

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Photo by J. C. Denham.]

[Torquay.]

✻ REV. A. P. COX, M.A., ✻
THE NEW VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, CHELTENHAM.

Lord Currie, the British Ambassador at Rome, is a very keen archæologist, and has just paid £12,000 for a property near Subiaco, on which there is supposed to be a villa built by the Emperor Nero. Excavations are to be commenced at once under the personal supervision of Lord Currie.

Sir William Martin Conway, M.A., has been elected to the Slade Professorship of Fine Arts at Cambridge University. It was announced at the meeting of the electors that the late professor, Dr. Waldstein (who succeeded the late Mr. Middleton, of Cheltenham), did not seek re-election.

CIRENCESTER EPITAPHS.

Leland, in his Itinerary, says:—"There is but one Paroch Church in al Cirecester; but that is very fayre. The body of the church is all new worke, to which Ruthorall, Bishop of Durham, borne and broughte up yn Cirecester, promised much, but preventid with Deth, gave nothing. There are in this parish church several very curious moumental inscriptions, including the following. In the south aisle, on a flat stone, are the brazen effigies of a man and woman, and this couplet, on labels, as if issuing from their lips:—

"Merci, God, of my misdeede,
Lady help at my most neede."

And on a brass plate beneath their feet is the following poetical prayer, engraved as if it were prose:—

"Reyse gracious J'hu to endless lyfe at thy grete dome wh'rc all schall apere Hughe Norys Groc' and Johan hys wyf—now dede in grue and beryed here yo p'yers de-yring There Soules for Cheie the x day of July the yere our Lord God mccccccxix."

On a small brass plate in the same aisle the following epitaph marks the burial place of Hod-kinson Paine, who was killed while carrying the colours at the Battle of Cirencester on February 3rd, 1642:—

"The Poore's supplie his life and calling grac't
'till warre's made rent and Paine from poore displacit.

But what made poore vnfortunate Paine blest,
by warre they lost their Paine yet found noe rest.
Hee loseing quiet by warre yet gained ease,
by it Paine's life began, and paine did cease;
And from ye troubles here, him God did sever,
by death to life, by Warre to peace for ever."

And underneath is this:—
"Here lieth the body of Elizabeth Paine deceased
the 8th May of January An. Do. 1668:

One was our thought, One life we sought
One rest we both intended;
Our bodies haue To sleepe One graue
Our soules to God ascended."

On a grave stone:—
"Here resteth the body of Mary Olive, a pretty
little tender branch of Robert and Elizabeth
Olive."

At the entrance to St. Mary's Chapel is the effigy of an old man in a gown, with clothier's shears over his head and a dog at his feet. Underneath is this inscription:—

"In Lent by will a sermon hee deuised,
And yerely precher with a noble prised
Seven nobles hee did geue ye poore for to defend
And 80£ to xvi. men did lend

In Cicester, Burford, Abingdon, and Tetburie
To be to them a stocke yerely.

Philip Marnar who died in the yeare 1587."

At the east end of Trinity Chapel is the offertory of Thomas a Beckett, represented by a very ancient painting of a bishop, habited and mitred, beneath which the following inscription promises spiritual rewards to all who worship the archiepiscopal saint and martyr:—

"What ma other woma worscip' this holi seint
Bisschop and martir e'iry sunday that bith in the
v'ry w' a patr. nr. god o aue o thir ony almus
s'uth to a poor ma or bring ony candill 'weht lass
me hee schall have v yiffits graunted of God.
The firste is hee schall have reysonabil gode to his
lyve ende. The seconde is that hys enymys
schall haue no pouir to do hym no bodely harme
nor dysese. The iij is what reysonabil thynge that
he will aske of God and that holy sent ht schall
be graunt. The iiij that hee schall be onburdnd
of all his tribulacion and dysese. The v. is that
in his last inde haue schriff and houssill and grete
repentunce and sacramente of a newwinge and
the he may come to that blysse that neuer hath
ende ame."

By the Way.

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MRS. JENKINS ON CLEEVE HILL.

You must know that me and a lady friend of mine (Mrs. Gaskins) thought we would take just a quiet walk up to the Midland Station to see the Hingineers come 'ome from furrin parts, as the sayin' is, a fortnight ago come next Wednesday, wich the crush was enormous, and through me not a-being so steady on my pins as I used to be, and Mrs. Gaskins being a-run into twice by these here cycyclists without so much as a-begging of our pardings, and we that flustered and 'ot as we didn't know whether we was on our 'eds or our 'eels, as they do say, neither me nor Mrs. G. saw anything at all except a crowd of folks a-shouting for all they was worth, and millions upon millions of people trapeising down the road, wich they do say as the soldiers was in the middle of 'em, and was that pulled about and crushed that some of them would rather face a squadroon of Boers than go through another such a hordeal, as the sayin' is.

Leastways, I knows as 'ow I and Mrs. G. was very nigh injured for life by one of these 'ere "ugly rushes," as they said in the "Echo," and next day I felt so queerish like that I went to see our club doctor. Says I: "Doctor, wot with one thing and another, and these 'ere soldiers a-coming 'ome so on-expected like, wich I don't know what the"— "Mrs. Jenkins," says he, "don't say no more. You're run down. You must have a change of hair. Go on Cleeve 'Ill for a week." And then he turns off to the next patient, and me only 'alf begun to tell 'im my troubles, wich these doctors always says you be run down when they can't tell wot's the matter, wich I wasn't run down at all, but my system was out of order through a-being crushed in the crowd. Howsomdever, I 'ad 'eard tell as 'ow Cleeve 'Ill were a wonderful place for a "pick-me-up," as the sayin' is, so off I goes the very next day, with my belongings in a tin box wich my grandmother left me in her will with particular instruction never to scratch the paint, it being of a lovely green and crushed strawberry colour.

But, as I was a-sayin', up I goes, and I engages a bed and sitting-room, wich the old lady (who were pertikler chatty for one of 'er years) told me were dirt cheap at fifteen shillings a week, wich I doubted, seeing as 'ow it were very awk'ard for a respectable fieldmale and a lone widder to 'ave to go through somebody else's bedroom to get to her own "peaceful couch," as the sayin' is, wich I found I 'ad to cough in a loud tone every morning seven or eight times to wake up the young man as slept in the next room before I could get down the stairs to 'ave my usual early dish of tea, wich I will say it was some of the best I ever tasted.

But there, this isn't a mansion, as the man said wen he fell through the floor of 'is bedroom, and soon I found it wasn't, wich I don't 'old with the water supply on Cleeve 'Ill, as is open, permiscuous-like, to all the winds of 'eaven and the fowls of the hair, and as for other things, my sakes alive! I should just like to see the sanitary inspector around there! Then there ain't no manner of excitement going on up there, leastways, the biggest news of the week was wen one of the fowls, wich generally 'olds their meetings round the water supply, dropped dead, wich they do say as it were to save the executioner a job, as the sayin' is. But, as I was a-sayin', the hair up there is real lovely. Not but what I considers the 'ill would be better for a elderly fieldmale if it 'adn't got so many ravines and avalanches, as they do call them, wich it's a very hard climb to the top, and wen you've got there there ain't no top to speak of! I think the steam roller would do a power o' good to flatten it down a trifle. But you see gents and ladies in hunting costumes all over the shop, as the sayin' is, on the 'ill, 'itting about little white balls like mad, wich they calls it "Gough," and wot with their "tees" and their "caddies" and their "bunkers" they do say as it's fine fun, wich I do say they ought to be careful, as one of them here "gough" balls caught me

fair and square in the back as I were admiring the view of the Welsh 'ills, thousands of miles away, wich I thought I should have gave up the ghost, as the sayin' is, for upwards of five minutes, but I will say the "gough" gents was very kind to me, and give me a drop of the best Scotch out of a real gold flask with a "heraldry" engraved on it, wich soon pulled me round.

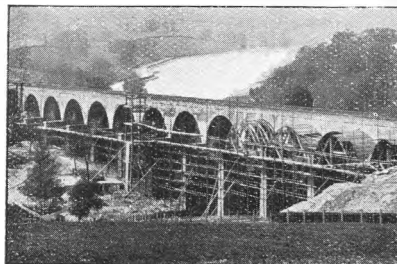
I do think as those gentlemen who put the seats on the 'ill-side ought to be encouraged, wich they were a God-send to me, and if you 'as a seat to sit on, you don't run no risks of sitting down on the remains of broken ginger-beer bottles, wich those as throws broken glass about on the 'ill ought to be ashamed of theirselves, that they ought!

My nephew come up one day for the afternoon, wich 'e goes to the Grammar School, and 'e tells me things isn't come to a "ampasse" yet, so I s'pose the school will go on for a bit longer. He took me up a lot of precipices to a place wich 'e said it were a British camp; but I don't believe one word of it, for there were nothing in the world there but a sort of a ditch, and not a tent to be seen nowhere. But, as I was a-sayin', the Cleeve 'Ill hair is that refreshing, and it do make you eat so, that it's a wonder to me why somebody don't build a decent boarding-house there, and to 'ave some amusements, wich at the present time the only things you can do of an evening is to go to bed or take to drink, wich they do say all this will be altered wen the tramway is finished.

P.S.—I forgot to say that "love's young dreamers," as they say, is very numerous in the harbours and on the 'ill-sides of Cleeve. They sits and they dreams, and they dreams and they sits, and it reminds me so of my pore Jenkins and me wen we used to go to Weston of a Bank 'Oliday and spend two hours at the seaside as 'appy as a royal king, wich I do say the sea's very middlin' down there, wich we went there seven times and never seen it but once. But, as a was a-sayin', many a match is struck up on Cleeve 'Ill, and my old lady, why, she knew everything and a good deal more than that, too, about everybody, and while she was a-takin' their ha'pence for teas she was a sizing of 'em up pretty well I can tell you, a regular "district and general" as the saying is. But, all dream on, life's hard enough anywav, and they'll never be so happy again as they be now, bless 'em!

SELINA JENKINS.

Sent under cover to
TOUCHSTONE.



Dowdeswell Viaduct and Reservoir—the former now undergoing widening.

GENERAL SIR BINDON BLOOD.

General Bindon Blood, who, coming fresh from India early in the year, directed with much success the operations in the Northern Transvaal, and is now engaged in trying to corner Botha's forces in the East Transvaal, first saw fighting in 1871 on the Indian North-West Frontier. The first important post that fell to him as Chief of Staff to Sir Robert Low in the Chitral expedition, 1895. He made his name a terror in the Mohmand country. In the Tirah operations he commanded a division. An eager sportsman, he is said to have shot no fewer than thirty tigers with his own rifle.



"A Familiar Face About Town."

SPEECH BY MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON OLD AGE PENSIONS.

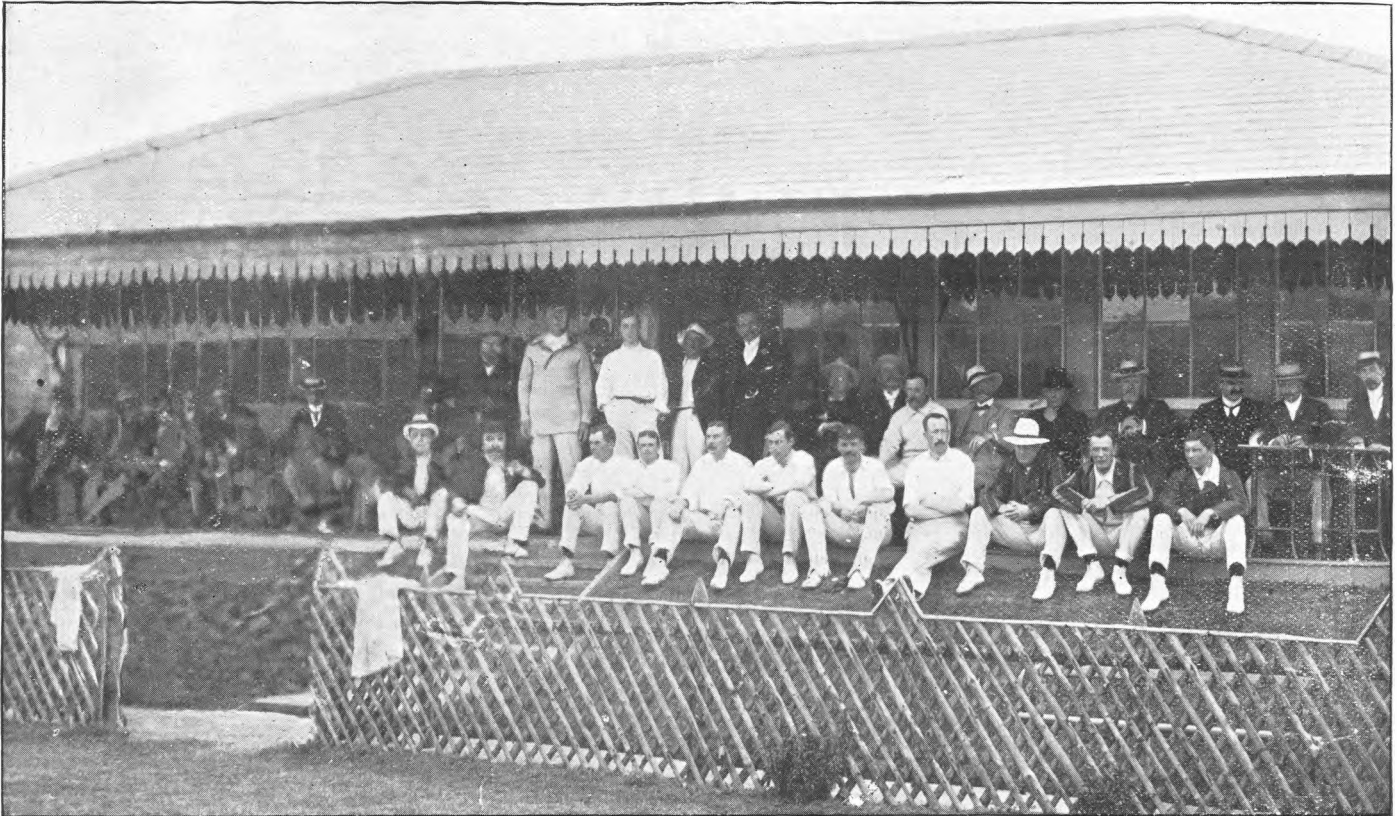
Mr. Chamberlain on Wednesday attended a sitting of the conference of the National Independent Order of Oddfellows at Birmingham. He said if they could do something to lessen the charge for old age sickness without placing an excessive burden on members they would place that society in a position of security. It was an inexplicable thing that the officials of great societies had not in recent years made such provision their first and most important object. He disliked the term old age pensions: he preferred to call it proposals to assist men to make provision for old age. Since he raised the question eight years ago he was afraid it had made no progress; in fact, it had gone back, and had unfortunately become a subject of party controversy. He thought once more they might try and put it on its legs, but this could only be done by the frank and hearty co-operation of the great societies. He believed men of all forms of politics were convinced that the State had its hands full, and did not want to interfere in any business where the people concerned in it were already doing it better than the State would be likely to do it. It was desirable in the interest of thrift, in the interest of the State, and of the country generally, that some assistance should be given to persons who were willing to contribute towards old age pensions for themselves; it was also desirable that friendly societies, who had a larger experience than anyone else, should combine together to frame a scheme with this object, and to present it to the politicians. He wanted to get rid of the political character of the movement. He did not wish any scheme to be in any sense connected with his name. When friendly societies had prepared a workable scheme it would be hard if they could not persuade politicians or statesmen to take it up.

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WILL THEY BE IN TIME FOR DINNER?

The American liner St. Paul and the Cunard liner *Lucania* sailed from New York on Wednesday for England, the former leaving two hours before the latter. Each has on board American guests for the Board of Trade banquet to the delegates from the New York Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Griscom being among the passengers of the American vessel, and Mr. J. W. Mackey on the Cunarder. It is a question whether they will arrive in time for the banquet, but both vessels are going to make the effort, and there are prospects of a fine race. The St. Paul has taken on extra firemen with a view to making the best possible speed.—Laffan.

✻ CHELTENHAM CRICKET. ✻



The Pavilion at the Victoria Ground on the occasion of the Town v. East Gloucester Match, Saturday, May 25th.



Cheltenham Fielding. Rev. P. Hattersley Smith and J. A. Healing batting.

FOSSIL REMAINS IN GREECE.

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The excavations carried on by Messrs. Schmitz and Woodward, on behalf of the British Museum, at the village of Pikermi, near Athens, have been proceeding since the beginning of April, with most encouraging results. They are a continuation of the researches made since 1838 by the Bavarian Government, in 1867 by the French Professor Gaudry, and since 1886 by the Austrian Government (says the Athens correspondent of the "Standard"). The discovery was made recently of three fossil beds containing the remains, in a state of excellent preservation, of prehistoric animals, more especially the rhinoceros, camelopard, and mastodon. These finds are regarded as a proof that Greece was at one time united to Asia and Africa. The excavations will be continued at the cost of the British Museum.

Ranavalona, the dethroned Queen of Madagascar, arrived at Marseilles on Wednesday, on her way to Paris.

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Maj-Gen. W. Creagh, late wing commander and second in command of the 19th Bombay Native Infantry, has died at St. Leonards of pneumonia, in his 73rd year. The last surviving son of the late Gen. Sir M. Creagh and a grandson of Sir C. Osborne, Judge of the King's Bench, Ireland, he was born in 1828, and entering the East Indian Army in Feb., 1845, in which he received his lieutenant's commission in March, 1848, served throughout the Punjab campaign of 1848-49, for which he had the medal with two clasps. He also saw active service during the Indian Mutiny. Having reached the rank of colonel in 1876, he took part in the South Afghanistan campaign in 1879-80, first in command of his regiment and latterly as brigadier-general in command of the Bombay troops.

INVENTOR OF THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

The inhabitants of Amalfi, in the Gulf of Salerno, claim (according to the "Gaulois") that Flavio Gioia, who was born in that town when it was one of the most flourishing commercial centres of the Middle Ages, was the inventor of the mariner's compass, and they propose to celebrate next month the 600th anniversary of the event. A subscription list has been opened to provide funds for the erection of a marble statue of Gioia.

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A gigantic block of iron ore weighing 96 tons, ordered from England by the Kure Arsenal, was taken to Kure (Japan) by the Awa Maru. It is said that much difficulty was experienced at Liverpool, there being no provision made for such a weight. The case was otherwise when the block was unloaded at Kure, as the arsenal is equipped with a crane capable of raising 150 tons.



THE BADMINTON CAMP.
CHELTENHAM TROOP ROYAL GLOUCESTERSHIRE HUSSARS.

COOKING.

CONCERNING SOME VEGETABLES.

By MRS. JACK JOHNSON.

In the face of the latest scientific theory that it is possible that even cancer itself owes its origin to dyspepsia, it is idle to fancy that good cooking has simply the end in view of pampering the taste of the *gourmet*. Only the other evening, at a dinner at the Hotel Cecil, given in honour of the Society of Cooks and Confectioners, which, by the way, was originated in 1826, M. Benoist maintained that instead of beginning by training the doctor the right course would be to give the aspiring *chef* a scientific knowledge of the materials with which he has to deal, and let the medical man come in, if need be, after that. There is no doubt we are gradually becoming more acquainted with the properties of our various foods, and understand how to effect many cures by simply following out a dietary system. What the average English cook lacks is ambition, and yet, when one comes to consider the wages even a merely efficient cook can command, not to speak of the £500 to £600 a year to be obtained by a *chef* in a large London restaurant or hotel, they should not require spurs to urge them on. And if a cook might—after scientific training—undertake to keep a whole household free from indigestion, gratitude might take the form of practically unlimited wages!

"Tell me what you eat," said Brillat Savarin, "and I will tell you what you are." This has, unfortunately, been taken by the majority of households to mean display rather than intrinsically good cooking. A Frenchwoman will concentrate her whole energies on a *plat*, and then run upstairs with it, holding a corner of its piping hot pottery by a corner of her immaculately clean apron, to place it on the table with a flourish of pride. Not so in England. A good cook will not go to a place where anything of this kind is expected. She requires a domestic *entourage* the cost of which swallows up such a portion of household expenditure that economy is practised on the viands themselves. Wine in cooking is voted extravagant, truffles are not to be thought of without guests, cooking eggs are used for omelets, butter scantily provided for pastry, and an insufficiency of fat or oil allowed for frying. Of course, poverty may direct that we deny ourselves all these things, but I have seen such "Cheese-parings" in "well-regulated households"—aye, and a dubious ordering of the best parts of meat as well. We English spend far too much on the ceremony of meals, and not in

proportion upon what is placed on the table. People talk of reform. There is no reform so greatly needed as that of household management. Unfortunately, it is not to be effected by one household, it will have to take the form of a great national movement.

Ordinary cooks are often very puzzled over certain French terms, which are invariably used in cooking recipes. I remember to have spent some time in finding out exactly what a *bouquet garni* consisted of; I knew it was herbs, and that they were tied up in a bunch, and there the matter ended. In case some of my readers are in a like dilemma, I hasten to inform them that the said *bouquet* is composed of parsley, thyme, and bay-leaf—thirty grammes of the first and two of the latter. Tie it up by packing the thyme and the bay-leaves in the middle of the parsley, turning it over each end, and clipping any ends off neatly; its size should be about two inches long. People really do not use their gardens to half the advantage they should. So many flavourings might be home-made, costing little more than the trouble, while often very expensive to buy. And one could be certain, too, of obtaining the true savory, which is the only correct herb to use with French beans and scarlet runners. When you bottle it be careful to keep only the leaves—not the stalks, as they do in the shops. Rosemary is delightful for marinating fish. Fennel one hardly ever sees nowadays, but in some country places they like it with salmon. Chervil is a most valuable herb, both in soups and salads, and chives and shallots should always be grown. Then, again, by keeping a plentiful supply of cress on hand, what delicious sandwiches can always be prepared for tea at a few minutes' notice! These are made much more tasty if a *soupeon* of bloater paste be added, which also keeps the green more in place. Very excellent picnic sandwiches may be made by extracting the soft part of the roll, buttering the inside of a crust, and filling the vacuum with Brunswick sausage. Always remember when cutting ordinary sandwiches to remove every particle of crust, and keep them closely covered until the moment they are served.

As we are just entering upon the season when we may expect vegetables to be plentiful, whether they come out of our own garden or from the greengrocer, it may be as well to come to certain resolutions of reform concerning the manner in which they are cooked. If they have hitherto been done in hot water, then insist that it be boiling; the difference to the vegetable is immense. If they have been left lying in water in the scullery until wanted, this must be changed. They require well washing—in fact, making completely clean; but leaving them to soak destroys their flavour. Cabbages and cauliflowers should be put into water with a little salt, as they

are both apt to be over-inhabited, and this will turn them out. Salt should also be added to the water in which they are cooked; but if a sufficiently green colour can be produced, by a lump or two of loaf sugar, it is highly preferable to soda; indeed, the latter must on no account be used if the vegetable refuse is taken to the pigs. I have known of one or two cases where illness ensued and one death from this cause. Not keeping a lid on the saucepan is a great help in obtaining a good colour, but then, of course, the vegetables require constant pushing down. When they are quite tender—without falling to bits—they are sufficiently cooked, and should be turned out and drained. Cabbages and cauliflowers take about twenty-five minutes to cook. Medicinally speaking, spinach has a great effect on the kidneys, asparagus is a great purifier, beans are very nourishing, and tomatoes are excellent for the liver, and so is celery for rheumatism.

The following are excellent recipes for unusual dishes, made of vegetables, which can easily be managed in simple households; Cucumber Fritters: The number required must be determined by the number of people. The cucumbers must be washed, peeled, and grated, making, say, one quart of pulp; to this add half a teacupful of good cream, half a pint of flour, one gill of melted butter, seasoning to taste. Beat four eggs separately very lightly, add to the batter, which should be very thick. Have ready a saucepan of boiling lard, and drop in one large spoonful at a time, removing them as soon as crisp. Serve as you would oyster fritters, on a folded napkin and very hot. This makes a most excellent *entree*, and quite easily takes the place of fish at an informal dinner. Another good vegetable *entree* is marrow cooked in the Italian way; that is to say, sliced very thinly (like a cucumber), then dry the slices with a cloth, and fry them in very hot butter, with pepper and salt; before serving shake a little grated Parmesan cheese over them.

A vegetable much appreciated when ripe, but whose qualities when green are greatly overlooked in this country, is the tomato. Americans make a most appetising relish out of them in their unripe condition. Slice them very thin, and thickly sprinkle with salt, put them away till next day, when they must be squeezed out; slice two or three onions, lay them alternately with the tomatoes, add a quarter of a pound of mustard, and cover with vinegar. Boil well for an hour, and then paste down in jars.

A most useful thing to have by one, and easily made, is an essence of vegetables for soups and sauces. Cut into slices three large bunches of carrots, two each of onions and turnips, and one of leeks; put them into a saucepan of boiling water, together with six

heads of celery cut up into pieces, and boil for two minutes. Plunge them into cold water to blanch them; put them into a stock-pot with an onion stuck with two cloves, grated nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste; add a lump of butter, pour in ten quarts of boiling water, and simmer gently at the side of the fire for three hours. Skim off the fat, strain the liquor, and it is ready for use. It is particularly convenient, as it can be used for white soups and sauces as well as brown.

The vegetable salad is a most excellent addition to a cold supper, and the following recipe is very simple, though, perhaps, not quite so rich as a real Russian salad: Boil some beetroot, celery, peas, beans, and one Portugal onion; when cold cut them into slices, arrange them in a deep glass dish—not a bowl for preference—and pour a mayonnaise sauce over them; garnish with anchovies (in oil), olives, and slices of beetroot, and you will not only have a very good but a very ornamental dish.



Gloucestershire Gossip.

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"Time and tide and telegraphs wait for no man"—so I have often heard as an old saying. And it is a fact within recent knowledge that time and tide did not wait for the good ship Englishman, as they brought her safely, with her precious freight of returning soldiers, into Southampton quite two days before she was due; and then the telegraph had to be requisitioned to flash the welcome news forward to those up-country who were expecting them. We in Cheltenham, on reading the first announcement in the "Echo" that the Engineer Volunteers were coming home within a few hours, pulled ourselves together, to give them a right royal reception. This spur of the moment welcome was to my mind much more effective than any carefully-prepared, cold-blooded one. The Engineers came, they were seen except where the dust was too dense, and they fairly conquered the hearts of the thousands in the streets. "I should not have thought," said a visitor standing in the porch of one of the chief hotels, "that there had been so many people in this town, but I can believe my own eyes, and it is a sight I never shall forget." This visitor will not be alone in this respect.

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I am sorry to confess that I see but faint prospects of the Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry in Great Britain (to give them their new and correct title) coming to Cheltenham again in the immediate future. They have very successfully opened new ground in camp at Badminton, and as the Duke of Beaufort has practically invited them to repeat the visit next year, the thing is doubtless settled. Still, this ought not to prevent the authorities of Cheltenham from taking timely steps, by obtaining the option of a suitable encampment in or near the town, so as to be in a position to renew its suit with the Yeomanry when they are disposed to make a change of quarters. The men in blue and gold have had a rare time in the ducal domain with the exception of the first day or two, when the weather did not suit. The visit of "Bobs" was a fine feather in their cap, and a thing to be remembered. A serious problem faces the regiment, and that is how to increase its strength to 550 men, which will be the minimum under the new Army scheme. I observe that the Duke of Beaufort could not say how it could be done, but he hoped all would do their best to obtain recruits. I, however, can see how it could be done, and that is by each man at present in the regiment making it his imperative duty to bring a recruit into the ranks. There is nothing like a little personal persuasion. I am glad to hear that one of the ubiquitous camera men of the "Graphic" succeeded in getting a good shot at the Cheltenham Troop at Badminton, and that they will appear all alive and twice as natural in this number.

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I see that Mr. Rider Haggard has been in Gloucestershire taking notes on the burning agricultural question; and I hope that his

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 21st competition is Miss May Cliffe, of 12 Priory-terrace, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is that of Twynning Green.

Entries for the 22nd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, June 1st, 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.



TWYNING GREEN, NEAR TEWKESBURY.

printing of them in the daily London newspaper for which he is writing articles will have the much-desired effect of educating public opinion in big towns upon the land question. Personally, I am one of those (by no means a small number) who think that the solution for making the cultivation of wheat-growing land pay is higher prices for the produce, which, I suppose, can only be brought about by a measure of Protection, with a big P. I trust that the celebrated novelist and would-be saviour of the agricultural interest went on to the Cotswolds and saw the state of affairs there, and the sad evidences in forsaken cottages going to rack and ruin there that "A bold peasantry, their country's pride, When once destroyed can never be supplied."

*

I have on a previous occasion commented upon the readiness with which many parents seize upon names of persons to the front in current events and give them to their offspring at the christening. In further illustration of this fact, I see by a parish magazine in the city of Gloucester that the names of prominent generals in the Boer War are still being perpetuated; also that three girls have received the name of Victoria and one that of Alexandra. "Queenie Victoria" are the Christian names in one case. I abstain from giving the patronymic, but I may say that it is by no means an uncommon one.

GLEANER.



Strange-looking Dragon-Shaped Tree in Greenway-lane, not far from Hewletts Reservoirs.

A Tour of our Churches

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THE "CHURCH OF CHRIST," CHELTENHAM.

It was rather unkindly hinted to me by an acquaintance some time ago when speaking of the religious denomination which goes by the name of the "Church of Christ," that here was a sect which, as a protest against the extreme number of religious bodies already in existence, founded another division to swell that number!

But this is more epigrammatic than truthful, for the religious body referred to takes the title of the "Church of Christ" as distinguishing it from the churches and organisations which have been evolved from the brain of man, and, moreover, because the great and fixed idea of its adherents is to revert to the ordinances, customs, and spiritual power of the primitive Christian Church. This apparently simple platform has found ready soil in America and some of the British Colonies, where there is less respect for absolute conventionalism than in England, and many men of culture and refinement have sought this simplicity of worship, which they apparently feel to be a relief from the constantly accumulating dogma and ritual of present day Christianity.

It must be confessed, even from the point of view of a "layman," that there is an unmistakable fascination in the watchword "Back to Christ"; even the man in the street, that individual who is the potent factor in deciding popular as against cultured opinion, would probably vote against a religion with an elaborate and involved formula of belief, and in favour of a simple creed, were there a religious election; but it remains to be proved if the "Church of Christ" fulfils all the conditions which are comprehended in a reversion to the doings of primitive Christianity.

On a recent Sunday evening I visited Handel Hall, in Portland-street, once a concert hall and practice room for Mr. Matthews's choir, but now converted into a very comfortable set of rooms, with a meeting-room on the first floor.

As I took my seat I noted a fair number present, mostly women, and, whether usual or not, there was an animated conversation going on amongst the occupants of the seats before me. In the gallery behind the pulpit a young lady was making the best of a harmonium, and on either side of the instrument were ranged other members of the fair sex, whose voices were of much assistance in leading the singing.

Along the front of the choir gallery ran an inscription: "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism; God is a Spirit; they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth"; and the newly-painted room certainly looked very handsome and comfortable in its garb of green and pink decoration.

The service was, in order, similar to the Nonconformist formula: a hymn, an extempore prayer with several specially patriotic references, another hymn, a reading from the New Testament, and, during the collection, a solo well sung by one of the ladies in the gallery, with a chorus in which the congregation joined—these, with the sermon and another hymn, completed the form of service at the "Church of Christ." The sermon, however, was worthy of notice, for, whether intentionally or otherwise, it was a cleverly arranged statement of belief, of the reason for existence, the "whys" and the "wherefores" of the religious body of which the minister was evidently an able leader.

The text was taken from I. Coloss., 18: "He is the Head of the Church." "There are some people in Cheltenham," said the preacher, "who look upon the churches as so many caterers to public wants" (at which poor "Layman" quaked). People seemed to think that all churches were right, and that the mere differences of name and organisation were trivialities hardly worth considering. Differences of doctrine were inevitable, and differences of method were merely differences of opinion. What's in a name? say they. Provided a church takes its doctrine from the Bible and preaches Christ to the people,

that church is a "Church of Christ," no matter whatever its method or arrangement.

This was all very plausible; some of it true, but much of it false. If Christ was the Head of the (body of) the Church, all denominations would be united to one another, as the separate parts of the body to the head, but, even in Cheltenham, there are some denominations which would rejoice if others were to become extinct. Denominationalism is wrong, and is like antagonism between the limbs; like the arms being anxious to have the legs cut off.

The preacher drew a close parallel between Christ, the head of the Church's body, and the physical relations of the human head to the human body, claiming that the only true religious body must be that which takes its name from Christ, and is absolutely under the control and guidance of Christ as head.

This involved the absolute repudiation of any authority on the part of the Pope of Rome, and the claim of monarchs to occupy the position of head of the Church by divine right. Moreover, the preacher claimed that all churches which were named after men, such as the Wesleyan body, were in grave error, as this was a usurpation of the rightful position of the head of the Church.

Another great error was the belief that the Church has the right to make laws for spiritual government and organisation. Her duty was only to carry out laws; she was an executive and not a legislative body, and when churches undertook to improve the laws of Heaven they were interfering with the prerogatives of Christ.

The great ordinances of the Lord's Supper and baptism the minister claimed it was essential should be observed exactly as by the primitive Church, viz., the Lord's Supper should be partaken of once a week, and baptism should be the baptism of adults by immersion, and not the sprinkling of a child who does not know his right hand from his left.

The authority of the priesthood, again, is not admitted by the "Church of Christ." Every Christian is a priest, who should speak where the Bible speaks, and keep silent where the Bible keeps silent.

The discourse concluded with an appeal to those present to work for the restoration of the primitive Church, with its primitive ordinances, and to endeavour to be as faithful as the followers of the early Church. Let them be true to the doctrine of the Apostles; even though they were looked upon as singular, and in some respects cranky. In some recent meetings in America there had been hundreds of converts—not drawn from the dregs of society, but many of them men of culture, who had found in the "Church of Christ" no fads, no crotchets, no speculation, but the Bible only, and Jesus as the only teacher.

The discourse was a well-thought explanation of position; but I could scarcely follow some of the conclusions drawn from the wording of the text, although this may be through my inability to follow intricate theological deductions. But the objection to sectarianism which the "Church of Christ" makes one of its strongest points doubtless explains why it is that the church and its minister are not as yet admitted into the friendly councils of the other Free Churches of Cheltenham, as I understand.

LAYMAN.

CHOSEN CHURCH.

My visits to Chosen Church, which is the familiar name by which the parish church of Churchdown (meaning church on the hill) is known, are, like those of angels, few and far between; but they extend over a period of thirty years. The fabric is very different to what it was when I first remember it. The late Rev. Dr. Smithe, vicar for 42 years, certainly left it in a very much better state than he found it. The chancel was restored by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in or about the year 1881, and three years later the Doctor got the interior much improved and the old high "sheep pen" pews were cut down and made more sightly. Since then, Mr. James Nicholls, one of the parishioners, has, as a labour of love, brought his practical skill as a builder to bear upon the fabric in various works of much-needed renovation. I

made a pilgrimage to the "Chosen place" last Whit Sunday evening. My previous visit had been on the eve of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, in 1897, and I well remember that the congregation were asked to stay after the service to practice the singing of the Bishop of Wakefield's Jubilee hymn, and that when I was down in the village, near the Vicarage, I plainly heard them singing it above, as it was a very still night. On my recent visit I approached the hill from the Gloucester side. When at Elmbridge I could plainly hear Chosen Church bells inviting me forward, while behind was the "ting tang" of the solitary bell of the iron church at Longleaves, and to the right Barnwood Church bells were ringing merrily. But I pushed on, across rough pastures which I knew once as arable land, and occasionally disturbed a rabbit or a partridge which lay out there and heard a curlew flying above. A sharp pull up the gorse and bramble-patched "kopjes" brought me to the downs and the church at the northern end. The haze did not permit of the full effect of the grand view to be generally obtained from the summit of this outlier of the Cotswolds, nearly 600 feet above sea level. But I could plainly see that building at Churchdown had much extended since my last visit, and could fully understand that its population had almost reached a thousand according to the last census. Service had just commenced when I got inside, and the first "innovations" that struck my eyes were that a surpliced choir was installed in the chancel and that an harmonium had given place to a decent-sized organ. These much-appreciated innovations were, I understand, mainly due to the efforts of the late curate-in-charge, the Rev. E. Bankes James. There were still the plain whitewashed walls and oak beams, the cut-down pews, the old carved oak pulpit with sounding board, the vestry in the south corner, looking like a curtained-off large pew, the furry bell ropes under the belfry, and the stained-glass window of the parvise over the north porch, from which the priests of old used to watch the consecrated elements on the altar. My main object was to see the new vicar, the Rev. J. J. Dunne Cooke, whom the Dean and Chapter of Bristol have preferred to the living. I both saw and heard the reverend gentleman, and I venture to think that he is just the very man for the place. The church had a fairly large congregation, among whom I noticed a good sprinkling of young people engaged in business in Gloucester and Cheltenham. Bonnets and hats very largely preponderated over bare heads—further justifying the general saying now. "Men must work and women must pray." The service was bright and hearty, the Vicar intoning well and the choir singing with vigour. The Vicar took all the service himself, even to reading the lessons, from which work a layman had been disestablished. He preached a short and simple, yet telling, sermon in language understood of the people. The subject was the great Festival they were celebrating, and he urged the congregation to pray that the Holy Spirit might continue and finish His good work with them. "The Church's One Foundation" was the hymn preceding the Benediction, which was followed by an effective singing by the choir of the Vesper Hymn, which is a nice innovation. The Vicar and choir proceeded to their disrobing place under the belfry, and the congregation filed out, some, I observed, going Hucclecote way. I found that even on week-days the unique church on the hill is not now neglected, for services are held there, and the Vicar announced services in the church on the Ember Days following. I have come to the conclusion that the Chosen people ought to be joyful that they have such a church, although it takes a sharp pull to get up to it, and such a vicar, who gives them services decently and in order.

CHURCHMAN.

BAPTIST CHURCH, WINCHCOMBE.

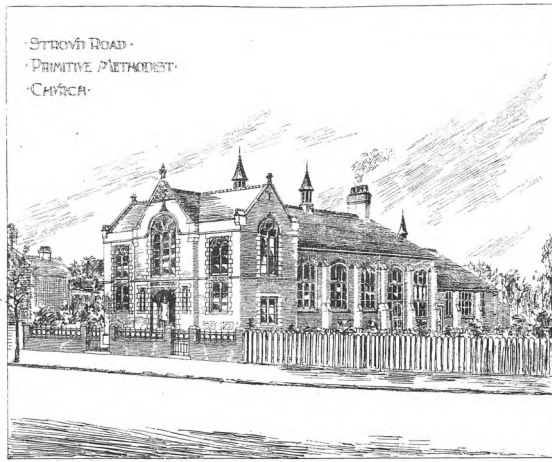
"Baptist Chapel, Jan. 1st, 1811," is the inscription over the gates at the entrance to the place of worship favoured by the Baptists at Winchcombe. And yet the managers lately call it a church. Why are so many Nonconformist chapels now churches? Formerly it was useful to say that one was going to church, or going to chapel, and thus desig-

nate, without fear of mistake, whether one means Episcopacy or Dissent. Ideas change in matters religious as well as other things. Another change! The Baptist Church at Winchcombe is away from the street, at the end of a long passage. A small place of worship used to be often placed thus; but in erecting a chapel—beg pardon, church—nowadays, the builders are not content to be thus placed out of sight. Did the ancient builders place their four plain walls at the end of a passage because they were hardly fit to be seen? This may have been one reason, for there are few of these "passage houses" that have any architectural pretensions. The one at Winchcombe certainly has not. What can be seen of it is plain—very plain indeed. Certainly the trustees have improved its entrance by glazing the passage and painting it a delicate green. Inside the house of prayer the plain walls have been relieved with some good colouring and stencil work, and the windows are filled with nicely-stained glass. Most of the worshippers are accommodated with moveable chairs—in quite cathedral style—but other accommodation is provided in a gallery, placed over the entrance lobby and vestries. At the opposite end of the chapel is the pulpit, under a well-painted text—"Lo! I am with you alway."

I attended service there on Sunday last, and the day happened to have been chosen for the annual services in connection with the Sunday School. The preacher was a layman from Cheltenham. The musical instrument is a harmonium, fairly well played by a lady. There was plenty of singing—no less than eight hymns, including an action song by the juvenile scholars. The extempore prayers and the Bible reading seemed to be somewhat curtailed, doubtless to make time for the extra hymn-singing.

The preacher had a good voice and capital delivery, and he never seemed to be at fault for words. He announced for his text Proverbs xxiii. 7—"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he"; or, as the common saying might put it, "The mind makes the man." The words "man" and "mind," the speaker said, came from the same root word, which shows the close connection between the two. God had made man a thinking being. In the book of Psalms David spoke of man as being "fearfully and wonderfully made," and the more they understood the human being, the more they agreed with the Psalmist. The moving of the arm, the seeing of the eye, the throbbing of the heart, were all wonderful items in man's anatomy; but the most wonderful of all was the power to think. Every stroke of the brush in a beautiful picture was a thought, every word written by an author was a thought. Without thought they would have no bread to eat, because no one would think to sow the seed for corn. For those reasons thinking was very important, and it was important also because God knew their every thought—"There is not a word in my mouth, but Lord Thou knowest it altogether." "Lord, Thou knowest my thoughts afar off," and other texts testified to that. God saw their thoughts, and they should be very careful that their thoughts were such as would bear the all-seeing eye of God. The briefest thought always left behind it an impression; if their thoughts were rough fustian, their lives would be rough fustian; if refined silk, their lives would be beautiful, like silk. Only think about gold and getting money, and they would become greedy and avaricious; think envious, unkind, and bitter thoughts, and they would become jealous and unkind. If they wanted their lives to become pure and good and lovely, they must think about goodness and purity and the love of God. Their minds were very much like a chameleon—taking the colour of that upon which it rested. If they thought about Jesus Christ, they would become more and more like Him. How could they keep evil thoughts away? They could not have two thoughts at one time, and one thought crowded out another one. When the evil one suggested a wicked thought they must, by the help of God's good Spirit, and by the energy of their own will, induce a good thought. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

ANOTHER CHURCHMAN.



PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH AND SCHOOLS, STROUD ROAD, GLOUCESTER, Memorial Stones of which were laid yesterday by Mr. Russell Rea, M.P., and others.

DEATH OF COL. J. A. STEWART.

A distinguished member of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms passes away by the death of Col. James Ainslie Stewart. Born 81 years ago, he obtained a second Lieutenant's Commission in the Royal Marine Light Infantry on May 11, 1839, and during the following year served throughout the campaign in Syria, where he held the important position of Acting Engineer. He was present at the storming and capture of Sidon, surrender of Beyrout, and the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, receiving for his services at the conclusion of the operations both the English and Turkish medals. Col. Stewart was next employed in West Africa, where he rendered invaluable aid in breaking up the slave trade, and in the course of four years destroyed, after hard fighting, many barracoons, and released upwards of 1,400 enslaved inhabitants of those wretched prisons. In 1864 he reached lieutenant-colonel's rank, and shortly after went to Japan, where he was present with a battalion of Royal Marines at the bombardment of the batteries at the Straits of Simono-seki, and several other engagements. He retired from active service as full colonel in May, 1866, and was appointed a member of the Royal Body Guard three years later. For a long period Col. Stewart officiated as secretary to the Royal Cambridge Asylum, and his death will create a vacancy among the Greenwich Hospital pensioners.

VENERABLE AND USEFUL.

After resting for upwards of 150 years, the historic Bray fire engine was brought into use at a fire on Wednesday night. The engine was unearthed last summer by the Bray Parish Council, and cleaned and painted, and a fire brigade was duly formed. On the antiquated machine is this inscription:—"The gift to the parish of Bray by the Right Hon. Lady Coleraine, of Cannon-hill, in 1737." Wednesday night's fire was the first that has occurred since the resurrection of the engine, and it is satisfactory to be able to state that it did its work uncommonly well, and was the means of saving much valuable property on the farm of Mrs. Henderson, of Crutchfield House, Hawthorn Hill. Several outbuildings, a portion of a barn, as well as a rick of hay, were destroyed before the venerable vehicle, to which only one horse can be attached, arrived and got fairly to work. The scene of the fire was some three miles from the brigade headquarters.

Elliott Lodge, labourer, on Whit-Monday fell from a high wall into a deep quarry at Denby Dale, sustaining fatal injuries.

KYBOSH!

The papers are discussing the meaning of the word "Kybosh." This word has long been familiar to me, and always means to "squelch," to bring to a sudden finish by force, or by superior authority; to bring a project to an end before it has had time to develop. To mar a plot by untimely speech which alarms the other side. It is nearly 50 years since I heard a Yorkshire lad in a Leeds printing office say: "Ev I cop anybody boneing these 'ere sorts I'll put the Kybosh on 'em; I'll just squash 'em." I have heard a good deal of nonsense talked about slang. What is slang but language in the making? Every trade has its own expressive terms, just as in the printing trade a man who says he is both a compositor and a pressman is called a "twicer," a "twicer" being a man who is not supposed to be good either at case or press.—"Cambrian News."

RAILWAY VEGETATION.

An excellent opportunity is afforded the holiday maker of observing the vegetation of the railway cutting. After traffic has been established (says the "Morning Post") a railway line becomes a new source of weeds. By the continual packing, unpacking, and carriage of merchandise station sidings become the homes of certain weeds which are found in such places, and which are transported by the same means over most of the temperate world. On the ordinary railway bank there will be found a large proportion of native species, a few visitors either established or continually reinforced by railway traffic, and lastly an occasional straggler resulting from the original composition of the bank.

LESS WOOD IN OUR WARSHIPS.

The Admiralty have issued an order to the effect that in future warships wood is to be used as little as possible. There are to be no wooden decks, and cabins are to be of steel lined with corticine. This order is to apply to all ships now building that are not too far advanced for the designs to be altered by having the wood decks and other parts excised from them. This order is one of great importance, as it marks a big departure from theories to which our naval constructors have hitherto clung.

The King, on the recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief, has caused the release from Dartmoor Convict Prison of Robert Moore, an ex-soldier, who was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude by court-martial at the Orange River, South Africa, in November, 1899.

OLD TREES AND
OLDER STONES.

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

Respecting the ash trees of Gloucestershire, we must be content to make but one single extract, this time from "A Cotswold Village," for the words apply with equal truth to every part of our county, in which magnificent ashes are to be seen. Mr. Gibbs says of his favourite ashes:—"It is their bare, silvered trunks that give the special charm to these hanging woods. They stand out from dark recesses, filled with alder, and beech, and ivy-mantled firs, rising in bold but graceful outline; columns of silver, touched here and there with the sad gold and green shades of lichen and moss. The moss that mingles with golden lichens is of a soft, velvety hue, like a mantle of half drapery on a beautiful white statue. And, oddly enough, though ferns do not grow on the limestone soil of the Cotswolds, yet on the first story, so to speak, of every big ash tree by the river, as well as on the pollard willows, there is a beautiful little fernery springing up out of the lichen and moss, which seems to thrive most when the lichen thrives, in the winter rather than in the summer." Weather-rhymes about the oak and the ash are both numerous and contradictory. In some parts of the kingdom, for instance, the folk-proverb has it that—

"If the oak is out before the ash,
'Twill be a summer of wet and splash;
But if the ash is before the oak,
'Twill be a summer of fire and smoke."
Our Gloucestershire way of putting it is, however, as we have always heard it—
"If the oak's before the ash,
We shall only get a splash;
But if the ash is fore the oak,
Then we shall surely get a soak."



KEMPLEY YEW.

Hollies and yews must have a distinguished place in any talk about Gloucestershire trees. The former are plentiful in the Forest of Dean. Close around the Speech House is a great wood of these trees. The time to see them is when they are covered with the winter snows, for the contrast between their glossy, dark, evergreen leaves and the infinite purity of the snow is indescribably beautiful. Some of these trees are of considerable size and girth for hollies, though of no great age. The oldest of them will not be more than about 250 years. Of the 3,000 or 4,000 trees forming the wood, the largest measured has a circumference of 9½ feet.

We have already said that yew trees appear in very many of the churchyards of this county. The largest we have ourselves met with is the one in Dymock, the wide spreading branches of which cover a space no less than 27 yards in diameter, and are so long and heavy as to need many wooden posts by way of crutches. But the best-known yews in Gloucestershire are, of course, those of Painswick. The local tradition is that they cannot be counted for the same number twice running, though the actual tale of them has



DYMOCK YEW.

fixed at 218. They have been planted at intervals during the last two centuries, the larger number at the earlier date. Rudder has been alluded to as taking little interest in trees, but he does mention these as follows:—"The churchyard is laid out in handsome gravel walks, with yew trees on each side cut into the form of cones, and is the place of resort for the ladies, and the polite inhabitants of the town, in fair weather." The fashion of cutting yews into fanciful shapes is rife in Gloucestershire, whatever may be the custom in other counties. As one travels, for instance, from Gloucester city to Cheltenham one passes, at Hayden, an inn where many are trimmed into rough semblances of the pheasant. It is at this inn that "The House in the Trees" is to be seen.



"THREE SISTERS" BEECHES AT PAINSWICK.

The double circle of fir trees on the round top of May Hill, visible so many miles across the plain, and from every lofty point of the opposite range, deserves more than a mere casual mention. There can be little or no doubt that they are the lineal descendants of a sacred grove of the ancient inhabitants of Britain. The Romans are to be credited with giving the hill its present name. Finding almost certainly, on their arrival in these parts, the natives celebrating their spring festivals on the hill summit, nothing would be more natural than that they should call it after the goddess Maia, whom they themselves worshipped, and whose cult they had brought with them. Heathenism is practically the same the world over, and has been through all ages. When our Hindu soldiers were brought over seas to Egypt, and they saw the evidences of the old-time idolatries, they exclaimed "Why, these people were of our own religion." The same thing must have happened to the Legionaries. Down to the early days of the present century the May Day games were celebrated on May Hill; to quote the late Canon Lysons, "from times of remotest antiquity down to the recent

period were celebrated games to that goddess, or some other which took her place in the mythology of the age."

Another illustration of the persistency of old customs connected with trees is furnished by the practice of the Miners' Court in the Forest of Dean, where miners taking up their legal rights are sworn, not only on the Christian's Bible, but also on the heathen's sacred tree—a stick of holly either inserted in the gospels or used to touch them with.

The universal use of mistletoe for Christmas decorations is another well known heathen survival, and is only now alluded to because of the fact of this plant growing so profusely on all the soft wooded trees of Gloucestershire. We have ourselves seen it growing on an oak in Herefordshire, but never in this county, nor have we ever heard of its doing so, except on the occasion when the Society of Arts, many years ago, offered a prize for the discovery of a piece of genuine oak-borne mistletoe, and received a specimen from Gloucestershire, though from what district is not stated.

Neither have we heard, as yet, of any trees with which superstitions are still connected, such as putting children afflicted with whooping-cough, or rickets, to crawl through a cleft in an ash or thorn.

"THE SEIDLITZ POWDER BALL."

To one lady, at least, of the suite accompanying the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, Australia will be anything but terra incognita. Sydney, in particular, will be familiar ground to Lady Mary Lygon, for the present is the third visit she has paid in the space of two years to the great South land. She first went with her brother, Earl Beauchamp, when in May, 1899, he took up the position of Governor of New South Wales. She paid a second visit in the September of last year, and on both occasions made hosts of friends by her kindness and ready tact, winning the affectionate admiration of all with whom she came in contact. Indeed, it was noted that all such social functions as she directed personally were "pronounced successes"—which is far from being the invariable verdict upon vice-regal entertaining. For instance, one memorable ball was arranged by the "mere men"—as Sarah Grand would say—of the household, the private secretary and aides-de-camp having entire management. It obtained the unique title of the "Seidlitz Powder Ball" from the fact that two separate sets of invitations were issued, one on plain white cards and the others on blue. The holders of white tickets were allowed to drive only as far as the second entrance gate, whilst those possessing the more favoured blue were permitted to alight at the portico door and to be presented at once to the vice-regal party with considerable more eclat than the others. Now, in a young, ambitious, and democratic colony, such marked distinctions caused bitterness of feeling and annoyance, especially when—as in the case in point—eminent Q.C.'s and others of good position received the second-rate tickets, while ex-publicans and nouveaux riches were honoured with the special entree. Wherefore, one of the comic papers likened the affair to the mixing of blue and white seidlitz packets, which invariably results in a fizz—not to say a fizzle.—"M. A. P."

Lord Graham, the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, will accompany Lord Lovat when he goes back to South Africa.

Lord Roberts has received the Order of the Black Eagle from the German Emperor, who has also conferred high decorations upon other British officers.

In memory of the late General Wauchope, who fell at Magersfontein, a Celtic memorial was unveiled on Saturday at Midlothian, near the gallant soldier's house, by Sir Charles Dalrymple, M.P. The memorial was publicly subscribed for.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

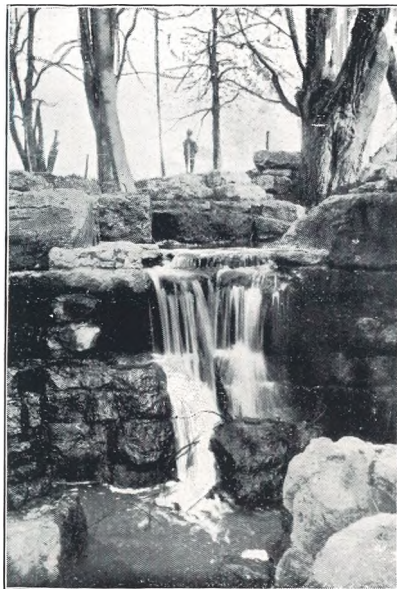
ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1901.

Prize Photography.

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

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



WATERFALL AT PITTVILLE LAKE.

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 22nd competition is Mr. F. Littley, of Alexandra-street, Tivoli, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is that of the waterfall at Pittville Lake.

Entries for the 23rd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, June 8th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

PIGEONS IN WAR.

Three thousand pounds will be spent this summer by the Prussian military authorities in establishing a special department for carrier pigeons. All the German fortresses and garrisons will ultimately be provided with birds bred and trained here.

*

DEATH OF THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF DENBIGH.

The Dowager Countess of Denbigh, widow of the eighth Earl, died at Rome on Monday, in her 67th year. The deceased had been confined to her bed for a week by pneumonia, and the end came somewhat suddenly. The Earl and Countess of Denbigh, the Hon. Everard Feilding, Mr. C. E. and Lady Agnes De Trafford were with her ladyship. The funeral will take place at Pantasaph, Flintshire.

*

THE NEW EXPLOSIVE.

The United States Government have decided to adopt Maximite, a new explosive invented by Sir Hiram Maxim, which is expected to revolutionise modern warfare. Though deadlier in its effects than lyddite it is far safer to handle than ordinary gunpowder. Naval experts believe that the day of battleships is passing, as projectiles charged with Maximite will pierce a 12in. armour-plate, and the explosion that follows destroys everything within reach.

*

A MILLIONAIRE BARON.

The will of the late Lord Inverclyde, of Castle Wemyss, Renfrewshire, who was chairman of the Cunard Steamship Co., was lodged in Greenock Sheriff's Court on Monday. The total value of the estate is £1,038,369, and the duty payable to the Exchequer is £78,617. The bulk of the property is left to members of the family.

*

NEW KILLING MACHINE.

A Norwegian engineer has invented a rifle which is said to be better than anything yet constructed. It is understood that experiments have been made in the German Army, and with such brilliant success that the Emperor has given orders for one of the divisions of the Hanoverian Army Corps to be armed with it on trial. The invention has passed into the hands of an international syndicate, amongst them being Herr Eberhardt, in whose factory at Dusseldorf the rifles are to be made.

*

THE GAOLER BIRD.

Very weird (says "Science Siftings") is the habit, only lately discovered, of a large and beautiful East Indian bird. Feeding mostly on the fruit of trees, it seldom descends to the ground, and its nest is the hollow of a tree, high up. As soon as the female has laid her eggs, five or six, the male begins to fetch mud and therewith to wall up the opening of the nest, leaving an aperture barely large enough to permit the very large bill to pass. Most likely this is done to prevent the heavy and awkward fledglings from falling out of the nest to the ground far below. In several cases when the female was liberated after her long and close confinement she was found pitifully poor and weak, although the male was diligent in providing her and the young ones with food.

EXTRAORDINARY EPITAPHS.

VICINITY OF CHELTENHAM.

We continue the series of extraordinary epitaphs to be found in local churchyards and churches.

BADGEWORTH.

In this pretty churchyard are many old headstones, most of which are covered with mildew. The ones of more recent date have in several cases lines somewhat similar to those on tombs in the neighbouring Chosen Church. The inscriptions on children's monuments are the most interesting. On two headstones to infants named Theyer, who died in 1811 and 1814 respectively are these lines:—

"Tread, passenger, softly for here doth lie,
A dainty jewel of sweet infancy;
A harmless babe who only came and (indistinct)
In Baptism to be washed from sin and died."
"Few where her days, sudden was her death;
This lovely infant soon resigned her breath;
So things admir'd must soon be snatched away,
As frost oft nips the blooming buds of May."
On a child aged seven months:—
"Ah! why so soon, just as the bloom appears,
Drops the fair blossom in this vale of tears;
Death viewed the treasure to the Desert giv'n,
And claimed the right to plant it in Heaven."
On the wife of John Sadler, who died Oct. 27th, 1781, aged 40 years:—
"A virtuous wife in prime of life
By death is snatched away;
Her soul is blest and gone to rest,
Tho' flesh is gone to clay."

CHOSEN CHURCH.

On Thomas Little, who died December 22nd, 1767, aged 29 years:—
"All you that are young prepare to die,
For I was young and here I lie;
My marriage bed lies in the dust,
Christ is my bride, in whom I trust."
On Esther Barnes, wife of Benjamin Barnes, who died August 5th, 1796, aged 51 years:—
"Naught could avail a husband's heartfelt grief,
Nor children's piercing cries afford relief,
All humane aid was ministered in vain,
No medicine could ease her burning pain;
To Heaven resign'd with Joyfull hope she dies,
And looks for future Rest amidst the skies."
The death of Benjamin Barnes, cordwainer, who died April 10th, 1821, aged 84 years, is also recorded on the above headstone in lines, commencing:—
"Farewell, vain world, adieu! my children."
On Thomas Merrett, butcher, who died August 12th, 1791, aged 41 years:—
"Adieu, my wife, though I am past,
I loved you while my life did last,
Pray love my children for my sake,
And on them all compassion take."
On Thomas Dancy, yeoman, who died December 28th, 1852, aged 53 years:—
"This life's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I awake and find me there?"
There is also a tomb inscribed to John Brown, 1689, and Catherine, his wife, 1683, with lines from Horace, Ode ii. 3., so that it is not all doggerel on stones in this most elevated graveyard.

CHELTHENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, JUNE 8, 1901.
VIEWS OF THE CHELTHENHAM CROQUET TOURNAMENT.



MR T. K. ASHTON PLAYING AGAINST MR. H. DE WINTON.



MR. H DE WINTON WATCHING HIS OPPONENT'S PLAY.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EAST GLOUCESTER GROUND.

Photographs by Maurice Hack, Cheltenham.

A Tour of our Churches



A MORMON MISSION SERVICE IN CHELTENHAM.

MORMONISM EXPLAINED.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' SEMI-ANNUAL CONFERENCE will convene in 27 St. GEORGE'S-PLACE, CHELTENHAM, SUNDAY, June 2nd, 1901, services commencing 10.30 a.m., 2.30 and 6.30 p.m. An Apostle from Salt Lake will be present. Seats free. No collections.

The above curious advertisement attracted my notice on Saturday last, and, with a desire to furnish some interesting matter relating to the "Latter-Day Saints," as the Mormons style themselves, I attended one of the meetings on Sunday, held in a small room almost under the shadow of St. Matthew's Church. I noted that either respectability or indifference had kept away Cheltenham people, for they were conspicuous by their absence, although the room was fairly well filled with people from the country side, apparently—horny-handed and tanned labourers, and many men and women of an uncertain occupation, but probably Mormons from other districts. I gather that this meeting formed a species of Mormon conference, at which all "saints" in the district are supposed to attend, although I am not precisely clear as to how there can be Mormons in Cheltenham or district, seeing that there is no organisation of the sect here.

The room is one which is used for other purposes, and when I entered, somewhat late, it is true, I was at once struck by the absurd incongruity of half-a-dozen Chinese lanterns slung over the heads of the elders at the end of the room, and by the singularly odd place which a "saint" had chosen on which to hang his silk hat, viz., the gas pendant depending from the centre of the ceiling. A hymn was being sung with remarkable vehemence by all present, led by a very rickety piano, to an old tune, one of the kind which is seldom heard now, wherein there is a vast amount of repetition to no purpose. The heat was tremendous, there being little or no ventilation to the room, although the speakers during the afternoon appeared little the worse for this inconvenience.

After the hymn, which had been preceded by a prayer before my entrance on the scene, one of the "saints" sitting at the front called upon a "brother" in the body of the room to come up and bear testimony, from the vantage point of a small reading-desk with a white cloth and Bible laid on it, for our benefit.

[This is the Mormon method; no prepared sermons are used or allowed, but "saints" are called upon to "testify" without preparation, the Holy Spirit presumably directing their flow of language and thoughts.]

The first speaker commenced by excusing the waste of our "valleyble" time he was about to make, and then plunged into a somewhat bewildering discourse, wandering around his subject, and vexing the understanding of a "poor unbeliever" by the uncompleted sentences, the omitted words, and the illogical conclusions which he endeavoured to arrive at by the most roundabout means. But the man was sincere, and the other speakers I heard were undoubtedly so, each of them in a state of spiritual ecstasy which may be compared to that found amongst the followers of Buddha, the Mahometan warrior, with his dreams of the fair hours of Paradise, and the fire-walkers of the American Indians—men who would lay down their lives for their faith, misguided though they be. The substance of this first "testimony," as far as I could follow it, was that the Christian Church ever since the death of the last of Christ's Apostles had been in hopeless error and darkness, until the "prophet" Joseph Smith (what an unfortunately common-place name for a "prophet"!) received a direct revelation from our Lord in 1820, from which revelation the Mormon "saints" and "prophets" received their Gospel—the book of Mormon.

The detailed history of this revelation was not given us, but most of my readers will be



RIPPLE CROSS, NEAR TEWKESBURY.

familiar with the absurdly sordid story of this book, which we were afterwards told was ranked by the Mormon "saints" on a level with the Bible, the precise words used being: "The Bible is a record of God's dealings with man this side of the world; the book of Mormon is the record of His dealings with His people in the new world, and is a direct revelation from Jesus Christ to Joseph Smith!" The "testimony" ended by the speaker stating that he *knew* (not believed) that he had been called by the same authority as Moses and Aaron to go out and teach in the earth, and this he would do continually, always "in the name of the Lord Jesus, Amen." A chorus of "Amen's" from the body of the room showed that nearly all the audience were Mormons.

The next brother called upon expressed his surprise at being chosen to speak, and did not propose to say much, as he was in the presence of one of God's chosen servants (referring to the "apostle" from Utah at his side), one who had the gift of prophecy and was a seer, and who, when he (the speaker) was united to "one of the fairest daughters of Zion" a short time before, had made certain promises and blessings to the young couple, which had been expressly and literally fulfilled!

Then followed a long tirade against the confusion of religious sects in this land, the belief in Joseph Smith as a prophet of God and that God introduced His Son Jesus Christ to him when He gave the revelation, and an appeal to the audience to investigate and prove for themselves that he and the "saints" had the truth.

The "apostle" from Salt Lake City was now called upon—a wiry, typical American Senator type of man; seifmade, and self-opinionated probably; but kindly in manner, and, to some extent, eloquent, although he would do well to study English manners and customs more before introducing the extraordinary parallels he used. Not quite the "prophet" this, that looks down on us in benignant glory from the painted window of a Cathedral! Rather a stock-exchange, house-agent style of prophet—a man who has done well in this world, and to whom the vocation of "prophet" was but the final rung in the ladder of success!

But to his address. His discourse would have been interesting if half the length; but it was too long to carry the attention, and my next-door neighbour slept industriously through the latter half of it. The "apostle's" statements were largely following the lines of the other speakers, but were more prolix.

I cull a remarkable sentence here and there.

"If there were no Bible, we should still have the same authority to teach the truth, for we get it from the Lord, and not from His book."

"Books or writings cannot give authority; authority can only be given by living oracles, therefore those who take their authority to teach from the Bible are in error, although it must be admitted that there are some conscientious ministers, and that they do a certain amount of good! But none of them can say, as we do, that God has appeared to them and given them the authority to preach! Without this they are all usurpers, as one who personated a postmaster, or a J.P., or a policeman, or some representative of the Government, would be a usurper and an impostor, and should be punished as such!"

"We believe that the Father and Son appeared in this century to the prophet Joseph Smith, in order to convince the world once more of Their reality! and that God has commissioned us to teach the way of truth; but it is profanity for other men to use the name of the Deity without authority."

"Is it not generally the case that those who are persecuted are in the right? If so, we have been much persecuted, although what does it matter if we do lay down our lives once in a while! There is much intolerance amongst Christians still. We say let the Methodists, or Presbyterians, or Roman Catholics, or infidels remain in the dark if they enjoy it; but we will not persecute them. There are now 250 elders in Great Britain, all bearing their own expenses, and spreading the Mormon principles through the land."

These are some of the statements made during the address; but I noted there was no attempt to touch on that burning question of the plurality of wives, while the sole creed appeared to be the belief in Joseph Smith and his Gospel, and baptism by immersion! Absolute authority derived from Christ Himself is the position taken up by these exponents of Mormonism. Instead of the infallibility of one Pope, here we have the infallibility of hundreds of men; instead of Biblical authority, the authority of neurotic dreams and visions. Mormonism, I should say in conclusion, owes its success in Salt Lake City and Utah very largely to the "community" plan, the industry and thrift of the "saints," and the fertility of the Salt Lake district; but it does *not* owe that success to such doctrines as were propounded on Sunday last in Cheltenham.

LAYMAN.

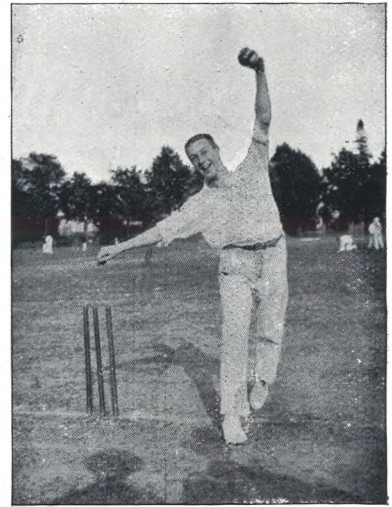
CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CRICKETERS.



Yrs sincerely
R. C. Clarke



Yrs sincerely
K. R. B. Fry



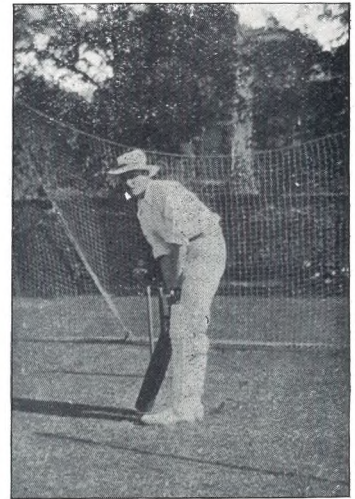
Yours Sincerely
J. P. Winterbottom



Yrs Sincerely
G Neame



Yours Sincerely
W. G. L. Layton



Yours Sincerely
R. S. Birds

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CRICKETERS.

We are indebted to Mr. R. W. Turnbull, a student at the College, for the use of the photo blocks which appear in to-day's "Chronicle and Graphic." They are reproduced by his kind permission from the excellent book of records of Cheltenham College cricket, of which he was the author and issued last autumn.

* * *

Viscount and Viscountess Hampden and the Hon. Misses Brand have arrived at 21 Eaton-terrace for the remainder of the season.

Lord and Lady Leigh and Miss Leigh, who spent the winter and spring on the Riviera, have arrived in Brook Street from Stoneleigh Abbey.

* * *

There are to be tremendous fetes at Shuckburgh for the coming-of-age of Sir Stewkley Shuckburgh on the 20th inst., and presentations are being made by the tenantry, tradespeople, and servants, all of whom are to be lavishly entertained. Lady Shuckburgh, the mother of the hero of the occasion, was the daughter of the famous preacher, Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton.

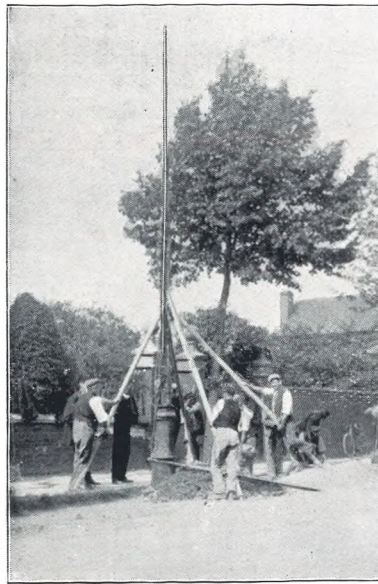
The Macclesfield Town Council on Tuesday evening unanimously agreed to confer the Freedom of the Borough on Lieut.-Colonel Bromley-Davenport, M.P. for the Division, who is returning from South Africa.

* * *

It was notified in Tuesday night's "Gazette" that the King has been graciously pleased to confer a Companionship of the Bath upon Captain Creak, Royal Navy, in recognition of his services as Superintendent of Compasses in the Hydropathic Department of the Admiralty.

CHELTENHAM TO GLEEVE TRAMWAY.

HOISTING THE STANDARDS.



Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

The fact that Prince Arthur of Connaught has joined the 7th Hussars as a subaltern and taken up his quarters with them at Aldershot reminds me that H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, his father, was transferred to this regiment from the Rifle Brigade in 1874, and obtained his majority while serving in it under Lieut.-Colonel (now Major-General) Robert Hale, C.B., who commanded the regiment and was considered in high circles as the *beau ideal* of a cavalry officer. Major-General Hale is not the only Gloucestershire man who served in the famous Seventh, for the late Duke of Beaufort shared his Army experience with them and the 1st Life Guards. I may mention as an interesting fact that Mr. Henry Hayward, ex-R.S.M. of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, trained the Duke of Connaught's horses when he was a non-com. in the Seventh.

*

Dean Spence is nothing if not thorough in his care and study of, and reverence for, Gloucester Cathedral. He can always find a sermon in its stones. At the recent Churchworkers' Festival in the old city, which was attended by not a few Cheltonians, the very reverend gentleman played a very interesting part in the programme. He can fairly flatter himself that he has originated semi-services at the highest possible point, on the leads of the grand old tower, on the occasions of Queen Victoria's Jubilees, and now an archaeological set lecture "down amongst the dead men" in the crypt. Never before did the innermost and uttermost depths of the grand old Minster present such a gay appearance as they did when, illuminated by candles fixed on reflectors against the pillars, a party of the churchworkers, over a hundred in number, assembled there by invitation of the Dean, sat under him and listened to his lecture on "The Crypt of Gloucester Cathedral and Crypt Churches in General." The Dean was candid enough to admit that the Press had not been invited, so I am credibly told, because he had not time to engage in the controversy that he feared would inevitably follow upon publicity being given to his views on the subject of crypts, which I will therefore treat as confidential and "cryptic." I fully believe, from what I hear, that Dean Spence made "the dry bones live," meta-

phorically speaking. My informant was rather shocked to see a middle-aged clergyman openly eating sandwiches and sucking sweets during the lecture, a bad example to Churchworkers, indeed.

*

The general dearth of candidates for Holy Orders was reflected locally on Sunday last at Gloucester Cathedral, when only five gentlemen were ordained by Bishop Ellicott, and but three of these were deacons. It was not so long ago that fifteen would be an average number. Whether the falling off is due to young men feeling that they have no "vocation" for the sacred office, or that the pay and prizes of the profession are not good enough, or to other causes, are questions that I don't pretend to decide. But it is a fact that the Theological College, which used to provide a steady, sure stream of deacons and priests, has for several years past ceased to exist in the ancient city, and they don't come in shoals from other quarters. I am inclined to think that £ s. d. is an element not lacking in the selection of the ministry as a calling. And I am Reformer enough to advocate that what is urgently required for the good of the Church and the welfare of its ministers in general is that its vast revenues should be more fairly equalised, so that every parson should have a stipend sufficient to comfortably support himself and a family. I suppose that one immediate good effect of the dearth of Ordination candidates will be that some of the many unemployed middle-aged curates will be no longer sent empty away.

*

I heartily congratulate the "Echo" on having, in publishing the real and actual figures of the Cheltenham census, circumvented red-tape-bound officials, and also again scored heavily off its contemporaries. To obtain news of public interest I would back the "Echo" freely against ostrich-like officials. We now know (though not "officially") that it is 49,439. I involuntarily smiled when, at the Town Hall enquiry on May 10th, it was stated to the Inspector on behalf of the Corporation (though "unofficially"—for they were kept in the dark, too) to be 49,300. I had previously ventured to say that the inhabitants would fall short of the necessary 50,000 to give Cheltenham the status of a county borough. For that consumption Cheltonians will have to possess their souls in patience for another decade, but I really don't think they will lose much financially by the County Council retaining

its "suzerainty," for if they had "autonomy" the borough must provide its police force, or make some further, and probably worse, arrangement with the county authority for policing, while the *raison d'être* for Cheltenham being the headquarters of the county constabulary would cease; also, the town would have to keep its own main roads in repair, and would lose various county grants.

I am glad to have furnished a good anecdote for the delectation of others than my many readers. I find that the cicerone of Mr. Joseph Poole's magnificent myriorama has been retailing at Gloucester to the evident appreciation of large audiences, as a bit of *causerie* to the Paardeberg surrender, the case of recognition by a North Gloucester Militiaman (formerly a Gloucester bootblack) of an ex-hotel boots in the same city among the Boer prisoners at St. Helena. Strange that a "Wellingtonian," and a renegade Englishman to boot, should be sharing somewhat the same fate as Napoleon did on the rocky isle in the Atlantic!

GLEANER.



Old View of the Promenade, Cheltenham.

Sir Francis Tress Barry, M.P., and Lady Barry on Tuesday celebrated their golden wedding at their beautiful residence, St. Leonard's Hill, Windsor.

*

The Earl and Countess of Elgin are placed in mourning by the death of their daughter, Lady Marjorie Bruce, which has taken place at Edinburgh. Lady Marjorie was in her 16th year.

OLD TREES AND OLDER STONES.



[BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.]

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

There is only one particular monarch tree remaining now to be spoken about, though that is perhaps the most interesting and wonderful of them all. We allude, of course, to the remarkable chestnut at Tortworth. This tree is of the edible, or so-called "Spanish" kind—why "Spanish" is not apparent, seeing that it is almost without doubt an indigenous species. Evelyn says the Tortworth relic was known to have been quite 500 years old in the reign of King John, and was even then distinguished by the name of "The Great Chestnut"; and he also states that it was "a signal boundary" to the manor of Tortworth in Stephen's reign. It is but a ruin now, though with a few green boughs and leaves springing forth to assure the present generation of mankind that it has still enough vitality within it to outlast them, and possibly also another or two yet unborn. Its girth is 49ft. or 50ft. Five hundred years backward from John bring us to the days when Gloucester was part of Mercia, and Ina, King of Wessex, was promulgating his new code of laws, and Wilfred of York, and Cuthbert and the Venerable Bede were the principal ecclesiastical figures in the island kingdoms.



TORTWORTH CHESTNUT.

The sixteen acres of box trees—the most remarkable, the second largest plantation of them in England, according to Ruddar—must not be omitted, though we are unable to single out any one as being superior to all the rest. They are situate at Boxwell, near Tetbury, and the name of the village being evidently taken from the hanging wood, indicates the great age of the trees, or, at any rate, of the wood. It would be pleasant to go on chatting about the pruned trees, the handiworks of God—remnants of "The crowded umbrage, dusk and 'un," which formerly characterised our county—but neither the silver birches of the Forest glens, nor the larches of the hill sides, nor the great wych-elds of the Cotswold valleys, must detain us longer. We have told the tale of our old trees, and have now to repeat that of "older stones."

Very considerable as has been the longevity of so many of our treasured patriarchs of the trees, it is not difficult to find hewn stones that far surpass them in their dim antiquity. Indeed, with possibly the sole exception of the unfortunate "Piff's Elm," there have been none of the former whose beginnings date back to the Roman occupation. We dare not, however, commence even to catalogue Roman altars, Roman milestones, Roman tombstones, and Roman inscribed tablets of all sorts. The most competent antiquarian of our county has said in his "Gloucestershire Achievements":—"It is not a little singular how fond the Romans were of Gloucestershire, for out of about 325 parishes, of which our county now consists, Roman remains have been found in at least one-third—a case, I believe, un-

paralleled in any other county in England." We must, therefore, confine our researches to prehistoric megaliths, to such as it may be said of, as Crabbe has written, that "Monuments themselves memorials need." These formerly abounded in Gloucestershire, we cannot reasonably doubt. Just as some of the old names of the Hundreds were de-



TUFFLEY OLD OAK.

rived from conspicuous trees, so others were distinguished by the presence within their borders of well-known Long Stones, Great Stones, White Stones, and stones named after the chieftains who set them up, or who, finding them already there, owned the lands on which they stood. Stones of this class—"Menhirs"—were probably the trysting-places of the clans, or families, of the Hundreds, and in some instances of the tribes themselves, for there were "Moot stones" as well as "Moot trees," and "Moot mounds" and "Moot hills."

It is a lamentable fact that too many of these have shared the fate of the destroyed trees, and were sacrificed to the ignorance or folly of local farmers. Among those which have thus been lost during the last few years are one that stood on Minchinhampton Common and another near St. Briavels, which was 10ft. high. The former, like most similar stones, was called in the neighbourhood "The Long Stone," and as there was in its base a large hole, children with infantile ailments were made to creep through it in order to their healing. The "Cob Stone" and the "Pick Stone" were two other Cotswold Menhirs standing in the same district. All these most interesting and valuable remains were broken up for building material. Surely the duty and privilege of preserving such monuments of the far-off ages ought to be made one of the duties of County or District Councils!

There is, or was when we passed that way some years ago, a fine Menhir or Moot Stone standing in a wood, and almost close to the roadside, not far from Stanton, in the Forest of Dean, respecting which no historical tradition exists, but to which a superstition has, it seems, become attached, according to Mr. Bellows, to the effect that if it is pricked with a pin exactly at midnight it will bleed! There is a Mere Stone—A.S. Mære, meaning a border or boundary—mentioned, if we mistake not, in the Itinerary of Defoe, as lying on the road from Dursley to Berkeley, at the sand-pits at the corner of a bridle path up Stinchcombe Hill; though what was the boundary it then, or formerly, marked is not stated, nor do we know whether it is still standing. A stone bearing such a name in 1663 would certainly be a well-known ancient landmark. There is, too, a stone near Cirencester called the "Hangman's Stone," with a tradition attached to it of a sheepstealer trying to pass it being strangled by the sheep on his shoulders remaining suspended on the near side and its stealer on the other. It is believed to be an ancient monument to some military man, and the true name Hereman's (Soldier's) Stone.

Gloucestershire does not seem to be rich, as the adjoining county of Wiltshire is, in Cromlechs or in Stone Circles. It has its lines of Camps along the hill-tops, its Pit-dwellings and its Barrows, but few Circles.

Indeed, with the exception of a small undescribed one between Cheltenham and Birdlip, we know of none.

Stone Circles are, it is well known, of various origin. The popular idea that they were Druidical Temples is perfectly correct of some of them; but of others, Mr. Fergusson's theory that they were stones erected as at once memorials of some great prehistoric victory and monuments over the dead is no doubt equally accurate of others. Mr. Gomme has much in his favour when he claims for them that they were Moot Circles, or places of open-air tribal assembly. Where there is no reliable tradition, written or oral, we can only explain the beginnings of British history by the light of what travellers among existing aboriginal peoples are able to discover and reveal. Investigation has proved, beyond all question, that the wilder men of to-day raise single stones and circles for all these purposes in turn, and not only so, but that the same group of megaliths commonly serves for all these purposes at one and the same time. There is, however, another class which were never anything more than indications of the line to be followed by the base of a burial mound or tumulus. To this last class the one insignificant circle our county possesses undoubtedly belongs.

"Old trees and older stones," unless the latter are inscribed, can tell us practically nothing about our mysterious ancestors. For all time they will remain as silent as the grave,—nay, far more silent, for the grave-mounds of Gloucestershire have revealed to their explorers most important evidence respecting the civilisation of round-headed, and square-headed, or long-headed men, who preceded us in the arts of peace and war so many ages ago. The fact is—the "tongues in trees," spoken of by Shakespeare are not in them at all, but are provided for them by poets who undertake to represent their memories and feelings; and "sermons in stones" are never preached by oaks or elms or "tassled birches" to erring humankind, but by thinking men to themselves, using the dumb trees as texts to discourse upon. Yet, all the same, to him who hath "eyes to see and ears to hear" the trees with "sappy boughs" and the "inestimable stones" have many a lesson of import and delight not at present told, or, at any rate, not exhausted.

By the Way.



As I was taking my constitutional on Saturday eve last through the West End of our favoured town I encountered a form of entertainment which at least had the advantage of being free to all—I refer to a Mormon preaching contest! Several gentlemen, with an unmistakable "Amurrican" accent and a benevolent manner, were propounding what they chose to call the "first principles of religion" to various errand boys, women on their way to buy "a bit for the Sunday's dinner," and men in several stages of inebriation, from the facetiously beery to the spiritually drunk.

Could this be a new move of the Salvation Army—these resplendent silk hats glittering in the rays of the setting sun over the Gas Works, and these spotless frock-coats? "No," said a bystander, "they be some of these 'ere Mormons come over to tell us we can 'ave as many wives as we do please; but, for the matter of that, I consider as *one* woman's tongue's as much as any man can stand! They do say that he in the middle be that there Brigham Young, and that they has a fine great city over in the States close on to the Dead Sea, where the Droitwich salt do come from!"

My informant was a bit mixed, as will be evident to the reader, but he fairly well represented the average opinion of the average man on the matter. Now, though I had been to the Zoo, and Barnum's Menagerie, and a Local Government Board Enquiry, I had never yet enjoyed the company of a Mormon chieftain, or whatever name might be appropriated by that gentleman, so I decided to risk

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Bro. R. J. VALLENDER,
OF GLOUCESTER,
GRAND MASTER OF THE ODDFELLOWS (M.U.).

The above is the portrait of Mr. Robert Jones Vallender, who a few days ago was elected to the distinguished position of Grand Master of the Oddfellows, Manchester Unity. Mr. Vallender was born on the 15th January, 1852, at Maisemore, near Gloucester, and the parish records show his ancestors to have been resident in that parish for more than 200 years. He is a printer by trade. He joined

the Phoenix Lodge of Oddfellows at Gloucester as far back as 1871, and by his assiduity and ability he has now gained the highest rank in this great Order. It is not a little singular that Mr. Vallender should be a next door neighbour of Mr. F. C. Workman, the present High Chief Ranger of the Ancient Order of Foresters, who is also a printer by trade.

poaching on the preserves of my friend "Layman" and to look into this matter a bit more; for who knows? even "Touchstone" might be attracted by the special emigration offer of three wives, to be selected from the fairest "daughters of Zion." So on Sunday afternoon I avoided the temptation of the Brescians' sacred concert (any relation to Bresci?) and presented myself at the appointed time to be instructed in the said "first principles" of religion.

The room was not a very large one, but what it lacked in size it made up in heat; the thermometer stood at 112 deg. in the shade, and the atmosphere was so thick you could cut off chunks with a knife! A hymn-sheet was presented to me by a gentleman with a generally broken-down sort of appearance, and I noticed that it was well marked with impressions of grimy thumbs in order to identify it in case of theft. (Query, was this the "thummin" referred to afterwards?). We all gently warbled a hymn from the sheet, repeating one of the choicest parts four times by way of a change! The singing was led (sometimes followed) by a gentleman with flowing locks, who officiated at the remains of a piano in the corner of the room; this piano, through age, had developed a curious kind of mandolin trill, which was very pleasing (to those who like that sort of thing).

When the hymn was over a gentleman (excuse me—"saint") from the back row of garden chairs on which we were peacefully reposing was asked to speak a piece of "testimony," which he did in a very able fashion, without troubling about such little details as grammar or finishing his sentences. I saw "Layman" collapse in his chair after a few minutes, quite unable to follow the eloquence, and an aged individual in front of me wiped the perspiration from his fevered brow as the torrent of words rolled over his devoted head.

Another "saint" followed with a discourse which I could get the drift of here and there. When there was a clear and straightforward remark I clung on to it like a drowning man to a straw, but there were precious few of these straws floating around that afternoon. The chief point of this speaker seemed to be that a business-like looking "apostle" who was in the room had prophesied all sorts of good things when he had married our friend to one of the "fairest daughters of Zion," which good things had obligingly come along in due course, carriage paid, so to speak! This was very nice, and when I have looked out several of the "daughters of Zion," or "Nineveh," or "Gotham," I have taken a note of the "apostle's" address, and will get him to give me an estimate for tying the nose, the price to include guaranteed correct prophecies!

The "apostle" gentleman was also credited with being a seer, but apparently even a "seer" cannot "see" without gold-framed spectacles.

By the time the second Doctor of Divinity had finished "wasting our valuable time" as HE put it, I had hoped to get some sort of an idea of Mormonism, and directions how to become a "Latter-Day Saint"; but all I could gather was that there had been a certain J. Smith, Esq., who knew all about these things, and that the gentlemen who spoke so volubly were quite convinced that they had the truth, to the exclusion of all other little sects, such as Roman Catholics, Methodists, Church of England, and the like! The only weak point seemed to me to be that our friends the speakers did not tell us what the truth was which they were so proud to possess. But that is a mere detail. Let us pass on. The "piece de resistance" (and a pretty solid, wiry piece, too) was the "apostle" from Salt Lake (see advertisements). Our talkative friend Mrs. Jenkins was not in it at all for speed of expression with this gentleman. This genteel-looking "apostle" kindly gave us to understand that "he considered there were some conscientious preachers, and even some good people, outside the Mormon body"! I thought this was awfully good of him! and really felt quite relieved after the previous fulminations. But the point of this was whittled off, so to speak, by our "apostolic" friend stating that all who did teach, unless they believe in asaid J. Smith, Esq., and his

gospel, were usurpers and impostors, which was a tall order!

I waited patiently to hear a bit of testimony about the wife question, but apparently that was left for meetings for "men only," or Mormon Sunday School treats, or something of the sort: at any rate we didn't get it. This was unfortunate, for I had sharpened three pencils and dotted down 33 questions to ask the "prophet" and his companions on this subject!

Then I wanted to know a little more about the prophet Joseph Smith, Esq., but there was no interval for questions—so that whatever you were not told you were left to imagine, which leaves a grand area for the enquirer to travel over!

It seems to me that religious doctrine is a thing you can talk about for upwards of three weeks without ever referring to it plainly! But, like Rosa Dartle, "I want to know, you know." So I turned up the word "Mormon" in my encyclopædia after the above Turkish bath was over, and I discovered that the said J. Smith, Esq., purported to have some engraved plates handed him by an angel, with the sole right of reproduction of the same,

from which plates the book of Mormon was written by the same gentleman. The authenticity of these plates was questioned, for no one had ever seen them, and Mr. Smith was called upon to produce them, but, sad to say, the angel had called to fetch them back the previous day! So that we have to take those plates on faith! How nice it would be if we could thus put off the unbelieving tax-collector and the tailor, by asking them to believe that an angel called and collected the money on the previous day! As one of the speakers said, "If all this is an imposture, it is a very 'ser'ous' thing!" Why, certainly! TOUCHSTONE.

* * *

Professor William Galloway, who has been appointed to inquire into the cause of the Senghenydd mine disaster, has stated that it was unquestionably the result of a dust explosion.

Traffic in New Oxford-street, London, on Tuesday afternoon, was interrupted for half an hour by the bursting of a carboy of vitriol on a wagon, the contents of which ran over the roadway.

Cycling Under Difficulties.

A NATURALIST AT THE WAR.

Mr. Bennet Burleigh, writing in the "Daily Telegraph" of the achievements of Plumer's men, says:—"The New Zealanders' contingent had a cyclist corps of 50 men, wonderful fellows, under a marvellous leader, Lieutenant Winsford Joss, who when not cycling over impossible treks and careering for three-score miles in a day, devoted his leisure to trapping insects and reptiles. I don't mean the smaller class of insects—they are easily obtained—but gigantic locusts, grasshoppers, with beetles and tarantulas as big as cricket balls. He has made a discovery that the baboon is inordinately fond of the tarantula. The monkeyfied creatures seize them with avidity, tear the spider demon's hairy legs off, and devour the body as a great dainty. I have seen Lieutenant Joss with a pet chameleon upon his wide-awake, a tame tortoise upon a string, and a stock of dead and live snakes stowed away upon his person or in a cart.

"These cyclists of his used to carry despatches daily between Plumer's camp and the 35 miles distant post of Commissie Drift. I can cycle a bit myself, but I would not attempt what they did. The first bicycle made use of in war was ridden by me in the Ashanti campaign. Never have I seen such a body of determined trundlers as those who followed Plumer's column from Pretoria to Pietersburg and back. Sand, rocks, boulders, scrub, veldt, they tried them all, bucking at no obstacles, from kopjes to rivers. In this wild, impossible trackless country they achieved marvels.

"About twenty bicycles and their tattered and torn riders survived the road encounters. Day by day men, upon cycles, wilted, succumbed, disappeared from the track—yea, even from the tow-paths behind carts. And this is a secret: some of them have been known to let their machines fall in front of ex-wagons' wheels, and when the poor bicycle has been all crumpled up with the passage over it of the heavy vehicles, been overheard to cry, 'Thank God! that bike's done for ever,' and thereafter cheerfully tailed afoot with the convoy."

BIRMINGHAM'S GREAT LOSS.

At a meeting of the Birmingham City Council on Tuesday the Lord Mayor announced that the offer of a famous collection of pictures made two and a half years ago by Mr. J. T. Middlemore, M.P., had been withdrawn. The pictures included works by Burne Jones and Holman Hunt, estimated to be worth at least £20,000. They were offered on condition that the present Corporation Art Galleries were extended, but the period during which the offer held good having expired, and nothing having been done in the way of extension, the offer had been withdrawn.

The recent abolition of the Royal boars has brought to light an anecdote of Queen Victoria and two Eton boys who secretly undertook a pig-sticking expedition among the herd in Windsor Great Park, and succeeded in killing one. Inquiries were made for the culprits, and on the youths honestly owning up the head master sent to the Queen for her commands as to their punishment. "Punishment?" said her Majesty, "why, not even the keepers dare enter those pens. I do not want them punished. Brave boys! I am proud of them."

The Servian Legation at Constantinople has addressed to the Porte a Note, pointing out the frequency of frontier incidents, and asking what measures the Ottoman Government intends to take to put a stop to Albanian depredations.

The Cabinets of the Powers concerned in the Cretan question have notified the Government that they see no reason for complying with the demand for union with Greece. They regard the maintenance of the status quo as necessary.

It is stated that the Rev. A. J. Barnard, vicar of Oldbury-on-Severn, has accepted the chaplaincy of Avranches, France.



"SPRAY BATH, PLEA—!"

On the proposition of Dr. Davies, the Cheltenham Corporation has decided to convert some of the new spray baths at Montpellier into a massage establishment and a mineral water factory.

The Victoria Cross.

BRAVE DEEDS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The "London Gazette" of Tuesday night notifies that the King has conferred the Victoria Cross upon Captain N. R. House, New South Wales Medical Staff Corps; Lieut. (now Captain and Brevet-Major) J. E. J. Masterson, 1st Devonshire Regiment; Corpl. J. J. Clements, Rimington's Guides; and Private C. Ravenhill, 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers, for conspicuous gallantry in South Africa.

During the action of Vredfort on 24th July, 1900, Captain House went out under a heavy cross fire, and picked up a wounded man and carried him to a place of shelter.

During the action at Wagon Hill, Ladysmith, on January 6, 1900, Lieutenant Masterson commanded with the greatest gallantry and dash one of the three companies of his regiment, which charged a ridge held by the enemy, and captured their position. The companies were then exposed to a most heavy and galling fire from the right and left front. Lieutenant Masterson undertook to give a message to the Imperial Light Horse, who were holding a ridge some hundred yards behind. In taking this message he crossed an open space of 100 yards, which was swept by a most heavy crossfire, and although badly

wounded in both thighs managed to crawl in and deliver his message before falling exhausted into the Imperial Light Horse trench. His unselfish heroism was undoubtedly the means of saving several lives.

On the 24th February, 1900, near Strydenburg, when dangerously wounded through the lungs, and called upon to surrender, Corporal Clements threw himself into the midst of a party of five Boers, shooting three of them with his revolver, and thereby causing the whole party to surrender to himself and two unwounded men of Rimington's Guides.

At Colenso on the 15th December, 1899, Private Ravenshill went several times under a heavy fire from his sheltered position as one of the escort to the guns to assist the officers and drivers who were trying to withdraw the guns of the 14th and 66th Field Batteries, when the detachments serving them had all been killed, wounded, or driven from them by infantry fire at close range, and helped to limber up one of the guns that were saved.

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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1901.

Prize Photography.

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

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

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same in the newspaper, but an honorarium 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 23rd competition is Mr. Jesse J. Price, of Bank House, Tewkesbury, and the prize picture is that of the civic welcome to the Tewkesbury Active Service Volunteers.

Entries for the 24th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, June 15th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



THE TEWKESBURY WELCOME OF THE RETURNED RIFLES.

A disastrous fire broke out at the timber yard of the City Sawmills, owned by Messrs. Brownlie and Co., at Glasgow, on Wednesday night. The rapidity with which the flames spread resembled a prairie fire, and the damage is estimated at between £20,000 and £30,000.

A man shot himself with a revolver on Wednesday morning in a lavatory at Waterloo Station, dying almost immediately. He was tall and of military appearance, and on him were found letters with the name of Mr. Willoughby Vaughan.

On Monday night Mr. Robert R. Emmett, an English director of mines, was killed and robbed at Zacualtipan, Mexico.

The Moorish Ambassador will not be able to make a long provincial tour, but it is hoped he will see one or two manufacturing centres before returning home.

"Do you owe the money, ma'am?" inquired the Westminster County Court Judge on Wednesday of a defendant. "I'll leave that to you, sir," was the reply. The Judge found that she did.

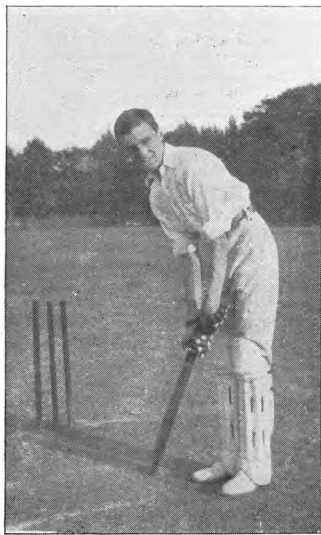
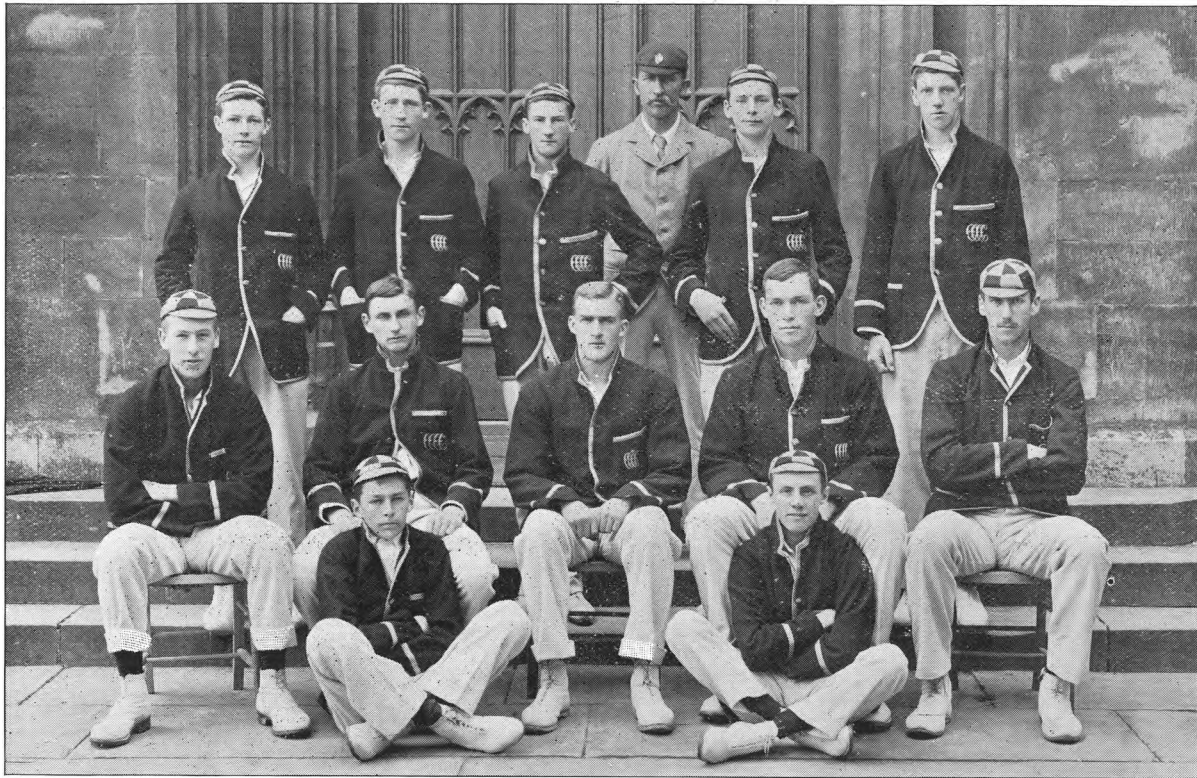
THE QUEEN'S MEMORIAL.

Some people are saying that the National Memorial to her late Majesty Queen Victoria is not going ahead, as was anticipated. Certainly the papers are not making much note of the matter just now; but I am told that there is a gradual influx of subscriptions, if not a rush, and as there is no pressure being brought to bear, I think since the authorities seem content the people should not worry. It must be remembered that in most of the big cities and towns throughout the United Kingdom the Corporations are collecting subscriptions for a local memorial, and probably this may have something to do with the apparent hanging fire which some perceive just now. The all-India memorial to be erected at Calcutta; according to the plans of the Viceroy, is to be a very magnificent affair. The total subscriptions paid or promised already amount to about one-third of a million. The memorial, which will take the form of a great marble hall on the Maidan at Calcutta, is to be an Imperial repository of objects of art and literature, illustrating the whole history of India, but especially the annals of the British conquest and civilisation of the country from the days of Queen Elizabeth.

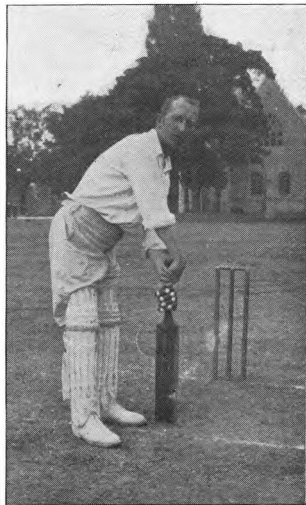
FRESH AIR FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Children's Country Holiday Fund was during last year instrumental in taking over 32,000 London children into the fresh air for a fortnight, at a cost of something like £16,500. A most interesting feature of the organisation is that the children are set a number of questions regarding their impressions during the holiday. Some of the replies are quaint. For instance, one girl said she saw 200 foxhounds and their masters hunting in the forest. A boy observed that the "foxhounds caught rabbits and their masters shot birds." "Cows and horses were seen laying about and enjoying the pasture." In reply to the question of what is a hedge composed, the youngsters are of various opinions, such as "of stinging-nettles," "trees, bushes, and sweethearts." One little lady described a cow chewing the cud as "being very unhappy and making an indigestible noise." The organisation, it cannot be doubted, does a good work, and if the charitably disposed only saw how the youngsters enjoyed themselves far from the dubious surroundings in which they live, move, and have their being, their hearts would go out towards them.

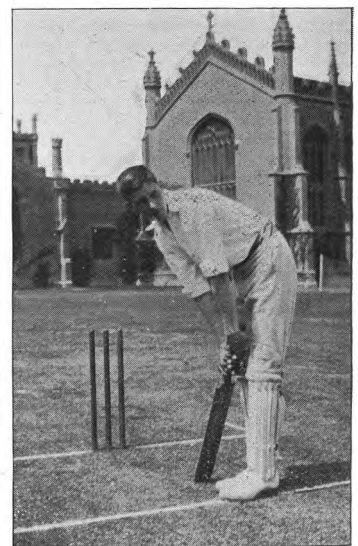
The marriage arranged between John Hope Percival, of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, eldest son of Mr. E. H. Percival, of Kimsbury House, Gloucester, late I.C.S., and Henrietta Lucilla Vigne, youngest daughter of Major-General Lewis Percival, late Rifle Brigade, of 4 Pittville-crescent, Cheltenham, will take place at Cheltenham on July 27th.



*Yours Sincerely,
 Eddie M. Crosse.*



*Yours truly
 W. A. Wood.*



*Yours Sincerely
 A. N. J. Harrison*

The marriage between Captain Wyndham Bannerman, 1st (Duke of Connaught's Own) Bombay Lancers, and Mary Augusta Mosley, elder daughter of the late George Cheeke, of Charlton Court, Cheltenham, and of Mrs. Cheeke, of Sydney, New South Wales, will take place in London on the 17th inst.

*
 A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Joseph R. G. Russell, of Milton-under-Wychwood, Oxon, and Gwendolen Gaitskell, youngest daughter of E. H. Sanders, second son of the late Major Sanders, The Hall, Thirsk, Yorks.



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A DAILY THOUGHT.
 To retain happiness in matrimonial life it is not for a woman a question of remaining beautiful; it is a sine qua non question of remaining interesting.—Max O'Rell.

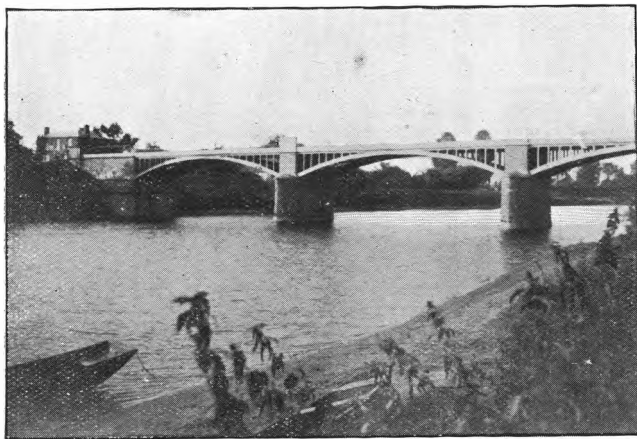
* * *

According to mail advices, Captain J. O'D. Ingram, of the 1st Gloucestershire Regiment, is in charge of the camp at Ragama, Ceylon, where 340 prisoners of war—of European and American nationalities—are detained away from the ordinary Boer prisoners. There are some Englishmen among the prisoners.

A WATER EXCURSION.



HOW WE WENT FROM WAINLOAD HILL TO



THE HAW BRIDGE.



HOW WE RETURNED.

The young soldiers and others of the 4th Battalion the Gloucestershire Regiment (North Gloucestershire Militia) not serving with the headquarters embodied in St. Helena are to be voluntarily attached to the 3rd Battalion (South Gloucestershire Militia) from Bristol, which is embodied at Devonport.

*

Viscount Deerhurst left Liverpool on Saturday in the Umbria for New York.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Bertram Miles, eldest son of Mr. H. F. Miles, and Miss Una Theodora Alicia Hanbury-Tracy, eldest daughter of the Rev. the Hon. Alfred Hanbury-Tracy, of the Vicarage, Frome, and niece of Lord Sudeley, of Ormeley Lodge, Surrey, will take place in August.

*

An arrangement has been concluded with the Porte whereby British subjects are assured of indemnity for losses suffered during the Armenian massacres of 1896.

THE JOURNALIST.

When you're wrapt in easy slumber in your comfortable crib,
He is scratching, scratching, scratching with a furious-driven nib,
He is listening, he is listening with a hot and aching head,
To the clicking of the cables from the ocean's quiet bed;
And the printer's buzzing devils push and bang his yielding door,
Snatch his scribble, fling the proof-sheet, knock his coffee on the floor,
While the words, words, words are written, swift as lightning, sharp and clean,
To the loud, harsh, clanging thunder of the linotype machine.—
"Common Heroes." By Harold Begbie, Author of "The Handy Man," in the June number of the "Pall Mall Magazine."

* * *

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS.

Do not make frequent use of titles in conversation with persons of rank; address a nobleman as you would any other gentleman. The King is only addressed as "Sir" in conversation; the Queen, "Madame."

In conversation with friends cultivate an attractive and sympathetic manner of listening. Good listeners are always popular.

If, walking with a friend, you meet or are joined by a third it is unnecessary to introduce the one to the other.

* * *

THE CAPABLE WOMAN.

The capable woman is born, and not made. She is the woman who has confidence in herself, and knows what to do in any emergency. She does not think it necessary to run around among her friends and ask everybody's advice before she does as she has a mind to do. She knows how to do things, and does them. If anybody in her vicinity should break a limb or cut an artery, she wouldn't scream or faint away, but would render such assistance as lay in her power until medical aid could be procured. She is a refuge for women who are not capable, and a godsend to the community in which she lives. It is a good and wholesome thing to live under the same roof with her—to even live in her neighbourhood. A rock of refuge, an un-failing help in sickness or in trouble, a rare potentate, and a queen in her own right is—the capable woman.

* * *

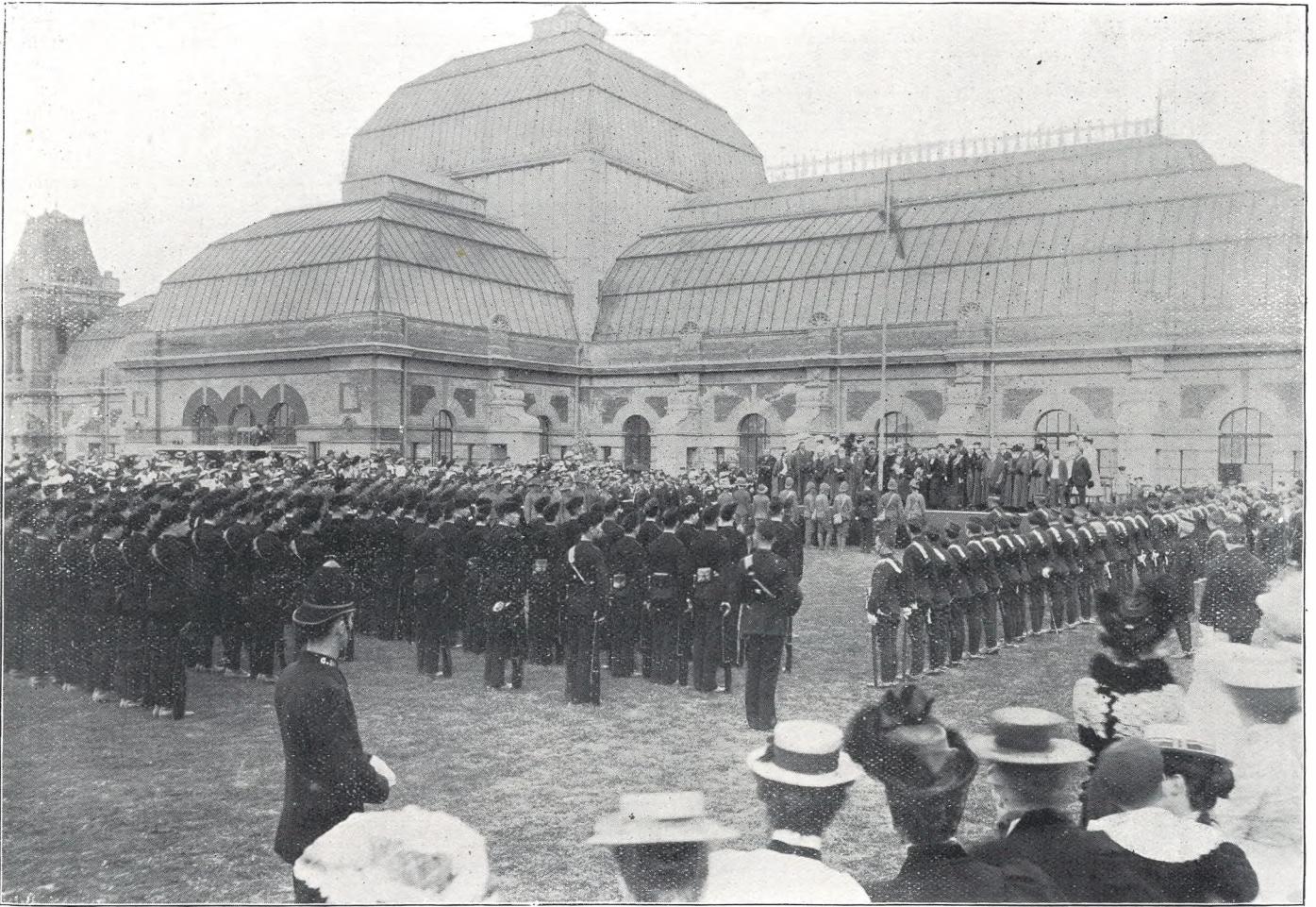
LORD RIPON AND HIS GARDENER.

It is not given to many (says "M.A.P.") to pass through a long and distinguished political career without making enemies. Lord Ripon, whose golden wedding has just been celebrated by rejoicings at Studley Royal, and festivities in and around his name-town, is a very notable exception to the rule. The kindly, generous, and warm-hearted ex-Viceroy of India was at one time in his eminent career perhaps the most criticised man in England; but he has no enemies. He is as popular among his fellow-peers on both sides of the house as he is loved and respected by his neighbours in Yorkshire, who have long had reason to associate his name with a big-hearted charity and an unaffected goodness of nature rare among the great landowners. Possibly Lord Ripon's success in passing through the storm and stress of public life without enemies is largely due to a gift of humour—even at his own expense—which he possesses to a marked degree. Of this, the following story, which I know to be true, is a characteristic example. Shortly after his return from Calcutta, and when the adverse criticisms of his Viceroyalty were at their height, a certain prominent Liberal met him, and was profuse in his expressions of admiration. "I congratulate you on your courage and public spirit, Lord Ripon, in pursuing so large-minded and liberal a policy in the East." "It is good of you, my dear," said Lord Ripon, a twinkle in his eye. "It is very good of you to say such kind things of me, but to tell you the truth," he went on, taking his friend's arm confidentially, "I don't believe there was anyone in India who really approved of my policy, except my old Scotch gardener!"

* * *

The Norfolk County School buildings at North Elmham have been purchased by a gentleman and presented by him to Dr. Barnardo, in order that they may be used as a country home for children under his care.

OUR HOME-COMING RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

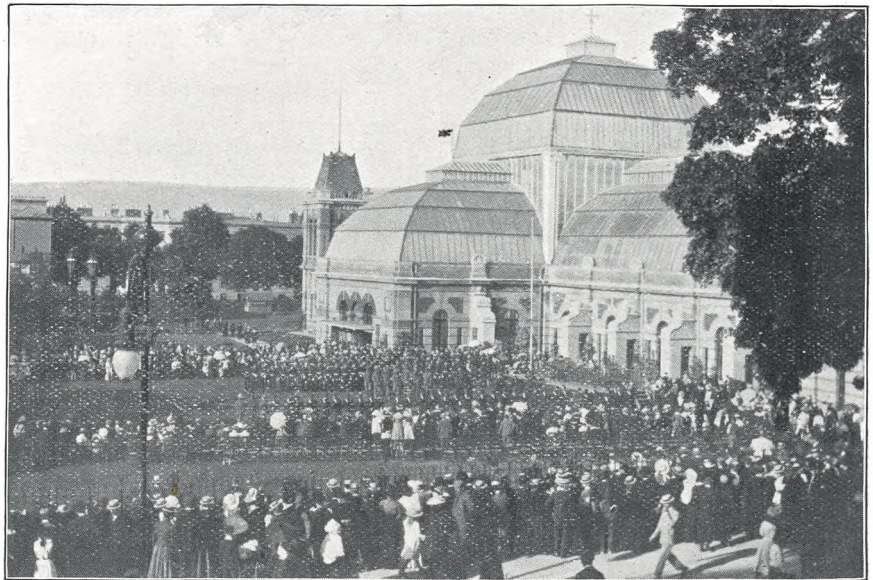


Reception at the Winter Gardens, Cheltenham, June 10th, 1901.

Photo by G. H. Martyn and Son, Cheltenham.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

At All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens, South Kensington, early on Tuesday afternoon, the quiet wedding took place of Mr. John M. Currie, younger son of the late Mr. E. M. Currie, J.P. and D.L., of Itton Court, Monmouthshire, and Mrs. Palmer Jenkins, widow of Mr. Richard Palmer Jenkins, formerly in the Bengal Civil Service, J.P. for the counties of Gloucester and Monmouthshire, of Beachley, near Chepstow, Monmouthshire, and daughter of Mr. T. W. Murray Allan, J.P., Perthshire, D.S. and J.P., Argyleshire, of Glenfeschan, Oban, N.B. The bridegroom was formerly master of the North Hereford Hounds, and very popular in those districts. The service was fully choral, and the ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Ravenscroft Steward, M.A., vicar of All Saints'. The bride was accompanied by her nephew, Lord Savile, of Rufford Abbey, Notts, who during the singing of the hymn "Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us," conducted her to the chancel entrance, and then gave her away. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. J. P. Powell, of Dorstone, Hereford, as "best man." There were neither bridesmaids nor pages. The bride looked stately in a very handsome gown of white crepe de chine, trimmed with valuable old Brussels lace, and semi-train, edged with the same lace, the bodice being arranged with large lace collar, transparent sleeves, and yoke. She also wore a mauve and white tulle toque, and white plume, and diamond spray, the gift of her nephew, Lord Savile, and a pearl and diamond pendant, the gift of her sister, Mrs. Macfadyen, and carried a neat bridal bouquet of mauve and white orchids, tied with mauve streamers. During the service the hymn "O perfect love, all human thought transcending" was sung with great effect, and early in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Currie, amid the hearty congratulations of their assembled friends, left for a honeymoon tour in Devonshire, the going-away gown being of grey voile, trimmed with Maltese lace, and black crinoline hat with roses and foliage. The presents, which were numerous and costly, included valuable articles of jewellery, plate, and vertu from a large circle of private relations and friends of both families.



Another View at the Gardens.

Photo by M. Hack, Cheltenham.

Some valuable antique jewellery came under the hammer at Christie's on Wednesday. A pearl and brilliant necklace fetched £1,200, and a collaret of pearls alone changed hands for £920.

An attempt was made on Wednesday night to wreck the 8.23 train from Dorking to London Bridge on the L.B. and S.C.R. by placing a sleeper on the line between Ewell and Epsom.

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, JUNE 15, 1901.
SCENES OUTSIDE THE MIDLAND STATION AT GLOUCESTER, JUNE 10, 1901.



ARTILLERY LEADING, ACTIVE SERVICE YEOMEN AND ENGINEERS NEXT.



PRIVATE COOK SHOULDERED.



RETURNED RIFLES ESCORTED.

Photos taken from the Royal Hotel by H. E. Jones, Northgate Studio, Gloucester.

A Tour of our Churches

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, TEWKESBURY ROAD.

The slums of Cheltenham—the Garden Town of England! How uncouth the contrast in the title and the qualification! Maybe the thoughtless or the stranger would be apt to question the existence of slums in Cheltenham; but a Saturday night's walk through Lower High-street and the Tewkesbury-road would quickly dispel that illusion. There are to be found the majority of the disappointed lives, the wretchedly poor, and the sordid tragedies of humble life in wearisome iteration—with no idea of pleasure but the tap-room and with no desire or aspiration to rise above the meanness of a life which is hardly worth living.

I have known men who, after years of toil amongst these byways and alleys of Lower High-street, have been obliged to give up their task, their souls harrowed by the gaunt despair and misery of those whose lot they were trying to alleviate; but even in such a quarter a church is to be found, and it was to this building, the Church of St. Peter's, that I made my way on Sunday evening last.

As I passed down Lower High-street and approached the thickly-populated district near the Gas Works there were many signs of poverty and degradation at hand; everywhere, on the pavements, in the roadway, and emerging from the dark alleys, up which may be found numbers of tumble-down cottages, were children—all dirty, many pale and worn, and in some cases having the scantiest of clothing, but happy in their childish ignorance, which to them is bliss. Here I pass a baby lying at full length over the pavement calmly sucking its thumb, and from an adjacent courtyard come the sounds of two women quarrelling; on every side are little public-houses smelling of beer and tobacco, flaunting gaudy theatre play bills, and knots of shirt-sleeved men enjoying the delicious sensation of having nothing to do for a time. In all the many side streets the women are sitting on their doorsteps gossiping and enjoying the fine evening; but very few of either sex are wending their way to St. Peter's, for it must be confessed that there are thousands of men and women in this part of Cheltenham who take no interest in the church and never attend its services.

But there is the building, open to all comers, and all honour to the Vicar who, in the face of immense difficulties, carries on the work of the church in this, the poorest parish of Cheltenham, for such St. Peter's professes to be.

One would have imagined that self-denying labour amongst the very poor would have awakened some sympathy and ready help in time of need, but it is difficult to reconcile this surmise with the meagre result of the appeal recently made to the public for funds to repair the roof of the dome, an appeal which only resulted in two subscriptions, one for three guineas and another for 5s. 6d.! And this while thousands of pounds are being spent on the superfluous decoration of churches already quite adequate to the wants of the average worshipper!

I noted on entering the church on Sunday evening the excellent architectural design of the interior; in fact it may be said of St. Peter's interior, as of another well-known church, that it has "every merit but antiquity." The fine dome, the roof of which is such a constant source of expense, gives an air of space and grandeur to the building, although, as I soon discovered, its acoustic properties were not improved thereby.

The congregation seemed to me to be well-dressed middle-class folk, generally speaking; and I looked in vain for representatives of the very poor of the district. But these people do not go to church: it requires too much of an effort to carry out the cleansing and decoration of body necessary to be "respectable" for the occasion, and, alas! most of them stop away.

The service was a fully musical one, and I was agreeably surprised to find such an efficient choir and good organ at St. Peter's. The hymns selected were all well known and characteristic, such as "God moves in a mysterious way," "Go, when the morning

shineth," etc. But, with all the refinement and quiet orderliness of the service, the intoning of the prayers, and the beautiful musical accompaniments, my mind persisted in returning to the crowded alleys around the church; as we were chanting those familiar words "He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away," through the open windows came the wail of sickly children and the hoarse shouts of street loungers, seeming to mock at the peace and melody of the sanctuary.

The sermon was preached by the Vicar, a fine, broad-shouldered specimen of a priest, with a certain blunt mannerism and accent which seemed to show a kindly heart and a desire to alleviate the distresses of the struggling people. But the sermon, which was apparently extempore, was not too clear, and, in my humble opinion, with too little reference to the trials, temptations, and disappointments of daily life for the needs of such a parish.

The life of Joshua, the leader of Israel, was taken as the subject, and an elaborate comparison drawn between Joshua and Christ, our great Leader in the battle of life-to-day, The Captain of our salvation. The preacher said that as surely as Joshua and Israel had to fight their way to Canaan, so surely we shall have to struggle through life. We must brace ourselves to this struggle with enthusiasm, in the strength of the Lord. From the day when we were enlisted in the Church at the baptismal font as soldiers of Christ, we should strain every nerve in His service. Often in life the dark walls of the enemy's stronghold rise before us, and we well-nigh give up the hopeless struggle, but even the frowning city can be triumphed over. God has His ways of brushing away apparently insurmountable difficulties. Let us think of the peace, and the words of comfort by our great Leader, and the communion we shall have with Him in God's resting-place, the Eternal Mansions. LAYMAN.

ST. MARGARET'S, ALDERTON.

A few days back I attended a service at the Parish Church, Alderton, which was special for the members of the local Friendly Society. A rather brazen band of music headed a procession from the club-room to the porch of the sacred edifice, and then divided to either side of the church pathway, and the members, with their club-sticks and banners, passed between the musicians into the church to the strains of "God Save the King."

The building is in the Gothic style of the 14th century, and consists of chancel, nave, south aisle, south porch, and embattled western tower, which contains six bells. The church was thoroughly restored some half-a-dozen years ago, and on entering it I could not help thinking that the restorers had done their work well. There is little ornamentation; all is good and what it purports to be; no hideous plaster disfigures the plain stone walls. At the western end is suspended a board, on which is a well-painted Royal Coat of Arms. Remains of ancient stained glass appear in some of the windows, and there is a church chest of ancient date; but the most interesting antiquarian item is a splendid specimen of a Norman font, well worthy of inspection, and of which the Rector is very proud. In the chancel is a mural tablet to a rector of the parish who died in 1795.

The Rector conducted the Friendly Society service; one of his sons played the organ, and another son sang in the choir. The choir, for a little agricultural village, is very good. Men and boys, all in surplices, muster about 20, and they sing well. The Psalms were chanted, as were also the Canticles! the responses were intoned, and there was a good selection of hymns appropriate to the occasion from the A. and M. book.

The Rector took for his text "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ" (Gal. vi. 2). The preacher said the Apostle was here urging the strong to support the weak—urging the consideration of one another which all Christians should have. The words had reference to those on a journey, when the strong used to relieve the weak or fatigued of the party of their burdens and carry them for a space. This was the law of love one to another, and the fulfilment of the divine command. A certain scribe came to our Lord and asked—"Which is the first Commandment?" Our Saviour answered—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and the

second is like unto it, viz., thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none greater than these." Their society was formed to promote friendly intercourse amongst themselves, fellow feeling, mutual sympathy, and the giving of help in times of sickness and necessity. A working man's own means were hardly sufficient for his comfort and happiness in health and strength, and in times of sickness he was often in want of help from his fellow men. . . . Was it not pleasing to meet in that way one year after another, to look back on the year that was past, and renew their intercourse one with another, to their mutual encouragement? They could not expect the blessing of God on anything they did unless they sought it aright, and members could not expect a blessing on their club unless they would seek it in the way Almighty God had appointed. Let that service not be a mere form, but an outward acknowledgment to God and an asking of Him for His blessing. Some present would not perhaps be permitted to attend another anniversary—from year to year one face and then another was missing. Let the past experience of the goodness of God lead them to a more entire dependence upon Him in the future. Let everything in the society be sanctified with religion. Let not that gathering or merry-making destroy the good impressions received in God's service. Let there be no intemperance or excess of any kind, for such would bring disgrace on the anniversary and give a black mark to the day. He hoped they would suffer him to say that he trusted their feast-gathering and pleasuring would be such as would not mar the day, but would be as became rational and right-thinking people. If they were not spared to meet at another of those anniversaries, he trusted they would all be present at that eternal banquet at the right hand of God, in a world where there was no more sickness, but joy for evermore.

A good discourse, but some of the men, thinking of the coming dinner, were evidently relieved when the service was over.

CHURCHMAN.

* * *

Gloucestershire Gossip.

After the Active Service Co. of the Gloucestershire Engineer Volunteers came, a similar corps of the two (now three) Rifle Volunteer Battalions of this county has returned. The former were two days before their time, while the latter were two days late at Southampton. It was time and tide that did it. After all, the delay best suited the local civil authorities, as, instead of having to rush their welcoming arrangements, they were enabled to mature and carry them out according to set programme. I was one of the somewhat few persons who were fortunate enough to be able to witness the landing of the Rifles on their "own their native land." And right heartily glad were the gallant fellows to get back from "the grave of great reputations." But they came back covered with honour, having, like Englishmen, in a time of great national peril voluntarily gone to the front. If there be any sceptics on this point, I would only refer them for proof positive to the high encomiums passed on the Rifles by Col. Lindsell, the commanding officer of the 2nd Gloucesters, to which they were attached.

It must have been with different feelings to those experienced by them when they embarked from the great southern port that they came back to it, after undergoing hardships and privations and the dangers of war. They were indeed more fortunate than the several thousands of gallant fellows who left Southampton but to meet a soldier's grave. Of the 137 who constituted the company 96 returned safe and sound. Six, alas! have died from fever, three (including the gallant Capt. Mouat-Biggs) have been left behind sick, while six had come home invalided, and the remaining eight have elected to take up military and railway work in South Africa. Whether these latter, or any of them, will take Lord Ducie's advice, given at the send-off at the Shirehall, and permanently settle there as loyal colonists and become the fathers of large families, time alone will show. As it is, the percentage of deaths—only 4.5 of the total strength is very small, especially considering the terrible havoc that

death and disease have made in some regiments.

There was more than a whisper at Southampton on Sunday that the Rifles would be entrained instanter, and sent forward, like most other arrivals. Had this been the case another upset of the local arrangements would have occurred. They could, at least, have gone to church on the Sunday. But Col. Stacpole, the man with the iron hand in the velvet glove, happily ordained it otherwise, and the 96 Gloucesters were "warehoused"—and comfortably, too, for that matter—with a company of Oxford Militia for the day and night. At least it enabled them to feel their shore legs and go forward on the morrow better prepared to receive the initial welcomes in Bristol and good old Gloucestershire.

I have no doubt that our heroes were right glad after they had successfully run the gauntlet of the welcomes home of the civil authorities and reached "Home, sweet home." I am glad that the Cheltonians (who I know appreciate a good thing from their experience of it in South Africa) had the first opportunity, by the kindness of my friend at the rail side at Lansdown, of seeing the "Gloucestershire Graphic," gay with bunting. It was "To Pretoria" there when they went away. But a great deal has happened since then and now.

The Gloucester men's celebration was struck while the iron was hot, for on the day following their return they returned thanks at a special service in the Cathedral, after which they repaired to a civic repast at the Guildhall, whereat each of the 21 men who had gone forth from the fair city and served in one of the county contingents and come back home was presented with a five guinea watch, the cost of which was defrayed by public subscription. I hope their Cheltenham comrades, of whom there are about an equal number here, will be equally fortunate in receiving some similar tangible present; but if this is to come off the general public must hurry up with their subscriptions. "Echo" answers "subscriptions."

Mr. Nevins has evidently come to stay in this county, and is bent on girdling it with electric tramways. The more the better, say I, with the qualification that I wish he would see his way to use much more material made in England than he has used, and is going to use, in Cheltenham. The bulk has come from the United States and France. Mr. Nevins is now preparing to tackle Stroud and district, and I hope before many years are over that we shall be all able to take a ride from Cheltenham to the "land of Gotham," via beautiful Birdlip and picturesque Painswick. Surely the money that the late Mr. Gyde, of the "bow-wow" town, left some years ago to further a railway scheme ought to be attached and applied to its specific purpose. "Better Nevins than never" is my sentiment.

GLEANER.

"DICKY BIRDS."

BY MRS. JACK JOHNSON.

Dear old George Herbert tells us that "stone walls do not a prison make, or iron bars a cage." It would be interesting, of course, to collect the opinions of prisoners on this subject, but from the particular prisoners of whom I propose to treat this week we cannot hope to gather a symposium. No, from these we have to judge of how far they are depressed by their "iron bars" from drooping tail and wing, and that general air of moped depression which our feathered pets so easily attain when not enjoying the best of health and spirits. This is, to a large extent, purely physical. Who shall know of the longing for freedom, never perhaps enjoyed, but none the less keenly inherited, that expresses itself in all those runs and trills, that quivering of body when the little throat is exerting itself to the utmost, that pathetic note with its sudden cessation, like the asterisks introduced by the novelist when words fail to express his meaning. Birds, of course, often return to their cages after having been given their liberty, so instinctive is the desire for food and the helplessness engendered by culture, but I must confess I never see a little bird in a cage without wanting to set the door

open. However, as there are quite enough societies in the world without starting one for "the setting of cage doors open," it is perhaps more practical to consider the best conditions in which their existence may be passed on the inside.

Parrots are very favourite pets and by no means difficult birds to manage if a thoroughly healthy bird be procured in the first place; and this is not so easy as it sounds, unless you are fortunate enough to have a parrot brought over for you by a friend. More often than not the unfortunate birds spend all their time en route in the hold of the ship, without water or any other sanitary arrangements. It is not much wonder, then, that so many contract ship fever, and only pass into the hands of their new owners to pine away and die in a few weeks. If you must go to a dealer be sure to have a guarantee that the bird is acclimatised. If it is an adult bird the first enquiry to be made is what food it is accustomed to; if the bird thrives it is as well to keep to it; but if it is a young bird, then a considerable number of experiments may be made in diet, as not only their taste varies a good deal, but their digestion. One may prefer unboiled maize, another sweetened sop of bread and water; some like hemp, and others canary-seed and millet. A danger to guard against in parrots is their tendency to drink; it is not a case necessitating the taking of the "pledge," for they are only water gluttons, but when this is the case it is better to offer them a cupful of water two or three times a day, until Polly has taken several sips, than to leave the water inside. When they have a cold only warm water should be given.

The chief points to be borne in mind by those possessing a pet parrot are, first, that they require exercise; next, cleanliness; thirdly, great care must be given when they take cold. The first requirement can really only be properly carried out by letting them loose in a room for an hour or two every day, and giving them as roomy a cage as possible. This should have a square top, and should the occupant not care for a swing, another perch must take its place. Both perches should be thinner at one end than the other, so as to rest the feet. The cage must be cleaned every day, all metal being carefully dried so as to prevent rust. If a parrot prefers a dust bath to a water one, the bottom of the cage must be filled with fine sand or mould, removed after the toilet has been performed. In cases of cold, warm food must be given, and three or four drops of aconite in an ounce of water given to the bird to sip at every three or four hours; possibly, too, it may need two or three drops of castor-oil. If the cold is of a bronchial nature, a room of 80deg., with a bronchitis kettle kept going, is required, together with nourishing food and a mixture consisting of fifteen drops each of oxymel of squills, glycerine, and mucilage of gum acacia, in an ounce of water. For "treats"—and Polly is quite human enough to appreciate these thoroughly—a bit of sugar now and again, or a hard crust of bread, as well as fruit and nuts in moderation. A great treat is a bit of half-rotten deal, or elm, or poplar to peck at.

This is not a good time of the year to buy a canary. I have found November or December quite the best months. In selecting one the two points of view, the one of the German breeder and the other of the English breeder, must be remembered. The former cares everything for the singing capacity of the bird, the latter turns his attention entirely to the shape, colour, carriage, and feathering. An old bird-fancier told me that one of the best ways for an amateur to purchase a bird was to attend one of the numerous cage-bird shows and buy a young bird from a principal exhibitor. They always have plenty to part with at a reasonable price. This old man was most amusing when he launched on to the subject of the way birds were "faked" for trade. One man, he said with a chuckle, had a breed so delicate that customers were warned they would not "stand a bath." "I'll warrant they wouldn't either," he added. Dark feathers seem to be "tinted" in quite a masterly fashion.

Metal cages are said to be the best, as any bit of wood is likely to harbour red mite, a pest most small cage birds, and canaries in

particular, suffer from. For food, let him have chiefly good Spanish canary-seed. Once a week a teaspoonful of sound German rape thrown on the sand will give him occupation, and be very good for him. Now and again substitute a spray of white millet for the canary-seed, as he dearly loves a change. For fresh food, especially between August and November—their moulting season—give one or two nasturtium flowers, or water-cress, well washed, about twice a week. Never buy cheap packets of seeds or mixed in any way; always buy the best and from good places, and remember mice appreciate it almost as much as the birds. Breeding birds require a somewhat different food, and when rearing young ones a daily supply of egg food. People are often told this without knowing how to make this food, or how often to give it. The following is a tried and excellent recipe: Boil an egg twelve minutes, remove the white, put the yoke in a cup, add three teaspoonfuls of crushed Osborne biscuit, and blend thoroughly with a fork. This will keep fresh for thirty hours, but half this for this length of time will be sufficient for one pair of birds. At this period fresh water-cress, groundsel, chickweed, or lettuce must be given every day, together with fresh water and sharp gritty sand every morning. A bit of cuttle-fish should also hang up in the cage.

The canaries one comes across in their wild state in the Canary Islands and Madeira are of a greyish-brown tint, with occasional touches of brighter hues. The beautiful yellow plumage of our domestic bird is the result of careful artificial selection and crossing with allied species. But the romance of the canary has survived through even the three hundred years of his cultivation, and though to-day he not unfrequently possesses a whole harem of pretty little yellow wives, he always shows a distinct preference for the one with which he was first mated. So passionately do they sing in their native groves that a lover has been known to burst the delicate vessels of his throat in trying to outsing a rival. In Germany nightingales are placed near the canaries which are taught to sing, but in England it is the note of the woodlark that is the object of imitation. One of the best tit-bits with which you can coax a canary into tameness is a scrap of scraped raw carrot.

I mentioned the red mite pest just now, to which all caged birds are subject. It is sometimes necessary to use more drastic measures for its removal than mere cleanliness. If you suspect its presence a sure test is to cover the cage with a white cloth at night, upon which they will be detected next morning. Transfer the bird into another cage, or it can be done if he is allowed to enjoy his liberty in the room for an hour or so. Then empty the cage of its contents, and paint it well, inside and out, with fir-tree oil, working it well into the crevices with a small stiff brush, and letting it dry thoroughly before the bird returns. If you find he is continually picking and shaking himself, soak some quassia chips—only a few—all night, and add a little to his bath next morning.

Perhaps no singing birds are more devoted to their owners than bullfinches. One bird I knew of was so jealous of his mistress receiving visitors that he had to be shut up when they were present, or he flew in their faces with his beak open! The so-called Russian birds—which are "made in Germany"—are the most valuable for exhibition purposes, but our own English-born bird, both as pet and songster, holds his own well against foreign rivals. Asthma and apoplexy are the chief ills they are liable to, so that draughts and "high living" must both be avoided. Their diet should be varied, and hemp only given occasionally. In the moulting season it is as well to add five drops of Parrish's chemical food to each tablespoonful of drinking water. In addition to the green food enjoyed by the canary, they dearly love apple pips and fruit, as well as a spray of willow. The mixed sand sold in penny packets by grocers does well for their cage, and they greatly appreciate a daily bath, in which they sometimes dip even three times. Birds are a great interest in a house, but they should never be kept by people who have not the time and patience to make them happy and comfortable.

A MAIL COACH ROMANCE.

*

A LADY HIGHWAYMAN.

The Earl of Aberdeen, speaking at the dinner of the United Kingdom Postal and Telegraph Service Benevolent Society, at Aberdeen, said they had to go back to the old mail coach days to get the picturesque aspect of the postal service, and to illustrate this he narrated a romantic incident which occurred in the reign of James II.—more than 200 years ago. Sir John Cochrane, son of a fine old nobleman, Lord Dundonald, was one of those who thought the liberties and interests of the country were in danger owing to the policy of the Government of the day, and resisted it. Sir John was betrayed into the hands of the enemy, and was lodged in Edinburgh Gaol. One night the door of the prison opened, and he heard the voice of his daughter Grisel, who was allowed to have many talks with him. Meantime the news came that his condemnation had been settled by the Council, and that the mail would come next week with his death-warrant. Miss Grisel Cochrane told her father that she had to go away for a few days. He said, "I hope you will do nothing rash," and she replied that she would do nothing very rash. She rode from Edinburgh to Berwick, where her old nurse lived, and there she changed her clothes for the clothes of a boy. Then she rode to a place between Berwick and Belford, where she made inquiries regarding the King's mail messengers, and where they used to put up. Arriving at a small inn about four miles south of Berwick, she asked for something to eat. The hostess told her not to make a noise, because in the box-bed the King's mail messenger was asleep. "Do be quiet," she said, "with your knife and fork." She began her meal. "Can you get me some water?" The hostess said, "Why, a braw lad like you should sup ale." "Have you no cool, fresh water? If you give me water I will pay you the same as for ale." The hostess explained that she would have to go to the well, a long distance off, and it would take ten minutes, but the girl—or rather the apparent boy—persuaded the woman to go for the water. During her absence the girl went to the box-bed—there was the mail messenger asleep—a "swack" fellow—with his mail-bag under his head, using it for a pillow. On the table were his pistols, and very nervously the girl withdrew the charges. No sooner was this done than the hostess returned with the water. The girl finished her meal, went on the road, made a circuit, and met the mail messenger, and they rode together a bit. After a short chat she drew a little nearer and said, "My friend, I have a fancy for this mail-bag." "If it is a joke," said the messenger, "it is a pretty poor one." She took out a little pistol and presented it. The messenger pulled out his pistols, and snap!—the first missed fire. He threw it away and drew the other—snap! He had to hand over the mail-bag, and she rode into an adjoining wood. She opened the bag, drew out an official letter, and rode with it to her nurse's house, where it was found to contain the death-warrant of her father. It was put in the fire. She resumed her girl's clothes and rode quietly to Edinburgh. That caused so much delay that they managed to get a reprieve and her father was saved. He (the speaker) had a personal interest in that incident, as he understood Grisel Cochrane was a direct ancestor of Lady Aberdeen.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, in moving the adoption of the report of Kynoch, Ltd., on Wednesday, severely criticised the restrictions placed by the Government and local bodies upon manufacturers, restrictions which handicapped them in competing with the foreigner. If loss of British manufacturers' prestige ever came, he said, it would be due to the comparative freedom enjoyed by the foreigner and the additional increasing restrictions that were suffered by the English manufacturers.

IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITAL.

*

LETTER FROM PRETORIA.

We were pleased early in the week to receive the following letter, dated Pretoria, May 16, from Sergt. F. George Francis, Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Staff:—"Dear Sir,—I beg to enclose a few photographs of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital at Pretoria which may be of interest to some of your readers. Although we have had no Gloucestershire Yeomanry here, we have had several Cheltenham officers and men of the Regulars, and our senior medical officer is Dr. J. W. Washbourn, who is well known in Cheltenham. The photo of a patient being unloaded from an ambulance was taken by one of our civil surgeons, Dr. C. S. Frost, who was formerly at Dean Close School. The hospital occupies a splendid position some two miles east of the town on Becketts Kopje, and contains about 600 beds."

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VIEW IN STANWAY VILLAGE.



ASHTON-UNDER-HILL CROSS, NEAR TEWKESBURY.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The family of Moore, of Tewkesbury, of which the present Mayor is a member, have been amongst the principal inhabitants of the ancient borough for close upon a century and a half, and have shared largely in the occupancy of the highest posts of honour the burghesses have to bestow as marks of their confidence and high regard. The career as a public man of Mr. Thomas Weaver Moore, whose portrait we publish to-day, may be taken to date from 1885, when, through the joint effort of himself and Mr. George Banaster, of The Mythe, Tewkesbury, the Volunteer movement, which had lapsed in the borough for some years, had a successful revival, and soon again a strongly numbered and efficient Tewkesbury Company formed part of the 2nd V.B. Gloucester Regiment. Of this company, on its formation, Mr. T. W. Moore accepted the captaincy, and continued its commanding officer for some years, until pressing professional engagements compelled his retirement, and he was succeeded by the present commanding officer, Capt. G. Banaster, who had been Mr. Moore's energetic lieutenant since the establishment of the company.

*

Mr. T. W. Moore's first candidature for a seat on the Tewkesbury Town Council was at the annual election in November, 1885, when of the four councillors elected he was at the head of the poll by a large majority. He has continued a member of the Council ever since, and whenever his election has been challenged at the end of the triennial period of office he has been re-chosen by majorities which have shown the futility of the opposition. His first term of occupancy of the civic chair of his native place was in the Diamond Jubilee year—1897—a year of never-fading glorious memory, when he upheld the dignity of the Mayoralty in a manner which gave the greatest satisfaction. He was amongst the Mayors of English boroughs presented that year to Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace, and wears with much pride at most of the principal public functions in which he takes part the distinguishing medal he received as a memento of his presentation to her late Majesty. His re-election as a councillor in November of last year, as successfully as on previous occasions, gave great satisfaction to his supporters, who desired to see him again acting as Chief Magistrate of the borough, and first Mayor of the new century, and he was unanimously elected on the 9th of that month to the honourable position. Mr. Moore is a justice of the peace, and has for several years been one of the Abbey churchwardens.

*

In a future issue we hope to be able to give a portrait and short notice of the present Mayor's father, the late Mr. B. T. Moore, who was over 50 years a councillor of the borough, and Mayor in the Jubilee year, 1887, and on other occasions.



Councillor Thomas Weaver Moore, J.P.,
Mayor of Tewkesbury.

The Rev. James Robinson, vice-chairman of the Macclesfield School Board, died on Tuesday after a few weeks' illness. Deceased was a Roman Catholic.

*

Mr. Everard Ferdinand Imthurn, C.B., C.M.G. (late Government Agent, North-Western District of British Guiana), has been appointed to be Colonial Secretary of Ceylon.

*

The King has graciously announced his intention of presenting the 4th Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers (Carnarvon and Merioneth Militia) with a goat from the flock in Windsor Park, to replace the one that died recently.

*

Viscount and Viscountess Hampden, who have been residing at The Hoo, Kimpton, Hertfordshire, during the winter and spring, have arrived in London for the season, after which they will go to Glynde, near Lewes, for a time.

Miss Ormerod, LL.D., the well-known authority on insect life, is lying seriously ill at her residence at St. Albans.

*

General Count William von Moltke, nephew and heir of the late Field-Marshal, has been appointed to the command of the 20th Division of the German Army at Hanover.

*

Prince Eugene Maximilianovitch Romanovsky, Duke of Leuchtenburg, is seriously ill with cancer of the stomach. The physicians in attendance have not much hope of his recovery.

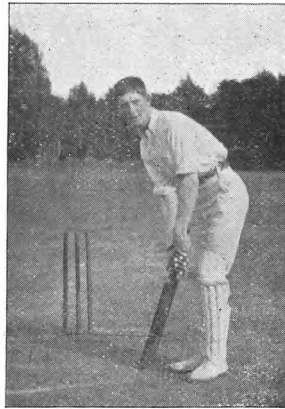
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General H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, commanding the forces in Ireland, on Wednesday entered upon his 34th year of Army service, his first commission, in the Royal Engineers, having been granted on June 19, 1868.

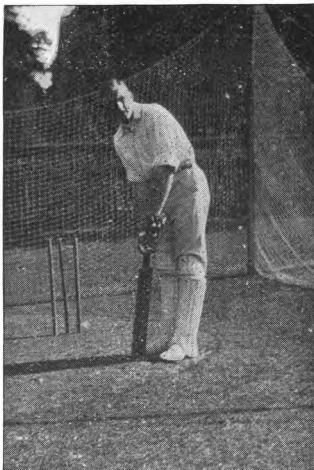
CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CRICKETERS.



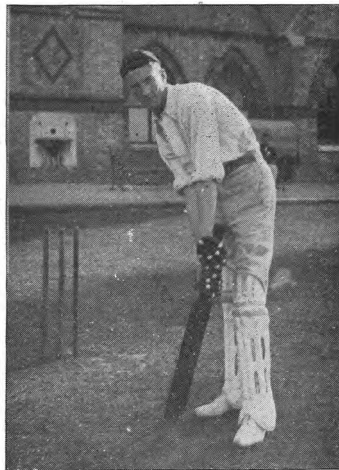
*Yours sincerely
C. E. Stanack*



*Yours sincerely
L. W. Sharp.*



*Yrs sincerely
A. K. White*



*Yours sincerely
C. C. Plowden.*

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*
Prepare to receive cavalry—the remnants of the Gloucestershire Company of the 1st Battalion Imperial Yeomanry in about a month's time. I am sure they will receive, as they fully deserve, a welcome none the less imposing and hearty on their return than that already accorded to the Engineers and Rifle Volunteers. It is true they were about the last of the Yeomanry to go out, through no fault of their own; but then they have made up for that by being amongst the last to be sent back. From what I hear from authentic sources it seems the company, unhappily, has been attenuated by death and disease, and discharges of invalided men, so that they will scarcely muster a tenth of their original strength. Before their en-training for home, on June 12th at Harrismith, General Rundle thanked them warmly for their services and said that until they joined him at Thaba N'Chu he had no cavalry, and he did not know what he should have done without them. Praise from General Rundle is praise indeed.

From time to time we have had from sources more or less influential testimony to the value of the services rendered by the

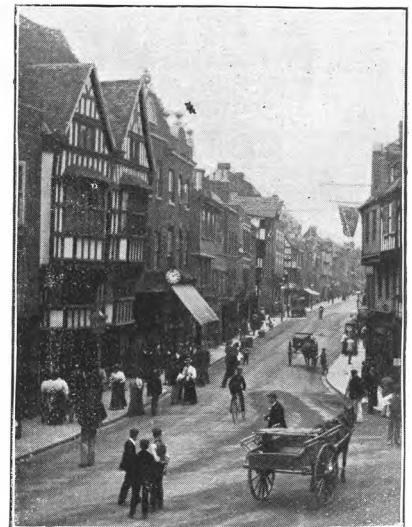
Yeomen from Gloucestershire, and I had an unexpected tribune in this direction the other day at Southampton. I went aboard the transport Mongolian, just arrived from the Cape with a large number of Yeomen who were the first of that fine body to land in South Africa, and in casual conversation with several men of the 4th Battalion I found that the Gloucester squadron had been attached to them, in General Campbell's brigade, on their trek to Standerton, and they were warm in praise of their soldierly qualities and good fellowship. It was on the return journey to Harrismith, after parting company with the 4th, that the train by which the Gloucesters were travelling was derailed at night under Majuba Hill, and the Yeomen, assisted by some of the Grenadiers, beat off the Boers when the dawn broke. Our countrymen had their opportunity of avenging Majuba in their own way, and seized it right well. It is not generally known that when the Gloucesters were at Ladysmith at the beginning of last April 28 of them rode out with General Campbell to see Spion Kop and part of the district where General Buller's chief battles took place.

Capt. William Playne (of the Longfords) is almost the only original officer left with the company, the majority of the others having been invalided home. As one of the

subalterns, he has worthily succeeded to the command. So far as I know at least eight members of this company obtained commissions in the battalion, which is not at all a bad proportion, and the number speaks volumes for the personnel of our Yeomen. One of these eight (Lieut. J. Cavendish-Browne) met with a gallant soldier's death. Cheltenham will not, I am sure, be backward in coming forward to receive those of her sons who have, in the truest sense of the words, "Done good Yeoman service to the country."

Cheltenham School Board! Perish the thought that the town which pardonably prides itself upon being the seat of high-class education should be afflicted with one of the questionable blessings of the nineteenth century. Yet it is quite within the range of practical politics that we shall be "school-boarded" unless the ratepayers find £4,000 within three years and throw it as a sort of sop to the Cerberus of the Board of Education, to meet its inexorable demands in respect of certain of the public elementary schools. This Board has the power, and it evidently means to use it. That being so, it behoves the ratepayers, if only from the E. S. D. point of view, to voluntarily tax themselves to the extent of 2d, in the pound in order to avert a school board, with its accompanying contested elections, frequently of a bitter character, and inevitable expensive machinery of clerks, attendance officers, etc. My advice is pay your twopence voluntarily and save a compulsory shilling.

Advance! Australia. Our bowling visitors from the Antipodes are living up to the motto of their great country, for they scored at the Winter Garden their fifth win out of seven matches that they had played in this country. Our local club found themselves completely "bowled out" by the Colonials, but they treated them well and hospitably, and the Australians cannot fail to have a strong "bias" towards their vanquished opponents and the Garden Town. That they appreciated the latter sincerely is proved by the fact that they were so charmed with the place that they prolonged their stay from the Saturday to Monday, but they did so at the cost of giving their hosts their revenge in losing two scratch games of bowls to them.
GLEANNER.



A TEWKESBURY STREET.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

"Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
For a woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?"

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 24th competition is Mr. H. C. Giles, of 10 Alexandra-villas, Tivoli, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is that of Cheltenham Active Service Rifles' Return.

Entries for the 25th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, June 22nd, 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.



CHELTENHAM ACTIVE SERVICE RIFLES' RETURN.

CROSSING LANSDOWN RAILWAY BRIDGE.

Extraordinary Epitaphs at Gloucester.

In the Cathedral are a number of monuments with inscriptions very much out of the ordinary run of things, among them being the following:—

On the tomb of Governour William White, of Berkeley Castle, killed at Ragland Castle in the Rebellion of 1646, is this acrostic inscription:—

W hat man more valiant was than he that lies
I ntombed here after his victories?
L et such as his undaunted courage knew
L ive to report, and witness what is true.
I n famous Berkeley Castle he was known
A s Governour, though aged but twenty-one:
M aintaining still the cause with much re-
nown

W hich he at first for right and just did own.
H is name and house since conquering
W illiam's days

I s registered, his life's deserving praise,
T ill death at Ragland Castle by a wound
E nded his days, that so he might be crown'd.

The memorial to Richard Pates, the founder of Cheltenham Grammar School, is in the south aisle, and is a monument supported by columns, with the effigies of a man kneeling, in the habit of a lawyer, with a child behind him, and a woman with three children behind her, with this inscription:—

"Richardus Pates, Arm. huic nuper civitati a memoria, qui vixit annos 73, et obiit 29 Octob. 1588: sibi et conjugi et natis suis posuit."

The monument, in the north transept, to John and Ann Boyer and their "nyne" sons and seven daughters, date 1615, has an inscription commencing:—

"Memento Mori, Vayne Vanity,
Witness Solomon, all is but vayne."

In the Lady Chapel are the following:—
"Within this urn an infant nine months old
Is laid in dust; God takes his purest gold
First to Himself; we all are but as flowers
That spring and grow, and fade in a few
hours."

"Elizabeth, sole daughter of Thomas Harvey, Gent., first wife to James Powell, and second wife to Edward Harvey, Esq., lies here deposited Feb. 1612.

Twice married, once buried, here lies
Her body whose sweet soul above the skies
Immortalized doth rest, with longing eyes,
Expecting when the body shall arise
That re-united they may sympathise
In endless joy, to all eternities."

"Here lies the body of Samuel Bridger, Gent., who departed this life upon the 21st day of July, 1650.

Receiver of this College rents, he paid
His Debt to Nature, and beneath he's laid
To rest until his summons to remove
At the last Audit, to the Choir above."

In the churchyard of the ruined church of St. Oswald's was the following:—

"Here lyeth old Mr. Richard Tully,
Who lived C and 3 years fully;
He did the sword of the City beare
Before the Mayor thirty-one yeare:
Fower wives he had, and here they lye,
All waiting heaven's eternitie."

In St. John the Baptist Church were the brazen effigies of John Semys, with his two wives and several children, bearing this inscription:—

"Here under buried John Semys lyeth,
Which had two wives, the first Elizabeth,
And by her vi soones and daughters five;
Then after by Agnes, his second wive,
Eight soones, seven daughters, godde's
plente,

The full nombre in all of six and twentie.
He passed to God in the moneth of August,
The thousand five hundred and fortie yere
just."

In St. Mary de Crypt is a raised tomb, upon the verge of which is inscribed:—

"Dame Joane Bell, the wydowe of Syr Thomas Bell, Knyght, hath caused this Tombe to be made, and fynished the same the xiiij. day of Iune, in the yere of ower Lord God 1597.

Berefte this life here lyeth under stone
Syr Thomas Bell, whylom a Knyght of fame,
Who lyunge here gaue foode to many a one,
And eke behynde prouision for the same
Hathe lefte in store, for euer to be hadd,
Amonge the pore that here in towne shall
dwell.

Off lyme and stone an Alms-howse hath he
made

For six pore folks and buylte the same full
well,

Here in this treat faste by the Southerne
yate,

And hathe the same with lyuelyhoode en-
dewede,

That aye shall last, and neuer shall abate,
Thriese wt. free noice eke hath this towne
allowed

This worthy man a Mayor's rome to wealde,
And thriese him cald in Parlement to sytt.

Forre wealthie of them in rest at home that
dwelle,

And now hathe deathe his worthy trayuayle
quyte

When he had runne of foworscore yeres the
race

Whose spryte in Maye, as pleasyd God pre-
fyxe

The syxe and twentie daye, and yere of grace
A thousand fyue hundred threscore and syxe,
This ayer fled into the heauenly skye,
Where he, God graunt, an euerlasting tyme
In joye may lyue, and never more to dye."

DOWDESWELL.

On a monument in the chancel of the church is the following epitaph:—

"To the memory of William Rogers, of Sandiwell, in the parish of Dowdeswell, Gen., who departed this life ij. Ian. 1663, in ye 67 Yr. of his age.

In hope to resalute his soul here lies
This sleeping Body, now Death's sacrifice.
Death and the Grave graunts the conjunction
Of both by Christ his Resurrection.

Noe more than Earthe can Earthe make
Man inherit

But Heaven's a Guift of Grace not gained
by Meritt.

Reader, be confident noe Good Son dies,
But, as the Day's Sun, only sets to rise."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, the American poetess, is on her way to England again, having sailed in the Saxonia on the 15th. On Mrs. Moulton's first visit to England, some 20 years ago, a breakfast was given in her honour by Lord Houghton, and among the guests were Browning, Kinglake, Jean Ingelow, and Gustave Dore. Mrs. Moulton has visited England every year since then, except when some three years ago the death of her husband caused a break in the pleasing habit.

For the first time since the beginning of the war, the holding of the usual weekly levee by the military secretary was resumed at the War Office on Tuesday afternoon by Major-General Sir Ian Hamilton, K.C.B., D.S.O. The levee was fully attended.

It is now practically settled that Dr. Parker's scheme of a United Congregational Church will come before the autumnal session of the Congregational Union, and the committee is preparing a resolution to submit to the assembly.

Bowls Match, Cheltenham v. Australia, June 14th, 1901.



[Cheltenham.]

Players and Friends Photographed at the Winter Garden.

Photo by E. M. Bailey.]

By the Way.

I understand there has been an unprecedented run on foolscap paper within the last few weeks; encouraged by the example of other prohibitionists, who think they, and only they, have stopped Sunday Sacred concerts (or shall I say have driven them into the churches?) and by the brilliant enterprise of those who would also prohibit Mr. Nevins from running his trams to Cleeve on Sundays, we are to see good paper spoilt by the ream in the shape of petitions innumerable putting down Sunday postage, Sunday milk, the blowing of organs by hand-power on Sunday, the ringing of bells on that day, the use of cabs for driving to church or chapel, the cleaning of boots, the cooking of dinners, the lighting of the street lamps, the inspection of the electric light sub-stations, and 321 other equally frivolous and quite unnecessary pieces of wanton Sabbath breaking which I will leave to the ingenuity of the reader to guess, from his observation of human nature in general and human nature of the "faddish" variety in particular.

But I note, with deepest regret, that no one has been courageous enough to touch upon two glaring evils to which public attention should be called; I refer to the playing of the fountain in the Promenade on the Sabbath and to the Sabbath-breaking Lore on the Severn, both of which, I contend, should be suppressed, if we follow out the logical policy of "Down with every blessed thing." Just think of the scandalous immorality and profanity of the fountain being allowed to play in the public streets for nearly the whole of Sunday, drawing away many by its glitter and sparkle from the path of rectitude and—Beer. Then, I ask, what are the Severn Commissioners thinking of to allow the bore to perform on Sundays, thus giving an opportunity and tempting the wicked to go in brakes and on velocipedes to see the "great Bore Trek!"

The above will require a grain of "Cerebos" for digestion and assimilation, but there is some truth even in a joke, for I fear that many of the "unco' guid" in Cheltenham are in the position of the old countryman who, after a long discussion with some friends on religious topics, turned to his wife and said "Ah, Mary! they be all vools, 'ceps me and thee, and thee's a bit of a vool!"

Like Mrs. Partington sweeping back the tide with a bass-broom, they will prohibit and put down everything for a time until the inevitable reaction, when the waves gather force and bass-broom and all are swept away. "Thou shalt not" is a difficult precept to carry out unless you have either a brace of policemen and a revolver or a reserve stock of impudence to back it up.

When I want to get a drink of water next time on a cycling journey, I see that I must go to a dairy or a milk-shop and ask for a glass of their best, fresh from the cow! I say this, of course, since the recent milk adulteration case, where the vendor happened to sell an inspector a pint of water with just a dash of milk in it to give flavour and colouring! Of course, the magistrates were obliged to hear the excuse, but it seems to me that if you give a milk dealer 10 seconds to think it over he can reel you off an excuse for the comparative wateriness of the milk which, in cleverness of construction, would be hard indeed to beat. In this individual case the milk-maid (boy, I mean) snatched up a milk can from the counter and emptied its contents into his own particular can, without noticing that it contained water instead of milk. Poor boy! I should like to open a subscription to procure a pair of spectacles for that misguided youth! If any other kind friend will subscribe the money for the spectacles I will subscribe—my patronage to the scheme.

I have received the following letter, but have suppressed the name of the constable for obvious reasons:—

Police Station,
Cheltenham.

Dear Sir Touchstone,—
Dear Sir,—I ave heard you are finding fault with some things as isn't as they ought to be, and I wants you to say a word about us constables, as we have to take duty on to the roundabouts and galloping horses in



Bowls Match, Cheltenham v. Australia, June 14th, 1901.

Photo by E. M. Bailey, Cheltenham.

Hampton's gardens. Dear Sir, I wish you ad to stand there for 2 or 3 hours of a night and lissen to "Oh, the lodger's such a nice young man," for upwards of 123 times without a comma let alone a full-stop and not get a penny more for your trouble than ordinary wages and as for the smell of the grease why the sewage farm arn't in it at all Dear Sir do please write something to get them round- about people to tone down the smell of the machine oil or else to alter their musical box affener Dear Sir, it gets on my brain so that I think I shall go mad, and my wife says says she "Robert, you an't half the man you was," and I knows it too. Dear Sir the bass notes in that musical box is too awful for words and they makes such a draft that it is as much as I can do to old my helmet on when the "nice young man's" in full swing. Dear Sir I wouldn't mind volunteering for the front but I dont think we ought to be told off to such things as the above.

Dear Sir please put this in the "Graphical and Chronic" (?)

Your honnered servant
Constable —

* Thanks, Touchstone.

I note with pleasure the visit of the Australian bowlers to the Garden Town. Advance! Australia—the kangaroo and the wallaby to the fore again! Our local bowlers were beaten all over the green, so to speak, and not even the electric radiance of Captain *Kilgour*, the muscular activity of a British *Workman*, the "divine right" of a descendant of the *Stewarts*, the business cuteness of a *Horsley*, or the alertness of a *Gallop* could save the Cheltenham team from dire defeat literally, at the hands of their Colonial opponents.

But see the progress of events. That wily individual, the Mayor, arranges a dinner at which the Colonials are to have everything they wish, and they are to be well-nigh killed with kindness, with the result that on Saturday positions are reversed, and the Colonials, hardly recovered from the effects of their banquet, find themselves ignominiously beaten, and that with knowledge gained from their own methods to a large extent. So its *Halle-well* that ends well!

The following advertisement is likely to appear shortly in the local press:—"Corporation of Cheltenham. Massage establishment at Montpellier. Wanted, ladies and gentlemen with leisure time to be practised upon

by the attendants (who are learning massage). 1s. per hour given to suitable subjects. All dislocations or fractured bones incidental to the practice of the art will be attended to by the Medical Officer of Health to the Borough. Candidates are requested to insure their lives before application, and under no circumstances must the practising attendant be punched back or maltreated in any way by the patient."

TOUCHSTONE.

• • •

The Countess Russell wishes it to be known that the present proceedings against the Earl have not in any way been taken at her instigation.

•

Lady Frankland and Mrs. Frankland have left for South Africa to see Mr. Frankland, having received a telegram from the Military Secretary to say that he is dangerously ill with enteric fever. Since then, however, there has been a little better news. Mr. Frankland has only lately known that the D.S.O. has been conferred upon him, as he was in hospital for some time from an accident before he contracted the fever.



May Queen Festival at Elmley Castle, Worcs.

A Tour of our Churches

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

St. Paul's Church, like St. Peter's, stands in a poor district of the town, although it possesses a special distinction in being the church favoured with the attendance of the students from St. Paul's training College during term time. It has the reputation of being even more evangelical in the form of its services than Trinity Church; and, by a curious meeting of extremes, the entrance to the church is immediately faced by the rather aggressive wall of a Roman Catholic Convent and schools attached.

I fear that I can say nothing laudatory of St. Paul's Church as a building. Erected at a time when good taste was not so widespread as it is (or should be) now, it cannot be styled "a thing of beauty" from the exterior, and the barnlike interior is depressing in the extreme. My visits to the various churches and chapels of Cheltenham have led me to believe that by no other congregation would such a meagrely ornamented interior be tolerated; even the small chapels decorate their ceilings, insert coloured glass windows, and have modern incandescent gas-lights if not electric lamps. If the building in which worship is held is of no consequence, then, maybe, there is a convenient loophole of escape from censure; but on the lowest level, that of comparison and competition with other churches, I am bound to say that St. Paul's is far below the average.

Some of the arrangements at St. Paul's are curious to the stranger. The choir is not surpliced, and includes several ladies, whose hats and multicoloured garments seem in strange contrast with the sombre surroundings. In front of the communion rail stand the lectern, an immense pulpit, and a reading desk which is eminently suggestive in shape and appearance of the witness-box in a police-court. The pulpit is very high—almost on a level with the galleries, which run round three sides of the church; and it is a very noticeable thing in studying church arrangements that the "Lower" the church, the higher and more important is the pulpit in almost every case. Probably this may be taken as a natural corollary to the more prominent position which the sermon occupies in Evangelical church services.

The students from the Training College sat on three sides of a square around the pulpit and choir, and the lessons were read by one of their number, who bravely struggled through a formidable list of tribes which happened to occur in the portion of the Old Testament appointed for the day.

The sentences and responses were spoken throughout, and the effect, with all due allowance, was not good. Occasionally the congregation were ahead of the minister, sometimes much behind, but the discord of voices speaking in several keys does not add

to the solemnity, particularly when some of the worshippers have very loud voices and do not moderate them. I say this with all deference for the obvious sincerity and heartiness of the responses from the congregation.

Wherever music was admitted into the service it was well rendered; the psalms, the canticles, and the hymns were sung heartily and with good modulation, the effect of the men's voices being very fine. Apparently most of the Training College students sing from music, so that, to all intents and purposes, they form a part of the choir at St. Paul's. The organ accompaniment throughout was excellent, although it was easy to detect that the organist experienced some difficulty with his instrument.

The Vicar of St. Paul's, an elderly man with a venerable appearance and a saint-like face which might have been translated bodily from a cathedral window, conducted the service. His voice was not very strong, but clear and mellifluous—one of those voices which have a soothing and, alas! in some cases, a somnolent effect on the congregation.

The sermon was a distinctly Evangelical exhortation from Hebrews iii., 15, "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation."

Yesterday, said the preacher, was gone for ever, to-morrow might never come, but to-day is where God puts His emphasis, and we should do so too. We are day by day making our destiny for the Hereafter. History and observation show that there is a hardening influence in continued sin, and it is impossible for an evil course to be pursued without this hardening of the heart. Many a young man going forth from a good Christian home has been shocked and pained at first hearing profane language from the mouths of his companions, but soon the mind becomes used to the profanity, and takes little or no notice of what is said. A narrative was here given of a man who came forward at a mission meeting and confessed himself to be a man of profane habits, and who well remembered the first day on which God's name was profanely used by him, and what a shame he felt when he thought to himself, "What would my mother have said of this?"

Passing on, the preacher stated that it was the same with other sins; they all had this hardening influence on the heart.

The Biblical records of Joshua and Caleb were referred to as showing the punishment which the children of Israel incurred through hardening their hearts against God. Like them, many of us say that we want to possess the Heavenly Canaan; we want to be a Christian, but, like the spies who went over into the land of Canaan, we are afraid of the giants in the way; and, perhaps, like Israel, we have lost opportunities which will never come again. But our eternal destiny is at stake! Salvation means that we need a refuge where we can hide our guilty souls from justice. To-day is the most important

epoch of our lives. Every day of indecision keeps us further away from Christ.

To illustrate the dangers of delay the Vicar narrated a story of a coal barge, laden to the water's edge, which had sprung a leak, and was settling fast. One of the men on board ran to tell the captain of the immediate danger to all on board, but he refused to hasten, and could only be persuaded to leave the barge and get into the boat fastened alongside at the last moment. Taking his knife from his pocket, he leisurely proceeded to cut the rope, as he supposed, which bound the boat to the barge, but to the horror of all the rope proved to be a wire cable! It was too late!

We were left to imagine the end of this story in any way we pleased, but the moral drawn from it was obviously that of the text. "Do not delay. To-day, if ye will hear the Lord, harden not your hearts."

The whole discourse, while not possessing any great oratorical display, was a good sermon of the Evangelical style, and was simple enough to satisfy the most elementary intellect.

After the service, from an announcement made, I gathered that the clergy and church-workers conducted an open-air mission service at the corner of Rutland-street, so that none could safely accuse the workers of St. Paul's of idleness.

LAYMAN.

ST. NICHOLAS', ASHCURCH.

Cheltenham cyclists wishing a few miles' run to Divine Service might do worse than attend the church at Ashchurch. The church is not aggressively placed by any means. It is in a field, some distance from any roadway, and it is approached by two footpaths. In the churchyard are an ancient whipping-post and stocks; and inside the sacred edifice is another interesting relic in the shape of a "Book of Martyrs," chained to the wall.

The Church of St. Nicholas is an ancient building of stone in the Norman style, with additions mostly of the fourteenth century. It consists of clerestoried nave, south porch, north aisle, and a western embattled tower, with four pinnacles, and containing six bells. Over the entrance door is some good Norman carving. Across the added north aisle run two rather heavy flying buttresses, which give that portion of the interior a rather lugubrious appearance. The carved oak screen is a handsome one, and the windows in and near the chancel are filled with some good stained glass. There are a goodly number of monumental tablets and brasses—two or three of them to Indian heroes. There is a very large Royal Coat of Arms on the south wall.

I attended service at St. Nicholas' on Sunday evening last. There was a good, but by no means a full, congregation present; indeed, the parish, with its several hamlets, would appear to be so scattered that it would be difficult at any time to get a fair proportion of its inhabitants together. The minister—

rather a young man—gave one the impression of being thoroughly in earnest. His reading of the first lesson, the Song of Deborah and Barak—one of the brightest songs of triumph in the Bible, as he afterwards asserted in his sermon—was very good indeed. The music was led by an American organ, and was better than in many country churches. The Psalms and Canticles were chanted, the responses were very well intoned, and some well-known hymns were joined in by the congregation.

The preacher took for his text Judges v., 23. Remarking that the Book of Judges came just after Joshua—which succeeds the five books of Moses—just before the five books of Kings, which closed the historical narrative of the Bible, the speaker gave an interesting synopsis of the historical events alluded to. Dwelling more particularly on the doings connected with the text, he said the victory of deliverance from Jabin and Sisera was of God alone, through the instrumentality, principally, of weak women, Deborah and Jael; and the curse of his text referred to those to whom opportunity had been given, but who refused to 'come to the help of the Lord.' The words had a meaning for all in the present day. All were God's soldiers, under Christ's banner, and should fight for Him, not leave to others the task of doing God's work and fighting His battles. The cause of God must and would prevail; but it was their privilege to help strive for the victory, and theirs would be the loss if they held aloof from the conflict going on around them. Upon those would be the curse that went not to the help of the Lord. The Church was ever the subject of fierce attack, and it was for Church people—for all Christians—to rally round her and the Church's Champion and Leader, the Lord Jesus Christ. Ultimate victory was assured them; but they had their part to perform, their duty to carry out. Each might contribute to that final victory, or, standing idling around, leave to others the work. Were all present that evening doing their part? or were they standing idly by? Let them remember that their Lord truly said "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad."

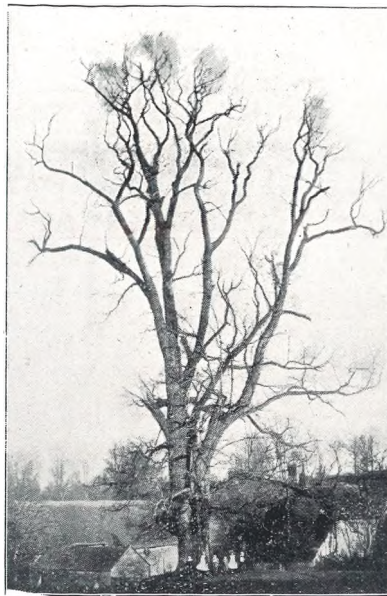
CHURCHMAN.

THE AMERICAN ARMY.

ONE SOLDIER IN A THOUSAND.

Although the reorganisation of the United States army, with a strength of 77,287 enlisted men, has been announced, we do not venture to hope, remarks the "New York Tribune," that it will altogether put an end to the ridiculous chatter about militarism. There is nothing harder to suppress than folly. Indeed, it may be that the announcement will give a certain stimulating fillip to that particular kind of nonsense. The changes may be rung upon the fact that the army is thus made three times as large as it was a few years ago, and lurid pictures may be painted of those 77,287 men terrorising the great centres of industry and subjecting the average citizen to the condition of a serf. In itself 77,287 is a considerable number. But in comparison with that which represents the population of the country it is insignificant. It is smaller than that of the population of any one of the fifty cities in the United States. As applied to the army it means just one soldier to each thousand citizens. One soldier to a thousand! What sort of "militarism" is that? Compare—or, rather, contrast—it with the ratio of army to population in other countries. France, our great sister Republic, has in her standing army in time of peace one soldier to every 72 citizens, Italy has one to every 100. Germany follows with one to every 107, Austria-Hungary has one to every 125; even little Belgium, whose neutrality is guaranteed, has one to every 120. Russia, with her vast population, has one soldier to every 140 subjects; and Holland, the land chosen for the scene of the International Peace Congress, is prepared for war in time of peace with one soldier to every 175 of her people. Great Britain has long been one of the least war-ridden States of Europe, yet even she has one soldier to every 225 citizens. In Japan the proportion is one in 350. And if we come to our own hemisphere, we find our Southern neighbours maintain larger standing armies, proportionately than we. Chili's ratio being one in 330, and Brazil's one in 550. So the fact is that, with this increase of the army, this country remains by far the least militaristic of all important nations in the world—and, indeed, so much less given to it than the least militant of all other comparable Powers as to be quite out of comparison with it. One soldier in a thousand! It is the land in a thousand that can be content therewith.

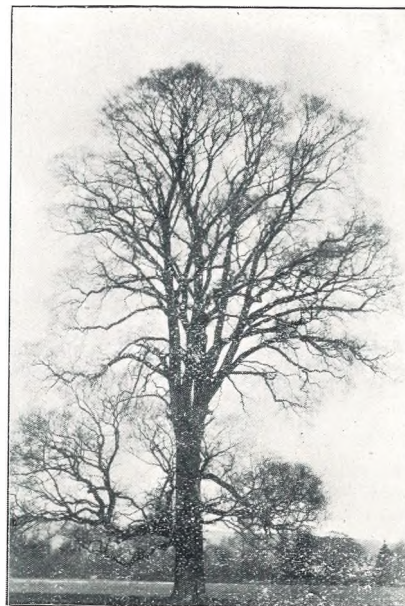
Famous Glo'shire Trees.



ELM AT ELMORE, NEAR GLOUCESTER.



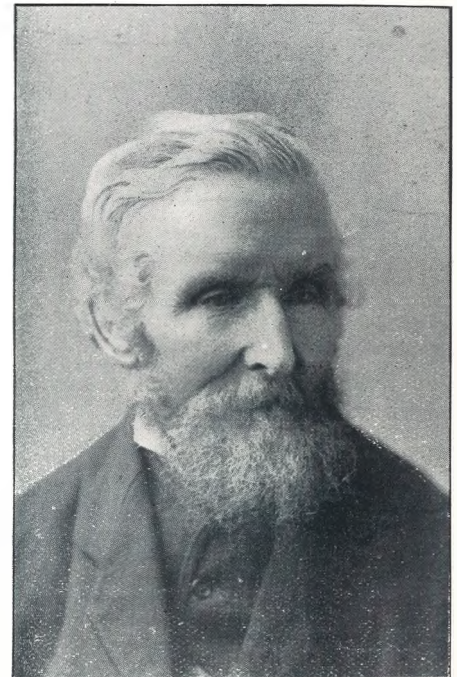
ELM IN HEMPSTEAD CHURCHYARD.



TALL ELM AT STONEHOUSE.



THE THREE WEIRD SISTERS.



A VENERABLE CHELTENHAM FIGURE. THE LATE MR. JAMES COMLEY.

It is with regret that we record the death of Mr. Comley, who passed away on June 8 at the age of 82 years. He had resided in Cheltenham for several years, but was not a native of the place, and for a long period occupied a prominent position in Hereford. Though latterly living alone in humble circumstances, he was a man of considerable intellectual gifts. He was a musician and poet of more than average ability, and had often crossed swords with Father Ignatius and other clerics in theological controversy.

One of the most interesting personalities in the British Navy went on Tuesday on to the retired list. This is Admiral the Hon. Sir E. Fremantle, whose retirement is due to the fact that, despite his characteristic pertinacity, he cannot resist the operation of the naval regulations. Sir Edmund, than whom no man is more popular in the service, has seen fighting in Burmah, in Ashantee (where in the 1873 campaign, he commanded the naval detachment, and got a very serious wound), and on the east coast of Africa. He wears many decorations, including a Prussian order, but he has probably as deep a pride in the copper, silver, and gold medals of the Royal Humane Society.

Mr. Frederick Evans, C.M.G. (late Colonial Secretary of Jamaica), has been appointed Colonial Secretary of Gibraltar.

General Sir Archibald Hunter, commanding the forces in Scotland, is at present making a round of inspection of the defences of the Clyde.



“How long will this satisfy the wolf?”

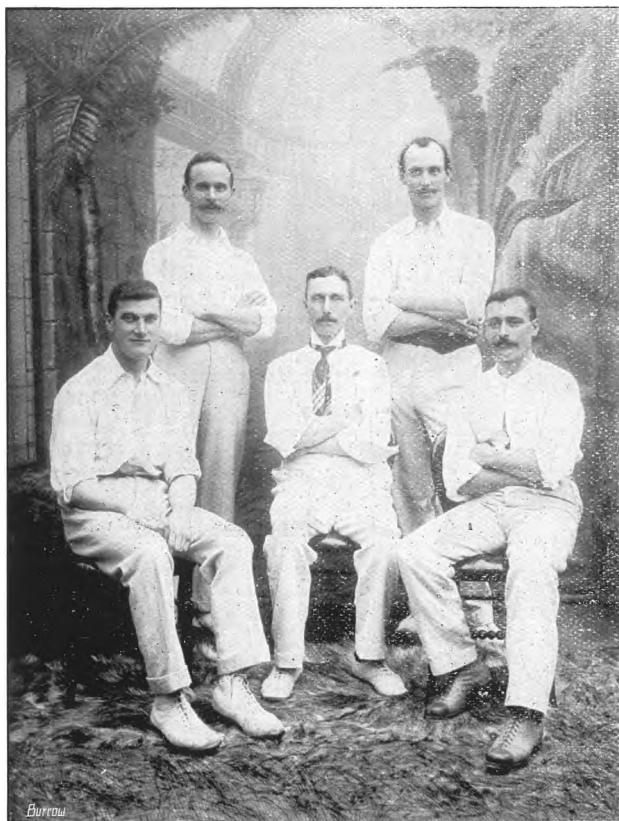
A Committee representing all the Cheltenham Voluntary Schools has decided to raise £4,000 to meet the requirements of the Education Department, and so stave off as long as possible the imposition of a School Board Rate.

Five Well-known Cheltenham Cricketers.

CAVENDISH CLUB CELEBRITIES.

W. SEYMOUR.

R. BENNETT.



G. SEYMOUR.

F. TIBBITS.

R. BUTT.

Photograph by W. W. Moorman, Bath Road, Cheltenham.

The King will inspect the Yeomen of the Guard, in the garden of Marlborough House, on Tuesday next.

A woman named Toohey has just died at Birr, King's County, aged 111 years, having been born on St. Patrick's Day, 1790.

THE PRIVILEGE OF PEERS.

The fining of a peer of the realm in Ireland for an assault upon a fellow subject and the present charge overhanging Lord Russell are reminders of the privileges still enjoyed by the lords temporal in connection with criminal law. Magna Charta declares that no freeman is to be outlawed, banished, or in any wise destroyed “but by the lawful judgment of his peers,” and, peers being the only equals of peers, the theory was speedily developed that a duke, marquis, earl, viscount, or baron who committed either treason or felony could only be tried in the House of Lords or the Court of the Lord High Steward. A bishop not being ennobled in blood is believed by constitutional lawyers to be outside the charmed circle of criminals. Happily, the problem has not yet needed an answer. It is not generally known that peeresses, whether by marriage or in their own right, are similarly privileged. Their position was considered in 20 Hen. 6, c. 9, which, after pointing out that in Magna Charta there “is no mention made how women, ladies of great estate, in respect to their husbands, peers of the land, married or sole, that is to say duchesses, countesses, or baronesses, shall be put to answer, or before what judges they shall be judged upon indictments of treasons or felonies by them committed or done,” enacts that such ladies, whether they be married or sole, “shall be brought to answer, and put to answer, and judged before such judges and peers of the realm as other peers of the realm should be, if they were indicted or impeached of such treasons of felonies done.”

* * *

KING JAMES THE FIRST.

Three hundred and thirty-five years ago on Wednesday was born one of our Kings, whose existence is yet a factor of importance in Europe, James I. His grandfather, James V. of Scotland, was the only child of his family who survived infancy; that King's daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, was in the same condition; James I. was her only child; yet, in spite of this narrow line, continued through three generations, James V., his daughter, and his grandson, are the bodily ancestors of every princely person in this year's "Almanack de Gotha," save, perhaps, the House of Lippe, some branches of Reuss, and the Sovereigns of Montenegro and Servia. King Edward VII., Kaiser Wilhelm, the Tsar, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Italy, the Bourbons, the lesser German Sovereigns, and even the Bonaparte Pretender—all have the blood of James I. in their veins.

Strangely enough, a further investigation of the Stuart pedigree shows this widespread offspring through a narrow channel to be still more wonderful. James I. is represented today only by descendants of his son Charles I. and his daughter Elizabeth. From the latter come our Royal House, all the Protestant dynasties, and some others. The Catholic reigning families spring mostly from Charles I.; and it is wonderful that he had only one child (the Duchess of Orleans), and she in her turn only one child (Anna Maria, Queen of Sardinia), who have descendants now living; so that the Catholic princes spring from James IV. through six generations of practically only children. The first marriage of a British Princess with a descendant of Charles I. was that of the daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha with Prince Ferdinand of Roumania; and their children are the first who ally our reigning family with the Stuarts excluded by the Act of Settlement.

* * *

By the death of Mr. William Wilberforce Baynes, J.P., D.L., which took place on Tuesday at Bromley, in his 67th year, after a long illness, the Baptist denomination loses one of its most devoted members.

* * *

The King and Queen, who left London on Monday for Sandringham, will remain in Norfolk for only a week. The Court, according to present arrangements, will be removed to London next Monday.

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

. GREAT .
BOOT & SHOE SALE.

T. Steel AND Son

Beg to announce a..

Sale,

COMMENCING
JULY 1st,



AND CONTINUING
FOR A FEW WEEKS.

* * *

The WHOLE STOCK—30,000 PAIRS—
REDUCED from 10 to 75 per cent.

* * *

GREAT BARGAINS.

CLEARING LINES.

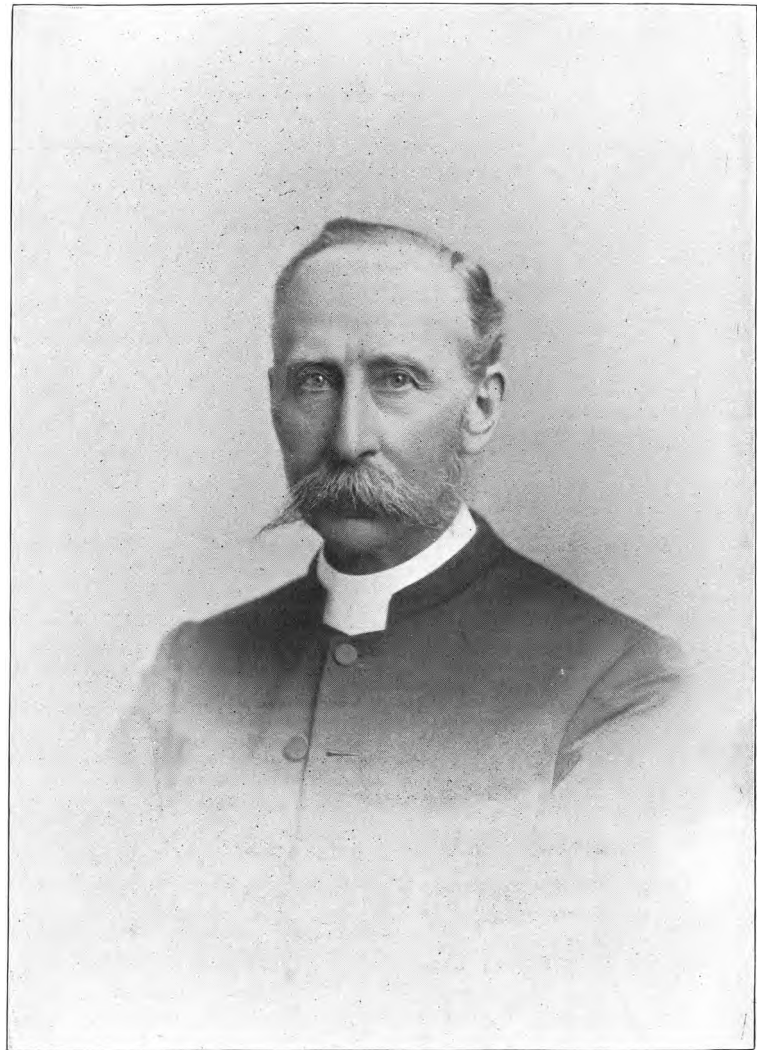
* * *

COLLEGE BOOT WAREHOUSE,

79 HIGH STREET,

3 QUEEN'S CIRCUS,

Cheltenham.



Rev. William Bazeley, M.A.,

Hon. Canon of Gloucester Cathedral, Rector of Matson,

Hon. Sec. Bristol and Gloucestershire Archæological Society.

Col. Sir Hector Macdonald, K.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C. to the King, is gazetted to the command of a second-class district in India, with the temporary rank of Brigadier-General whilst so employed.

Mr. T. Nelson Foster, at the sitting of the Gloucester County Justices on Saturday, took the oath of allegiance and judicial oath as provided on the accession of King Edward VII.

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

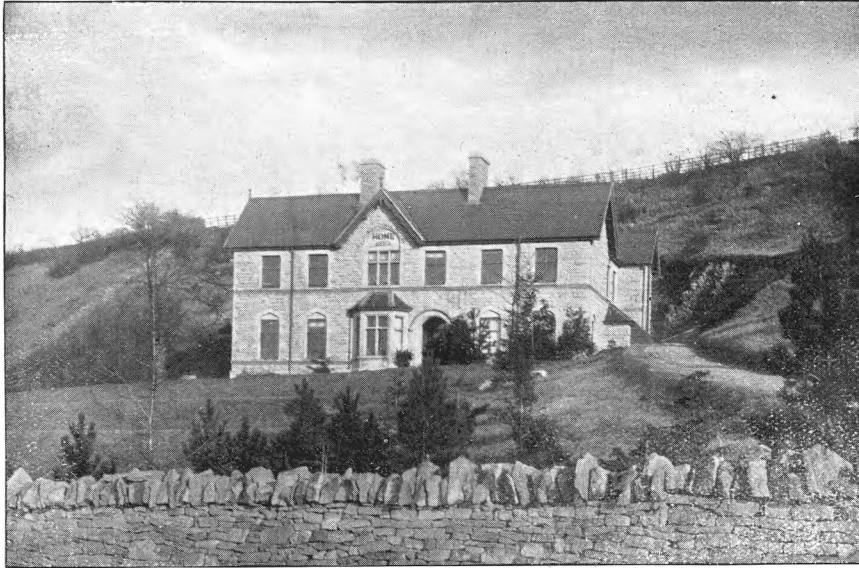
the names of the successful competitors will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

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 25th competition is Mr. S. Wells, of 5 Warwick-buildings, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is that of the Cotswold Convalescent Home.

Entries for the 26th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, June 29th, 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.



COTSWOLD CONVALESCENT HOME.

WILL OF WILLIAM TRACY, OF TODDINGTON.

The following is the text of the will of William Tracy, of Toddington, near Winchcombe, in its quaint phraseology:—

THE XXV. YERE OF KYNG HENRY THE VIIJ.

A litle before this tyme was there a worshipfull esquier in Glocestershyre called Wyllyam Tracy of Todyngton whiche made in his wyll that he would no funeral pompe at his buryng, neither passed he vpon Masse, and farther sayd that he trusted in God onely & hopng by him to be saued, and not by no saint. This gentleman dyed and his sonne as executor brought ye will to the bishop of Cauntorbury to proue, whiche he shewed to the couocation and there vnadvisedly they adjudged him to be taken out of the ground and to be brent as an heretike, and sent a commission to doctor Parker chauncelor of the dyoces of Worcester to execute their sentence, whiche accomplished the same. The kyng hearyng his subiect to be exhumate & brent without his knowledge or order of his lawe sent for the Chauncelor and layde the high offence to him, whiche excused him by the archebishop of Cautorbury whiche was late dead: but in conclusion it cost him CCC. pound to haue his pardon. But yet for a farther trueth to be known of this gentlemen death, & the cruel ignorancye of the bishoppes, I haue here ex ressed his wylle worde by worde as foloweth.

"In the name of God Amen, I Wyllyam Tracy of Todyngton in ye countie of Gloucester esquier make my Testament & last wille as hereafter foloweth. Fyrst and before all other thinges I commit me vnto God and to his mercy. beleyng without any doubt or mistrust that by his grace and the merites of

Jesus Christ, & by the vertue of his passion and of his resurreccion I haue and shall haue remission of my sinnes and resurreccion of body and soule according as it is written, I beleue that my redemer lyueth, and that in the last day I shall ryse out of the yearth and in my fleshe shall see my sauior, this my hope is layde vp in my bosome.

And touchng the wealth of my soule, the fayth that I haue taken & rehersed in sufficient (as I suppose) without any other mannes worke or workes. My ground and belefe is, that there is but one God & one mediator betwene God and man, whiche is Iesus Christ, so that I accept none in heauen nor in yearth to be mediator betwene me and God but onely Iesus Christ, all other be but petitioner in receiuyng of grace, but none hable to geue influence of grace. And therefore will I bestowe no part of my goodes for that entent that any man should say, or do, to helpe my soule, for therin I trust onely to the promises of God: he that beleueth and is baptised shal be saued, and he that beleueth not shalbe damned.

As touchng the buryng of my body, it auaileth me not whatsoeuer be done therto, for Saint Augustine sayeth *de cura agenda pro mortuis* that the funeral pompe are rather the solace of them that liue, then for the welth and comforte of them that are dede, and therefore I remitte it onely to the discrecion of myne executors.

And touchng the distribution of my temporal goodes, my purpose is by the grace of God to bestowe them, to be accepted as the fruites of fayth so that I do not suppose that my merite is by good bestowyng of them, but my merite is the fayth of Iesus Christ onely, by whom suche workes are good accordyng to

the wordes of our Lorde: I was hungry and thou gauest me to eat, &c. and it foloweth, that ye haue done to the least of my brethren ye haue done it to me, &c. And euer we should consider the true sentence, that a good worke maketh not a good man, but a good man maketh a good worke: for fayth maketh the ma both good and righteous, for a righteous man liueth by fayth: and whatsoeuer spryngeth not of fayth is synne.

And all my temporal goodes that I haue not geuen or deliuered or not geuen by writyng of myne own hand bearyng the date of this present writyng, I do leaue and geue to Margaret my wyfe & to Richard my sonne whom I make myne Executors. Wytnes this myne owne hand, the x. day of October in the xxij. yere of the reigne of kyng Henry the viij."

This is the true copy of his wille, for the whiche as you haue heard before after he was almoste thre yeres dead, they toke him vp and burned him.

THE SMART SET.

She—The fortune-teller says I shall marry money. He—Good! Did she say how I was to make it?

Lady (to clerk in clothing store)—I want a pair of trousers for my husband. Clerk—What size, madam? Lady—I don't know the size, but he wears a fifteen collar.

He—I'm not living with my father-in-law any more. She—Well, I don't blame him.

Editor—Why don't you write something about bathing suits? Joker—Nothing much to write about.

Little Elmer—Papa, why is it more blessed to give than to receive? Professor Broadhead—Because, my son, if you permit yourself to receive you are compelled to give about three times as much in return in order to properly express your gratitude.

"I wonder," said Fenderson, "if Mrs. Gayleigh reads all the stories the newspapers print about her." "Of course not," replied Grimshaw. "Even if she did, you don't suppose she'd believe them, do you?"

Bibbs—No man knows himself. Gibbs—That's so. He would lose his best friend if he did.

Grace—Why do you persist in repeating that awful scandal about Lucy? May—I'm trying to find out if there is any truth in it.

The young lovers sat beside the waterfall. The rapids and the near-by whirlpool had a strange attraction for the romantic young girl. She had heard the story of the unhappy Indian maiden and the young brave who had gone to their doom, clasped in each other's arms, to the slow music of the Swan Song. That seemed very beautiful to her.

"Jack," she said, "if you saw me struggling in the water near the edge of the falls, would you jump in after me?"

"What would be the use, my dear, when I can't swim?" he answered.

"But at least we should perish together," she replied, bravely.

"Yes, there would be no doubt of that," he returned, shuddering at the sound of the cruel waters.

"But haven't you often said you would die for me?" she asked, piqued at his coldness.

"No, my dear," replied her practical lover. "If you'll remember, I've always told you that I had an undying love for you!"

July "Smart Set."

THE SIRDAR.

That the Egyptian Army is a young army of young men is best proved by the fact that Sir Francis Wingate, who was one of its nurses and is now its commander, entered upon his forty-first year on Tuesday. Of the Sirdar's two-score years more than half have been spent in the East, and he has crowded into them more service and distinction than would have been possible anywhere else. It has been said of him that he is the type of the learned soldier, and that if he had not chosen to be chief of the Intelligence Department of the Egyptian Army, he might have been a professor of Oriental languages at Oxford. But this capacity for acquiring new tongues—and he will learn any you like to name in three months—does not make him any the less a supreme man of action.

Books of the Moment.

* * *

[BY MRS. JACK JOHNSON].

A volume of "Allegories" (John Lane) has just been published by the Lady Mayoress, and, as it is the first time any Lady Mayoress has published a book during her term of office at the Mansion House, the fact, and a few particulars concerning the author's personality, may be considered to possess some interest of their own. It was no small duty that fell on the young Lady Mayoress's shoulders when the family moved from their quiet home in Belsize Park-gardens last autumn to the Mansion House, and as she has in no way neglected it, it says much for her energy and steadfastness of purpose that she was able to finish these "Allegories" during the spring. The Lady Mayoress is not a novice in literature, and numerous verses of hers have appeared from time to time in the "Pall Mall Magazine," "Black and White," the "Literary World," and the "Weekly Sun" in its earlier days, and about a year ago she published a volume of poems containing some exquisite thoughts, with, however, a dominant chord of sadness running through them all. I remember one time when we were gossiping together over literary matters she said: "If I had to choose my favourite modern author I would certainly choose Robert Louis Stevenson. Of older writers I could not tell, I have so many favourites." In the world of action she confessed to a great admiration for Napoleon. Indeed, in her room at home I noticed quite a collection of portraits and studies of the great Corsican. "I suppose," she said, "that German girls would call it my 'schwarmerei.' Many of my friends send me pictures of him, as they know I always prize them."

One of Mr. Charles Hawtrey's sisters has just joined the army of novelists. The papers for the most part describe her as Miss Edith Hawtrey, but she is, in reality, Mrs. Brackenbury, whose husband's preparatory school is so well known. Mrs. Brackenbury has a very charming family of her own, which is, perhaps, the reason she is able to write so naturally and truthfully about the young people in "My Silver Spoons." The title does not, as one might be led to suppose, deal with the article with which one is accustomed to eat one's soup, but to the little fancy that Rhoda Storme and her bright sister Betty have for dividing their friends up under the heading of spoons—gold, silver, electro, tin, metal, and wood, according to their merits, and though many might aspire to the "silver spoon" of friendship there was to be only *one* of gold. It is a pretty, interesting story of everyday well-to-do English life, well told, and with that happy ending which Thackeray declared no novel should be without.

That a man should write an interesting Day-Book is the nearest approach anyone could make towards being a hero to their valet. It is essentially thought *en deshabille*, and it is rare that people survive an intimate acquaintanceship so admirably as Professor Blackie in his just published "Day-Book" (Grant Richards). We are not, of course, given it in its absolute entirety, but the work of "pruning" and arrangement has been very ably performed by the Professor's nephew, Mr. Archibald Stodart Walker. All the way through the keynote of Blackie's life is perceptible—hatred of shams, keen sympathy with real sentiment; and he carried these qualities with a rare balance of mind into the region of his religious beliefs, writing: "I give my right hand to Protestantism, my left to Romanism, and my heart to both, but my head I keep to myself." If one once starts quoting from these pages there would be no end; there is so much that is packed into the compressed form of epigram that it is very tempting; but the following on prayer is too fine to lose: "The efficacy of prayer is not so much to influence the Divine counsels as to consecrate human purpose."

We are perpetually told at meetings convened for the purpose that vivisectionists exist who dissect for their own amusement, and that their labours add nothing to scientific knowledge. I believe when discovered such persons are dealt with according to the "ut-



Cleve Hill Church.

Opened by Sir John E. Dorington, Bart., M.P., on June 26th, 1901.

most rigour of the law." But what is to be done with the literary auto-vivisectionists? I am not including those subtle revelations of more or less imaginative characters necessary for the purposes of a novel writer, but those unasked-for confessions made by the possessors of abnormally morbid minds and over-developed self-consciousness. The "Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff" (Grant Richards), published a week ago, deal with three-quarters of the last year of this young Russian woman's life, and one cannot but hope that some publication with regard to the fourth quarter may not still be in reserve for us. "So characteristic," "so typical," runs the literary shibboleth when one ventures to object to the ravings of a dissatisfied, ill-balanced woman. Characteristic of what? Typical of what? Are we to believe that in some Slav district there is a race of such hysterical beings? That mere insistence lifts a barbaric nature into a finer position than that of culture, and that wordy, unrestrained "vivisection" is better than thoughtful analysis? These later publications add practically nothing to the "Journal" translated by Miss Mathilde Blind some twelve years ago, but the interest that is still concentrated upon this self-told story of a girl who only reached her 24th year, but who seemed to have run the gamut of small ambitions and great selfishnesses, would be really extraordinary if much of it were not pretence. I sometimes wonder if it would not make for the good of the community if these memories of abnormal mentalities were screwed down into glasses and hermetically sealed, like their physical parallels in the College of Surgeons, to be seen only by those they concern.

It is pleasant to turn from such considerations to a clever novel by a clever woman, "The Hidden Model," by Mrs. Frances Forbes-Robertson. The author is the sister of the well-known actor, and is a tall, graceful woman with dark hair, and eyes which lighten wonderfully with mirth, and sadden very swiftly with pathos. The plot of this last book of hers is one that might easily have become melodramatic, but its artistic treatment always lifts it above anything of the kind. The heroine, Leslie Goodwin, murders a man for justifiable reasons—if murder is justifiable. She is passionately frightened, first from horror of being hanged, and next from the haunting shadow of her act. It is *apropos* of this first terror that Mrs. Forbes-Robertson is able to bring forward her theory—of distinct interest—on the subject of capital

punishment. She holds that from the moment executions ceased to be public we, in reality, shrank from the deed quite as much as the witnessing of it. Leslie Goodwin finds refuge with an artist, Wyatt Hamilton, who hides her in a secret room for many months; but though she would have borne up brave when there was something to fight for, she gives up her life and fades away when hope and love come to her side.

Parliament seems to be the ultimate goal of heroes, such as Mr. Anthony Hope's "Quisante," Mr. Zangwill's Mr. Broser in "The Mantle of Elijah," and Mr. Dyce Lashmar in "Our Friend the Charlatan." The latter, however—the hero of Mr. George Gissing's latest novel—does not attain his object, though he sets to work with something of kindred theories of both the adventurer and the talker. The Charlatan adopts the theory needless to say, without conviction, but as a *modus operandi*—of treating women as "fellow workers" and with "frank camaraderie," but gets tripped up over the way he carries it out. His progress contains a number of very amusing episodes, none more so than when he gets found out by an attractive but decidedly "new" woman in the shape of Miss Constance Bride—just the type of strong-minded woman who is so frequently fascinated by the meretricious glamour of a thoroughly insincere nature.

* * *

EXTREMES MEET.

Extremes met at the recent conferring of degrees at the University of Melbourne. H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall and York received his D.C.L. and an engine driver in the employ of the Victorian Railway Department, James Horatio O'Connell, took the degree of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Science. O'Connell is a towering Irish-Australian giant, and he gained these academic distinctions by his own unaided efforts, by constant study in his leisure hours, indomitable pluck, and perseverance.

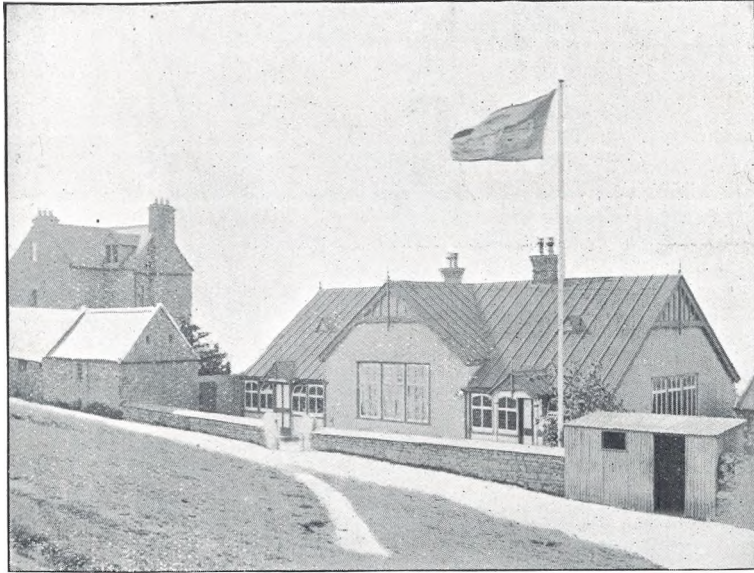
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Simultaneously with the visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph to Brueck two Anarchists have been arrested and over twenty expelled. This has given rise to sensational rumours.

*

Bugler Dunne, who attained a reputation at the beginning of the war, having transferred from the Dublin Fusiliers to the Royal Artillery, left Southampton again on Wednesday in the Assaye for the front.

Cheltenham Golf Club.



The Club-House, Cleeve Hill



Ladies' Championship Meeting—Approach Stroke Competition.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Being an "outlander," I was naturally out of the outings of the two largest employers of labour in Cheltenham, namely, the Brewery Company and the Corporation. But, having read of their doings in the paper and heard a great deal more, I am well able to form an opinion as to the "beans" in question. We have been told that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly, but such was not the case with the trippers from the Garden Town. Fresh air and change of scene, combined with a fair share of creature comforts, were enjoyed by them rationally to their hearts' content. Weymouth was the objective of the representatives of "John Barleycorn," and Southampton that of the Municipal employees. The latter and those who accompanied them had ample opportunities when ashore of judging of some of the visible benefits which the Town Council

of the highest rated borough in the kingdom has conferred upon Southampton. The municipal electric cars came in for a fair share of patronage, and some of the Cheltonians will, therefore, not be strangers to this up-to-date form of locomotion when the Cheltenham to Cleeve tramway is in operation. This reminds me that when I was last in Southampton, a few weeks ago, taking a ride to Shirley, I observed that a car was being used for a novel purpose, i.e., a man was training a whippet dog by making it run after the car, and when it showed signs of flagging he incited it on by waving a handkerchief from the top of the car. We live and learn.

Talking of electric cars, I see that we are now within measurable distance of the opening of our own line, for the Board of Trade have fixed next Wednesday, July 3rd, for the inspection of the same. Mr. Nevins is to be congratulated on the expeditious way in which he has laid the track, with a minimum

of inconvenience to the public, considering the difficulties he has had to contend with in the way of delay in the delivery of certain of the materials. I think we may take it that the line will be officially passed, and that one of its immediate advantages will be the bringing of people into Cheltenham for the Agricultural Show.

We are getting the details of the census in instalments. I note that the "Echo" tip some weeks ago as to the population of Cheltenham is officially confirmed by the Blue Book, which gives it as 49,439, and that the inhabited houses number 10,358, as against 9,592 in the year 1891. We have additional details as to the registration districts, and the population of Cheltenham, including Charlton Kings, is shown to be 57,880, an increase of 3,094, while the inhabited houses number 12,265, as against 11,286. How tantalizing it is to find that we have a population immediately adjacent much more than sufficient to give Cheltenham what she has been seeking for years past—the status of a county borough. We are not yet enlightened as to the actual figures for Gloucestershire, but what is known as the "ancient" county gives a population of 634,666, as compared with 599,947 in 1891; and that of the administrative is 331,516, as compared with 323,980. At all events, despite the withdrawal of populations from the county into boroughs, Gloucestershire is not going back.

By the death of Lieut.-Colonel W. B. Logan a very familiar figure will be missed from the Promenade, where he was regularly to be seen at certain hours of the day leading his pug dog, decorated with ribbons, out for an airing. It is not generally known that the gallant officer, who had considerable experience of South African warfare, just missed, through being retired from the Army about the very time, the sanguinary battle of Isandula, where his regiment, the "Gallant Twenty-Fourth of glorious renown," was so terribly cut up by the warriors of Cetewayo.

While I cannot fail to appreciate the kindness of my friend at the railside at Lansdown in voluntarily extending beyond the proffered month the "Graphic" advertisement on his big black board, I regret to see that the wind and rain have commenced to play their usual vagaries with the paper letters. Might I suggest that if it is not intended to renew the missing letters, my friend should boldly put upon the famous board "No School Board for Cheltenham."

GLEANER.

THE FLORIDA RAZORBACK.
The "Florida razorback" is the hog indigenous to this climate and soil, says a writer in "Forest and Stream." He is usually large of limb and fleet of foot. He earns his own living and thrives equally well in the highwoods, in the flatwoods, in the hummocks, and in the marshes. He is the most intelligent of all the hogs, and is likewise the most courageous. He has been known to engage in mortal combat with a coon for the possession of a water melon, and to rend asunder a barbed-wire fence. He is so intelligent that when he lives in the towns he becomes as familiar with the railroad schedules as are the train dispatchers themselves, and plies his vocation in great numbers about the railroad stations, and yet no train ever ran over a "razorback." Whenever the railroad companies are forced to pay for the killing of a hog, it always proves to be a Berkshire, a Guinea, or some other fine breed—never a "razorback." He is too active and alert to be caught even by a locomotive. He is nervous, restless, energetic, and hence does not thrive well in pens. He is the king of hogs, and can be grown more profitably than any other known variety, since he is energetic and intelligent enough to feed and clothe himself.

Printing . .

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

All Saints' Cricket Club, Cheltenham.



Photo by G. H. Martyn & Sons,

[Cheltenham.

Winners of the Cheltenham Challenge Cup, Season 1900.



CHELTENHAM CRICKET CHALLENGE CUP.

INTACT AFTER FORTY YEARS.

A relic of the terrible disaster at Hartley Colliery, near Blyth, which took place nearly 40 years ago, has just been brought to light in the shape of a full tub of coals. It will be remembered that over 200 lives were lost on that occasion, and the pit had to be abandoned owing to water. The tub in question, loaded on that fatal day of 1862, is in good order with the exception of the iron hoops. The workmen who are reopening the pit state that the sleepers on which the rails rested are all as good to-day as they were when laid down.

A Tour of our Churches

THE UNITARIAN CHAPEL, CHELTENHAM.

On Sunday evening last in due course I attended a service at the pretty little Unitarian church which stands just off St. George's-road, near the Ladies' College. Apparently the Unitarian belief has no very strong following in Cheltenham, for the attendance was remarkably small—a mere handful of worshippers, probably not more than 12 or 15 all told. The chapel walls are decorated with appropriate passages of Scripture, such as "God is a Spirit: those that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth" and on a raised platform in the centre of the pulpit end stands the organ—a fairly good instrument, from which the fair organist produced some really good music during the evening. On the left, facing the pulpit, were three young ladies forming the choir, looking rather lonely in their isolated position, and on the right hand of the organ the pulpit and a very small and plain baptismal font.

I noted on the side walls tablets to several benefactors and friends of the Unitarian movement, particularly the memorial to the late Mr. Thomas Furber, who, it was stated, was the founder and originator of the Cheltenham church.

After a voluntary on the organ (during which the boy or man blowing the organ varied the monotony by taking a series of peeps over the curtain which presumably concealed him from the view of the congregation), the minister, attired in a black gown, ascended the pulpit, and the service commenced.

As far as I could gather from a hasty survey, the Unitarians use a prayer-book very similar to the book of Common Prayer in general arrangement, &c., there being intercessory and penitential prayers, canticles, and collects, and even the familiar phrase "In quires and places where they sing here followeth the anthem" is retained, so that we may safely term this book of services a modernized edition of the Established Church prayer-book.

But there are some striking differences: for instance, the psalms are not sung in their entirety, regardless of the sentiments expressed in them, whether hate, jealousy, or other passing emotions of the Psalmist's mind, but selections of the most appropriate verses are strung together to form the canticles, eliminating all expressions and

thoughts which are not consistent with Christian doctrine. There are a number of these forms of service to choose from, the one used on Sunday evening being the tenth of the series.

The prayers are certainly beautiful in their dignity of expression, and I conjecture they owe much of this beauty to the oversight of the great Unitarian divine, Dr. Martineau. Here is one of the prayers, verbatim:—

"O God unsearchable, why are we so blind to Thee, who besettest us behind and before? In the daylight of Thy constant mercy we scarcely lift our eyes to the infinite Heaven, whence it flows. Now screen us with Thy hand, O Lord, that we may not wait for the night of sorrow, but here, under the shade of holy thought, may learn in what a world we live. Here let us rest from the weary shows of life, and converse with Thee, the only True. And though Thou receivest higher praise than ours from natures that know Thee more and serve Thee better, yet tune our spirits and join our voices with theirs, and unite us with the faithful and saintly, there and here, in one light of faith, one beauty of holiness, one repose on Thee. Amen."

In these set forms of prayer there are so many references to Christ as "the Son of God, full of grace and truth," that a stranger is naturally bewildered as to wherein really lies the difference between Unitarian and other doctrine, for the whole book might be safely used by the most orthodox Evangelical without the slightest qualm of conscience. Probably the Unitarians have had to suffer more from the crude statements of their own irresponsible followers than from any real and glaring difference in creed, especially in the light of modern thought and the broadening trend of Christian doctrine to-day.

The service was a musical one throughout, even the Lord's Prayer being accompanied, and the singing was very good, and in some places really excellent.

Before the sermon the minister announced that a lady from Bridgwater would conduct the service on the following Sunday, and, in a rather hesitating manner, endeavoured to excuse the small attendance on the score of so many people going to the hills! This was an exceedingly odd excuse, as it seemed to me, and not particularly flattering to his congregation or himself. The sermon was read, apparently, from manuscript notes, and was in parts a very able discourse, but if one might take exception, some of the statements would be found slightly contradictory when carefully analysed. The text was "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways," and the preacher stated that scepticism was the disease of the time, not the transient state of scepticism which showed careful consideration before deciding the momentous question, "What is truth?" but the scepticism which was a sign of mental weakness rather than mental strength. There are those who take credit as advanced thinkers because they are always in doubt, but a steamer in a fog cannot advance, neither can a mind; they must both drift aimlessly.

To find the result of religion we should not look to church and chapel-going as evidence, but to the great advance of Christian civilisation. No doubt we are in a transition state—what our fathers really believed we doubt—but we must and can advance in our belief; we can believe more, not less, than they did. Instead of God the stern and hard King, we believe God to be the infinite Father of justice, love, and mercy, filling vast regions which astronomy has disclosed, and yet one to whom we can say, "Our Father, who art in Heaven." You may say you have not made up your mind about inspiration and miracles, but the chief thing is not these; it is, Do we find comfort in Jesus? Can we go to Him in trouble? Do we find in Him the pardon of the Father?

We may not believe Jesus to be the infinite and finite at once, eternal, co-existing with the Father from the beginning, but He was the Son of God, because He had the Spirit of God, and we love Him as our dear elder Brother. We have more faith in him to-day, and not less!

The latter part of the sermon was taken up with a protest against wavering and hesitation, with reminders of what the world would have been without the fervour of a St. Paul, the reforming zeal of a Luther, or the love for his fellows of a Garrison, each one of whom might have hesitated rather than embrace the opportunity afforded him; and the Christianity for which we should strive was summed up in the closing sentences of the discourse: "Seeking to do His will, not ours, doing whatever is good and just and pure; living not for mean, but for the noblest ends."

LAYMAN.

WESLEYAN CHURCH, WINCHCOMBE.

The Wesleyans at Winchcombe possess a very nice place of worship. Erected little more than a dozen years ago, it possesses no special architectural points; but it is a building well adapted for its purpose and for the needs of the neighbourhood. It is situated in the main street of the little town, and took the place of an old building in a by-lane. The interior is plain, but good, the seats being of pitchpine of an up-to-date pattern. It has a very nice organ, placed in what would be the principal part, or altar of an Established Church, partly hiding a rather pretty rose window, in which is some coloured glass. At the opposite end is a gallery; but this would appear not to be used except on special occasions.

I attended service there on Sunday morning last. Anniversary sermons were being preached by a minister from Evesham; the Winchcombe Wesleyans being apparently as fond of constant change of ministers as their brethren in other places. This minister was of commanding presence, and his preaching was of the vigorous order, reminding one of the older race of Methodists. First came a hymn, then an extempore prayer, in which the exhorter prayed God to show them "bright visions of Thyself." Later on he prayed God to "hasten the day, even the hour, when peace shall be upon this land," and to teach Governments that there are better ways of settling difficulties than by war. Further hymns alternated with the lessons for the day.

"Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows" (Isaiah lx., 8) was the text from which the preacher gave a rather lengthy discourse. He urged constant attendance at the House of God, asserting that the prayers of a united many often brought a blessing when those of a single individual did not. In every age there had been worship manifested towards God, or some god, in some form or other; God had implanted a hunger and thirst of the Spirit. Savages dwelling in wigwams and mud-huts did their best to get a more suitable building for their god. Some men said they could do without public worship; but they might depend upon it that this desire to worship God could not be uprooted; they might the more easily pull down the sun or sweep the mighty mountain range into the sea. That was the chapel anniversary at Winchcombe, and it was fit to think about those things. Worship must be as free as the flight of the birds mentioned in the text. If they said that men had a right to prescribe a form of religion, they had to assume that all persecution, all priestly superstition and cruelty, was right—smiled on by God Himself. If brother man had a right to prescribe a form of religion, all their persecutions were really instruments of God to accomplish His own purposes. Oh! they were not going so far as that; they shrank from such a position as that. Should it be said that Nero, bloody Queen Mary, and other monarchs had been messengers of God, angels fulfilling His purposes? Could it be that such were enthroned in Heaven? It could not be, if God was what He was shown to be in Holy Writ. That was the position they must take. The preacher knew the service his hearers brought to God was very imperfect; but if it was the best they could offer, God would pity their infirmities, and accept their sacrifices. Not until they entered Heaven, in all the outburst of the soul, would they worship God fully "in Spirit and in Truth." A cloud of birds was constantly changing, but they kept their mark in view; it was the same with religion. The

forms were various and changing, but they need none the less be pressing on towards God. The preacher contrasted the forms of religion of the ancient Patriarchs, of the Synagogue in Christ's time, of the Jews, of the Romans. The old forms, he said, were too narrow for their present enthusiasm—they could not put new wine into old bottles—religion must be adapted to the needs of the age, and that was why a Free Church had the advantage over an Established one. Where the Spirit of the Lord was, there was liberty and true freedom. They must adapt themselves to the 20th century. The preacher congratulated his Winchcombe friends on their beautiful church, free from debt; but said people did not flock to it on a Sunday morning. He thought, if people treated their Sunday dinners like they did their spiritual dinners, one-half of the dinner tables would not be filled; indeed, many public-houses were better filled on the Lord's Day than were the places of Divine Worship. If the majority of the people did not attend public worship, then they were not a Christian nation; they were a heathen people. They should realise that a place of worship was a place of rest; that their home was in God's House, where they had protection from harrying cares and worldly affairs. They wanted to feel that that was the place in which their souls were fed and where their souls rested. A good discourse, firmly rivetting the attention of the congregation.



A CHELTONIAN'S DEATH.

His local relatives have recently heard of the death of Mr. John Calderwood, of Cheltenham, who, though only in his 37th year, had seen considerable service, and had an adventurous career in South Africa. A civil engineer by profession, he left an office in Manchester some twelve years ago to try his fortune in South Africa, and served with distinction in both the Cape Mounted Rifles and the Bechuanaland Border Police, passing through the Matabele War and the Jameson Raid. After the latter he returned to Cheltenham, but had not been in the town two days before he was recalled by telegraph to South Africa. At the outbreak of the war he joined Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, and saw much fighting with them. When Kitchener's Fighting Scouts were formed his services were enlisted as a man of experience, and he was appointed sergeant, with promise of further promotion, but unfortunately his health broke down under the severe strain of the campaign. In his last letter home, dated from a hospital in Cape Town on Jan. 29th last, he wrote in a cheerful strain, but said that he had been unfortunate enough to be laid up with nephritis, due to exposure to the inclement weather for six days in an open railway truck. On Saturday last his friends received the following telegram from the War Office:—"Regret Sergeant John Calderwood, Kitchener's Scouts, reported dead from nephritis, 20th June, Wynberg." Much regret is felt by the late Mr. Calderwood's many friends in the town at so sad a termination to a promising career, as well as sympathy with his relatives in their bereavement. A brother of deceased's is also at the front.



Orders of over £1,000,000 for new ships, says the "North-Eastern Daily Gazette," have been placed during the last month at the various centres in this country.



A huge porpoise was left stranded in the river Orwell by the receding tide near the railway bridge. It was caught and killed by means of large lamphooks by the railway employees, who found it to be 9ft. in length and between 8 and 10cwt. in weight.



A Malmaison rose bush in a garden at Violet Hill, Stowmarket, is now exhibiting a novelty in flowers. It grows near to an apple tree, and on one of the largest buds bursting into bloom it was seen that five perfect apple blossoms were growing in the centre. The apple blossoms have opened as the petals of the rose developed, the two forming a strange contrast.

OTTO AND THE AUTO.

'Tis strange how fashion makes us change the objects we admire;
We used to sing the tireless steed, but now the steedless tire.
So Otto bought an auto, so as not to be antique,
But the thing was autocratic,
As well as automatic,
And the auto wouldn't auto as it ought to, so to speak.
He thought to get an auto-operator for the work,
And first he tried a circus man and then he tried a Turk,
For he knew the circus man drove fifty horses with success
And if a man be shifty
Enough to manage fifty,
It's palpable enough he ought to manage one horse-less.
As for the Turk, 'tis also plain, deny it if you can,
He ought to run an auto, since a Turk's an Ottoman.
'Twas all no use, so Otto moved to Alabama, purely
That he might say, "I'm Otto,
From Mobile, and my motto:
'A Mobile Otto ought to run an automobile surely."
Then Otto sought to auto on the auto as he ought to,
But the auto sought to auto as Otto never thought to,
So Otto he got hot, oh, very hot! as he ought not to,
And Otto said, "This auto ought to auto, and it's got to."
And Otto fought the auto, and the auto it fought Otto,
Till the auto also got too hot to auto as it ought to.
And then, Great Scott! the auto shot to heaven—so did Otto—
Where Otto's auto autos now as Otto's auto ought to.
EDMUND VANCE COOKE in July "Smart Set."



NEWSPAPER WORK IN AMERICA.

A writer in an American Magazine gives us a picture of what life is like in the office of a "yellow journal" in that country. He says "I know of one reporter on the "Evening Journal," Mr. George B. Fife, who recently worked thirty-nine hours continuously without sleep. On rising at the office at 4 a.m. he was set to rewriting from the morning paper and taking down stories as they came over the telephone. At one o'clock he was ordered to Philadelphia, where he wrote two columns and wired it back for the next day's morning paper, and at the same time received a message to have two more columns ready for the evening paper. The latter he wrote in the baggage-car, coming home, by the dim light of a single lantern and sitting on a milk-can. An artist with him made pictures at the same time. The moment he reached his office a United States man-of-war ran foul in the bay, and Mr. Fife, being expert in nautical affairs, was straightway assigned to cover the story in a steam-launch, remaining out in a driving rain all day, and called upon to write up a society event on his return. In that time he wrote in all 17,000 words. An editor on one of the evening journals, as another instance, on leaving for a month's vacation, was asked by the proprietor to write enough editorials to last the month. He accordingly dictated thirty-five in a single morning.



Never was Great Britain's mercantile marine more flourishing, said Mr. Gerald Balfour, President of the Board of Trade, at Liverpool, on Wednesday. She owned more than all the world's steam tonnage, and during the last ten years had added to that more than Germany, France, and Holland combined.



The King has approved the appointment of Sir Henry Moore Jackson, K.C.M.G., Colonial Secretary of Gibraltar, to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Leeward Islands in place of Sir Francis Fleming, whose term of service has expired.



Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A., has accepted a commission from the Durban Corporation to paint a memorial portrait of her late Majesty, which will probably be completed by Christmas of this year, and forwarded to the Colony.



Capt. Thomas Young Greet has been compelled to give up the command of his Majesty's ship Magdala at Bombay in consequence of ill-health, and is succeeded by Capt. G. Hayley Hewett.

Poet's Corner.

CONVENTIONALITY.

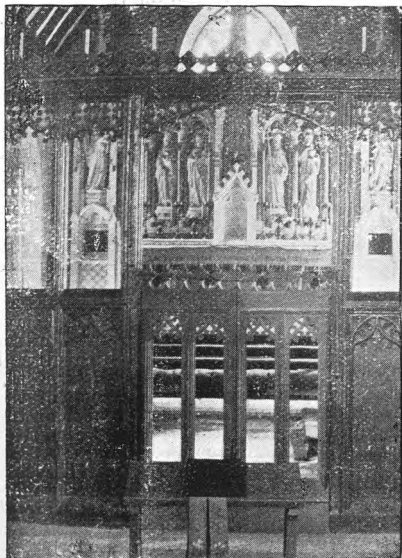
'Tis not religion that enslaves the mind,
 Not those high thoughts which reach a wider life,
 Nor yet the human laws that hinder strife
 'Mid all the selfish objects of mankind.
 'Tis custom, with its petty, complex thrall,
 Which cramps the liberty that makes us free
 And rules men by so-called "society"
 Till right and wrong seem nought—convention all.
 Were there no God, no future woe or weal,
 The world's opinion still would make a law,
 The fancied code of which we stand in awe,
 Till truth were hushed and falsity genteel.
 Let Nature speak, and what thou art dare be!
 As his own thoughts let every man be free.
 W.A.C.

THE NESTING-PLACE.

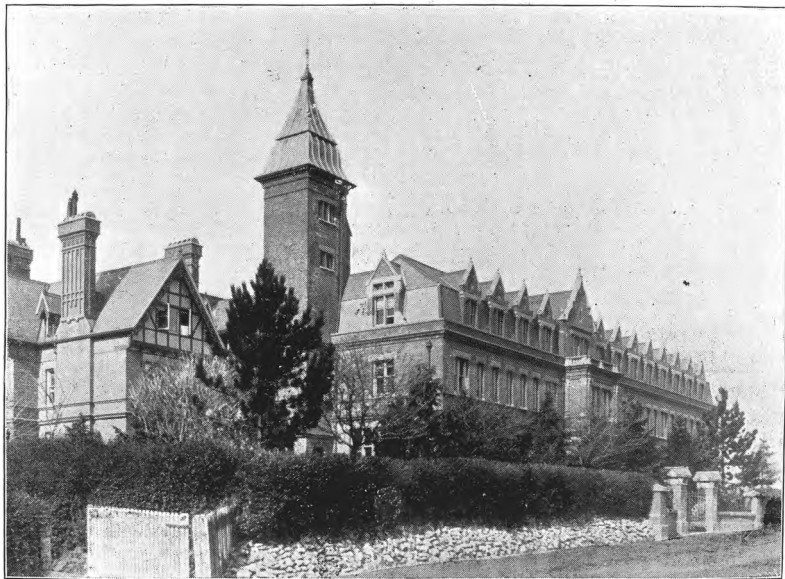
When back upon the soft south wind they roam,
 Mark how each bird, by instinct subtly willed,
 Ere long begins to seek where it shall build.
 High in the elm the oriole makes her home;
 Beneath the eaves the swallow shapes the loam;
 The house-wren's note all day is never stilled;
 The little finch's heart with joy is filled
 To find a hollow with a grassy dome.
 Dost think the birds alone have this fine art,
 To know and choose what place for each is
 best
 And there return and find a sheltering nest,
 Howe'er abroad in roving sport they dart?
 I, too, have a wise spirit in my breast,
 I would not build at all except within thy
 breast.



Hay Cottage Homes, Naunton Park.



The Chancel, Elmstone Hardwicke Church.



Dean Close Memorial School, Cheltenham.

Sun Yat Sen, the Chinese reformer, has arrived at Shanghai from Japan.

*

The French Senate on Wednesday convicted the Count de Lur-Saluces of treason. He was sentenced to five years' banishment.

*

Lieut.-General Sir F. B. Norman, a distinguished Indian soldier, died on Tuesday night at Dulwich. He was in his 72nd year.

*

It is stated to be probable that Lord Edward Cecil will in the course of this year vacate the appointment of military secretary to the Sirdar.

*

Mr. E. Denison Ross, Professor of Persian at University College, London, has just been appointed to the Principalship of the Calcutta Madrassa.

*

Mr. Kruger on Wednesday was welcomed to Rotterdam by enthusiastic crowds. There was a guard of honour, and lovely girls scattered flowers before him.

A dinner is to be given to Mr. Asquith by his friends at the Hotel Cecil, on Friday, July 19, in recognition of his service to the Liberal party by his recent speech. Among those who have already signified their intention of being present are Sir Henry Fowler and Sir Edward Grey. Although it is understood that a considerable number of Liberal members of Parliament will attend the proposed dinner, it is expected that the company will also include some political friends outside the House of Commons.

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The long-delayed marriage between the third daughter of the Sultan, Princess Naile Sultane, and Major Djemal-Eddine Bey, third son of Osman Pasha, will take place within a fortnight. It is notable that the two elder daughters of the Sultan are already married to the two elder sons of Osman Pasha.—Publishers' Press.

* * *

The £48 previously fixed upon as the sum necessary to buy ex-Queen Ranavaloa a "real Paris gown," has been obtained in three days by the Paris "Presse," the paper which organised the subscription. Enough money remained over to buy a superb Parisian doll for the small niece of the Queen.

* * *

Tuesday night's "Gazette" contains the names of 23 second-lieutenants promoted from the ranks by Lord Kitchener.

The July number of the "Smart Set" is superior in many respects to all previous numbers. There is not a heavy line in all the 160 pages, and as a magazine of real entertainment "The Smart Set" has no rival.

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At a meeting of the council of St. Aidan's College, the Rev. Arthur J. Tait, M.A., was unanimously elected principal of the college, to succeed the Rev. E. Elmer Harding, M.A., who has been appointed principal of Lichfield Theological College.

* * *

Countess Castiglione undoubtedly wore pearls of price. For a single five-stringed set a London jeweller on Wednesday gave £16,860 at the sale in Paris.

* * *

The funeral of Mr. Hoski Toru, the Japanese ex-Minister who was recently assassinated, took place at Tokio on Wednesday, the ceremony being a very impressive one.

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Lord Rosebery is having the electric light installed in Barnbougle Castle, an ancient edifice adjoining his seat of Dalmeny. The castle was restored by his lordship some 20 years ago.

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The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Earl of Warwick and Brooke to be Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Essex, in the room of Lord Rayleigh, resigned.

By the Way.

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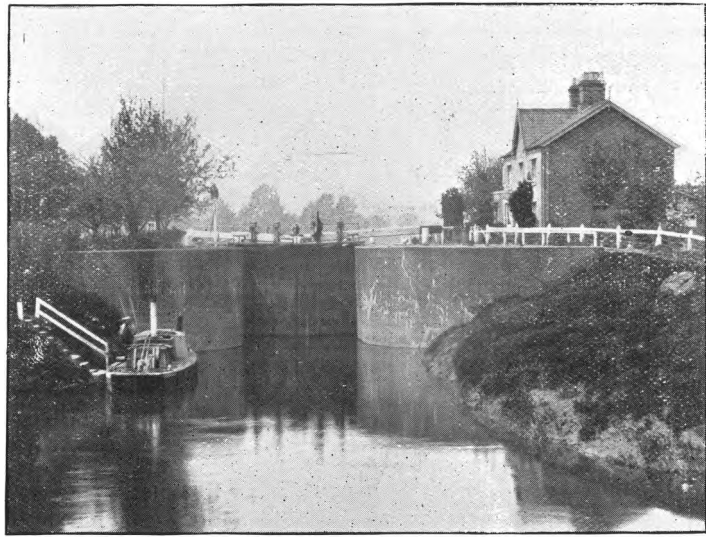
MRS. JENKINS SAMPLES THE CHELTHENHAM WATERS.

Yes, and it all come of reading in the "Echo" the other day that they was going to revive the Cheltenham waters so as you could buy 'em in shops for all the world like a ounce of Epsom Salts, as is very good for the indigestions with a trifle of senna thrown in; but, as I was a-saying, I reads it in the "Echo" as 'ow when these 'ere British Medical Doctors comes along (wich they do say there'll be fine doin's in the town), they're going to Pittville for to drink the Cheltenham waters and to see 'ow it suits them; so, I says to myself, says I, "Selina, you've lived here nigh on 20 year, and you've never tasted them waters and to see 'ow it suits them; So I says and give them doctors a testimony just to carry away with them."

So next day off I goes to Pittville, and I comes to the gate where you goes in, wich I will say as the little 'ouse adjoining be not much better than a cow-shed, as you may say, and a disgrace to the gardings to 'ave such a place there, wich there were a very civil little man in a box as give me a bit of green ticket for me tuppence, and said the waters was to be drank up at the pump-room. W'en I comes to the pump-room there was a great room big enough to 'old all Cheltenham if 'alf of 'em wasn't there, and a mighty small bit of furniture intil it, but up one end was a great tombstone sort of place, with glass taps and a young fieldmale in paper mashey stonework a-trying to pour something out of a little jug, wich I will say 'er clothing didn't appear to be none too numerous, as the saying is, and 'er arm 'ad dropped off some time or other and not been stuck on again over neat.

The place were like "the desert village," as they do talk of, for there were no one about 'ceps a very job lot of kitchen chairs and two of them little wicker tables at 11^{d.}, wich didn't look very prosperous; so I ups and I rings a door-bell as hangs out of one of the pillars, and after a bit a little woman comes and asks me what do I want. Just like that; wich when I tells her as I wants to drink the waters she seems quite consternated like, wich I 'spose the supply wasn't run in that morning, buteventuarly she gets a glassful out of the tombstone place, wich I will say I didn't like to stand too near, seeing as 'ow the 'ole thing looked like comin' down all of a run, as the sayin' is, and I didn't want to be under the ruins!

I says "'Ere's your good 'ealth, ma'am, and many of them,'" and I starts to drink, but, Lor' bless you, I couldn't seem to get on, as the sayin' is, for besides me never bein' used to drinkin' cold water neat, there was such a flavour about this 'ere glass of water that I 'ad to fairly 'old my breath! So I says to the barmaid, says I, "I 's'pose you don't get much demand for this 'ere beverage," wich she says "Oh, yes we does; we gets two ladies 'ere reg'lar every mornin' as drinks two glasses for 1^{d.} each, and last year there was a gentleman as come 'ere once a month for several weeks just to smell the haromer, as they do call it." An' then she tells me a long string of it, about how George the Sixth found the Cheltenham Waters excellent for the gutturals (wich I never know'd before as 'e were a German by substraction, as the saying is), and 'ow the waters was drunk and rubbed in for the skin, and rheumatics and sciatics and all sorts of diseases, wich the names of 'em made me feel not so well as I 'ave been. Howsomdever, I can't say as I exactly admires the taste of the water, wich it reminds me of the time w'en, thro' me eyesight not being very good, I toasted a bit of Sunlight soap and fairly started eating it in mistake for cheese, thro' havin' lost my glasses, wich I found them afterwards in the lining of my best alpaca skirt. However, there may be some as likes a strong flavour, but give me a cup of tea, 'ot, any day, against a hoocean of yer Cheltenham waters. Well, I pays my penny, seeing as 'ow the barmaid wouldn't allow me nothink for the half a glassful I couldn't par-



LLANTONY LOCK, GLOUCESTER.

take of, and I goes out into the gardings again, w'en who should I run up against but Miss Smithers Tompkins, wich I must tell you she've got on a bit thro' a maiden aunt a-dying and leaving her a five-pound note and a canary, and now she calls herself Smithers-Tompkins, wich I never know'd she 'ad any other name but Tompkins till this suddint accession of wealth, as the saying is, but I don't know what some of these people is a-coming to, wich as soon as they gets on a bit they begins to put on airs, and to double their names, an' if they only takes the 'bus to Charlton, down it goes in the "Looker-On" list of departures—"Miss Lack-a-daisy, The Towers, Rutland-street, for Charlton Kings" wich I don't 'old with no such aping the doings of sassiety and generally making laughing sticks of theirselves.

But, as I was a-saying, Miss Smithers-Tompkins, she 'as 'er young nephew with 'er, and she says to me, says she, "Selina (wich is me) shall we 'ave a sail on the briny, as the sayin' is," meanin', of course, the boating lake over the road, wich I says "Well, I don't know nothin' about no briny, but seeing as you're standing the expense and these 'ere Cheltenham waters don't agree with me, I won't say but wot I will." So we takes three penny buns and a bottle of ale as pervisions, and we sallies 4th down 2 the landing stage and the boat hut, wich these were a wild-looking little individual in a military costume on dooty in charge of the boats as passed us the time of day very civil like. I says to 'im, "Wot do you charge for a sail in your boats?" and 'e says "I think we shall 'ave some rain." So I tries again, and 'ollers at 'im like mad, but you might so well 'oller at a stone wall as to 'e, for 'e were as deaf as a post. Howsomdever, as we were a-talking 'is good lady comed up, and we soon got 'er to understand, and after a bit more 'ollering the military sailor gent brings a boat up to the side and asks us to step in.

Never no more will I go in one of these 'ere boats. As I writes these few lines I thinks I mite 'ave been washing about under the waves if 'twasn't for what 'twas! Every time I moved I thought we should have gone over; the young boy, Miss S. T.'s nephew, took the two sticks from the skipper, and we shoved off, me with a rope in each 'and, but no sort of any idea as to what they was joined on to. Well, I can hardly tell you what 'appened afterwards. It appears that there was some of these 'ere young College gents practising rowing, and as we was turning across to get out to sea, as the sayin' is, one of their boats came straight into us. I could see it comin' and Miss Tompkins she screeched and I 'ollered, and the boy 'e whistled while all the time the skipper gent 'e kept on shouting from the bank "Port your hellum, let go your

main-sheet, furl yer jib topsails," and such-like sailoring expressions, wich the young College gents shouted "Sit down, stand up, don't move, 'old tight, let go," and between the lot I fairly went off my nut, as the saying is, and I think I must have stepped out of the ship!

W'en I come to meself they was practising first aid to the wounded on me, and wiping the mud off me clothes, wch Miss Tompkins and 'er nephew looked for all the world like a couple of drowned rats, as the saying is. They tell me the first words I uttered w'en I come to my seving censuses again was "Was them buns saved."

Well, we got 'ome in a cab, wich it cost us 2s. 6d., besides 3d. for the driver, as wanted extra for the mud as we brought into 'is carriage, and Miss Tompkins she said it were all my fault for not sitting still, but wot I says is this—no more little boats for me, and as for the Cheltenham waters, well, really, I don't know wich was worst, the taste of the water at the pump-room or the smell of the water as I fell into. However, I consider the smell would take the Huntley and Palmer, as the saying is. So no more from yours,

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—Seein' as 'ow I 'adn't nothing the matter with me before I sampled the waters, I don't know whether it did any good or not.
[Sent under cover to Touchstone.]



THE DEVIL'S CHIMNEY, CHELTHENHAM.