollards, Reformers, Puritans, Methodists roused, in turn, the careless to newness of religious life; Reform Bills, abolition of negro slavery, and of cruel taxes upon the food of the people, were passed into law; the modern manufacturing system, railways, steamships, telegraphs and telephones, gas and electric



LASSINGTON OAK.

lighting, all these have marked our changing human state during the existence of this splendid old tree; and yet it has occupied so retired a spot all these ages—one so completely away from the beaten track of the world—that absolutely no historical event, no legend, and no romance has ever been associated with it. Neither Sir Robert Atkyns nor Mr. Rudder, in their county histories, deign to mention it; though, under their descriptions of Lassington, the former goes into minute points of family history that concern nobody, such as that "John Coose held Lassington 32 Ed. III., and was that year found to be an idiot," and the latter tells how "on the side of the hill in this parish are found little star stones called Astroites," and expends a long paragraph in describing them and relating how "when they are put into vinegar it is said they have a motion for some considerable time"! Would that these worthy topographers had possessed some of the taste of an Evelyn, or some of the love of the picturesque of a Gilpin! Lassington oak has in its bole apertures such as the "Little People" use as doorways when they sally forth from Fairyland to trip it on the greensward; or, as a Hindu would say, such as the Spirit of the Tree would issue from when he would assume human shape. In our boyhood it was a great delight to lie beneath its spreading shade in summer time and watch the squirrels racing along the mighty boughs and listen to the wood pigeons' slumberous murmurs falling on the ear from the topmost branches. If the Muse of History has no word to say of Lassington Oak, schoolboys, and the sylvan folk, loved it well for its own sake—for to them, at least, it was ever a "talking oak."



PEAR TREE AT LASSINGTON.

Mr. Witchell is the only author we are acquainted with who has published any account of the great pear-tree at Lassington, which he rightly considers to be in its way a far more wonderful object than the neighbouring oak itself. At two feet above the sward it measures no less than 18ft. in circumference. The photograph he re-publishes was taken, like ours, in winter, or at any rate ere the leaves had come out. This one exhibits the gigantic limbs no less plainly, and its shapely form is well depicted. It is not often, even in a fruit-growing county like ours, that either apples or pears at all approach this unique specimen.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOSPITAL FUND FOR LONDON.

The fourth annual report, which has just been issued, records the loss of its first patron, Queen Victoria, in whose honour it was founded to commemorate the 60th year of her reign. In spite of adverse circumstances which charities have had to contend against in obtaining support by public subscriptions, the fund shows an increase in receipts of £3,000 for the past year. The distribution of grants to the various hospitals is made on the reports of medical men of wide experience, and laymen who take a deep interest in hospital management, and who visit the hospitals with the object of obtaining information regarding the merits and needs of the various institutions. While the work of the fund is limited to London hospitals, yet the hospitals themselves are a centre of wide influence, extending far beyond the limits of London; indeed, to a greater or less extent they affect the well-being of the whole empire, as they supply no inconsiderable proportion of medical men whose services are afterwards devoted to all parts of the empire. The meeting of the fund was recently held and a telegram from the King was read, expressing his unabated interest in the continued success and prosperity of the fund. His Majesty becomes patron of the fund. The Duke of Cornwall and York has consented to act as its president.

Mr. George John Scale, of The Retreat, Emsworth, Hampshire, who died on March 13th last, leaving personal estate of the net value of £33,232 2s. 7d., left to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Southampton £20,000 in trust, to apply the income in payment of pensions of £50 a year each to poor blind persons of thirty years of age and upwards of good moral character, natives of the county of Southampton, and who have lived in the county for five years before being chosen as pensioners.

The Empress Frederick having expressed a desire to see Dr. Boyd Carpenter, the Bishop of Ripon, his Lordship has left for Cronberg, accompanied by one of the King's couriers.

It is understood that Earl Roberts will pay a private visit to the Glasgow Exhibition on Monday next. The Glasgow magistrates on Tuesday agreed to extend to his lordship an official invitation for next month.

Vienna gloats upon the Belgrade scandal. According to Viennese journals Serbia seethes with revolutionary tumult, which only Queen Draga's divorce can allay. Meanwhile the Queen has resumed her usual place in the palace.



* REV. W. HARVIE-JELLIE, M.A., *

The newly-appointed Minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Cheltenham.

The "Gazette" of Tuesday night announces that Second-Lieutenant G. P. D. Austin, of the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, the Duke of Albany's), is removed from the Militia, his Majesty having no further occasion for his services.

Dr. Rainey, who attained his ministerial jubilee while Moderator of the United Free Church Assembly, was on Tuesday the recipient of valuable presentations, including a cheque for £5,000, at the Edinburgh meeting.

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 will be paid in respect of each Photograph so used, with the exception of those of prize-winners.

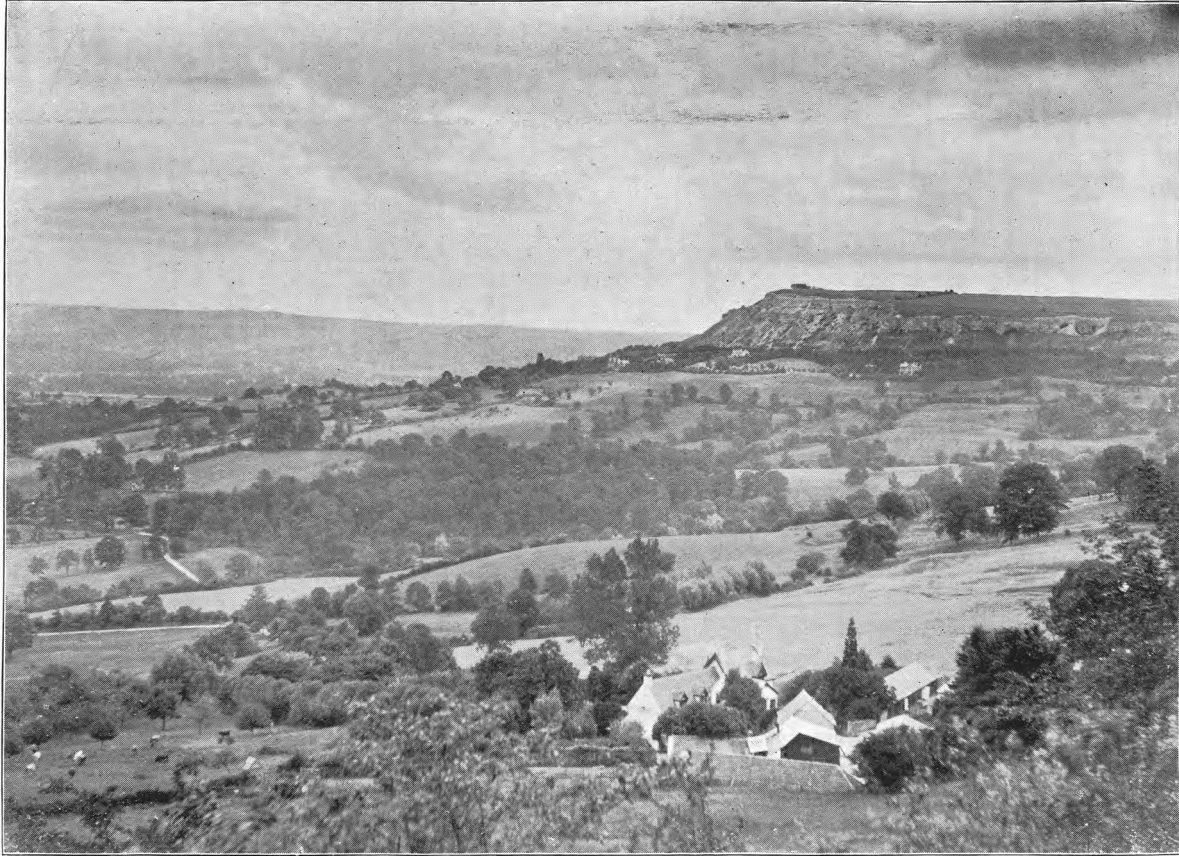
The competition is open to the county, and the names of the successful competitors will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

The winner in the 20th competition is Mr. J. W. Gray, of St. Elmo, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham. The prize picture is that entitled "Leckhampton Under a Cloud."

Entries for the 21st competition closed this (Saturday) morning, May 25th, 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.



* "LECKHAMPTON UNDER A CLOUD." *

COURTESY IS CHEAP.

*

Women are not kind—no, as a sex we are prone to forget the little deeds of courtesy, of kindness, which make life easier for people. We do not bestow smiles where they will warm the heart; we do not offer a helping hand to our sisters when the opportunity is right at our elbow. We are never sociable with chance women whom we meet, because we are too much tied to conventions.

Two men travelling in the same railway coach, perhaps dividing a seat between them, will become comfortably acquainted during the ride, and will reach their journey's end fresh in body and mind. Two women in the same position regard each other with suspicion, and grow weary in trying to maintain their dignity. They never dream of chatting away the tedious hours like men, and dropping the acquaintance at the end of the journey, if they choose.

It hurts nobody to be decently sociable, and is likely to add to one's store of memories some pleasant experiences. The mother who travels with a fretful baby would appreciate the sympathy of a fellow-passenger, and

could secure much needed rest through the thoughtfulness of the woman who relieves her of the baby's presence for a time. Believe me, a woman who travels with a baby is keenly alive to the annoyance their presence may cause others. She fights against it so hard that in a short space of time her nerves are quivering.

* * *

ONLY THE KING MAY DO IT.

*

It is a Royal prerogative, belonging exclusively to the reigning Sovereign, to drive down the middle of Rotten Row. Queen Victoria only availed herself once or twice of that right. From this ancient privilege came the name *Route du Roi*, whence the corruption, "Rotten Row."

* * *

TO KEEP FLOORCLOTH NICE.

*

Floorcloth should never be washed with water if you want it to wear well. Instead, wash it with skim milk, rub dry, and then polish with beeswax and turpentine. Treated in this way once or twice a week, and on other days well rubbed with a dry duster after sweeping, it will look well to the last.

DECORATIONS AT BLACKPOOL.

*

The decorations of the new Council Chamber (which the Council have sanctioned) in the progressive town of Blackpool will be something unique. The walls will be panelled in oak, surmounted by a magnificent fresco frieze, on which will be painted scenes connected with the history of the county—viz., the union of York and Lancaster; the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York; the surrender of the Jacobites at Preston in 1715; and Richard III.'s last stand at the battle of Bosworth Field.

*

A FRENCH DONNYBROOK.

*

A terrible battle between strolling players and country people has taken place during the village fair at Breze, near Saumur. A quarrel resolved itself into a general melee, the village against the booths, and one of the strollers having drawn a knife, the villagers rushed for shot guns, to which the fair men responded with pistols. When the police arrived five men were found to have been shot and stabbed.



THE CORNER, WITHINGTON.

PROCLAMATION OF CHARLES II.
CONDUITS OF WINE AT GLOUCESTER.

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In Mercurius Publicus, No. 20, May 10—16, 1660, it is stated:—" Gloucester—Upon Mr. Mayor's summons the Common Council appeared in scarlet at eight o'clock in the morning at the Tolsey, as also all the masters of companies, with the streamers, and all officers belonging to the city, from whence they went to the College, where Mr. Bartholomew, of Campden, preached before them. Thence they went to dinner, and after to the Tolsey again in their gowns, from whence the Mayor, Common Council, and the two Sheriffs, with white staves, accompanied with several gentlemen of quality, went to a stage erected at the north end of the Wheat Market. Upon the stage was a chair placed for Mr. Mayor, with the King's arms over his head, and six fair gentlewomen, each of them holding a garland in their hands. Some pause being made, a regiment of foot, three troops of horses, and the Army foot came as near to the place as the crowd of the people would permit them. The younger Sheriff read, and the other Sheriff proclaimed his Majesty, after which followed the acclamations of the people, in soundin of trumpets, beating of drums, firing of guns, etc. All the three conduits ran with wine for many hours at night. There was a line from the Tolsey to the south end of the Wheat Market, upon which were a variety of fireworks."

In 1660 there were two Sheriffs, the younger and the elder, or the Under and the High Sheriff. Each of them carried a long white wand in his hand as an insignia of office. The Wheat Market stood in the Southgate-street. It was built in 1606, was much damaged during the siege, and was rebuilt temp. 1660—1661.

Martin wrote in 1759 that in the Southgate-street stood an old conduit. He mentions another at the Cross, and both were supplied with water from Robin's Wood Hill. Furney says the Southgate-street conduit was of an octangular form, and was built by Alderman John Scriven in 1636. It is now at Edgeworth. We cannot suppose that the conduits ran very long with wine. The fountains are reported to have "ran with wine" when Oliver Cromwell was proclaimed as Lord Protector. We may imagine what a terrible scramble there must have been amongst the bibacious men and women of Gloucester in their anxiety to get their lips to those fountains whose insipid water had been converted into luscious wine. The Wilts and Dorset Bank occupies the site of the Tolsey.

The following appeared in the same paper, under date May 10—17, 1660:—" At Gloucester

ter the Mayor ordered ten drums to be beaten to give notice to the country that his Majesty Charles II. would be proclaimed there on Tuesday, the 15th, that the country might come in and show their affection."

The shell or frame work (with fragments of ruptured parchment) of one of our drums was to be seen a few years ago.

It would appear that the sermon which Mr. Bartholomew preached in the Cathedral at Gloucester on the 15th May, 1660, the day on which King Charles II. was proclaimed, was published, and it was entitled "The strong man ejected by a stronger."—" Parliamentary Intelligencer," No. 34, August 13—30, 1660.

Robert Payne was Mayor in 1660; he was succeeded by Thomas Peirce in 1661.

H.Y.J.T.

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THE ENGAGED GIRL.

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It depends upon the individual girl whether during her engaged period she shall be considered "interesting" or "uninteresting."

"Why do girls fall off in looks and dress after they become engaged?" remarked a woman at a luncheon last week. "I think a girl should look her prettiest and freshest just before marriage."

The trouble is that many an engaged girl falls into the rut of the married woman, and becomes indifferent to the opinion of everyone, including her lover, who, she knows, will love her under all circumstances. She loses her air of coquetry, and gives herself up to a lazy enjoyment of being loved and having a good time.

All this may betoken perfect confidence between lovers, but the appreciation of the world should not be counted out, for the world loves a lover only so far as the lovers render themselves interesting to the world.

* * *

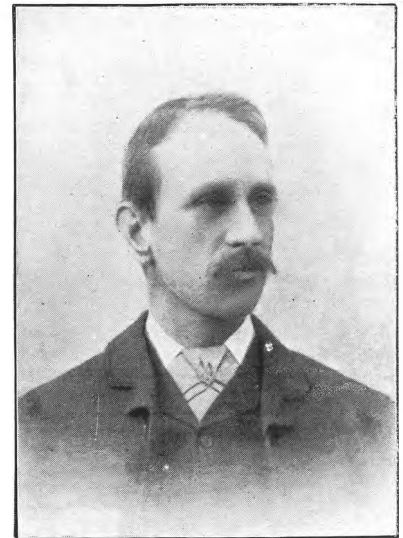
DEATH OF GENERAL PORTER.

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The death is announced at New York of Major-General Fitzjohn Porter. General Porter was born in Portsmouth (N.H.) on June 13, 1822. He was first in the United States Navy, and subsequently in the Army, and during the Civil War he was attached to General John Pope's army of Virginia. In consequence of certain charges of inaction on the first day of the second battle of Bull Run, he was cashiered, and for ever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States. The justice of this verdict was the subject of much controversy, and eventually he was restored to the Army as colonel in 1886.

The death of Emily Lady Craven, which took place on Tuesday afternoon, removes another great lady from our midst. She had been ill with bronchitis for some time at her house, 1 Great Cumberland-place, but was recovering, and succumbed at last to an attack of pneumonia. She used to live at 16 Charles-street, Berkeley-square, now occupied by Mrs. McEwan, and there in the sixties entertained a great deal for the sake of her handsome daughters, who afterwards became Lady Cadogan, Bettine Lady Wilton, Lady Evelyn Riddell, Lady Coventry, and Lady Emily Van de Weyer, and this was about the same time that the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn was taking out her handsome daughters, who all married so well.

One of the pleasantest dances which have taken place this season, says the "Daily Mail," was given by Lady Beauchamp on Monday night at her lovely house in Belgrave-square. The flowers were quite gorgeous, the long, wide hall being quite a bower of tall palms and other slender graceful foliage, while the large drawing-room, with its red and gold hangings, was also beautifully arranged with flowers. Lady Beauchamp was very ably assisted in her hospitalities by the Ladies Lygon, who were both dressed in black, with roses as flowers; while among the guests were Lady De Ramsey, the Dowager Lady Normanton, Lady Emily Van de Weyer, Lady Templemore, and Lady Dartmouth, who came with daughters. Lady Savile, in black, wore her favourite green leaf hair ornament, and she brought Miss Helyar, in white; Lady Pembroke brought Lady Beatrix Herbert, and Lady Halsbury came with Lady Evelyn Giffard. The prettiest girls were Lady Grizel Cochrane, who came with Lady Dundonald, and Miss Violet Corkran, who came with Mrs. Seymour Corkran. Others there included Lady Coventry and Lady Bingham, Lady Hood, with her daughter, and Lady Penrhyn. The music was quite excellent, and the supper very well arranged, while dancing was kept up until late the following morning.



MR. SAM PRIDAY,

The Gloucester Life-Saving Hero.

(See "Chronicle" main sheet).

RATES—10s. 1d. IN THE £.

"A Southampton Ratepayer" calls attention to the startling fact that the rates of that town, by an increase of 1s. 10d. on the year, have now reached a total of 10s. 1d. in the £. Southampton, in fact, holds the unenviable record of being the highest rated town in the country. He adds that "were it not for several thousands of pounds expected to be received as profits from the municipal tramways, the actual rate would be 10s. 5d. or 10s. 6d. in the £, and from what one can gather we have not as yet reached high-water mark."



CIRENCESTER HOUSE, THE SEAT OF EARL BATHURST.

EXTRAORDINARY EPITAPHS.

CHELTENHAM CURIOSITIES.

We give below a few of the epitaphs of a curious character that are still to be seen on tombstones in Cheltenham Parish Churchyard and St. Mary's Cemetery. Others of a more or less apocryphal character, which cannot be verified now, do not concern us at present.

PARISH CHURCHYARD.

"To the memory of John Higgs, Pig Killer, who died Nov. 26th, 1825, aged 55 years. Here lies John Higgs, the famous man for killing pigs. For killing pigs was his delight. Both morning, afternoon, and night. Both heats and cold he did endure. Which no physician could e'er cure. His knife is laid, his work is done. I hope to Heaven his soul is gone.

Also four sons of the above, who died in their infancy."

"To the memory of John Paine, blacksmith, who died August 30th, 1796, aged 72 years. Also of Eliza, the loving and beloved wife of John Paine, who died February 25th, 1785, aged 57 years. (And of several children).

My sledge and hammer lies declined, My bellows pipe have lost its wind. My forge is extinct, my fire's decay'd, And in the dust my Vice is laid. My coal is spent, my iron's gone. My nails are drove, my work is done."

"Hester Bubb, who died Sept. 16th, 1842, aged 78 years.

My life was burdensome to me, But Christ, my God, has set me free From all my sorrow, grief and pain. I trust in Christ to rise again.

Also of John Bubb, who died April 13th, 1815, aged 23 years.

Beneath this stone and silent tree, Lies Youthful John, aged twenty-three, Crop'd like a flower, he withered in his prime, Tho' flattering life had promised years to come."

"Erected to the memory of Samuel Margaret, who died Nov. 15th, 1825, aged 32 years. Death with his dart did pierce my heart When I was in my prime, And summons'd me to meet my God And leave this world behind."

"In memory of John Potts, who died July 14th, 1814, aged 44 years.

I left the world without a tear And all my friends and kindred dear. For now I'm free from every pain, And death to me is endless gain."

ST. MARY'S CEMETERY.

"In memory of Frances White, who departed this life Nov. 28th, 1851, aged 24 years.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—Matthew v., 8.

Oh! stranger, pause and shed a silent tear; A gentle maid, sweet Frances White, lies here— An orphan sad, her weary way she trod, Yet trusted in the mercy of her God. Her spirit now has winged its happy flight To regions radiant with celestial light, Where God resides in awful state, And holy angels round His presence wait. Oh! stranger, pause, her bright example take. Her Saviour follow e'er it is too late."

"Sacred to the memory of Sarah, the beloved wife of Thomas Hemmin, who died Feb. 9th, 1854, aged 86 years.

Patient and long much pain I bore, With husband kind and dear In wedlock joined full 60 years, With love and Godly fear. I've left him now in grief and pain, But soon in heaven to meet again.

Also of Thomas Hemmin."

THE CHILD AND "B.-P."

The little daughter of Mr. Marshall, of Cardiff, collected "buttons" of generals. Recently she swallowed one. She was told it was "B.-P." "It doesn't matter," she replied, "Baden-Powell won't hurt me." The father of the child communicated the incident to the General, who sent the following reply:—
South African Constabulary, April 28, 1901.

Dear Sir,—I am very sorry that her friendship for me should have led your little girl to adopt a method so dangerous to herself of safely bestowing my button. I sincerely trust that she is none the worse, and I am very glad to have the portrait of so great a little heroine.—Yours truly, R. BADEN-POWELL.

A 150-GUINEA ORCHID.

There was a sale of orchids in flower at the rooms of Messrs. Protheroe and Morris in Cheapside on Tuesday, and there was one particularly fine plant of the "Odontoglossum Alexandræ" variety, finely spotted, upon which the connoisseurs were keen. Eventually it was knocked down to an enthusiast for 150 guineas.

THE AMERICAN TERROR.

Mr. Hearst, the proprietor of the "New York Journal," is dispatching three school-boys to make a tour of the world in the quickest possible time. He guarantees that they will beat the French journalists who are engaged on the same mission. Mr. Hearst says he desires to let foreign countries see three specimens of the American terror that is keeping European statesmen awake at night.

CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY.

By the annual report adopted at the general court of the Incorporated Building Society, held on Friday last under the presidency of the Primate, we observe that in the past year 31 grants were voted towards building additional churches, 4 towards rebuilding existing churches, and 33 towards enlarging or increasing accommodation in existing churches by extension of walls, re-arrangement of seats, and other improvements. Grants were also voted towards 15 mission churches, temporary churches, school churches, or hamlet chapels. The total of all the grants amounted to £9,910, averaging about 10s. 3d. for each additional free sitting. The annual subscriptions, though more in number, were less in amount, and there was a decrease in legacies, so that funds were urgently needed. Among the chief subscribers were the Earl of Eldon and Mr. H. C. Richards, K.C., M.P., £10 each. During the 85 years of the society's existence the number of places aided in the Diocese of Gloucester was 173, representing £16,948, and in the past year £50 was granted, while the amounts received from these only reached £29 6s. 6d.

* 1ST GLOUCESTERSHIRE ROYAL ENGINEERS (VOLUNTEERS). *

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THE NINETEEN WHO RETURNED FROM SOUTH AFRICA, MAY 22nd, 1901.



Photo by E. Debenham, Gloucester.

KEY TO GROUP.

First row (sitting), from left to right:—2nd-Corpl. G. Grieve (left behind in hospital), Cheltenham; Lance-Corpl. W. Browning (died at Middelburg, March 17th, 1901), Cheltenham; Sergt. H. Hall, Winchcombe; Lieut. Ernest E. Ricketts, R.E., Gloucester; Corpl. A. Dodwell, Cheltenham; Sappers W. Pike and A. W. Martin, Gloucester.

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

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

FOOLHARDY ALPINE CLIMBER.

A German tourist named Gmahle attempted to climb Mount Pilatus without a guide, despite the warning of a Lucerne hotelkeeper that the ascent was dangerous. As he did not return a search party was arranged, and his dead body was found at the bottom of a precipice. He leaves a mother and two sisters totally unprovided for.

A PIGEON'S GRIEF.

Henri Chapelle, pigeon breeder at Verriers, died, and a train of sorrowing friends and relations came to bear his body to the grave. But as the funeral procession was being formed, one of the pigeons fluttered down to the coffin, on which it perched. So, as the pigeon would not be driven away, it was taken to the cemetery, and here it stayed by its dead master's tomb, neither moving nor eating till it died of starvation.

NO TEAS FOR CYCLISTS.

Following upon the raid on Manchester cyclists at Altrincham, Cheshire, at the weekend, when nearly a score were fined in Manchester County Court on Monday for furious riding and riding without lights, came an extraordinary announcement on Tuesday from another Cheshire village contiguous to the city. Mr. Grieg, a large landowner, has intimated that he intends to issue notices to his tenants that in future no teas must be served to cyclists. The reason given is that recent cases of scarlet fever have been brought in by visitors.

The Rev. Thomas Wallis Richards, for 38 years vicar of Leighton Buzzard, died on Tuesday morning at the age of 85.

The Emperor William has placed the Royal Schloos at Homburg at the disposal of King Edward, who is expected there next month for a short time, and also in August.

A NEW GEOGRAPHICAL GAME.

Seat the players in a row. Let the first one say aloud the name of a city, mountain, river, lake, etc., located in any part of the world; the next player gives a name beginning with the final letter of the previously said name and the third supplies one beginning with the final letter of the second, and so on around the ring. Thus: Morecambe, Leeds, Preston, Brighton. Each player is allowed thirty seconds in which to think. If by the end of that time he has failed to supply a name he must drop out of the game. The one who keeps up the longest is the champion. Any player, at any time, may be challenged to give the geographical location of the place he has named. If, on demand, he cannot do so he must pay the forfeit.

The Marquis of Salisbury has consented to preside at the dinner of the Knights Imperial of the Primrose League, at the Hotel Cecil, on June 10.

OLD TREES AND OLDER STONES.

[BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.]

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

Returning to Forest trees, Mr. Rudge, writing in 1807, remarks that "the elm grows almost in every district, and is produced in great abundance from the old roots in the lower part of the Vale, particularly in the vicinity of Bristol, where there are many fine trees left to their natural growth, and which form timber of large dimensions and excellent quality." Truth is, the deep, rich soil of the Severn Valley enables this tree to send down its long tap-roots to almost any distance below the surface, and if "well-rooted is well-fruited" applies to orchard trees, it does so no less emphatically to those of the forest and hedge row. Near Gloucester are many fine elms also, as for example in the fields between Ox-Stalls Farm and the Cheltenham-road, especially one in the first



SHELLARD'S LANE OAK.

farmhouse. From all the signs of age that it then retained, it must have existed as a sapling at some very distant day, and was the most ancient undoubted relic of antiquity in the vegetable world in those parts. He alludes also to a fine and stately wych elm, standing near the turnpike road in the same village.

It is in the Forest of Dean that one naturally seeks for the grandest oaks. But there has been such long and persistent felling during so many generations for the building of King's ships, and forestry was so neglected, or so little understood, till comparatively recently, that of the 105,000 trees growing there in the reign of Charles I., there are few great ones left. Sir John Winter, under Royal grant, seems to have destroyed at least 30,000 of the best. Though the number planted since that unfortunate reign has been very considerable, they are, of course, relatively young trees. Of the older ones remaining, one of the best known is "Jack o' the Yat," near Coleford, which is

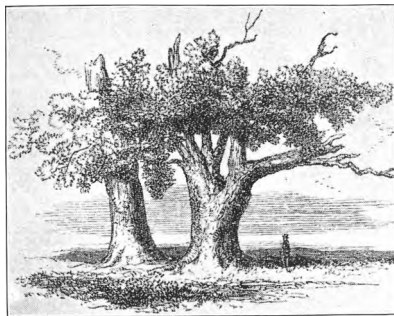
in the Forest clearings. It certainly is a patriarch, for its girth, at 5ft. from the ground, is 47½ft. More fortunate than its congener at Lassington, the Newland Oak is a subject for literature, if only in a purely local tale. It comes into "The Landlord's Story," in "Tales of the Speech House," where it is thus alluded to—"The famous Newland Oak stands like a far off sentry, and seems to keep watch over the leafy citadel—none more shapely, more perfect, more tall, and kinglike." It is, however, equally unknown to Atkins and to Rudder. You will sometimes find the latter penning a sentence about sheep-leys and pastures being "interspersed with forest oaks and other venerable trees," but he will tell you nothing respecting any individuals, or where fine single specimens are to be found. Of oaks in the near neighbourhood of Gloucester there are few that can excel for elegance of form and size combined, though others may excel it in either particular, the one on the slopes of Robin's Wood Hill in the private grounds at Oak Bank. There is also the fine oak at the Edge, near Painswick, to be remembered, and the "Crad Oak," next neighbour to "Jack o' the Yat," and the "Three Brothers," to be best reached from the Speech House. The best account of the great trees of the Forest of Dean is to be found in Bellows's "Week's Holiday in the Forest."

Mr. Rudge, whom we have already quoted once or twice, says: "On the Cotswolds beech and ash are the principal trees of the woods; beech, indeed, seems the natural growth of the soil, and probably at a remote period covered the greater part of this portion of the county." He points out, what every Gloucestershire man has noticed, that the whole of the hill slopes from Birdlip to Wotton-under-Edge "are covered with the most luxurious beeches, which present to the Vale a continued verdant screen." He mentions some of the chief plantations of this most graceful tree, but tells of no single giants. Not only on the Cotswolds, however,



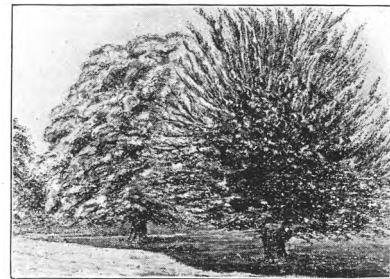
ELM AT OXSTALLS FARM, GLOUCESTER.

field from the farmhouse. There is in front of Hempstead Court an avenue of exceedingly well-grown elms, which the late Canon Lysons assures us have a special local and historic interest, inasmuch as they were planted in commemoration of the accession of Queen Anne, in the year 1714. They are



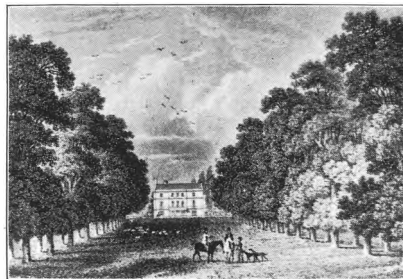
JACK OF THE YAT.

held by some to be the oldest in the Forest, though in reality it cannot be half the age of the "Newland Oak." Mr. Nicholls, in his "Historical and descriptive account of the Forest of Dean," gives 500 years as the probable age of "Jack." The "Newland Oak," on the other hand, is said to be mentioned in Domesday Book, and must therefore be quite 1,000 years old. The statement made is that it was, even in the Conqueror's reign, a well known and ancient land mark



HIGH BEECHES, FOREST OF DEAN.

does the beech abound and flourish exceedingly, but our western forest lands have as many and as large. The celebrated high beeches, near Coleford, are thus admirably described by Bellows:—"Another three hundred yards, and on our right hand, close by the wayside, with the silent Old Beech Colliery behind them, stand the five high beeches; noble trees, which, growing on high ground, with no other large timber near them, can be distinguished from a great distance. The third is the tallest; and the Sapper of the Ordnance Survey, who climbed it and fixed that pole on its topmost branch for a station mark must have been an acrobat. We measure its height with a pocket instrument, 108ft., and take its girth, 18ft. 6in., as high as we can reach from the ground. The level of the centre of the road just beyond is 745ft. above the sea." Of the beeches at Danby Lodge, the same author writes: "The beeches here are the finest in the Forest of Dean, with, perhaps, the exception of the tallest of the five 'High Beeches' near Coleford Meend."



AVENUE OF ELMS AT HEMPSTEAD.

thus nearly two centuries old. This is the tradition concerning them, and the plates in county histories seem to confirm the tradition. Of oaks, the same writer says they "grow with much vigour in several parts of the Vale, particularly within the hundred of Berkeley." Good Mr. Knapp, who strove to emulate Gilbert White by giving to the world his "Journal of a Naturalist," and succeeded in his object fairly well, records the existence of a fine oak in "Shellard's lane" of his parish, which had escaped the woodman's axe, the hedger's bill. It stood on the side of the waste, and had long afforded shade and shelter to an adjoining



NEWLAND OAK.

Printing . .

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



ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CHELTENHAM.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* * *

If ever a history of the Boer War with some of our local aspects is written, place should be given, and deservedly too, to the part that Gloucestershire men who volunteered have taken in it. I have specially in my mind those gentlemen who obtained commissions in the Imperial Yeomanry or Colonial regiments after serving in their ranks. So far as I remember—and I am open to correction if I omit a name—their names are Messrs. H. P. de Winton, H. F. Clifford, J. Cavendish Browne, Barkly, Savage (Awre), Nash (Standish), and C. Brooke-Hunt, Gilbert Fox, H. Spring, and Gouldar Smith, of Gloucester. I don't think good old Gloucestershire has done so badly after all in this direction.

*

I am in a reminiscent mood, for I have been reading with intense interest Mr. Dale's "Badminton Hunt," and I think I can supplement his reminiscences of the 8th Duke of Beaufort, who bulks largely in it, with some of my own, which may not be devoid of interest. It was my good fortune to frequently meet the late Duke in public. I remember well, on one occasion, when he arrived late as chairman at a Conservative meeting in the Assembly Rooms (his train having been delayed at Gloucester), how he enjoyed at the finale the speech of a working man who, in

proposing a vote of thanks to him, boldly said that if he had been foreman over his Grace he should have "docked him a quarter for being late." Then, at a Mayor's banquet at Gloucester about eight years ago, the Duke happened to laugh good-humouredly at a deprecatory remark in the response of the Rev. John Bloomfield, and the "Baptist Bishop," as he was called, promptly said, "I should appreciate your Grace's laugh more if you sent me a brace of pheasants." The Duke evidently made a mental note of the sally, for surely enough in a few days the "Baptist Bishop" received a parcel of game, but not of pheasants, as they were "off." I remember, too, at a Gloucester Mayor's banquet his astonished amusement at the blunt remarks of an irresponsible "city father" who fastened on to his Grace in the drawing-room and insisted on impressing on him that he bought all the corn in his country. "And I hope you buy it at a good price," was one audible remark of his Grace of Beaufort. My last tale was told to me, among many others, by one of the actors himself. When the Marquis of Worcester was quartered in Dublin with the 7th Hussars he went one night to Julien's concert, and my informant, who was then a travelling ticket-taker, recognised him and said respectfully, "I hope your markiss is well." "What! do you know me, my man?" said Lord Worcester. "Yes, your markiss. I come from Gloucester, and helped to chair you at your last election," replied the identifier. "Oh! I am very pleased to see you. Here's half a crown to drink my health," exclaimed the future Duke as he passed on to

his seat. The telling of this incident in Gloucester by the ticket-taker led to his being chaffed as "How's your markiss?" even when I was a boy.

*

I find that some of my readers have had their curiosity excited by my reference to "the midnight revels after mess" of bygone Yeomanry days in Cheltenham. It would be impossible for me to go into details of what I know, and therefore I can only generalise. There have been mock court-martials in the big room upstairs at the Plough on captors of the "High-street Scotchman," and even ponies were found strapped to the beds of certain officers when they turned in. One evergreen lieutenant, who, alas! has now gone over to the great majority, has been known to ride on parade with his horse's tail painted pink; and on one occasion he tried to obtain admission to a fancy dress ball at the Assembly Rooms having a chain in his hand, attached to what looked like a gorilla, but the skin only covered a man. "Nous avons change tout cela."

*

I must endorse the expression of thanks of my colleague, "Chatterer," of the broadsheet, to the gentleman by the railway side at Lansdown Junction for the good bold advertisement that he has voluntarily given the "Graphic." I will only add these lines:—

Along the line the signal ran,
"Chelt'nam expects that ev'ry man
Each week will do his duty—
And buy, buy his 'Graphic.'"

GLEANER.

* * *

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A dainty booklet on Hereford Cathedral has been published by Messrs. Isbister and Co. A bright and interesting account of the torically, together with brief references to the Cathedral, both architecturally and history and surrounding country, has been written by Dean Leigh; and the little work is beautifully illustrated with pen and ink sketches by Hedley Fitton.

George Meredith's masterpiece for sixpence! We owe this to the enterprise of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., Limited, who have included "Diana of the Crossways" in their sixpenny library. Meredith has always found "audience fit but few"; and though he may never become popular in the sense that writers like Hall Caine, Corelli, Ouida, and Braddon are popular, yet the publication of his works so cheaply places them within the reach of all lovers of the best literature. In "Diana," that wonderful story of a woman, occurs the phrase which has been so eagerly adopted by the critics, "the brain-stuff of fiction is internal history." One of the episodes in the plot, over which there has recently been considerable controversy, is the selling of the secret of the Repeal of the Corn Laws to the editor of the "Times."

The melancholy but fascinating "Confessions of an English Opium Eater" have made the name of De Quincey familiar to a much wider circle of readers than would probably have been attracted by his work as a scholar, his critical essays and philosophic and economic treatises, the latter of which earned the encomiums of no less an authority than M'Culloch; and the general reader will, therefore, feel grateful to Mr. Pollard for having collected De Quincey's most popular works for his latest volume in Macmillan's "Library of English Classics." The "Confessions," which are, apparently, as minute and unreserved as those of Rousseau, but which are said to have been considerably exaggerated for the sake of effect, are, of course, the chief feature of the volume, and there will also be found in it the fantastic essay on "Murder as One of the Fine Arts," the lively and humorous biography of "The Spanish Military Nun," and the delightful "English Mail Coach," with the realistic description of the scenes of enthusiasm, recalling the stirring days of the Napoleonic wars, when the coach went down into the country with news of victory. We have before commented on the clear, large type and convenient library size of the volumes in this series, which are published at 3s. 6d. each.



CHELTONIA: Welcome home, my gallant sons, I'm proud of you, and your country's grateful. Your speedy arrival has quite flustered me, but I'm delighted to see you looking so well.

CHORUS OF SAPPERS: And we are quite as delighted to be home again!

By the Way.

What with colonels, major-generals, generals, and other impedimenta in the field, the Cheltenham Town Council is apparently in for a warm time. If the gallant colonel whose whole life in Cheltenham has been a protest against every form of corporate expenditure (which is—being interpreted, extravagance)—I refer to Colonel Graham—has his way he will begin to look at matters from the inside of the Council, and will probably, like General Macdonald, revise his opinions and cease to criticize in the light of experience. It is so easy to stand outside and criticize—and so difficult to see faults from the inside—of the Council Chamber. And even those who do see faults in Corporation schemes from the inside find it necessary to enlist legal relations and to call mass meetings and generally stir up things a good deal outside the Council Chamber, rather than to state their objections like a criminal in the dock under the stony glare and cross-examination of the chief magistrate of the town. I am a bit surprised that Colonel Graham, or, for the matter of that, General Bainbridge, should so desire to act the part and take the place of a mere "Cypher"!

Now, why should not our argumentative, mathematical friend General Babbage apply for the seat vacated by Mr. Cypher? Just think of the vast array of figures that persistent gentleman would bring up at each opportunity, and the excellent practice afforded the other members of the Council in parrying the thrusts of the adversary in their midst! But I fear this is not to be, for it would be such a painful experience to have to keep to the point, and writing to the local press is like preaching—it enjoys the advantage of allowing no reply or contradiction at the moment of issue.

Speaking of Town and Parish Councils and finances, it seems to me that the Shurdington folk should have a Babbage on the spot, for their lavish expenditure is "onparalleled," as Artemus Ward would say! I see that a Mr. Coopey was appointed on Friday rate collector to the Shurdington Parish Council at the "grossly extravagant" salary of—two

shillings a week. Also, and moreover, and to make the matter worse, a cheque was drawn for 20s. to meet the clerk to the Council's petty cash account! Monstrous!

The chief matter brought before the Council was the question of the best site for—not a town-hall—but a village pump! There was great difference of opinion, some of the members stating that the erection of a pump on one of the few open spaces in the village was a desecration and a sacrilege; others spoke of the depreciation of property around the proposed pump in prospect of the scheme being carried out; and eventually it was decided to hold a mass meeting of the ratepayers and lay the alternative schemes before them!

There is a curious parallel here with recent events in the Garden Town, and I do not doubt that a catechism and a creed, a heavily-leaded circular, canvassers for signatures, and a host of other elaborate organisations will spring up around that bete noir of a misguided, misplaced pump. Anyhow, rumour says that Shurdington is to start a Ratepayers' Association to protest against the "reckless extravagance of corporate bodies in general and Shurdington Parish Council in particular."

It is not often that I take upon myself to criticize literary efforts; for, you see, I don't know anything about that sort of thing, and to me the only meaning of the word "style" is an apology for a gate. But I have been reading a pathetic column from a local contemporary on "A First Visit to Cleeve Hill." Let me extract and moralise!

"Those are the Cotswolds, are they not?" I asked of our landlady. "No," she replied with emphasis, "that is Cleeve!" And an expedition up Cleeve became an imperative necessity from that moment!

I ask myself, of course, in the ignorance of a style-less mind, WHY? Was it a necessity to ascend Cleeve Hill because the landlady called it Cleeve, or because she said "no" with emphasis; or was it that there is some subtle influence in the word Cleeve hitherto undiscovered by ordinary folk?

On the way up to Cleeve in a vehicle,

our friend the writer innocently enquires "Why should that particular local conveyance be termed a 'rat,' I wonder?"—(Don't wonder, dear friend, there is a "tale to that 'rat,'" but any policeman will oblige, and there is no space to record it here). There follows a "painful episode," and a "happy little stoat lies stark and stiff in a wayside ditch, and it seemed sacrilege that it should have been so at such a time." Apparently the reading infers that it is sacrilegious to kill stoats while the author passes in a "rat," alias pony-carriage! Further on our "innocence exemplified" writes: "Presumably, enthusiastic golfers play their beloved game on Cleeve Hill, since I noticed the wee red flags that one usually associates with that pastime." Ahem! presumably they do play golf on Cleeve, and are those "wee red flags" ever associated with any other pastime? And then we have quite an excellent and appropriate "finis" in this amazingly candid sentence "Probably, the enlightened will only smile pityingly on my ignorance"! Quite right! This is a most accurate estimate of public opinion!

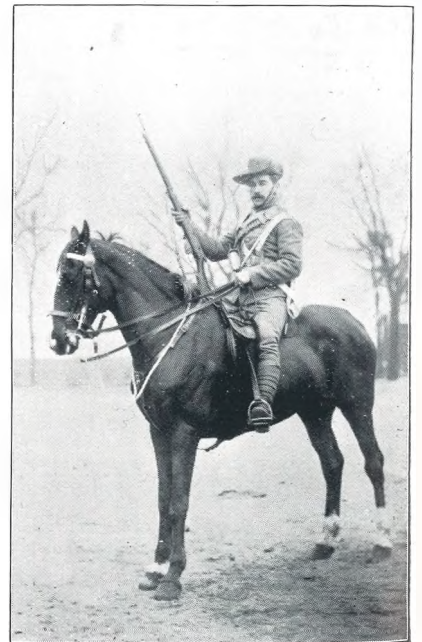
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The return of the khaki-clad warriors from South Africa was a sight for "rods and men"—and women and children and other "hindrances to traffic," as a policeman would put it. The most staid individuals chartered pony-carriages as a coign of vantage, regardless of expense, and shouted away a week's voice supply in five minutes. I hear that the men are to attend some of the Church Missionary Society meetings in Cheltenham on the strength of the chief speakers being the Rev. Cannon-Ball! The spelling is not quite as it should be, but "'twill serve."

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Speaking of Cleeve Hill, Mrs. Jenkins has been on the hill for a few days, and is 'riting her impressions—very lively ones—for next week's "Chronicle."

TOUCHSTONE.



A CHELTHENHAM VOLUNTEER.

Trooper (Farrier) W. ISAAC,
38th Co. 10th Batt. Imperial Yeomanry.

It is announced in Tuesday night's "Gazette" that Second-Lieutenant R. H. Burkhardt, of the 3rd Battalion the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, is cashiered by sentence of a General Court-martial.