

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NEW FOSSIL MAMMALS FROM EGYPT.

In the "Geological Magazine" for this month, Dr. C. W. Andrews describes some remarkable fossil mammals recently obtained for the British Museum from the Fayum in Egypt by himself and Mr. H. J. L. Beadnell, who first discovered them. Among them are two or three Sirenians, still presented by the dugong of the Red Sea, but even more interesting to palæontologists are three large and strictly terrestrial creatures. One much resembles the mastodon, a near relation to the elephant, but differing from it (as implied by its name) in the shape of the grinding teeth, and in sometimes bearing tusks in the lower as well as in the upper jaws. This creature, which he names Palæomastodon, is found in deposits about the age of the Headon Beds of the Isle of Wight, now called Lower Oligocene, and so distinctly older than those in which true mastodons occur, and it differs from them in being what naturalists call a more generalised type, and thus supplying a link in their pedigree. Another new mammal named Mœritherium, found at a rather lower level, or near the top of the Eocene, is hardly less interesting, for it is probably another forerunner of the mastodon type of the Proboscideans. It is about the size of a large tapir, but it is more massive in structure. A yet more heavily-built animal, to which the name Bradytherium is given, comes from the same horizon. In some respects it resembles the Dinotherium, which afterwards existed in Europe and elsewhere, another ally of the elephant, but with black-curved tusks in its lower jaw, but is also related to a group of ungulate animals called Amblypoda, very large and heavy creatures, found both on this Continent and in North America. There they are most common in Wyoming, where they haunted the shores of an ancient lake. They must have been very lumbering creatures, perhaps their most marked characteristics being the bigness of their bodies and the smallness of their brains. Dr. Andrews expects that mammalian remains will be found to occur in other tertiary deposits of the Libyan Desert; but what has been already discovered possesses an unusual interest, for it differs entirely from the fauna found in beds of the same age in Europe, and points to the existence of a large land area to the South, isolated from other parts of the Old World. One long-standing problem, the place of origin of the Proboscidea, may be regarded in his opinion as solved already; and the idea that one of the nurseries of the mammalia was situated in the more central parts of Africa receives additional support from these discoveries.



*Yours faithfully
Henry Wright
1901. A. 94*

The Oldest Limited Liability Company Chairman in the Kingdom—Mr. Henry Wright, of Birmingham, aged 94 years, now Chairman (and the original Secretary) of the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Co., Limited, formed 42 years ago, and employing over 1,200 hands in Gloucester.

Printing . . .

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

Prize Photography.

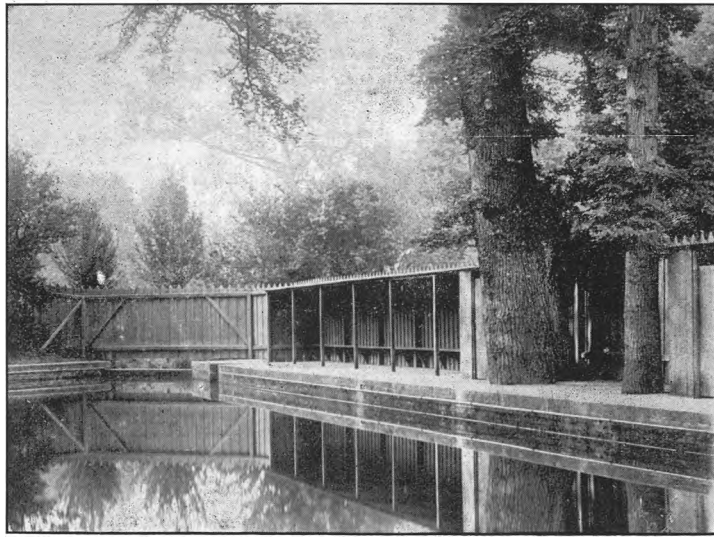
The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a WEEKLY PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH the work of an Amateur.

Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places—particularly the former—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.

The competition is open to the county, and

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



"Reflection"—A Corner of the Winchcomb Baths.

the name of the successful competitor 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 of the 35th competition is Mr. S. Shovelton, of The Folly, Winchcomb, and the prize picture is that entitled "Reflection."

Entries for the 36th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Sept. 7th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

also the initial of the Under Sheriff. Anderson, whom I have said was the chief actor in the execution, was so because he was the hangman, acting as deputy for Calcraft, who had gone past his work, being nearly 80 years old, and quite content to let a deputy officiate and himself draw the fees. It was stated on authority that Anderson was of independent means, with medical training, who had a monomania for assisting at executions, and this has been fully confirmed, after an interval of many years, by the recent memoir of this erratic and remarkable Welshman, who lived and died near Carmarthen. Certain it is that it was he who introduced the long drop system of hanging, ensuring instantaneous death, and it was first tried in Gloucester (though not with much privacy, considering the great number of persons present) on the three culprits in question, just two years after the first and very private execution there, namely that of Frederick Jones, the young man for murdering his sweetheart, Emily Gardner, at Cheltenham. A remarkable sequel to the triple execution was the public denial by Charles Bradlaugh that Bailey (who was a bootmaker's assistant at Gloucester) had confessed to the Prison Chaplain that he attributed his downfall through having become imbued with the atheistical teachings of Bradlaugh. I could write reams about the whole affair, but space forbids.

Mr. Henry Wright, who is voluntarily retiring from the chairmanship of the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Company, Limited, shares with Mr. R. Twining, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the unique distinction of being a very venerable head of an incorporated company, Mr. Wright, who is 94 years old, being slightly the senior. He was the first secretary of the company, and returned to it in a time of temporary storm and stress to take the helm, and he has steered it so well that he can leave it in the still waters of prosperity. I am glad to hear that Mr. Vassar-Smith is likely to have the reversion of the chairmanship, and he well deserves it not only for the practical reason of his business ability but on account of the sentimental one of his being the son of Mr. R. Tew-Smith, who was a founder of this gigantic concern 41 years ago, which has been of such incalculable benefit to the cathedral city in particular. Mr. Wright is only one of several grand old men who within the last twenty years have served on the directorates of local companies. I can recall an amusing incident that occurred at the annual meeting of the Gloucestershire Banking Company, when Mr. Samuel Bowly (who died on his 82nd birthday) was boasting that he was over 80 years old, and did not touch intoxicants, whereupon Captain J. M. Shipton, R.N. (who lived to be 96), made a telling retort by saying that he was well over 90, and never mixed his wine with water.

GLEANER.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"There's plenty of work for this morning," she cried;
 "There's baking, and scrubbing, and sweeping beside";
 But she went at the baking with laughter and song
 And said as she finished "That didn't take long."
 And then to the scrubbing. Ah, how she did scrub!
 The boards were like snow when she gave the last rub—
 Her hands were so deft and her arms were so strong,
 And she said as she finished "That didn't take long."
 And then to the sweeping! She made the dust fly.
 She looked at her work with a critical eye;
 And yet all the time she kept humming a song,
 And tacked on the last verse "That didn't take long."
 The dinner was over; the work was all done;
 "And now for that errand," she said, "I must run;
 Six o'clock comes so soon when the days are so long."
 So off she went, humming a verse of that song.
 The road she'd to travel was straight as a die;
 She knew every step, and she meant just to fly!
 But she met an acquaintance just down by the stile,
 And, somehow, that errand—it took a good while.

Gloucestershire Gossip.



Prepare to get out quantities and to invite tenders from builders to erect a town-hall should be the mot d'ordre of the Cheltenham Corporation now that the Local Government Board has given its tardy sanction to a loan of £35,000 to defray the cost thereof. There is a good deal of lost time to be made up, for it is over a twelvemonth ago since the Corporation, by a large majority, decided to have a town-hall on the Imperial-square site and to apply to the Local Government Board for a loan sanction. Like a typical slow moving Government Department, it was not till May that this authority condescended to hold an enquiry into the matter, and then in two days it was fully threshed out. I ventured at the time to express the opinion that if the decision rested with the astute, genial, and sententious "Sapper" Inspector who conducted the enquiry, it would be decidedly in the affirmative, but that, as it remained with the Local Government Board, it was not wise to conjecture that the scheme would be sanctioned, having regard to the way in which it had sat on and "addled" Cheltenham schemes before. Their long-continued silence was only broken by the announcement, on August 1st, of a sanction subject to "certain legal points" being cleared up satisfactorily. And the last day of the month brought the final answer of the Board, and this was favourable. The Corporation have won, though the Local Government Board do not take any responsibility as to restrictive building covenants. The question of municipal offices is still unsolved,

and the Corporation will therefore be well advised to take up the option of purchasing, at £8,000, Lloyds Bank as the probable site of these buildings.

There must be many persons in Cheltenham and the county who remember the startling sensation of the triple execution at Gloucester in the early part of the year 1874, and their recollection of it was probably revived to some extent by the announcement last week of the death of Robert Ricketts Anderson, the chief actor in it. I have very good reason to remember, as it was in the early days of my journalistic career, and I had to "assist" at the trials and execution of the trio. Their trials took up the three days immediately preceding Christmas Day, 1873. The trial of Charles Edward Butt, for the murder of Miss Selina Phipps, at Arlington, lasted the whole of December 24th, and it was feared that it would not be finished on Christmas Eve, but the jury came into court very near to midnight with their verdict, and the dread sentence of the law was at once passed by Mr. Justice Archibald, who had been taking tea and toast in his room while they were deliberating. It was the common custom of shoals of Gloucester people to repair nightly outside the Prison to watch the lights in the cells of the three condemned prisoners. There was an extraordinary coincidence in the fact that Butt's crime and the murder of a child by poisoning at Horfield, of which Edwin Bailey and Ann Barry were convicted, were both committed on the same day, namely August 17th, 1873. The alliterative names of Butt, Bailey, and Barry were emphasised by the fact that "B" was

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.*]

THE PLEASURES AND POSSIBILITIES OF THE MOTOR CAR.

BY LADY JEUNE.

It seems very difficult, on reading an account of such an auto-mobile race as that recently run from Paris to Berlin, to regard this new form of amusement with any feeling but that of terror, for, apart from the danger to life and limb to the spectators, those who took part in the race and the victors present a spectacle of fatigue, dirt, and exhaustion, which deprives the whole affair of any sort of attraction. To ride at the rate of 60 miles an hour, scattering death and danger on every side, to be enveloped in so dense a cloud of dust that seeing the road must be a task of difficulty, and at the end of the journey to arrive covered with dirt, enveloped in clothing so hot as to add greatly to the discomfort of the trip, does not sound tempting enough to make the public wish to emulate the example. There can be no possible pleasure except that of winning in the whole affair, and though the victorious car belonged to an Englishman, the fact that it was driven by a Frenchman and made by a French firm, deprived the race, from an English point of view, of much interest. It is a real satisfaction to find that the French Government, after having given what they consider a sufficient stimulus to a growing industry, have resolved to stop racing on the roads, so that those who motor for the pleasure of the exercise, and wish to do it in France, can ride there in comparative safety. In these days every new sport or outdoor amusement is so often taken up by people whose sole interest is a pecuniary one, and in order to make it pay they are obliged to produce the best and speediest vehicles, or whatever the medium may be, in order that they may defeat every other competitor. The question of amusement or advantage to the community is never considered, and the whole matter is regarded from a pecuniary point of view. The expense of motor cars, and the patents which protect them, make them still the monopoly of the rich, but they are rapidly becoming so popular, and are so obviously the locomotion of the future, that it is only a matter of time before their price will be such as to bring them within reach of even modest incomes. The whole matter is yet in its infancy, but we look forward with hope to the day when the sufferings of horses will be done away with, and all the heavy road traction be performed by some form of motor. We shall also no doubt see some kind of cheap, easily-managed carriage which will be reasonable enough in price to be the property of a large mass of the people in England.

At present the motor, or the really fine motors, are most delicate, complicated machines, which require time, care, and great courage to drive, and are liable to break down from causes which must be surmounted before they become a really practical form of locomotion. No machine which requires a skilled engineer is within the means of many people, and until these difficulties are overcome, the motor must remain a luxury, longed for by many, and enjoyed by few. But we are not going to discuss the future of the motor-car: we prefer to say what, from practical experience, we know of it. The growth of automobilism is like that of electric lighting. For years every disaster which could be imagined, and every argument which the mind of man could devise, were used to convince the world that electric lighting, was a dangerous invention, fraught with all sorts of terrible possibilities, and the progress it made was slow. Now, few would dream of hiring or buying a house where there was no electric light. It has been proved to be a simple, practical invention, and has added enormously to the comfort, cleanliness, and healthiness of life. The evil prophets, like those who foretold failure from the domestic use of gas, have been confounded, and streets and houses alike are lit by the dreaded illuminant. It is the same with the motor. It

was first treated with ridicule, then with solemn warnings as to its danger. Both are wrong—it is practical, and if there are some elements of danger in its use, they are generally the result of carelessness, or of false economy, for a good, well-built motor, carefully driven, is as free from danger as any carriage, and the accidents which are no doubt attendant on motoring are only those which experience will teach us to avoid. The charm of driving quickly through the air behind a good team of horses, is perhaps the most delightful enjoyment in the world, but then, alas! horses are only mortal, and their speed and distance is limited by the fact: they must rest and feed, and are also liable to breakdowns, which require time and treatment. Not so your motor: a few moments, or at most hours, and the most serious defects are remedied, and set to rights.

There is no doubt that the pleasantest way of getting about and seeing the country is on a motor, fast enough to cover a good distance daily, and strong enough to stand the ordinary wear and tear of a long day's work. The most expensive and the fastest machines are not suitable for such work: they are too delicate, too complicated, and the pace they go is not pleasant or agreeable. The rapidity with which they travel destroys all possibility of enjoying the scenery, for the passengers are enveloped in a cloud of dust, so thick as to shut out the landscape, and which also necessitates a toilette and head gear which resemble a sort of diving apparatus. Having gone through the performance, experienced the sensation, its advantages and drawbacks, one can honestly say there is no comparison between the enjoyment got out of a racing motor, and one which goes at not more than twenty miles an hour. In the latter it is possible to see the country through which one travels, to realise and take in its beauties, and the endless variety of scenery which surrounds it. The mountains on either side, the valley into which one descends, the rivers, the sea, the trees, the landscape, the ever-varying light and shade, the soft tender grey atmosphere of morning, the golden mist of evening, are effects which everyone travelling on a motor going at twenty miles an hour can enjoy, while to those who journey at the more rapid rate there is only the occasional glimpse seen through a veil of dust which blinds and chokes. The ordinary traveller should be satisfied with going his hundred and twenty miles a day, and for more than twenty miles an hour, travelling six hours a day, is only a fatigue and weariness, and a drive in an open truck, on a railway train, would give just as much pleasure.

There are no more pleasant recollections in my experience than those connected with an expedition made in a six horse-power Daimler Universal car, some years ago, through the West of England. It never went beyond 18 miles an hour, and we used it for about six hours daily. We were away for nearly a month, and travelled about 90 miles a day. We only took one driver with us, sending on the servants with the luggage every morning to the place at which we proposed to spend the night. We made a halt in the middle of the day for luncheon, and usually only stayed one night at a place, though once or twice we made towns like Malvern and Cheltenham our headquarters for a day or two, to explore the surrounding country. During our tour we never had an accident, or an hour's delay, and nothing could have been a more perfect mode of travelling. Our motor climbed high hills quite easily, indeed, an expedition from Bath to Berkeley, in the course of which we accidentally climbed some of the highest points of the Cotswolds, excited the wonder and admiration of all beholders, and no more vivid picture remains in my mind, than the perpetual protests our little motor made at being called on to perform such superhuman feats. There is a certain hill we ascended, going to Wotton-under-Edge, the steepness of which even now makes my blood run cold, but our motor took it calmly, and with great dignity, contenting itself by making its usual protest at what it was being asked to do.

The pleasures of motor-car travelling are only half understood, and as they become more known they will add to its popularity. The greatest discomfort is undoubtedly the dust which, besides getting into the eyes, fills the hair, and makes it difficult to keep clean. There is no use to attempt to look smart on a motor, and anyone who is anxious about his personal appearance need not go. There is only one head gear, and that is a yachting cap; one coat, a leather one. Gauze veils modify the severity of the dress, and soften down the inevitable "goggles" which are as necessary as the sun at mid-day. An enthusiastic automobilist must cast vanity to the winds, and after making every preparation must content himself with looking only a dusty, grimy creature, after all, and no woman with any vanity should ever mount a motor, for she can never look attractive or beautiful. The motor must be the joy of those who love the country, and who disregard personal appearance, and to them it has opened up a new and endless source of pleasure. The powers of a horse and the capacity of a bicycle are strictly limited, though they are both delightful in their own way, but they neither of them possess the capabilities of their new rival.

No one who wishes to enjoy his motor thoroughly should attempt to drive himself, for the constant watchfulness, the care necessary to avoid accidents, and the strain which both entail, must deprive it of its greatest pleasure. It is impossible in driving a motor to think of, or observe anything but the road, and a careless word, an unnoticed obstacle may produce an instantaneous catastrophe. It is wonderful how few are the accidents of which motor-driving is the cause, and it is because the brake power of a thoroughly good machine is so perfect that it can be stopped in its own length, and is in reality much more under control than a pair of horses. It is of course absolutely necessary to stop racing on roads in the measure to which it has lately been indulged in, but there is an element of danger in going too slow. So often a collision is avoided by a rapid advance, at a moment when a refractory horse, or an uncertain driver, has not made up his mind as to how to get his carriage past; and there is no quality so absolutely necessary in a driver as presence of mind and a capacity for making a rapid resolve. Slowing down has more often produced accidents than going quickly, for in the latter case a vehicle is passed before the horse has made up its mind whether to shy or not.

Long before an automobilist has learnt how to drive his car he has grown to regard it as almost a living creature endowed with human virtues and weaknesses, and as uncertain as any mortal. There are times when he feels convinced his motor is talking and arguing with him: it has its good and bad days, times when it runs well and easily, and again when it is as wayward and troublesome as a naughty child. We can hardly believe that the huge railway-engines which draw our express trains are not living creatures, thinking and feeling like ourselves, and no one can drive his own motor for many weeks without being convinced that it understands all it is asked to do, and what is expected of it. We can ask for no better enjoyment than a good day's motoring, and wish that everyone could have the same opportunity of testifying to the pleasure that it affords. Science and engineering have made such wonderful developments during the last few years that it is more than possible our wishes may be realised and that we may all live to see ourselves driving over the country in swift, cheap motors, watching, as we fly along, the happy horses, no longer condemned to their life of hard work, in many cases more than they can bear, gratefully contemplating, from the green fields in which they are peacefully grazing, their deliverers as they disappear in clouds of dust.

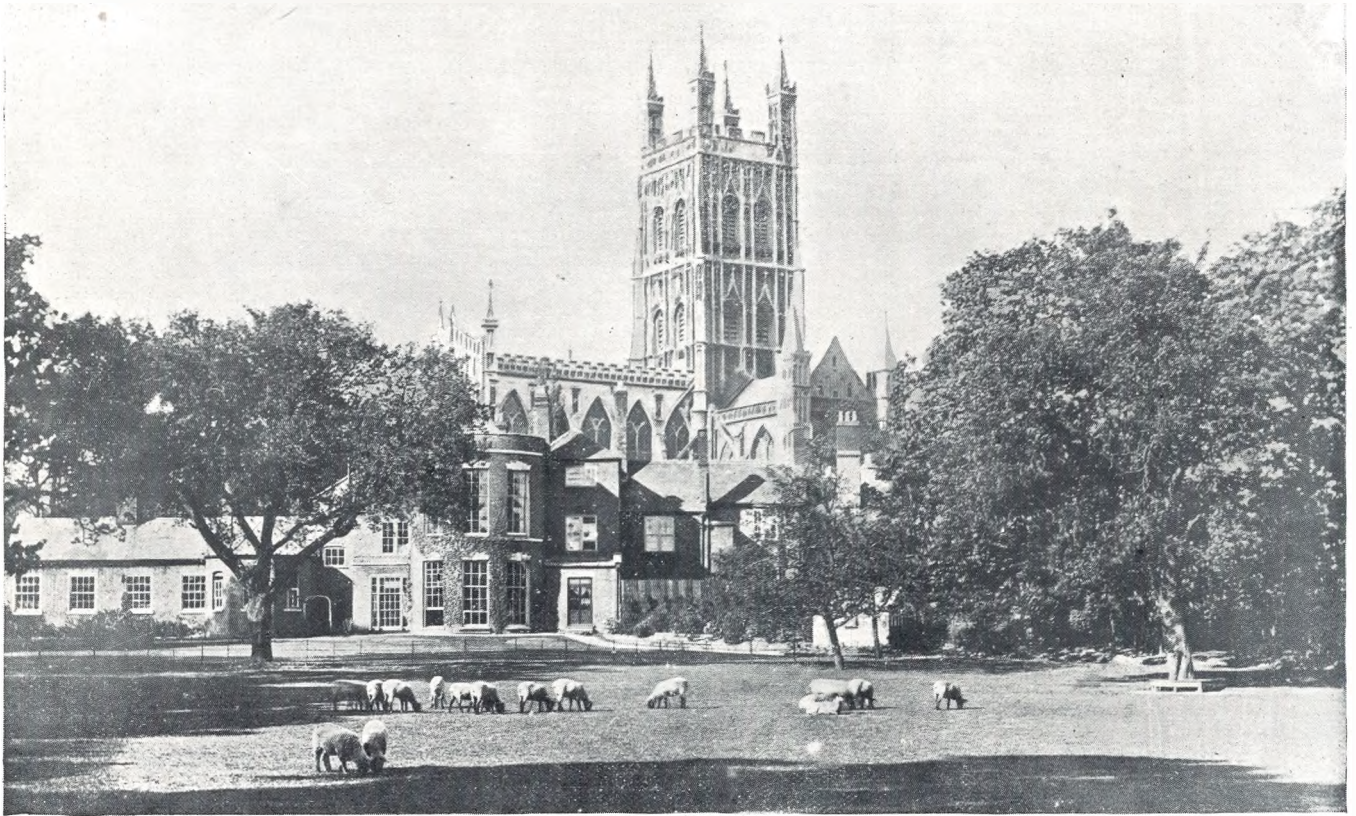
M. JEUNE.

[*Copyright in the United States of America by D. T. Pierce.]

OLD GLOUCESTER.

NEXT WEEK'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

WHERE IT WILL BE HELD.



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL FROM THE PADDOCK.

ANOTHER DEFECT IN THE NAVY.

Professor Ogston, the eminent surgeon, called public attention some time ago to the deficiencies of the naval medical service. A correspondent gives certain particulars, which strongly confirm the apprehension that the wounded on board our modern ships in war would fare worse than the wounded in the South African campaign. As an indication of the quality of the present medical equipment of the Royal Navy, it is mentioned that some of the dressings supplied were long since abandoned by the profession, and that medicines are the same for all stations, temperate and tropical, many being suited only for the former. But irrespective of the quality of the equipment, the quantity appears to be far from what it ought. The amount of many of the things is fixed for a peace footing almost entirely.

We regret to announce the illness of Lord Norton at Hams Hall. His lordship contracted a chill at an outdoor function at Stoneleigh Abbey on Monday in last week. He has been confined to his bed for several days, attended by Dr. Bernard Wall, of Coldshill. Naturally at his advanced age his illness gives rise to much anxiety. Telegraphing on Monday night a correspondent reports that Lord Norton had passed a comfortable day, and that there is some improvement in his condition.

CO-OPERATION AMONG SCOTS.

The Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society met in Edinburgh on Saturday, and it was reported that the society was now doing a business of £5,500,000 per annum. During the last half-year, when the trade of the country was not so good as formerly, the society—by the improved loyalty of the members of the organisation—had been enabled to increase business at the rate of £1,000 for every working day of the period. Twenty years ago they were not producers; now their total production was valued at over £1,500,000 per annum. During the half-year 12,189 new shares had been issued to societies.

Mr. A. Barlow, of Shirley, Southampton, has distributed a sum of £13,650 among local hospitals and kindred charitable institutions.

A Chicago millionaire has presented to his young daughter a thousand dollar gold-mounted ivory rolling-pin, with large brilliants set at each end. The maiden is fond of cooking.

Great sympathy is felt with Lady Harriet Duncombe, widow of the late Dean of York, who is in her ninety-third year, at the death of her daughter, Miss Florence Duncombe, who was devoted to good works, and every week went to the Eton Mission at Hackney Wick.

MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA.

RETURN OF MAJOR ROSS.

Major Ronald Ross, whose investigations into the association of the mosquito with malarial fever have met with such success in West Africa, landed at Plymouth on Monday afternoon, having come home to take up his appointment as Sanitary Commissioner to the West African Commission.

Dr. Logan Taylor is remaining on the African coast for a year to carry out a series of experiments, a large sum of money to meet the expenses having been set aside by a Scotch philanthropist.

The Governor of Lagos, Major Ross informed a Press representative, has fully accepted the mosquito theory with regard to malarial fever, and is actively engaged in taking preventive measures.

Scientific steps against malaria have been taken all down the coast from Gambia to Lagos. Personally, Major Ross does not think the health of the coast is as bad as has been painted. He believes that by minute attention to various details the place could be made as healthy as India is for Europeans. Old West Africans, he states, are sober and careful, and generally live in very good health. It is the improvident new arrival who generally suffers most.

Prince Eugene Maximilianwitsch, Duke of Louchtenburg, died at St. Petersburg on Saturday afternoon.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.



THE LADY CHAPEL.

The Lady Chapel stands first amongst the many Chapels of England. It was finished a few years before the Reformation. To many it is the most lovely and beautiful part of the grand Cathedral.

A Tour of our Churches

*

ST. MICHAEL'S, BROADWAY.

During the temporary absence of the vicar, the inhabitants and visitors of picturesque Broadway have been enjoying the services of a singularly dramatic reader and preacher. I attended the Parish Church there on Sunday evening. There is nothing particularly noticeable about the building. It is a modern structure of yellow stone, dedicated to St. Michael, erected to take the place of the old Church of St. Eadburgh, which is situated a mile from the centre of the village, and in which service is now held only on fine Sunday evenings in summer. In the old building there are features of interest, and visitors can easily obtain access to view them. It has a very rare escutcheon of Charles I.; a Jacobean pulpit; and a second pulpit of 15th century work, upon which appears the words "Where the Word of God is not preached the people perish," a very free rendering of Proverbs xxix., 18. There is a palimpsest brass to the memory of Anthony Daston, 1572. In the coping of the churchyard wall is a stone effigy.

There was a full and fashionable congregation at the more modern church on Sunday evening. The service was bright and musical, with nothing approaching Ritualism. The extremely low stone pulpit seemed to belie this, as these sketches have shown that the lower the service the higher is the pulpit. The minister had a splendid voice, and in-

toned the prayers and versicles very tastefully. The full surpliced choir sang the Psalms, Magnificat, and Nunc Dimittis, with organ accompaniment not too pronounced.

The reverend reader gave a taste of his dramatic powers in reading the first lesson, II. Kings, vi., in which the army sent to Dothan to apprehend Elisha is smitten with blindness; but he excelled himself in the second lesson, in the tender parts of the narrative of the raising of Jairus's daughter. His elocutionary powers were remarkable for a country place of worship. Perhaps his Sir Henry Irvingisms were not quite natural, and demanded too much attention from him, as in one of the prayers he began to pray for our "Sovereign Lady."

Ascending the pulpit, he took a long text, and preached a long sermon. His discourse was on the first four verses of the 45th chapter of Genesis, which he characterised as one of the strangest, saddest, and yet sweetest stories in the whole scope of Holy Writ. "The brethren sold Joseph into slavery, and then—until their time of dire distress, when they realised their sin had found them out—they forgot it! forgot it!! forgot it!!!" The preacher's repetition of certain words, and his occasional telling pauses were quite thrilling. He compared the story of Joseph with the story of our Lord. People did not understand Joseph until he had reached great power, and Jesus was not understood until He had ascended into Heaven. The brethren had separated themselves from Joseph by their own act, and many separated themselves from Christ by their own acts. "How many of us are traitors to the love of Christ?"

exclaimed the preacher. "How many of us have failed! How many of us have heard Jesus and His religion spoken lightly of, and instead of blaming the utterer, instead of manfully standing up for our Saviour, have joined in the laugh like cowards!" (Cowards should be printed in capitals, as it was uttered very loudly). How the story of Joseph and his brethren was being repeated again and again! Men committed the most abominable crimes, and forget not! the hour when troubles came—until there came a time when the realities of eternity began to break upon them with powerful force. They could toil, they could disport themselves like butterflies in the sun, until there came a terrible sorrow into their lives, and then they wanted something to fall back upon. "Brethren," concluded the speaker, "the Other Joseph is here to-night, with tears in His eyes, tears for the sin and sorrow He finds in looking into every heart and every life. Will you not try to understand Him? Will you come to Jesus to-night?"

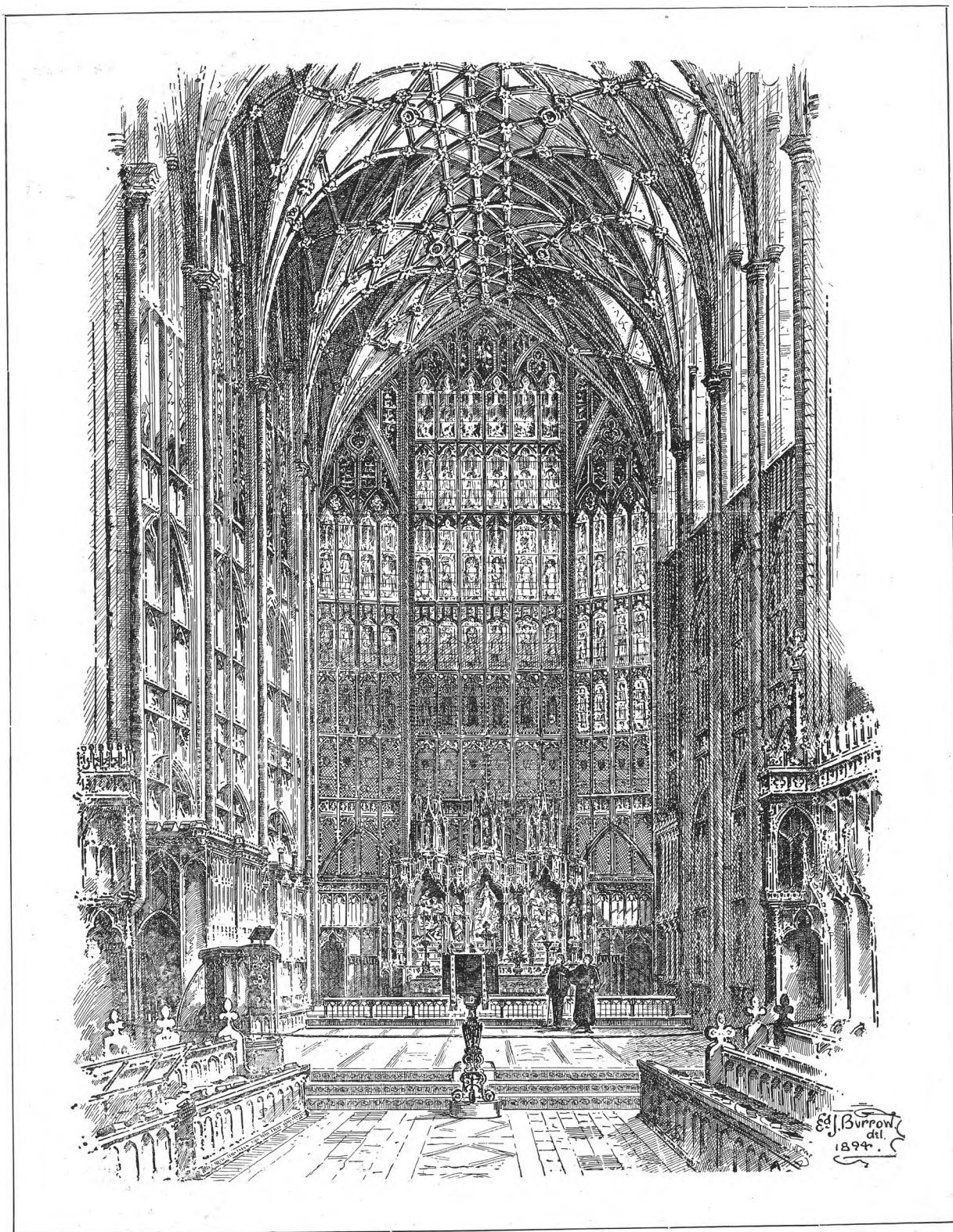
I repeat, a most remarkable minister was he I had the pleasure of sitting under on Sunday last. Common print fails to give any idea of his dramatic force. Readers of the "Chronicle and Graphic" who wish to hear something out of the common in a church service should run over to Broadway on Sunday next.

CHURCHMAN.

* * *

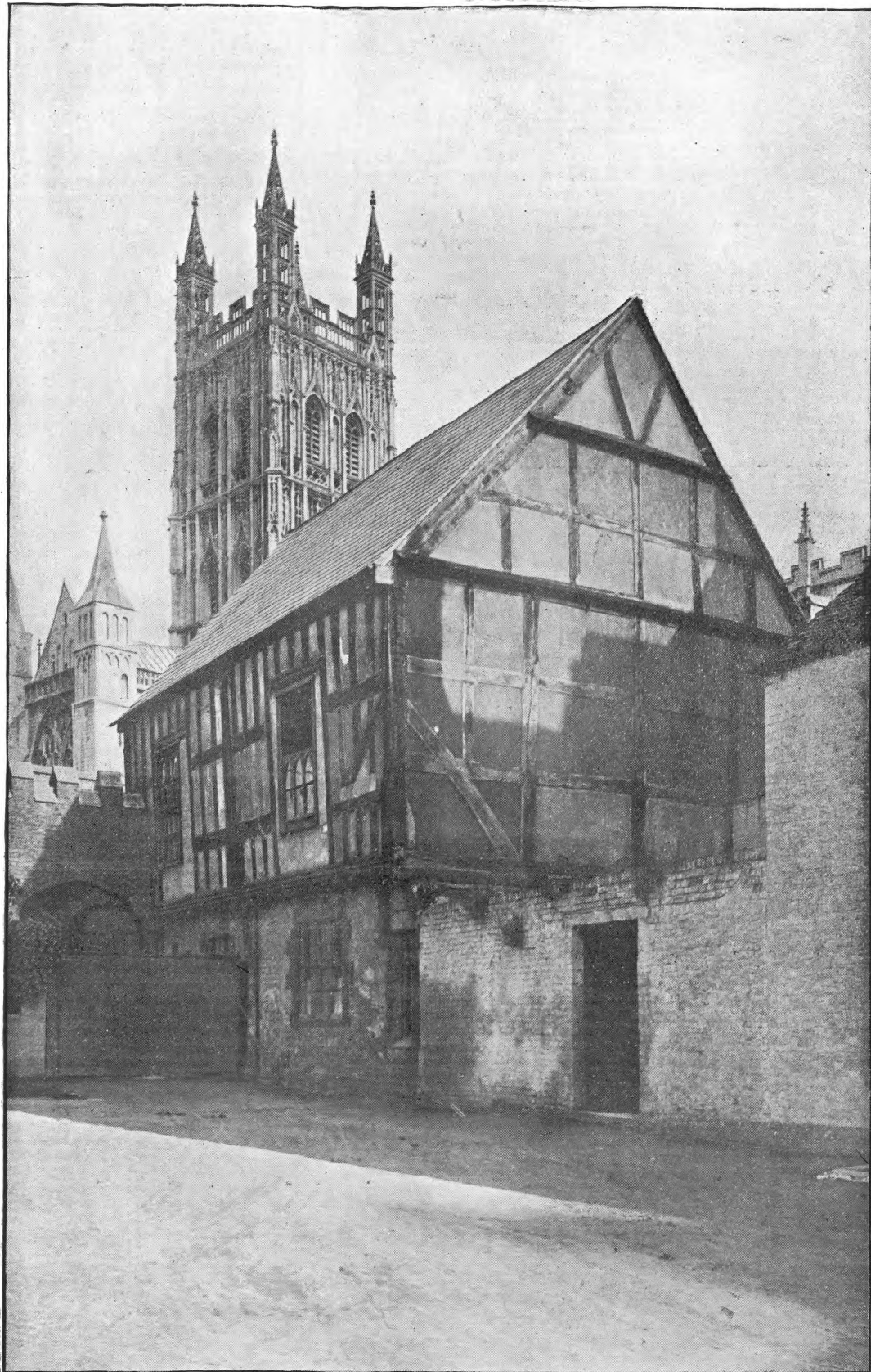
It is said that, for the first time, German steel ship-plates have been bought by a Tyne-side shipbuilder.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.



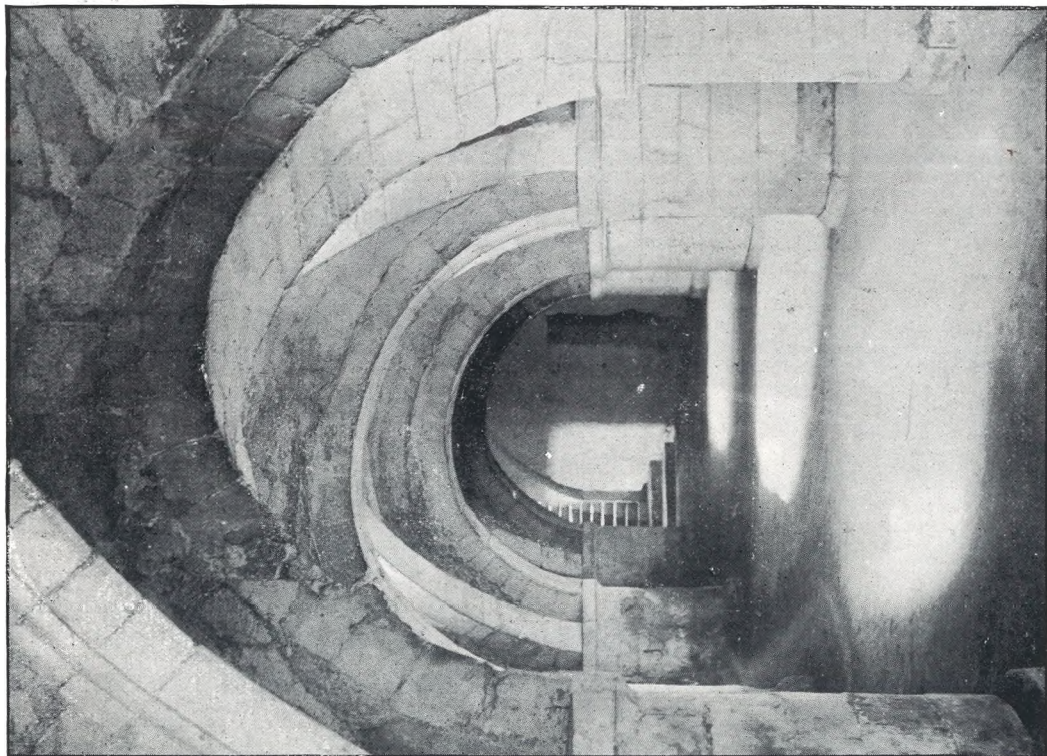
THE GREAT EAST WINDOW.

The Great East Window, which floods the Choir of Gloucester Cathedral with its beautiful light, is the largest painted window in Europe. There are 49 figures in the window and 18 armorial shields in the lower lights, 13 of which are said to be the identical shields inserted by the survivors of Cressy.



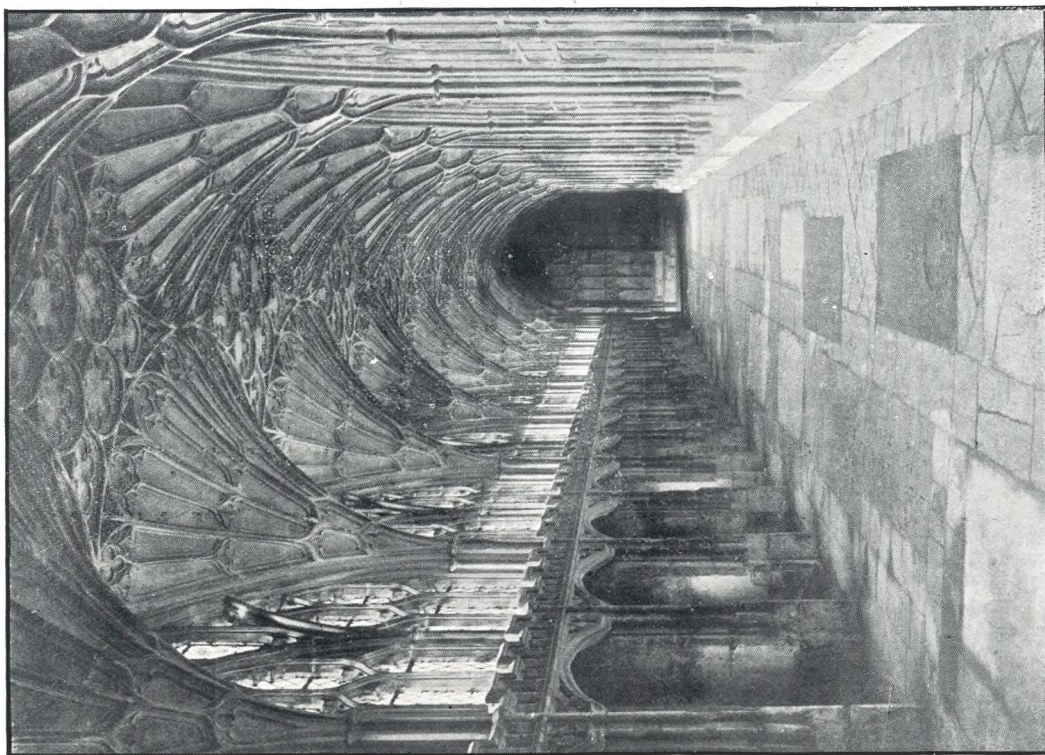
Old Parliament House and Tower of Gloucester Cathedral.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.



THE CRYPT.

The Crypt dates from the eleventh century, and is thought by some to have been the work of Edward the Confessor. Its chief beauty consists in the picturesque grouping of its arches and pillars.



THE CLOISTERS.

The Cloisters date from Edward III. It is the most beautiful cloistered walk in Europe, and its beauty is but little changed during the many centuries since it was first devised by the monk-architects of Gloucester.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SPECIAL FESTIVAL NUMBER.

No. 37.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

A Tour of our Churches

UNION CHURCH, WINCHCOMBE.

The Congregationalists of Winchcombe possess a good and handsome modern place of worship, the foundation stone of which was laid by Mr. H. Wilmott—as stated by inscription upon it—at the time he was Mayor of Cheltenham. The interior is plain—very plain—but comfortable, and altogether it is a building that any small congregation may be proud of.

I attended service there on a recent Sunday morning. The entrance is through a roomy porch, over which the projectors of the edifice thought a tower or steeple might be erected, but that is still an addition for the future. The congregation was rather a sparse one—a too prevalent condition of many country places of worship on a Sunday morning.

The minister was a returned missionary from Southern India.

The service opened with a hymn. Then came a chapter from the Old Testament; then a short prayer, in which the minister asked for a heart of preparation. Another hymn followed, after which was read a chapter from the New Testament, followed by another extempore prayer, the theme of which was a desire for beautiful lives.

Then, without the formality of a text, the preacher plunged into a discourse on what he said he had come there to speak about—the work the London Missionary Society was trying to do in India.

The inevitable collection, another hymn, and the benediction concluded a hearty service. The organ was well played by a lady instrumentalist.

LAYMAN.

* * *

A MEMORABLE DAY.

Saturday was the anniversary of one of the most dramatic naval disasters of modern times. It was on September 7, 1870, that H.M.S. Captain foundered in the Bay of Biscay; out of a crew of 500 save one, 18 only were saved. No element worthy of a Greek tragedy was wanting to the fate of the Captain. The building of her was confessedly an experiment, and her designer, Captain Cowper Colos, perished with her, as did a son of the First Lord of the Admiralty of the day, Mr. Childers. Never was there a more munificent return made to the appeal for help on behalf of the widows and orphans of the lost: a sum of nearly £58,000 was subscribed, much of which was subsequently transferred to the Royal Patriotic Fund.



Sir C. Hubert Hastings Parry, Mus. Doc.,

Of Highnam Court, near Gloucester,

Principal of the Royal College of Music, and an eminent Composer.

Printing . . .

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



Miss Hilda Wilson.



Sir Frederick Bridge.



Dr. E. Elgar.



Mr. A. H. Brewer,
Organist of Gloucester Cathedral, and Conductor of the Festival.



Mr. Coleridge Taylor.

JOHN LANCE & Co.

.. ARE NOW MAKING A ..

SPECIAL SHOW

.. OF ..



*Early . .
Autumn.
Novelties*

.. IN ..

Mantles, Millinery,
Costumes, Blouses,

AND ..

Ladies' Attire

Of Every Description.

... ..

Patterns and Estimates Free.

... ..

JOHN LANCE & Co.,

HIGH STREET,

. CHELTENHAM.

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—particularly the former—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.

The competition is open to the county, and the name of the successful competitor 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 of the 36th competition is Mr. Jessa Price, of Bank House, Tewkesbury, and the prize picture is that of Field Artillery at Tewkesbury.

Entries for the 37th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Sept. 14th, 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,



110th Battery Field Artillery at Tewkesbury. "Dismounting."



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



Another
View
of the
Cathedral



As
Seen
from the
Severn.





THE NAVE OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL (WHERE THE FESTIVAL IS HELD).

The Nave is undoubtedly Norman, cold and severe, but when lit up for evening service this is but little felt, and cannot fail to strike the beholder with its majestic beauty.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Music meetings mean in Gloucester much pleasure to the devotees of the divine art, gaiety and life to the old city, £ s. d. to the professional musicians and many of the citizens, and, above all, income to the recipients of the benefits from the Clergy Charity Fund of the Three Dioceses, in whose behalf the Festival of the Three Choirs are held. When I have said that the disbursements from the Fund last year amounted to as much as £1,000, I don't think I need say more to justify the use of the Cathedrals in the sacred cause of charity. Gloucester's four main streets were again decorated at the public expense, the skeletons of the triumphal arches and the Venetian masts that had done duty for the Foresters' welcome a month previously being again clothed with befitting decorative raiment. And it was satisfactory that the names of some of the local composers were given place on the scrolls of fame upon the arches. The heavy rain that unexpectedly fell early on Sunday gave rise to dismal forebodings that it would be what does not often happen, namely, a waterproof and umbrella Festival. But Jupiter Pluvius was merciful and did not obtrude too much.

Of course the hardy triennials, the "Elijah" and the "Messiah" were the chief oratorios. Still there was a very fair selection of new compositions, and it was an interesting and gratifying fact that two of the three gentlemen who have held the position of Cathedral organist since Dr. Wesley died contributed a fresh composition. From a musical point of

view I believe the Festival would have been a better success if some of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan's matchless creations had been given a place in the programme.

A correspondent, well-known in local musical circles, sends me the following:—"I wonder how many persons there are alive who were present at the second of the miscellaneous concerts at the Festival in Gloucester in 1868? Very few, I expect. Among the audience, however, was your humble servant, and I have the programme and book of words, printed by the late David Mowbray Walker, and sold at a shilling. Well do I remember the splendid treat, for among the artistes were the famous Mdlle Tietjens, Mdme Sainton-Dolby, Mdle Sandrina, Miss Edith Wynne, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The latter was then in the zenith of his fame, and he delighted the audience with some lovely songs and ballads—"The Stolen Kisses," "The Savoyard," and "For 'tis oh my love, my love," Mdle Tietjens gave the air "Rule Britannia," with chorus, the valse "Godiana," and a duetto "Voga, voga," with Mdle Sandrina. Well do I recollect Madame Sainton-Dolby's beautiful song "Oh, sweet and fair." Alas! most, if not all, of the artistes have departed hence, some long ago. Since 1868 I have attended some score of concerts, but never one I enjoyed more. I enclose the programme, in the hope that one day you may find it convenient to print the words of some of the songs, which are never heard nowadays, but certainly deserve to be." I will endeavour to bear in mind what my correspondent suggests. I, like him, was present at and well remember the concert in question, and I know a few others who still cherish

kindly memories of it. The singing of the old songs has a charm for me.

"For they're the bhoys that make the noise, are the Royal Artillery." So sings Myles na Coppaleen in the "Colleen Bawn," or at least he used to when I last saw this Irish drama. The gunners, however, did not make any noise on the occasion of their passing through the county last week, except what was caused by the rumbling of their wagon wheels. Still, they made plenty of stir, and were received with open arms at their various halting places. All praise to the Army Temperance Association and their local representatives, say I, for providing rational entertainments for the soldiers. This plan was far better than leaving them to their own resources at night, with the attendant temptations. Gloucestershire generally has a local association of some kind with everything, and it had with the 112th Battery (which stayed at Cirencester and Cheltenham), as Major Radcliffe, the commandant, is a brother of Mrs. Wm. Cripps, of Ampney Park. The townsfolk (thanks to the notice in the "Echo") turned out in good numbers in and outside the Plough Yard early on Thursday morning and gave the Artillerymen a respectful send off. Many were the inquiries then as to which in the Battery was Sergt.-Major F. Vicker, whose gun was one of the two only saved out of twelve at the battle of Colenso. I am glad to hear that the hero can be easily recognised in a snapshot of the Battery appearing in this number.

GLEANER.

General Sir Alfred Gaselee, the late Commander of the China Field Force, is expected to arrive home within the next fortnight.

112th Battery Royal Field Artillery at Cheltenham,
September, 1901.

SCRAPS FOR THE SMART SET,

*

[From "The Smart Set," a clever magazine.]



Photo by a]

[Cheltenham Amateur.

Passing Holy Apostles' Church.



Photo by Maurice Hack]

[Cheltenham.

In the Plough Yard, just before leaving.



Photo by Maurice Hack]

[Cheltenham.

A Good Gunner at the Front—Sergt.-Major F. Vicker, who was at Colenso and whose Gun was one of the two saved of the 66th and 14th Batteries there.

Poet: There is poetry in everything.
Editor: There doesn't seem to be much in the poets.

Millie: Why did the widow sell her parrot?
Willie: She said it reminded her of her late husband.

He: Someone says he never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.
She: How about Cupid?

"She has a good voice, but she doesn't seem able to control it."
"No; she sings whenever anyone asks her."

Bessie: Why does Chollie carry a rabbit's foot?
Laura: Someone told him it would cure a hair-lip.

Mrs. Dorcas: While in the country I suppose you were engaged most of the time in boating?

Miss Dorcas: Oh, no, ma. It was while I was in the hammock that I became engaged the most times.

Judge: Why did you sell this old countryman a gold brick?

Bunco Steerer: I boarded at his place all summer, your honour, and it was the only chance I had to get square with him.

"There is one thing about modern society that puzzles me," said the philosopher.
"What's that?"

"The older women are all the time anxious to get in; the young and pretty ones want to come out."

Beenaway: And what of Willie Puttigate, whose mother considered him a budding genius?

Staidhome: Oh, he turned out to be a blooming idiot!

Sylvester: I wonder if he thought twice before he married her.

Featherstone: It isn't likely. She was a widow.

Hewitt: Do you think this suit of mine too loud?

Jewett: Why, my boy, that suit would make a good selection for your graphophone.

He: Do you believe in love in a cottage?

She: No, indeed, I don't.

He: How about love in a palace?

She: Oh, George, this is so sudden.

He: Well, it won't be—if we've got to wait till I earn the palace.

A woman's woman is only raw material.

A man's woman is the cultivated variety.

You'll notice a girl never screams at the second kiss.

If hammocks could talk ears would grow on trees.

It is bad form for a woman to laugh at her husband's jokes. Besides, she has heard them before.

Silk stockings cover a multitude of shins.

There's a divinity that shapes the ends of every girl with pretty feet.

The prodigal son comes home in a cab nowadays, and charges it up to the family.

The father of liars took the first cold bath.

A kiss through a veil is like a cherry without a cocktail.

The girl who tells you she knows how to steer the automobile knows a good deal more than that.

Look out for the man with a dimple in his chin, if you are a girl. He may get away.

Eve discovered the first garter snake.

A cigarette is the cheroot of all evil.

Few people make love at breakfast.

DOUGLAS DUNNE.



Mr. Ben Davies,
Tenor Soloist.

THE INDIAN ARMY.

The Press Association says a reform is contemplated in connection with the Indian Army, which is somewhat on the lines of the internal reform introduced into the War Office at home shortly after Lord Roberts became Commander-in-Chief. The purpose of the reform is to enable the Viceroy to work more directly in association with the Indian Commander-in-Chief. Up to the present the latter official has had to submit his proposals to the Military Secretary, and of course there have been occasions when, as a result, those proposals have been modified. It is thus certain that the Military Secretary is destined to be deprived of a good deal of his influence. Lord Curzon is the author of the scheme, which has the assent of the Imperial authorities.

* * *

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to Mr. J. A. Matthews, conductor of the Cheltenham Musical Festival Society, and editor of "The Minim," for the loan of several blocks in this week's issue of the Chronicle and Graphic."

"SELINA JENKINS."

Selina Jenkins will be back from her holidays in a day or so, and "Graphic" readers may expect some interesting correspondence thereon.

* * *

MISS HELEN GLADSTONE'S PHILANTHROPY.

There has been a good deal of speculation as to the nature of the work which has called Miss Helen Gladstone to Southwark. This philanthropic lady has sacrificed her high educational work at Cambridge in order to prosecute a practical social effort among the industrious poor of Blackfriars-road and the Borough. The University settlement at Nelson-square, over which she will preside, was at first intended for the benefit of school teachers who were engaged in elementary school work in the insalubrious region of Southwark; but the teachers did not take kindly to the air of patronage which was involved, and the scheme in their interests fell through, only to be succeeded by one more needed and more appropriate to the wants of the locality. As warden, Miss Gladstone will be at the head of a band of sixteen members and students, all earnest workers in the cause of social reform.

*

The cow stands forth pre-eminent as an object of veneration and respect in the Land of the Poppy, and miraculous curative powers, both for the soul and body, are ascribed to its various products. Strange as it may seem the Hindu is often made, through his superstitious veneration of the cow, to treat it at times with positive inhumanity. This occurs in the case of sick animals that the owner is unable to cure. When the cow becomes very old, or is seized with some incurable sickness, the owner dare not, even if he wished, put it out of its misery at once. Believing that such an act would bring eternal damnation on himself, and disgrace on his family, he calmly abandons the wretched animal to its fate. The exhausted creature, unable to drag itself home, throws itself on the ground, and before life is extinct becomes the prey of crows and vultures. The jungle-crow is ever on the watch for such victims, and it is not uncommon to find these black-coated ruffians picking at the eyes of a dying cow that is too feeble to do more than shudder at the torture inflicted on it. A bull-calf is often let loose in the name of Shiva, and becomes after that a sacred animal. The destruction it does among the ripening crops is enormous, yet no one complains of the depredations of the privileged "sarb," as it is called, while a mouthful snatched by a stray goat or a wandering goat will make the owner of the crop burst forth into loud complaints that his field has been destroyed and himself completely ruined. When a native gentleman wishes to buy a horse, he pays quite as much heed to the omens as to the points of the animal shown to him. Should the beast be faultlessly made he will reject it if it happens to have a wall eye. Should it, on the other hand, have a curl of hair on the side of its neck and one on its chest the animal is a lucky one, and the owner will be able to secure a higher price than he could have hoped for from a consideration of its soundness. The jackal, so common on the outskirts of Indian villages, is, like the hare among the ancient Romans, capable of affording the traveller a peep into the future. If one be observed moving in front the omen is a good one, and the traveller goes on with a light heart; it would be otherwise if the animal crossed his path. The owl is considered by all natives to be an unlucky bird, and its hooting is held in detestation by them. They are unwilling to call each other by their names when close to an owl, believing that if they do so, the bird will learn the name it hears, and continue repeating it until the death of the doomed man occurs. One of the names of the owl is "urhua." This word has been derived from the sound made by the brown wood-owl, whose cry, when heard from a short distance, is not unlike the syllables "urhua" uttered in a loud and trembling tone. This strange cry can easily be twisted into the words Babua or Rama, two very common native names, and this accidental resemblance may explain the origin of the superstition. The innocent owl is, according to the natives, evil in mind and body. Even when dead its dreadful powers do not forsake it, for should anyone taste its flesh the results would be insanity for which no cure is known. On the other hand the peacock, the blue pigeon, and the jay are welcome birds to the villager's sight. The peacock is held in special veneration, and, except in very wild places, its destruction is looked upon as a sacrilegious act. It is accordingly allowed to dwell in the fields in large flocks, and to feed at will upon the growing crops, among which it lives in happy security with the sacred bulls and the sacred monkeys. The integuments of the quills of the peacock's train are considered a good remedy for that mysterious wasting away to which so many Indian children succumb.—"Macmillan's Magazine."

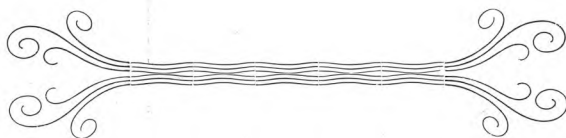
* * *

"THE OUTLOOK IN CHINA."

Our special article on "The Outlook in China" will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle and Graphic."



MISS ADA CROSSLEY.



MADAME ALBANI.



THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 38.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Mr. H. J. PALMER,

Editor of the "Yorkshire Post,"

*The newly-elected President of the Institute of Journalists,
and formerly of Gloucester.*

We are indebted to the Editor of "The Newspaper Owner and Modern Printer" for use of this excellent photograph.

WHAT WE READ DAILY.

It is stated that the total daily circulation of newspapers in the United Kingdom is now 8½ millions, an estimate which can be taken to be under than rather over the mark. In 1801 the total circulation was said to be 60,000, whilst fifty years later it only reached 700,000, a circulation exceeded nowadays by that of a single London paper.—"Caxton Magazine."

WANTED TO FOLLOW THE HOUNDS.

A curious defence has been put forward at the Brigg Police Court by a carter in the employ of the Earl of Yarborough, who was summoned for cruelty to a mare at Kirmington. For the defence it was pleaded that the mare, which was almost thoroughbred, had twice caught sight of the foxhounds, which had made her excited. She wanted to gallop, and as the defendant held her in she jibbed, and refused to go. He then gave her three sharp cuts on the head and also hit her on the side. It was further stated that the mare was always a lot of trouble and bad to manage when the hounds were about. The Bench dismissed the case.

MINERAL TREASURES OF PALESTINE.

"Kirchoffs Technische Blatter" publishes the following communication from a German mining engineer in Palestine:—Valuable mineral treasures have recently been discovered in Palestine, so that it is safe to say that the industrial awakening of the Holy Land is no longer a dream. The newly-discovered mineral deposits lie on both sides of the Jordan and Dead Sea. The salt deposits could be developed into an industry. The waters hold chlormagnesium, brommagnesium, and calisalt. Aside from this there are the bituminous chalk springs of Nebi Musa, which contain from 30 per cent to 40 per cent asphalt. The most important of all the deposits is phosphate, and the immense fields lying to the east and west of the Jordan need only means of better traffic and communication in order to ensure their development.

Lieut. Ralph Custance Hopkinson, from the 4th Batt. Gloucestershire Regiment, has been gazetted to a second-lieutenancy in the Northumberland Fusiliers.

Princess Victor Duleep Singh has left Hockwold Hall, Norfolk, to pay visits in the North of Scotland. She is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, at Balmacaan, Inverness.

The marriage arranged between Edward, youngest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, of Elmestree, and Gladys Violet, fourth daughter of the late F. Dalgety, Esq., of Lockerley Hall, Hants, will take place at Tetbury church on October 15th. Captain E. Henry, 4th Gloucester Regiment, has lately returned from South Africa, where he has been attached to the 2nd battalion.

Among the officers brought to the notice of the Secretary of State for India by General Gaselee for good services with the China Expeditionary Force are Major F. T. Williams, 26th Madras Infantry, D.A.Q.M.G. 4th Infantry Brigade, and Major T. F. B. Renny-Tailyour, R.E., of the Survey of India. Both are Old Cheltonians.

Printing . . .

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

HOLIDAY LITERATURE AND MAGAZINES.

"A Set of Flats" is the title of the latest addition to detective literature by Major Arthur Griffiths. The somewhat ambiguous title has no reference to the mental condition of the detectives of whom one reads in its pages; it simply denotes the dwelling places of the chief characters in the book, all of whose lives are more or less affected by the discovery of a murdered man's body in their common lift. With that body as a foundation there is logically built up a story of plot and counter-plot, and mysterious ramifications for which the proper keys are ultimately found. It is just the thing for a railway journey or a fireside evening. The murdered man, who had cheated a poor inventor out of nearly all the secret of a new explosive, was himself the victim of a Boer agent on the look out for such things prior to the declaration of war. The only drawback to these stories is that it is impossible to prevent the average reader from being sharper than the detectives. The readers naturally suspect the eccentric old German from the first; but the detectives have to keep up the interest by shadowing the wrong people. There is an undercurrent of love interest in the book, which is published by Mr. John Milne, 12 Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

There are so many good things, literary and pictorial, in the October "Pall Mall Magazine," which publishes the usual artistic frontispiece, several full page pictures, and innumerable illustrations, that it is hard to know where to begin. M. de Nevers gives inquisitive readers a peep into the inner circle of the Latin Church by his discussion of the question "Who will be the next Pope?" with portraits of the rival Cardinals and a splendid one of the present Pope. Mr. H. C. Marillier deals ably with Lord Kelvin and his work under the happy title of "A Master-Mind in Science." Another article sure to attract notice is that by Mr. Chas. Lowe on "The Kaiser and his Family," considered as "a study in heredity," with special photographic illustrations, and interesting explanations of the Emperor's social life, political powers, etc. Mr. Tighe Hopkins has also a good subject in "The 'Tauchnitz' Edition," which enables him to tell the story of the rise of the standard Continental edition of English works in the English tongue, and to give interesting particulars of the Barons Tauchnitz and of their amicable relationships with famous English authors. Mr. M. A. Stobart retells the story of "Boswell in Corsica," and the footsteps of "the perfect journalist" (which hardly seems to be the perfect title for Boswell) are followed by photograph as well as by pen. Amongst many other attractions for the general reader, Mr. Matthias Dunn's authentic evidence with regard to the appearances of our old friend "The Great Sea Serpent" will be read with interest. A prominent place is given to a new poem ("Præludium") by Mr. W. E. Henley, who also contributes "Ex Libris" to the magazine, his subject this month being "The Pre-Raphaelite Brethren." The interests of fiction readers have not been overlooked, and there is a peculiarly fearsome illustration by Mr. Sime for the opening of "The Shadow on the House" (Mr. A. Kinross). "The Ways of the World" and "The Round Table," the lighter features of the magazine, include clever comments on current topics, literary and social. In "The Round Table" are published some genuine "American Schoolboy Letters," which form delightful reading, and the beginning of a series of quaint illustrations for "nursery rhymes," by S. H. Sime. That artist's "Crooked Man" is a striking conception. "The Smart Set" for October is composed of 170 pages of stories and poetry of varying length and interest, interspersed with humorous sayings more or less pungent.

Mr. A. W. Luxton has accepted the Mastership of the Eggesford Foxhounds, replacing Mr. L. J. Bathurst. The Eggesford is the extensive country in North Devon which was hunted for some thirty-five years by the late Lord Portsmouth at his own expense.

MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE'S CHELTHENHAM REMINISCENCES.

SINGULAR CASE OF PERSECUTION.

IMPRISONMENT FOR BLASPHEMY.

An interesting "character sketch" of George Jacob Holyoake, the Grand Old Man of the Co-operative movement in Britain, is published in the current number of "The Review of Reviews"; including reminiscences of the remarkable prosecution instituted against him in Cheltenham some 60 years ago for blasphemy. He was last month a notable figure at the Co-operative Festival at the Crystal Palace. Mose of those present were unborn when he began his apostolate of the movement; many of them were young enough to be his grandsons; but not even the youngest member amongst them was so fresh and youthful in the fervour of his faith as the octogenarian chief who has just completed his eighty-fourth year. . . . In Mr. Holyoake's young days all who questioned the literal inspiration of the Hebrew Scriptures were apt to be confounded in common condemnation with those who denied the existence of God. A Cheltenham bench of magistrates actually committed for trial at Gloucester Assizes a Mormon preacher on the charge of blasphemy for having said in one of his sermons that "Euclid was as true as the Bible." The clergy who are now ministering to the descendants of these Justice Shallows of the West Country would not to-day even attempt seriously to maintain in the pulpit that the converse of the Mormon's proposition is true. As to his crime, Mr. Holyoake's imprisonment took place in the dark days before the Repeal of the Corn Laws, when Mr. Holyoake, then a young fellow of twenty-four, went to Cheltenham to lecture on Self-Supporting Home Colonies. He was at that time stationed as the Social Missionary for Worcester of the Association of all Classes of all Nations and Rational Religionists, which paid him a salary of 10s. per week, on which he maintained his wife and family. Hungry and half-starved, he arrived at Cheltenham in midwinter to deliver his lecture at the Mechanics' Institute. After he had finished his lecture, a local preacher got up and remarked that although Mr. Holyoake had spoken of our duty towards man, he had said nothing of our duty towards God. Would the lecturer give them information thereon? Being thus challenged, Mr. Holyoake—to quote his own words—"gave a defiant answer to the preacher. In our proposed industrial colonies all were free to erect as many churches as they pleased, but from my point of view it was bad political economy to expend money that way, seeing the distressed condition in which the people then were. My answer was to this effect, but with terms of audacity which I deemed the occasion required." The immediate result was that Dean Close's organ announced a warrant was out for his arrest. Mr. Holyoake waited some time, and then deliberately went back to Cheltenham and delivered a lecture in the town in vindication of free speech. After he had spoken an hour the superintendent of the police came with a posse of constables in helmets, who lined up against the wall near the door. Profiting by the opportunity of preaching the truth to the unconverted, Mr. Holyoake went on for another hour and then surrendered himself to the officers of the law. He found they had no warrant, but they locked him up all night in a cell with drunks and disorderlies. In the morning he found two parsons on the bench ready to sit in judgment on the heretic. A squire named Capper, who sat with them as Justice of the Peace, ruled that no warrant was necessary. "Any person at the meeting would have been justified in taking me up without any warrant from a magistrate." So heinous an offence was it to suggest that there was a better use for money than the building of churches. One Bubb prosecuted, and relied for evidence upon the testimony of a dog-fancier and prize fighter. The Bench committed Mr. Holyoake for trial on a charge of felony; he

was handcuffed in shackles which were too small for his wrists, and marched off nine miles across country to Gloucester gaol with two policemen. Fortunately a friend paid their railway fares, so that he was spared most of the walk, but he was made to walk handcuffed through the streets first of Cheltenham and then of Gloucester as if he had been a common felon. When he reached Gloucester gaol he was tired and hungry, but he could not sleep. "The lice I observed creeping about the blankets prevented me lying down." . . . In those days it was possible to legislate with rapidity. The Home Secretary, Sir James Graham, introduced and passed between Mr. Holyoake's commitment and his trial a new law enacting that all trials relating to speculative opinions should take place at Assizes and not at Quarter Sessions. Hence, instead of being tried by the same justices who had committed him Mr. Holyoake had the privilege of a trial before Mr. Justice Erskine. He was the first prisoner tried under the new Act. . . . He was described as a "labourer who had devised, intended, and maliciously published with a loud voice, the answer to a question asked by a local preacher at a public meeting, intending with force and arms to bring Almighty God into disbelief." He was further accused of having "spoken against the peace of Our Lady the Queen." He decided to defend himself, and was told by the magistrate on hearing of his decision that the Court would never hear him. Fortunately the Assize Court judge had other notions of justice than those which dominated the Cheltenham Bench. His case was taken at the close of the Assizes, so as to allow him plenty of time. It took him twenty minutes to arrange his books and his papers in the dock after he had entered it, the judge looking on with great patience. As he said himself, it converted the dock into a semblance of a book-seller's shop. Not only so, but the judge and jury listened patiently to his address in his defence, which lasted nine hours and a quarter. His speech was not only long enough to have worn out the patience of any judge, but it was regarded by the prosecution as an aggravation of the offence, being absolute and defiant for free speech. . . . The jury found him guilty, and the judge sent him for six months to gaol. It was not till eleven o'clock at night that he was able to leave the court, when, as he had been thirteen hours in court without food and had been speaking for nine hours and a quarter, it is not surprising to know that a "ring of extreme hollowness" came over him. . . . Mr. Holyoake, although in his eighty-fifth year, continues to travel about the country delivering lectures, addressing meetings, and generally displaying an activity which is almost miraculous in a man of his age. I asked him if he could indicate to the readers of the "Review" the secret of his marvellous vitality. He said: "It is very simple. I have been moderate in all things, moderate even in living, and I show certainly no immoderate speed in hastening towards my grave." Mr. Holyoake is not a vegetarian. He is not an anti-tobaccoist. He is not a teetotaler. He is moderate in everything.

At the reception of the delegates to the Conference of the Carriage Builders' Institute at Bristol on Tuesday, the Lord Mayor advocated the taxation of bicycles, and added that he hoped it would be his lot to have passed away before motor cars became generally used.

A marriage has been arranged between Frank, son of Mr. George Osborne, of Enwoola, Sydney, and Foxlow, Bungendore, N.S.W., and Gwendolen, youngest daughter of the late Sir Evan Morris, of Wrexham, Denbighshire, and of Lady Morris, Cheltenham.

The death occurred on Tuesday of the Rev. George Morley, who since 1893 had been master of Lord Leicester's Hospital, Warwick. He was a pupil of Dr. Arnold at Rugby, and a member of the first cricket eleven of that school.

A Tour of our Churches

* * *

THE PARISH CHURCH OF OVERBURY.

*

On Sunday morning I cycled to Overbury Church; and as it is only some eight or nine miles from Cheltenham, via Bishop's Cleeve and Teddington Cross, many Cheltonians might easily follow my example.

I am not particularly keen on architecture; but even I could not help admiring the pure Norman interior of the church, and can well imagine an enthusiast going into raptures over it. It is stated to be one of the most interesting churches in the neighbourhood; and I quite believe it. Certainly I have never entered a small place of worship that has appealed to me as this did.

A rich Norman doorway within the porch leads into the church on the south side, and on the northern side is another doorway, now walled up, having a fine tympanum, well preserved. The nave arcading is good Norman—the pillars very short with rather high bases. The capitals and the ornament above the arches are different on the north side from those on the south—on the former the ornament is a plain band with corbels carved as heads, on the latter a flat chevron. The old Norman clerestory, with its very narrow lights and wide inner splays, is still preserved. Formerly there must have been, I suppose, narrow low Norman aisles; but the present ones are in the Decorated style, and the roof is built up above this clerestory, so that it is only visible from the interior. The choir and the chancel beyond are Early English, and have some fine bosses on the roof-heads surrounded by foliage and flowers. A partly-restored font has some good carving, and was before restoration half Norman, half Decorated. The carved oak pews of the nave and aisles are very fine Perpendicular work, as is the pulpit. The tower rises from the centre, and is also Perpendicular. It has some splendid stone carving in the louvers of the belfry windows, and bears several gargoyles, with a fox carved on the south-west buttress.

The minister read the prayers in a slow and deliberate manner, and solemnly recited the Litany. The lessons were read by a layman. A lady was at the harmonium, and she had a small choir grouped around her, and they chanted the Venite, Te Deum, and Benedictus very nicely, but did not essay the singing of the Psalms, these being read by the clergyman and people in the old-fashioned alternate-verse way. The Communion Service was not used, as Holy Communion would seem to be celebrated at Overbury early in the morning. Three hymns from the A. and M. collection were well sung.

Ascending the pulpit, the minister first said a few words of sympathy with "our American cousins" in their sorrow. He thought this tragedy should induce his hearers to use with special earnestness those prayers for our own Royal Family found in the Book of Common Prayer. Taking his text from St. Mark xi., 22, "Have faith in God," he said the two chapters from the Old Testament appointed to be read that Sunday contained a record of a great peril, a great faith, and a great deliverance. Senacherib sent his army to demand the surrender of Jerusalem, but the Jews turned to Isaiah, as the man of God, and he called upon them not to surrender, declaring that God would avert the peril; and one day there came news of a complete deliverance. Senacherib had marched his army towards the city, and one night a fearful destruction swept over his camp, and so diminished the aggressive army that Senacherib was constrained to go home again, and leave in peace the city he had intended to demolish. Byron gave a beautiful description of the siege in one of his poems; and the 46th, 48th, and 76th Psalms were supposed to refer to it. Perhaps they were inclined to say that God no longer delivered in that sort of way; but He was still the same God that made Himself known to the people of old. He still worked, but it required faith to see His hand—to grasp the benefit of His policy. The devout Hebrew of old recognised the power



The Late President McKinley.

It is somewhat curious that on the very morning that news was received of President McKinley's death this photograph should have been received by a Cheltenham gentleman from his nephew in California. It is one of a series, and represents Mr. McKinley when on tour seated in a floral car forming part of a festival procession at Los Angeles.

of God in all creation, but the learned man of the present day contended that physical facts were due to physical causes. That was all very right; but whilst they recognised the laws, they should not forget the Law-giver.

Coming out again into the particularly clean and well ordered village I could not help but think that the people of Overbury have much to be thankful for—they have a church and a village all should be proud of.

CHURCHMAN.

A RAILWAY CO.'S DIFFICULTIES.

Sir John Thompson (Chairman), speaking at the meeting of the Caledonian Railway shareholders on Tuesday at Glasgow, said municipal and local authorities had shown no desire to assist railway companies in improving their facilities for dealing with the commerce of the country without substantial money consideration for land acquired, although those bodies reaped the most benefit from such enterprise. British railways were severely handicapped by the crude conditions at most of the shipping ports, large works, and collieries. There was not a single shipping port, steel works, or colliery in Scotland which could deal with a wagon of twenty or thirty tons capacity. British railway conditions compared badly with those of America, where railways, shipping ports, and steel works grew side by side. Going back five years, he found that the Caledonian Railway receipts had increased 15 per cent. and taxes 29 per cent. The taxes were serious, and the tendency of legislation was still to increase the responsibilities of railway companies. Shareholders should, through their Parliamentary representatives, see that railway companies were protected from bearing more than their fair share.

* * *

Lady Augusta Noel, aunt of the present Earl of Albemarle, is lying ill at the residence of her sister, Lady Louisa Charteris, Hingham Hall, Norfolk.

AN OLD SONG.

"Oh, Sweet and Fair."

Oh, sweet and fair! oh, rich and rare!
That day so long ago,
The autumn sunshine everywhere,
The heather all aglow,
The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,
The waves sang on the shore;
Such suns will shine, such waves will sing
For ever, evermore!

Oh, fit and few! oh, tried and true!
The friends who met that day,
Each one the other's spirit knew
And so in earnest play,
The hours flew past, until at last
The twilight kissed the shore;
We said, "Such days shall come again,
For ever, evermore!"

One day again, no cloud of pain
A shadow o'er us cast,
And yet we strove in vain, in vain,
To conjure up the past.
Like, but unlike, the sun that shone,
The waves that beat the shore,
The words we said, the songs we sung,
Like, unlike, evermore!

For ghosts unseen crept in between,
And, when our songs flowed free,
Sang discords in an undertone,
And marred the harmony.
"The past is ours, not yours, they said,
The waves that beat the shore,
Though like the same, are not the same,
Oh, never, nevermore!"

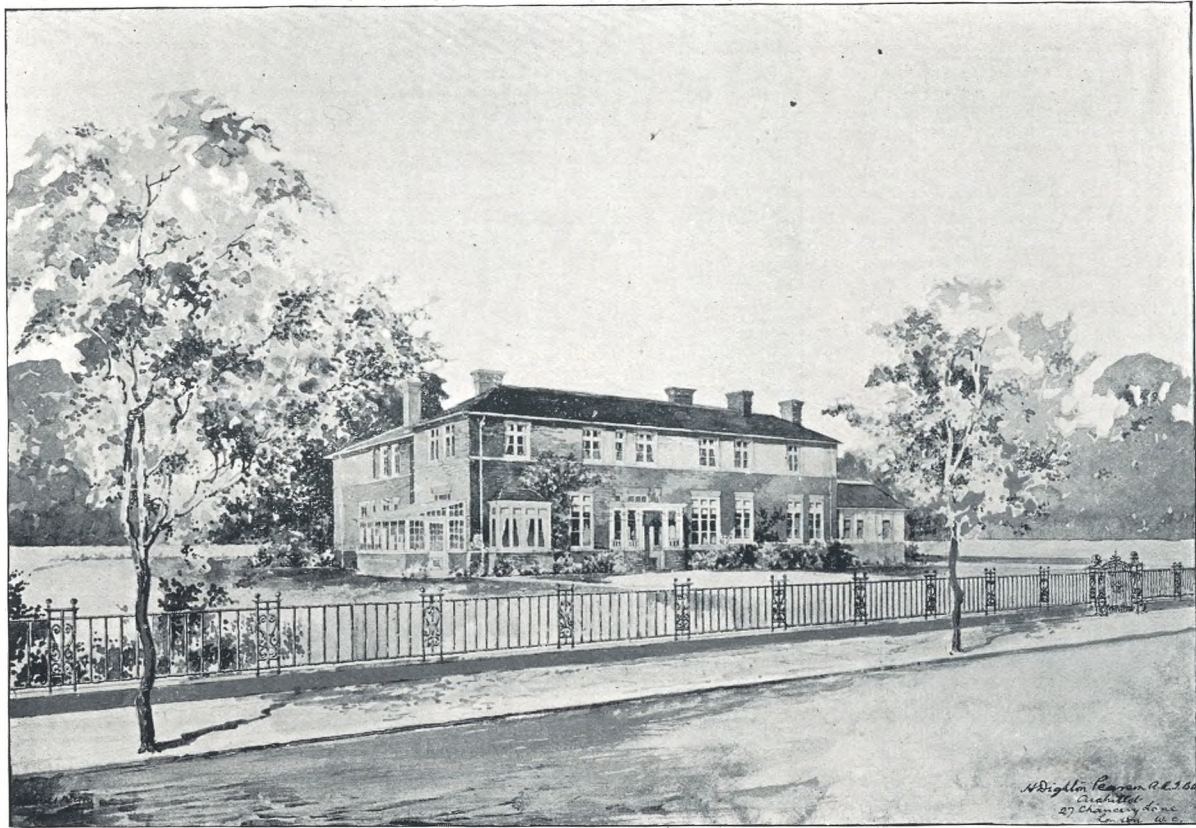
* * *

The Duke of Somerset is on a visit to the Mackintosh and Mrs. Mackintosh at Moy Hall.

*

The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort have returned to Badminton House, the family seat in Gloucestershire, after a round of visits in Westmorland and Yorkshire.

* Cheltenham as an Educational Centre. *



PENGWERN COLLEGE, PITTVILLE CIRCUS ROAD.

RECENTLY ERECTED FOR MRS. PEARSON.

OFFICIAL NOTIFICATION.

We have received the following from the War Office: With reference to the granting of indulgence passages to South Africa to the relations of military officers and others, we are requested to state that, as the greater part of South Africa is under martial law, such persons are on arrival necessarily restricted to the base ports. It has accordingly been found necessary to put restrictions on the grant of indulgence passages, and only in the exceptional cases of officers holding permanent appointments in districts not under martial law, can an application for an indulgence passage be considered.

A marriage has been arranged between U. Frederick P. Prior, of Cheltenham College, son of the late Rev. W. Pheips Prior, British chaplain at Vevey, Switzerland, and of Mrs. Prior, Rugby, and Evangeline, fourth daughter of the late Sir Evan Morris, of Wrexham, Denbighshire, and of Lady Morris, Cheltenham.

Rear-Admiral Atwell P. M. Lake, says the "Morning Post," was fifty-nine in April last, and has just become a Vice-Admiral, so that he has a chance of hoisting his flag—a very good chance, be it said, after his exceptional service on the coast of Ireland. Admiral Lake has recently taken up his residence in Cheltenham.

The Rev. Henry Lawrence Somers Cocks (nephew of the late Lord Somers, of Cliffords Mesne, Newent), rector of Street, Somerset, has been offered the living of Eastnor, near Ledbury, rendered vacant by the appointment of the Rev. Henry S. Sanders to the living of Bromley, East London. The offer has been accepted. The living of Eastnor is in the gift of Lady Henry Somerset.



Choir Boys of St. Matthew's Church, Cheltenham, on Bournemouth Pier at annual outing.

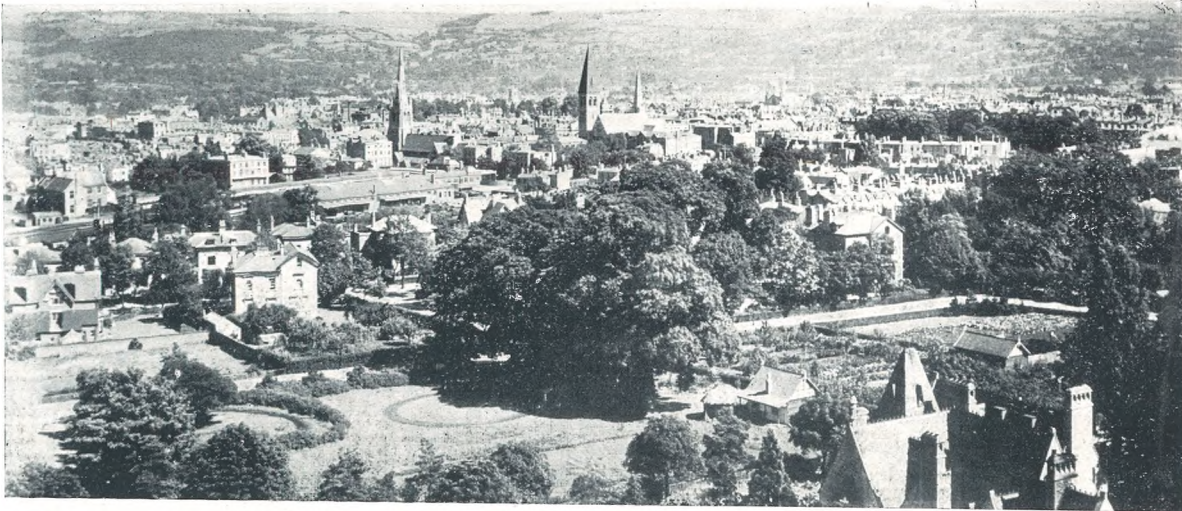
LIVED IN FIVE REIGNS.

Mrs. Jane Pollard, the oldest inhabitant of the borough of Accrington, died on Saturday, aged 97. She was born during the reign of George III., survived the reigns of George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria, and witnessed the accession of Edward VII. She had married daughters over 70 years of age.

A PINT OF PENNIES.

A curious item of information, that a pint measure would just hold £1 worth (240) of pennies, was elicited at the Liverpool Licensing Sessions. The penny, it is pointed out, can be used to measure an inch, or for domestic, but not for shop, use, as it is not a legal weight, to weigh half an ounce.

OUR PRIZE PICTURE.



Cheltenham from Christ Church Tower.

Prize Photography. Gloucestershire Gossip.

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

Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places—particularly the former—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.

The competition is open to the county, and the name of the successful competitor 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 of the 37th competition is Mr. John Davis, of 3 Chr.st Church-villas, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is that of Cheltenham from Christ Church Tower.

Entries for the 38th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Sept. 21st, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

AT THE SEASIDE.

The ugly duckling is most in the swim.
 Those who go into the water most boldly have the least sand.
 The "warmer" the costume, the less it protects from Father Neptune's chilly embraces.
 The older the girl, the more anxious she is to be taught how to float.
 While there are many good fish in the sea there are more on shore.
 There is always a roar when the swells go break.

G. L. H.

After the Festivals the fancy of the stewards of the Gloucester Music Meetings always lightly turns to thoughts of finance, and they have not long to wait before they get an idea of how the funds stand approximately. At the "reckoning up" meeting on Saturday the gratifying intelligence was forthcoming that at last both ends had been made to meet on the Festival account, and that, therefore, there would be no draw upon the stewards' donations to satisfy a deficit; and that the Clergy Charity Fund would benefit to the extent of some £1,763, made up of £430 from the collections in the Cathedral, £1,118 from the five guineas of each 213 stewards, and the balance from interest on investments. Well done, Gloucester. The festival is still a hardy triennial, and likely to be so, for the opposition to it in these days is but feeble as compared with what it was in the thirties and seventies of last century, when the Rev. F. Close and Rev. Canon Barry, both of Cheltenham connection, respectively made powerful attacks upon it.

Apropos of the unseemly rushes of the public in their thousands into the Cathedral at the opening service on the Sunday (which fact it is satisfactory to note has come under official cognizance for future prevention), I may state that one tradesman who undertook to assist "in showing people into their seats" gives his candid opinion that the worst offenders in stepping and scrambling over forms and chairs were of the fair sex, and his naive description of the band deserves record:—"All at once the organ played, then the fiddlers began to fiddle for all they were worth, next the trumpets blared out, and all this time the conductor was waving his hands like mad." And another tradesman (whose opinion on leather would be unassailable) has been freely venting his amateur views in terms out of the ordinary run. Said he, referring to the temporary orchestra of wood, "There is too much timber about for the Queen's Hall people, as it affects the vibration of the music." Then I happen to know that Mr. Ben Davies appreciated, *ben trovato*, the recent answer of a pupil at the Gloucester Girls' High School to the question as to the highest mountain in this country, that it is "Ben Davies." And the genial tenor, too, tells a very good story of an experience at an

Eisteddfod in Wales, to which he was at first refused admission. "But I'm Ben Davies," said he to the doorkeeper. "I don't know Ben Da-vis whatever," replied the Welshman. "I must go in, as I have to sing," was only met with the response, "I must have your ticket, you see."

There were at first ninety and nine names of Old Cheltonians picked out by the "Echo" from the last despatch of Earl Roberts as having rendered special and meritorious service in South Africa, but your contemporary was soon able to bring the list up to 102. This long scroll of fame must be exceedingly gratifying to the College, and it furnishes another proof that the old saying that England's battles are won on the playgrounds at Eton is very much out of date.

The death of Captain de Winton, at the ripe age of 86 years, removes from this earthly scene one of the few original officers left of the 2nd Administrative Battalion of Gloucestershire Rifle Volunteers, formed in 1859, and one who brought his company (Gloucester City) to a high state of efficiency. When, on October 28th, 1884, that corps celebrated the 25th anniversary of its enrolment by a banquet the gallant ex-captain was persuaded to take the chair, and it was a curious coincidence that one of the guests at it was Mr. Ingles-Chamberlayne, then High Sheriff of Gloucestershire, who appeared in his uniform as an officer of Canadian Rifles, whereas Captain de Winton had in his earlier days, when in the Royal Artillery, served in Canada. It is not generally known that the late captain and the present Bishop of Gloucester used to be two of the most adept skaters near the Cathedral city, but it was so, and not a few of the present patineurs obtained wrinkles in the art of skating through watching them.

Many are the uses to which the tramcars in Cheltenham are already put, but I did not think that dogs would take to them "on their own" so quickly. Yet such is the case, as I am credibly informed that a dog belonging to a coal merchant, whose wharf and also his residence are on the tram route, frequently jumps on the cars on its own initiative and rides between the two places, thus following the previous example of its master. I dare say the dog is welcome, although he does not pay a fare.

GLEANER.

By the Way.

MRS. JENKINS GOES TO WESTON BY EXCURSION TRAIN.

Then 'ere's ayho for the briny,
And the waves as rolls so free,

as the saying is, wich I will say the sea at Weston is that few and far between as to make you wonder whether you be at the seaside or a hinland watering-place. But there, law bless you, I never told you 'ow we started to go there by one of these 'ere hegsursions wich, "never no more," as Shakspeare says in his King Henry the 15th, as I bought a penny hedition of on a bookstall with all the parts as isn't fit for fieldmales omitted, wich is very kind of them to be sure. Well, as I was a-saying, me and Miss Tompkins and 'er little nephew, we went together, and a wild time we did 'ave of it, you may be sure, wot with the carriages being crammed with Birmingham folks and me 'aving 8 parcels done up separate, besides Miss Tompkins's little lot and a poll-parrot, wich she were br'aking 'er journey with at Bristol, as 'er aunt had asked 'er to carry it down for 'er. We was in that 'urry as I forgot me umberella in me 'aste, wich I wouldn't 'ave lost it for something, altho' it were a bit gone in the ribs; but by some mistake we gets into a smoking carriage, and it were fair like the inside of a chimbley with three pipes and two cigars a poisoning the hatmosphere, wich I don't consider meself as any man's a gentleman who smokes in the presence of ladies, as I remarked to Mary Ann Tompkins in my severest manner; but the men as was smoking only laughed, and one of them actually asked me if I thought it were a blessed cloak-room, bringing such a how-de-do of luggage in, and another said as elderly fieldmales ought to be fined for travelling in smoking carriages, and such like, wich the parrot, as 'ad got 'is 'ead clean through the bars of his cage, bit one of the individuals in the leg, and this were a fair climacks. The langwidge as were flying about were too awful for me to 'rite it down, and I was really afeard for me life, wot with the parrot and the little boy a-screaming at the top of their voices. So I ups and goes for the winder, and I pulls the cord as I 'ave heard tell is fastened on to the guard's toe, and you believe me if the train didn't stop short and hall sorts of officials and things comes running from the 4 quarters of the earth, as the saying is, to see what the matter was, wich I can tell you it took all my hintellect to keep them men from a-giving me in charge for being drunk and capable—me, Selina Jenkins, as 'rites for papers and pays me way as well as any Hearl, wich I 'ave 'erd tell as some of them is no better than they should be. Howsomdever, hall's well as ends well, and we made it all right with the guard after a bit of persuasion and a shilling 'ad passed, and 'e put us into a carriage marked "Ladies only," where there wasn't no smoking allowed. Well, as you must know, I were 'aving 40, or maybe 50, winks, wen I wakes up with a start, and there were a man with figgers on 'is 'at arsking to see our tickets, and, I tell you this, for the life o' me I couldn't find me ticket, altho' I 'ad it in me 'and a minute before, wich the ticket-puncher 'e were very oncivil, egpecially to me, being a lady, and wouldn't take my word and Miss Tompkins's that I 'ad it just a minute or two before, wich I looked everywhere for it, and it wern't in me glove or me skirt pocket or me purse, and all the while the guards and porters and sich-like making remarks in a loud voice about "the ways people, especially elderly fieldmales, 'ad of taking in the railway companies," wen all of a suddint somebody says "What's that in the old lady's mouth," and, would you believe it, I 'ad the ticket between me teeth all the time I were a-unting for it with both 'ands? "When the disorder 'ad subsided," as the newspaper's would say, I am bound to say I found great comfort in Mary Ann's bottle of cold tea, with a dash of something warmin' in it, for my nerves was that upshook I really didn't know where I were going to or wot were going to 'appen next. Well, we was a long time a-

getting to Bristol, wich they did say as the engine driver dropped a 3d.-bit in one place, and kept the egscursion waiting while 'e were looking for it, but, of course, I don't know. At one of the little stations a very tidy old gentleman, as said 'e 'ad been in the 'ospital for 17 years with a bad leg, and 'ad 13 children, none of wich survived, got in to our carriage, and as the old gent couldn't read I 'adn't the 'art to tell 'im this were a carriage for ladies only, wich he were that social and jovial, and quite took to the little boy, as 'e said reminded 'im of 'is youngest, wich were an idiot from birth. You see, we got talking very social like, and Mary Ann passed round the cold tea bottle several times, until we was that comfortable we never noticed what the train were doing, wich it stopped at a wayside station as was the very place our old friend wanted to get out at. All of a moment 'e sees we are passing out of the station, and, putting 'is 'ead out of the window, 'e shouts to the engine driver "Here, where be goin'?" thinking as 'ow they would stop for that! I thought I should ha' died o' laughing, wich the old man didn't laugh at all; but he were nearly as profane as the one the parrot bit. I can't think meself why men lets their feelin's run away with them so free; but there, pore things, they'm a 'elpless lot without a loving fieldmale 'eart to guide them. We wos all agreed on one point, owsomdever, and that was that this 'ere were a mighty slow train, and Mary Ann Tompkins suggested as we should get out and walk; but there, you know, we 'ad so many parcels, and the train might never 'ave caught us up! We did get to Bristol about 40 minutes late, and the old gentleman as 'ad travelled with us willy nilly, as the saying is, was severely complimented by the inspector for travelling in a ladies' compartment, and 'e went off looking as savage as a dog with the hydrofobes! Well, we 'ad to change trains at Bristol, and wile Mary Ann went off to her aunt's with that there parrot, I went to the bookstall for a newspaper, to see if there were any more Boer extrocities and 'ow that Kitchener were getting on, wich things don't seem to exactly simmer down, as you might say, out there; although them Boers seems to get every 'ome comfort when they do let our soldiers catch 'em, once now and again. Bristol's a mighty fine station, nearly as big as our Winter Garding at Cheltenham, and I lost meself 4 times a-walking about the platforms, wich I nearly lost my life and 7 censeses through a porter a-running into me with a truck-load of boxes and 'ampers, as took me that suddint between wind and water, as the saying is, that I should 'ave swoinded if a gentleman 'adn't come to my existence, with a flask of brandy. Just as I were fairly recovered, Mary Ann Tompkins comes up with the boy, and tells me our train is just a-starting, so we rushes down the platform like mad, and into the first carriage we come across, in wich there was 2 individuals and a man. The individuals was seafaring men, and one of them were already fast asleep, and the other 'ad more than 'e could carry, as they say. The man were reading of the "Christian 'Erald," and, after passing the time of day very civil like, 'e asked me if I was prepared for the great Hammergeddon on the 29th of April, 1903, wich I said as 'ow I never went to such things meself, altho' I 'ad 'eard there was those who were very fond of attending 'em. Says 'e, "Madam, this 'ere "'Erald" clearly proves that the world will end on that day, and I venture to suggest you should buy a copy of the book, price one halfpenny, issued by ——" "Begging your pardon, sir," says I, "we're booked to Weston for the day only, and seeing as 'ow your Hammar what's-'isname don't 'appen for 2 years, I consider we'd better say no more about it for fear of spoiling our hinnercent enjoyment," wich I consider were a very smart extort for a lonely fieldmale to make. But now one of the seafarin' men comes to life, and without a word of warnin' 'e commences to 'eave all my belongings and Miss Tompkins's boxes out of the windows. I screamed "Murder! Fire! Thieves!" and Mary Ann, she well-nigh fainted with fright, but all 'e could say were "Lighten the ship, mates; over with the cargo; all hands to the pumps; 'Eave O," and such-like seafaring remarks.

[To be concluded next week.]

ENGLISH V. AMERICAN DOCTORS.

Of course (writes a correspondent) professional etiquette will make our English doctors hesitate before publicly expressing themselves in any critical sense on Mr. McKinley's treatment by the American medical men. But anybody who has met some of our distinguished physicians during the last day or two has soon found out that there is a belief that had the President's case been in the hands of the London surgeons America would not now be mourning the loss of her first Citizen. English doctors would in all probability have been more in attendance upon their patient than on the Pressmen.

THE LATE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

VICTORY OF THE ENEMY.

The Admiralty on Monday evening issued a narrative of the manoeuvres of 1901, prepared by the umpires. It fully confirms the newspaper reports at the time of the overwhelming victory of the X Fleet (Admiral Wilson). In fact, no fewer than forty-eight vessels of B Fleet (Admiral Sir Gerard Noel) were put permanently out of action, the umpires upholding the claims of X Fleet, and several other vessels were put temporarily out of action. The B ships in the former category included the Amphitrite, which, as officially recorded, passed down the whole X line, and was fired upon by all X's ships at a distance varying from 2,000 to 6,000 yards. B Fleet made few claims, and most of them were disallowed by the umpires. In fact, only three of the X Fleet were put out of action, and these only temporarily. Finally, the claim of the X Fleet to have won the battle off the Lizard on August 15 was allowed by the umpires.

A STRONG MAN'S GRIEF.

One of the most pathetic scenes attending the President's last hours (says the "Daily Telegraph's" correspondent) was the sight of that man of the heart of stone—as his enemies have called him—Senator Mark Hanna, breaking down and crying like a child. The Senator had no sooner looked at the pain-marked face of his friend than he burst into tears, and would have fallen to the floor but for Secretary Wilson and Col. Herrick. He was led from the room and soon regained control over himself, and then said, "I am all right now; I am all right again. I must go in and see him again." His request was granted. He stood a few feet from the bedside and looked again at the unconscious President. Suddenly he dropped to his knees at the bedside, peering into the President's unresponsive face, and said in tones that never will be forgotten by those within earshot: "Mr. President! Mr. President! can't you see me? Don't you know me?" There was no response, and the stillness became painful, as Senator Hanna exclaimed, "William! William! speak to me!" The President seemed at first to remember the familiar voice, but no permanent look of recognition came into his eyes. Colonel Herrick went to the grief-stricken man, raised him from the floor, and supported him as he led him away. Senator Hanna became so ill that one of the physicians was called on to attend him. Senator Hanna managed Mr. McKinley's two Presidential campaigns.

Major P. S. Marling, V.C., 18th Hussars, has been appointed second in command of the regiment in South Africa. Major Marling is a son of Sir William Marling, and for a short period was adjutant of the West Somerset Yeomanry.

The Bishop of London will dedicate on the evening of October 15 a new peal of bells at Sunburv-on-Thames Parish Church. Six of the bells were presented by Sir Frederick and Lady Dixon-Hartland, and the other two subscribed for by the parishioners.

INTERESTING SKETCH OF CHELTENHAM.

THE LAND OF "ASIA MINOR."

W. E. Adams, author of "Our American Cousins," has begun the publication of his "Memoirs of a Social Atom" in the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle," and the first chapter of his autobiography is a description of Cheltenham as a fashionable town. From his interesting story we take the following:—

Cheltenham, as has been said, is a town of many distinctions. It owes its reputation—almost its very existence—to its mineral waters. These waters drew to the little resort which nestled under the spurs of the Cotswold Range the rank and fashion of an earlier age. Even Royalty, down in the doldrums, patronised it. Wherefore Cheltenham gave itself airs. Long before Scarborough was known as a rendezvous of health-seekers and holiday-makers, the town on the Chelt claimed the title of Queen of Watering Places. It was a rival of Bath as far back as the reign of Beau Brummel. There were Pump Rooms in many quarters—the Old Wells, the Montpellier, the Pittville, all surrounded with lovely walks and gardens—besides the Cambray Spa, which was a little larger than a Paris kiosk. Visitors of all sorts hobnobbed in the rotundas with lords and ladies of high degree. It was in the Old Well Walk—a magnificent avenue of elms long since displaced by villa residences—that old Mr. Coutts the banker fell in love with a pretty actress, made her Mrs. Coutts, and left her a large fortune. Harriett Mellon, the fortunate actress, became afterwards, as you know, the Duchess of St. Albans. Owing to its sheltered situation, its pleasant environs, its soft and agreeable climate, the town became the favourite residence of so many retired veterans from India that it was once known also as "Asia Minor."

It used to be said of a certain city in America that you couldn't fire a shot gun in any direction without hitting a colonel. Much the same joke might be made about Cheltenham. Half-pay officers abound there. The place, so to say, is redolent of Eastern battles. Sir Harry Smith, the hero of the Aliwal, was visiting it with his wife in 1847—the popular couple from whom are derived the names of three important towns in South Africa, Harrismith, Ladysmith, and Aliwal North. Even among the boys the almost exclusive subject of conversation at the time was the presence of the distinguished warrior. Fresh from his triumphs in the Punjab, Sir Harry was presented with an address from the inhabitants by the Master of the Ceremonies, then the most important public functionary in the town, for his services were required to regulate and control the diversions of fashionable society. The great general is recorded as having delivered in reply a "stirring address" to the crowd that had assembled in the garden of his hotel. Cheltenham was associated, before and afterwards, with other famous Anglo-Indians. Lord Ellenborough, once Viceroy for India, had his seat in the neighbourhood. The two sons of the poet Burns, both military men, retired there to end their days in quietude and seclusion. Sir Robert Sale, who was killed at the battle of Moodkee, had been a resident in the town, and Lady Sale, the story of whose captivity in Cabul is one of the romances of Indian history, was still residing there when the news of her husband's death was received. And it was from the same place that Sir Charles James Napier, after the disastrous battle of Chillianwallah, was summoned to take command of the Indian army, the Duke of Wellington making use on the occasion of the memorable words—"If you don't go, I must."

The waters were supposed to be the chief attraction of the town. They were held in great esteem by the visitors; but by the poorer inhabitants they were not esteemed and hardly known at all. Companions of my youth used now and then to make Sunday morning excursions to an old shanty on Bay's Hill, there to make wry faces over draughts from a neighbouring spring, and hurry home afterwards in case of accident. But ailing people went to Cheltenham as they went to Bath, and as they still go to Harrogate and Landdrindod, to drink the waters. Old



In the Cotswold Kennels.

George the Third set the fashion in the last century. His Majesty, however, seems to have had faith in less orthodox agencies than mineral springs. A family of farriers known as the Whitworth Doctors were flourishing in Lancashire at the time. One of these, William Howitt tells us, was summoned to Cheltenham to attend the Princess Elizabeth, for whose complaint in the head he prescribed pinches of his famous snuff.

The town, however, had other attractions besides its waters. A Chartist orator, addressing a handful of adherents under a fine old willow in a leading thoroughfare, described the place as a Town of Gardens. The description was quite accurate. Every house, however humble, had ample space in front or rear for the cultivation of flowers or vegetables. Even the business quarters were not built up as they are elsewhere. There are trees everywhere—in squares and crescents, in walks and avenues, in streets and roads. The Promenade, which starts from the very centre of the town, is a triple row of trees. Boulevards! When I first went to Paris, I found I had been familiar with boulevards from childhood—only they bore another name at home. Tennyson must have had Cheltenham in his mind (for, as we shall see later, he was once a resident) when he wrote the lines:—

A goodly place,
A realm of pleasure, many a mound
And many a shadow chequer'd lawn
Full of the city's stilly sound.

The great actor, William Charles Macready, who ended his days in the town, wrote thus to his friend Lady Pollock:—"I presume you, who have seen the cities and manners of many men, have not omitted Cheltenham in your wide survey. If so, you will not dissent from my opinion of its beauty. I do not think there is a town in England or out of it laid out with so much taste, such a continual mixture of garden, villa, street, and avenue." Macready speaks in the same letter of the hills that encompass it, "objects and interests of beauty observable from every point." One of the most ineffaceable memories of my boyhood is a view of the town from Cleeve Cloud shortly after dawn on a morning in summer. The white terraces and streets, embosomed in trees and shining like burnished silver in the brilliant sun, gave the place the appearance of an enchanted city. No prospect in fairyland itself could have presented a fairer picture than Cheltenham did then. And the same delightful vision is still at the command of all who take the trouble to ascend the heights to look for it.

The surroundings of the town are even more lovely than the town itself. Leckhampton Hill on the one side and the Cleeve Hills on the other, clothed with copse and verdure, except where broken into cliffs or scarred

with quarries, are within an easy walk, while away in the distance may be seen the Malvern Range, with the silvery Severn creeping past Upton and Tewkesbury and Gloucester and many another old-fashioned settlement to the Bristol Channel. Beyond Leckhampton Hill, or rather on the further side of it, was one of the reputed sources of the Thames. It was called the Seven Springs; it was a favourite resort for excursionists from Cheltenham and Gloucester; and it was the Mecca of many a joyous and boyish pilgrimage of my own. A more delightful spot could not be found anywhere. No description, however eloquent or graphic, could convey an adequate idea of its peaceful loveliness. Seven springs, bubbling up by the roadside, sent their pure and sparkling waters, meandering in a rivulet, through the undergrowth of a glorious wood. Near at hand was a charming dell or glen, called by the country folks Hartley Bottom, but christened in one of Charles Knight's publications the Velvet Valley. Nothing sweeter or more exquisite have I ever seen. The sward was softer even than velvet, while the trees and bushes which bordered its sloping banks made the whole place a dream of rural beauty. Hartley Bottom was open to the public in those early days. Anybody could wander through it on the way back over the hills to the town. A few years later, when, grown to man's estate, I visited the locality again, I was disgusted to observe that a huge barrier was set up against the entrance, that trespassers were threatened with the "utmost rigour of the law," and that a veritable earthly paradise was closed to all but the proprietor and his gamekeeper. After the lapse of further years, I was still more disgusted to learn that the landowner, annoyed at the popularity of the own lovely domain, had effectually destroyed the beauty of the Seven Springs themselves. Between the springs and the woods through which their limpid waters flowed he had erected an ugly stone wall! I have never visited the place since. The contrast between what I remembered and what I should have seen would have made me sad or—mad.

I have mentioned Leckhampton, and I have mentioned Macready. A brother of the tragedian, Major Macready, lies buried in the village churchyard. Attaching to the circumstance is a melancholy story. A widow of the officer adorned the grave with the choicest flowers and made for herself a bower among them. There for years afterwards the poor lady used to spend long and frequent hours in the fancied communing with the dead. The kindly villagers, sympathising with her distress, thoughtfully abstained from disturbing her sorrowful meditations. To this day the grave of Major Macready is an object of interest to visitors to the village of Leckhampton.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.*]

THE STAGE IN RELATION TO SOCIETY.

By MRS. KENDAL.

"Society in relation to the stage" would sound as well and be almost as apt.

Whatever the stage owes to society, society is undoubtedly deeply indebted to the stage.

The stage is the fount of its dinner conversation, the refuge of its erring and disabled, the invaluable background alike for its happiest efforts in charity and its spiciest divorce cases.

This view of the question does not concern us here, however.

Like the governess who is never tired of declaring she is a lady, the social status of the theatrical profession in England is so constantly insisted upon that one begins to have suspicions. *Is the governess a lady? Are actors and actresses received by society with open arms?*

Obviously the governess *may* be a lady, and many actors and actresses we know are received by society. The fear is lest, through a natural reaction after centuries of society's scorn and contempt, actors should take this social petting too seriously, thereby, as the Americans say, "giving themselves away." By very temperament the actor falls an easy prey to lionizing; he takes to posing and strutting and to a comic loftiness as a duck to water. Instead of turning to society for whatever relaxation and amusement his profession allows him, his natural temptation is to incorporate society as a part of that profession.

Painters do not sling an easel round their neck nor wear paint on their thumbs when they go out, nor does one at a party look for a pen behind every writer's ear. Why then do so many actors feel it incumbent to hang out a sign-board—a sign-board either of affectation or of slovenliness?

Most of us know what I must be pardoned for calling the motor-car effect that an actress often creates on entering a drawing-room—the tip-toe excitement, unrestrained curiosity, the almost inevitable, "You can tell she's an actress." Kind people ascribe it to personality inseparable from art, the unkind to a wish to attract attention, the very unkind to the tawdriness and intentional tom-foolery they consider part and parcel of the theatre.

Think for a moment of the millennium when every actress who is received at all shall be primarily a pleasant addition to society, not a mere stage advertisement (or stage deterrent?),—when actors shall be neither patronising nor eccentric, and when all, as I have said elsewhere, shall of their own free will sit upon chairs as God and the upholsterers designed they should.

In the meantime let us be properly thankful to society for its latter-day enlightenment, showing neither resentment nor a too conscious gratitude.

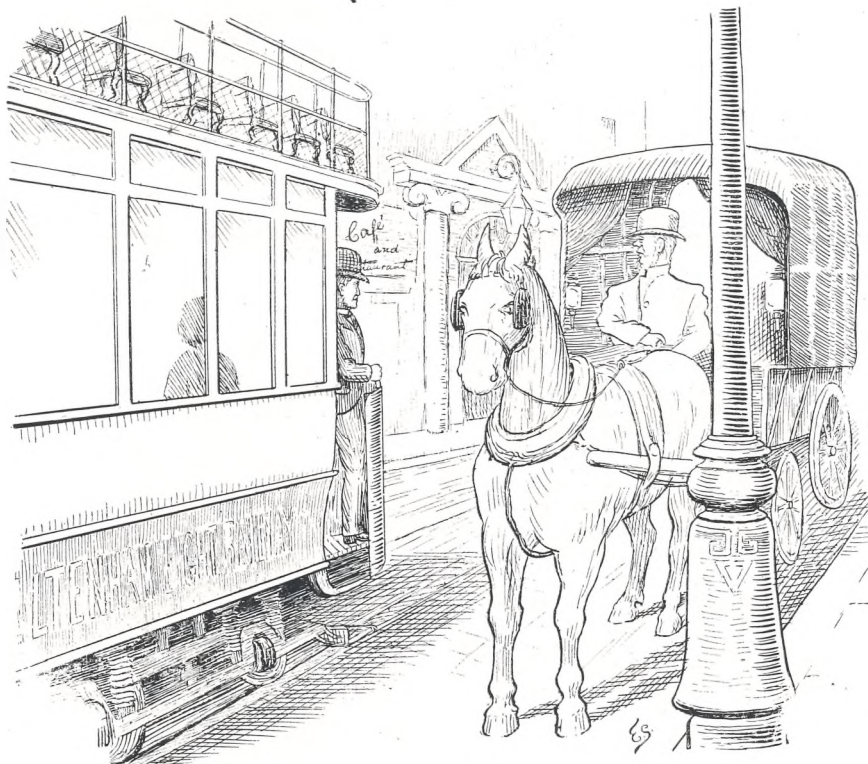
Special thanks are due, however, to dramatic amateurs. It was they who first taught society that actor and ape are not synonymous, who first bridged over the dividing gulf—a gulf that still exists abroad. Can it be that in France and Germany the thrilling delights, the intoxicating possibilities of amateur theatricals are unknown, unguessed?

When the society woman adopts the stage as a profession, her example in conduct, dress and manners ought logically to be of inestimable value to her new associates. In the majority of cases, however, it is not so. Whether an actress views her profession as a profession sensibly or not, and behaves in it sensibly or not, usually just marks the difference between the woman born and bred to her work and the woman who has been used to another sphere in life and has gone on the stage in later years.

It is a hard thing and a regrettable thing to have to say, but the Stage has more often than not a demoralising effect upon the woman who takes to it when her girlhood is past and who has had no practical acquaintance with it beforehand.

By "demoralising effect" I mean a certain

CAR DRIVER AND CARRIER.



OVERHEARD IN ALBION STREET.

TRAMCAR DRIVER: Mind where you're coming to! I can't get by!

COUNTRY CARRIER: You look after yourself, and learn the rule of the road! I'm going to keep to the left, and so must you. [*Left arguing.*]

degeneracy into meretriciousness of dress, speech, and manner, an apparent want of self-respect that may easily belie the woman's true inclinations. I know an instance of a charming woman used to the highest and best society, who, the moment she obtained an engagement with a theatrical company, flung off every convention and every restraint short of actual misconduct. When remonstrated with her astonishment was genuine and great. She explained with tears in her eyes that she thought she could be "Bohemian" with impunity.

There is one surpassing interest that "smart" society and my profession have in common—the scramble after cheap publicity by means of Press interviews and Press advertisement generally. The illustrated Press, in particular, is delightfully impartial. Duchesses and actresses, music-hall singers, and countesses are "mixed for ever in a dire confusion"; their photographs and the photographs of their friends, relations, boudoirs, husbands and animals present one long, inextricable tangle.

Which is the more wildly interesting to know? That a certain actress keeps a dog without a tail, or that an uncertain duchess keeps a cat with two tails? When the photographs of both animals appear side by side, is it wonderful that the cat is ascribed to the actress and the defective dog to the duchess? It becomes a case of—

I gave her one, they gave me two,
You gave us three or more,
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

So long as society women allow their photographs, names and doings to appear at intervals in every "rag" in the kingdom, who can criticise the actress for doing likewise, to whom notoriety at least represents so much bread and cheese?

Someone has said that there are no great poets now-a-days because there are no great

drunkards. On the same principle it may be contended that in the future there will be no great actors because there will be no great social divisions.

The great actor is distinguished by big subjective qualities, by breadth and virility of method, by a well-developed emotional side.

Contrast these with the cultivated indifference of manner and petty refinements that good society demands with the impulsive society "caterpillars" of which Dickens speaks.

A potentially good actor may undoubtedly be spoiled by over-education, and I once heard it said of a man that he was not educated enough to make a thoroughly bad one. There is a half truth here that may be extended.

There is danger in generalities, but they serve their purpose if only in calling forth specific contradictions. I bear in mind many exceptions whom "glittering generalities" leave splendidly untouched.

Finally, let us hope that in times to come it will be deemed as superfluous to discuss the Church in relation to Christianity, or respectability in relation to dullness, as the Stage in relation to Society.

MADGE KENDAL.

[*Copyright in the United States of America by D. T. Pierce.]

* * *

ANOTHER KNIGHT.

The King has, at Copenhagen, conferred on Mr. W. E. Goschen, his Majesty's Minister in Denmark, the honour of Knighthood, in virtue of his long and useful services as a diplomatist in various countries. He is a brother of Viscount Goschen, recently First Lord of the Admiralty, and joined the diplomatic service in 1869. Last year he was appointed British Minister at Copenhagen, and has displayed ability.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 39.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1901.

Our Portrait Gallery.



Mr. NICHOLAS DOYLE,
Secretary Cheltenham and District Light
Railway Co.

the birthplace of George Whitefield, the celebrated evangelist, whose parents kept that establishment, as did also those of "Henry of Exeter"—Bishop Phillpotts, of that diocese. Truly an unique record for a country hotel. I understand that the eminent Cardinal generously renounced his inheritance of Courtfield in favour of his younger brother, who subsequently married an American lady named Pope, and that at the periodical family gatherings there the little joke is cracked of the happy and rare conjunction of a Cardinal and a Pope under one domestic roof in this country.

Those fountains of learning and mainstays of Cheltenham, the Colleges, have again resumed their educational functions, a sure sign that the season has really commenced. I was talking a few days ago with one of the "mortar-boarders," and ventured to suggest that he must be glad that his very liberal holiday of seven weeks had ended and that he was able to continue his studies. But I found he was of the Oliver Twist type—"asking for more," as the young Collegian replied, "They may, as well have let us finish the month out," thus giving the boys and staff another week. I see by a correspondence in the "Echo" that a writer favours a considerable expenditure to make the Winter Garden

more suitable for balls, while others oppose the outlay as being totally unnecessary, as the Rotunda will serve the temporary purpose. I agree with the latter, for I consider this room an excellent one for the smaller dances, and I am not without hope, now that the ice has been broken by dancing being permitted both at the boys' and girls' colleges on special occasions this year, as well as a marriage allowed for the first time in the College Chapel, that the authorities of these splendid halls will, in order to meet emergencies, place them at the service of the committees of the more important and larger assemblies. The Town-hall, like Rome, will not be built in a day, and we do not want, for the sake of Cheltenham trade, a third successive dull winter.

A correspondent, who evidently remembers a thing or two about the Cathedral organ affairs, writes me from a distance as follows:—"I have read with interest your anecdotes in connection with the recent Three Choirs Festival, and I am impelled to ask whether you know if the little quaint organ-blower is still alive who used to say in a self-satisfied tone at the conclusion of a Festival, 'I have finished my part and drawn my little bit,' and also resented in no measured terms the ten per cent. reduction of his stipend in common with the Cathedral staff by the Dean and Chapter some ten years ago." My correspondent also asks whether a number of empty bottles were found in the pipes when the organ was taken down to be renovated and enlarged, and how they got there? My replies must be in the affirmative, except that I do not know positively the origin of the presence of the bottles, though, judging by the labels on them, they must have been there many years, at least five and twenty.

My friend at the railside at Lansdown is nothing if not versatile, and therefore I congratulate him on seizing the situation in the utilisation of his "big blank blackboard," which went up again this week with a tribute in letters to the late President McKinley and the American nation—"Nearer, my God, to Thee." May these last words of the martyr to Anarchism be preserved there from wind and weather for many a long day, say I.

GLEANER.

PUTTING THE CLOCK BACK.

An amusing scene took place lately at a performance of Wallace's "Maritana" by a provincial company. In one scene of this opera much depends upon a clock, under which the principal characters collect and sing a ditty concerning the onward march of time, which none can stay. The clock, however, which is worked by a "super" behind the stage, on this occasion failed to do its duty properly, and while the actors duly sang their comments on fleeting time and the rapid approach of the dread hour, the hands moved slowly backwards.

THE PROMENADE BANJO, MANDOLINE,
AND GUITAR STUDIO
(Adjoining Brunswick House).

MR. ALFRED W. NEWTON
HAS NOW
RE-OPENED HIS STUDIO FOR THE
COMING SEASON.

High-class Tuition on the Banjo, Mandoline,
and Guitar.

Concerts and At Homes attended.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Some years ago I several times saw the Siamese twins in Gloucester, but I then never expected to see a pair of Siamese Royal brothers in the Cathedral city, and on the platform of one of the longest stations on the Great Western system, too. Yet such was my fortunate experience a few days ago, when I espied Somdetch Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh, the Crown Prince of Siam, and one of his brothers, Prince Purachatra, in animated conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Colchester-Wemyss, while waiting for the 2.36 p.m. train to London. I at once recognised them by their Oriental look, for I had heard they were in the vicinity on a visit at Westbury Court to Mr. and Mrs. Colchester-Wemyss, who had been showing them some of the sights of the neighbourhood, including the grand old Minster of the county town. I hear that the worthy Squire of Westbury has undertaken the guardianship of the five younger sons of the King of Siam while they are in this country being educated, and that the Princes will stay with him during their vacations. I was much struck by the intelligent look of the Crown Prince, and I am not surprised to read in a London paper that his Royal Highness is going to publish a volume of essays on the "War of the Polish Succession," from materials collected during his terms at Oxford. I should think, however, that if his Royal Highness could be induced to write and publish his impressions of England in general and Gloucestershire in particular, they would prove much more interesting reading to the general public than this somewhat ancient history.

The recent visit of Cardinal Vaughan to his ancestral home at Courtfield, near Ross, reminds me that his Eminence was born at the Bell Hotel, Gloucester, on April 15th, 1832, when his mother was on a journey from London, also that this famous hostelry was

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.*]

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR : THEN AND NOW.

BY EDWARD DICEY, C.B.

There are few people, I suspect, either amidst the advocates or opponents of the South African war, who can look back with thorough satisfaction on the views they expressed at the outbreak of the conflict. More especially is that the case with those who by the necessity of their position were compelled to express their views in writing. There is a saying attributed to Lord Palmerston, that in political affairs "it mattered nothing what you did, and very little what you said, but that what you wrote was the devil and all." One must be gifted with sublime incapacity to conceive the bare possibility of one's ever having been mistaken, to feel certain that the wisdom of everything one may have written has been justified by the result. I, for one, am perfectly well aware that on many points connected with the war my forecast of the course of events has proved fallacious. I cannot plead, as a public speaker might, that my words have been incorrectly or imperfectly reported. They stand written over my signature, and I cannot, if I would, dispute their authenticity. I am too old a journalist to take much to heart the charge, however true it may be, of having made a mistake. All writers in the press make mistakes constantly, and the wisest of us are those who acknowledge that they were wrong, and avoid in future falling into a like error. I have therefore no intention whatever of trying to show that by some ingenious process of reasoning certain opinions I expressed at the outset of the war might be read in some other sense than that naturally attributed to them by my critics. Throughout my career as a publicist, my endeavour has been to leave no doubt about my meaning in the minds of my readers, and I should be far more ashamed of having written words susceptible of conflicting interpretations, than of having given the weight of my authority, such as it is, to statements which the course of subsequent events have shown to be erroneous.

Whether I was right or wrong in the views I expressed as to the outlook of the war then looming in the near distance, is, I am aware, a matter of little or no public importance. But as those views were in the main those of the British public, I think it may be of some general interest to examine briefly on what points they have been shown by experience to be wrong, and in what points they have been proved by the same test to be right.

I contend, therefore, that I was absolutely right in saying that the war was inevitable. I am convinced no fair-minded person can read the narrative of the disclosures that have come to light during the last two years without arriving at the conclusion that the war was deliberately contemplated and planned by the authorities of the South African Republic, and that the date of their preparations for the war was long antecedent to that of the Jameson Raid. I quite admit that the Government of Pretoria would have probably liked to delay the actual outbreak of war till some European complication, on whose occurrence, with or without reason, they counted confidently, to render it difficult, if not impossible, for England to send any large body of troops to South Africa. The offensive and defensive alliance with the Orange Free State had no reason of existence unless it was formed with the view of making war upon England. The negotiations with the Afrikaner Bond, which, under the Schreiner Ministry, controlled the Cape Parliament and the Cape Executive, were set on foot to secure the "benevolent neutrality" of the Cape Colony in the contingency of a war between England and the twin Boer Republics. Nor is it open to doubt that the majority of the Dutch colonists in South Africa, though they might not be prepared to fight for racial supremacy, sympathised with the object which the Transvaal had in view, that of

overthrowing British rule from the Cape to the Zambesi. I fail to see how it can be disputed, with the knowledge that we now possess, that the war had got to come, and that those who foretold its necessity have no cause to reproach themselves for having been in favour of its inception. What is far more important, the country can now rest satisfied that the war was one undertaken in self-defence, and that the responsibility for the suffering and misery it has caused rests upon the assailants, not upon the assailed.

On the other hand, I own frankly that we greatly under-estimated the magnitude of the conflict upon which we embarked, not indeed "with a light heart," but with undue confidence in our overwhelming superiority in wealth and numbers. We did not realise at their true value the immense advantages conferred upon the Boers by the difficulty of moving regular troops through a country in which for the most part there are no roads; by their superior knowledge of every nook and corner in the treeless slopes of the veldt; by the reliance they could place upon the good-will of every Dutch farmer they came across, and by their proficiency as marksmen. At the same time the very fact that the campaign proved far more arduous than we anticipated only goes to show how much greater than we imagined was the danger to which England was exposed by the coalition of the Boer Republics.

In as far as I can ascertain, I was not far wrong in my estimate as to the numerical forces the Boers could carry into the field. War may alter many things, but one of the few things it cannot alter are the rules of arithmetic; and taking the ordinary estimates of the population of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State as approximately correct, it is obvious that the males over 20 in the two states cannot have exceeded some 30,000 to 40,000. I believe myself the reports of the immense numbers of Boers in the field, previous to Paardekraal, were due to a delusion similar to that by which, on the stage, the march-past of a regiment is satisfactorily represented by some score of soldiers leaving the stage by one wing and re-entering it by the other. I confess, however, though I may have been more or less correct numerically, I was at fault in appreciating the courage and determination displayed by these peasant farmers. Let the Boers be what you like, they have shown themselves men, and brave men into the bargain. I cannot but hope that under the enlightened and just administration of the British Empire the Boer may throw aside the trammels of indolence, ignorance, and prejudice which have reduced him very nearly to the intellectual level of the Kaffir; but my hope is far stronger than my belief.

Moreover, while giving the Boers credit for a genuine patriotism, I think we are apt to overlook certain considerations which render this patriotism somewhat less heroic than it would be otherwise. No honest man can avoid a feeling of respect for these poor, half-starved, ill-clothed, and badly armed peasants fighting on gallantly for what, in our judgment, is a forlorn hope. It is no disparagement to their gallantry to say that in the Boers' own opinion the hope is by no means forlorn. Being convinced that they are the chosen people of God, the elect of the earth in virtue of their unreasoning belief in the verbal inspiration of Holy Writ, being also unacquainted with the tone of modern thought, they reckon confidently on some immediate manifestation of the Almighty's favour. To their minds the victory of Majuba Hill was directly due to Divine interposition, and they entertain no doubt that God's power will again be exerted on their behalf. All Boers are ignorant to an almost inconceivable degree of the world outside the veldt; and even the less religiously minded of the body pin their faith on the support of some unknown European Power, whose interest it may be to injure or annoy England. Their leaders do their best to foster this delusion by exaggerated reports of the marks of sympathy displayed throughout the Continent for the Boer cause. These leaders themselves are victims of a similar though more

plausible delusion. They are, with few exceptions, men old enough to remember the first annexation of the Transvaal, and they are not likely to forget how England, after an unsuccessful campaign, seemed to grow weary of the struggle, and virtually capitulated within a few days of the most disgraceful defeat sustained by British troops during the last century. Their belief in the want of consistency or stability in British policy will never be removed till we prove to them that we also can fight out a battle to the bitter end. The belief in our vacillation of purpose is also confirmed, however unintentionally, by the language used by the opponents of the war at home.

Again, I admit I was mistaken in supposing the Free State would not identify her fortunes with those of the Transvaal, and that the Boers would not get any effective aid from their fellow-countrymen in the Cape Colony. I have, on the other hand, as yet seen no cause to modify the opinion I expressed on the outbreak of the war, that England as a nation believed the war to be at once just and necessary, and that, actuated by this belief, she was prepared to fight it out whatever might be the cost. So far there is nothing to gainsay the truth of this statement. Throughout the evil days when our troops were time after time baffled and defeated in their attempts to relieve Ladysmith and Kimberley; in the days when our success seemed assured of early and full accomplishment; and in the still more trying days when we found, after the war was thought to be over, that we were confronted with a harassing guerilla campaign, the British people have borne themselves with a courage, a self-control, a patience, and a determination which have commanded respect abroad even in quarters where our policy in South Africa has been most severely condemned. Up to the present there has not been any indication that popular feeling as to the war has changed in character. Every attempt to get up an anti-war agitation has proved a failure; and the British public shows no signs of wavering in its conviction that the war must continue till the victory is won. I hold, therefore, while acknowledging that the war has proved a far heavier task than I foresaw, that England has much cause for sorrow, none for regret.

I hope I am not wanting in humanity. I have no personal ill-will towards the Boers. I trust that when the war is over they will be treated liberally and generously. I am convinced, however, that no prospect of amnesty or restoration of their farms and stock can be seriously considered, or still less held out, until the Boers lay down their arms, and until we know what this futile prolongation of an useless warfare has cost the British and the loyal Dutch colonists in South Africa. From my point of view the subsidiary questions raised as to the conduct of the war are not matters that greatly concern us at the present moment. Whether farms ought or ought not to be burned; whether livestock ought or ought not to be destroyed; whether women and children ought or ought not to be kept in camps at our cost, or left to shift for themselves, are matters which must be decided on the spot in accordance with military and political considerations concerning which we at home are not competent to form an opinion. The time for examining whether it would have been possible to mitigate the sufferings caused by the present war, without prolonging its duration, cannot come till the bloodshed is at an end. For the present all we have to do is to bring the war to a close as soon as possible, to keep up our courage, to avoid interference with the action of our troops in the field, and, trusting in the justice of our cause, to carry the war to a successful end, no matter how heavy may be the cost or how long the effort. Such is my opinion as to how the war stands; and, unless I am mistaken, it is in substance the opinion of the vast majority of my fellow-countrymen.

EDWARD DICEY.

[*Copyright in the United States of America by D. T. Pierce.]

OFF DUTY.



CHELTENHAM POLICE AT SYMONDS YAT.

(We are indebted to Mr. Cooper Harrison for these photographs.)

A Gloucester Patriot.



Photo by E. Debenham, Gloucester.

Mr. E. J. C. Palmer,

Of Lower Barton Street, who has heroically stood on the Cross and in the Park for 70 Sundays, eight hours' daily and in all weathers, and collected from passers-by £212 0s. 6d. for the wives and families of Gloucester Reservists.

Lord and Lady Wemyss will leave England shortly for the Continent.

The Right Rev. S. E. Marsden, as Commissary of the Bishop of Bristol, has instituted the Rev. Francis Wrangham to the rectory of Long Newton. He was afterwards inducted by the Rural Dean, Canon Livingstone.

A marriage has been arranged between Captain Alan Goring, 20th Hussars, third son of the Rev. J. Goring, Wiston Park, Steyning, Sussex, and Violet Isabel, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Gerald C. P. Onslow, R.E. (O.C.), Commandant Bombay Sappers and Miners, Kirkee, India.

Sir Hubert Parry travelled from London to Leeds on Saturday to conduct the rehearsal, by the chorus, of his cantata, "The Song of Darkness and Light." He is still suffering from the effects of his recent accident, and was loudly cheered when he appeared with his right arm in a sling. He conducted throughout with his left hand, Mr. Benton, the chorus master, turning over the leaves of his score.

BUSYBODY HUSBANDS.

A man's place is not in the kitchen, and in those households where the husband persists in interfering with the domestic arrangements nothing ever seems to go right.

Servants also resent the invasion of their special domain, and, though they dare not openly be disrespectful, their opinion of their master is by no means a lofty one. Neither does his interference make them look up to their mistress, for a woman wedded to a busybody is powerless to assert any personal authority in the house.

But the busybody man does not confine his meddling to the kitchen. He must also superintend his wife's expenditure. Now, if there is one thing more than another upon which a woman specially prides herself, it is upon her capacity to shop wisely, and there is nothing more galling to her than to be trotted round the shops by her husband.

Yet, this is what the busybody's wife has to endure, together with the additional annoyance of seeing her better-half taken in on every side. For, with all his meddling, the tradespeople see him coming, and, chuckling to themselves, promptly palm their worst goods off on him, while, string-bag in hand, his poor wife stands meekly by, watching all that is going on, though she dare not put in a word of remonstrance.

A dinner in the busybody's house is a terrible affair for his guests. As a rule, it is barely eatable, for he fusses everybody into a state of confusion, the meal, as a consequence, being terribly delayed and badly cooked in the end.

This does not daunt him, however, for he flusters round the drawing-room, debating with the ladies present the servant question, to the great amusement of the men.

As a father the busybody is not a success. He has schemes for the management of the baby that appal its mother, while his elder children endure his interference with an air of tolerant superiority.

GOOD NEWS FOR PLAIN GIRLS.

All women are not endowed with beauty, and it, therefore, behoves a plain woman to consider how she can make herself attractive.

Without a doubt a low, gentle voice strikes pleasantly on the ear and produces a favourable opinion on the listeners.

A refined, sympathetic, and gentle manner is also most attractive and seldom fails to win all, for we instinctively feel that such grace of manner naturally belongs to the sweet nature of a good and noble woman; and, forgetting the plainness of face and form, we turn towards this plain woman, who, in some way, possesses a charm for us.

A clever, refined, well-educated mind often beautifies a plain person, and most of her defects are forgotten in pleasant, interesting conversation.

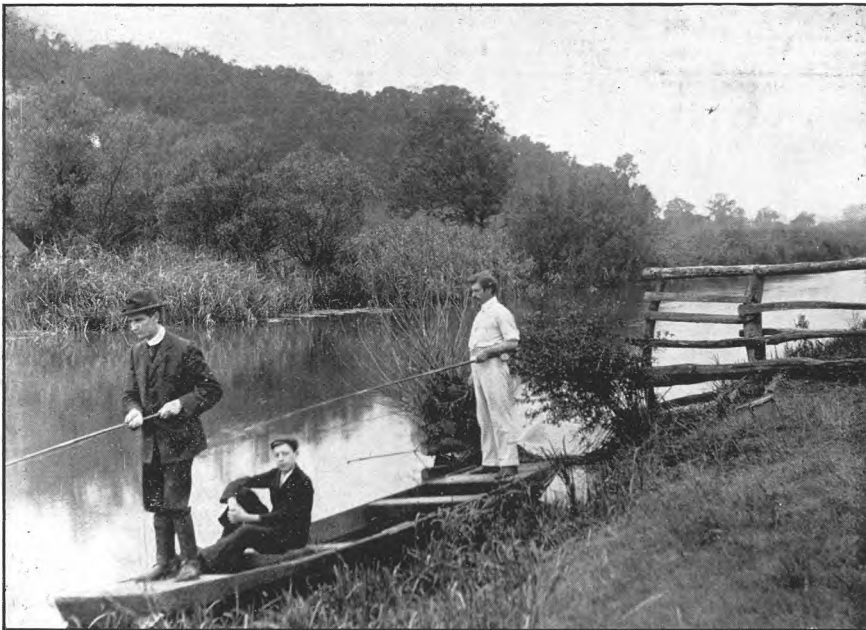
We sometimes overhear the following remarks relating to a plain girl:—"Do you know Miss Jones? No! But she is awfully plain, isn't she?"

"Yes; but have you ever spoken to her? She has such a pleasant, taking manner, and a lovely voice, one forgets all about her plainness."

And so we have at different periods of our lives experienced this same charm in plain women of our acquaintance, and we feel we can sincerely say of them they are charming on account of their many good qualities.

Mr. Henry Ferry, for thirty years manager of Allsopps and Sons (Limited), has resigned his position.

The marriage arranged between Patteson W. Nickalls, eldest son of Sir P. Nickalls, of Chislehurst, Kent, and Norah Miller, daughter of the late Edward Miller, and of Mrs. Miller, of Springhill, Rugby, will take place at Rugby on the 24th of October.



Angling on the Avon near Eckington.

A Tour of our Churches

ST. MICHAEL'S, BISHOP'S CLEEVE.

A few days back, in a local guide, I read that all should see the church at Bishop's Cleeve, "it being one of the finest examples of Norman architecture in the neighbourhood, its fine west front, glorious south porch, and equally remarkable nave and aisles, placing it in the first rank of Norman churches in the West of England." This raised the spirit of quest within me, and I attended service there on Sunday morning last.

The church is indeed a grand building, with some later additions to its general Norman style. It has a noble and spacious entrance porch, in which is some curious workmanship. The tower is central, embattled, and pinnacled. The interior consists of a nave of three bays, south and north aisles, choir under the tower, chancel, and inner sanctuary originally placed there for the private use of the monks when the church was attached to a monastery. At the west end is a curiously constructed oaken gallery, with some beautiful carving on the front. Very noticeable is a handsome marble monument (coloured and gilt in parts) to the De la Bere family, erected 1740 and restored in 1803. There are effigies of a knight and a nun, and on the walls of the north aisle and in the vestry are remains of mural paintings. The restoration of the church, going on for years, is not yet complete.

The congregation on Sunday morning was rather a sparse one, the scarcity of adult males being particularly noticeable. The services are rather high, but ordinary Matins is not aggressively so. The congregation stand as the choir and clergy march from the vestry to their places, the organist playing a quiet voluntary meanwhile. The Curate read the prayers, etc., the Rector the lessons. The Litany was read from a small Miserere desk at the choir entrance. The Psalms and Canticles were chanted, and chanted well. The first hymn was "Awake, my Soul."

The preacher was the Rector, who took for his text St. Luke vii., 14: "Young man, I say unto Thee Arise." He said there were related in the Holy Scriptures only three examples of our Lord raising the dead to life, and in all those instances one was struck with the simplicity of our Lord's actions—so quiet and calm. If any of the present day were engaged in a great work, what excitement they showed! How worried they were! With Jesus it was as with the Father, Who spake and it was done, Who said "Let there be light, and there was light." Jesus said "Maid, I say unto Thee arise"; "Young man, I say unto Thee arise"; "Lazarus, come forth." He spake, and it was done. There was always in our Saviour's works the glory of His Heavenly Father. In our Lord they saw the Heavenly Father, they saw the Divine Power being exercised, and they saw His Divine Love towards mankind. Christ was sent by the Father in order that mankind might behold salvation. In Jesus Christ there was revealed the saving power of God. Again, they saw in these miracles the preparation of the disciples for the reception of that great central truth of the Christian faith—the Resurrection of Christ Himself. The Lord had done these things to convince His disciples that He would rise again; He had even told them that He would rise again the third day; and yet they hardly believed it. So it seemed He would say to them—What I have done to others I would do unto Myself—by raising these three I have raised Myself from the tomb in which I have lain. Again, these miracles helped to foster within them that great virtue of hope, that however slightly tainted or far dead in sin they were, they might be raised again. The miracles had also a spiritual significance. The death of the body represented the parable of the death of the soul, for although they said the soul was immortal, and still lived on its life, yet there was a death of the soul, and that by sin it might be separated from the source of life, and live on still in darkness. The preacher, in conclusion, urged his hearers to first realise for themselves the deadly nature of sin, and then they would be led to Christ, the source of life, and He would bring them to life again.

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT. THE 1ST BATTALION (28TH FOOT).

On another page is a reproduction of a very artistic picture, by Mr. F. E. Wallis, of Cheltenham, representing the evolution of the uniform, and the colours, badge, and a glorious event in the annals of the 1st Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment, better known as the 28th Foot, or the North Gloucesters. This famous regiment was raised in 1694, by Sir John Gibson, when the Army was increased by ten new regiments of Horse and fifteen of Foot. Its first three years' service was in the West Indies and Newfoundland, and it was disbanded in 1698, after the Treaty of Ryswick. But on the outbreak of the Spanish Succession War it was embodied, and served under Marlborough in Flanders. In 1707, under Col. Viscount Mordaunt, it was attached to the Peninsular Expedition of Lord Galway, and lost very heavily at Almanza. After twelve years of peace the regiment again proceeded to Spain, and took part in the operations ending in the fall of Alberoni. Next it was quartered for 22 years in Ireland. Philip Bragg was appointed Colonel in 1734, and from him the regiment gained the lasting sobriquet of "Old Braggs." After another term in Flanders, under Marshal Wade, and fighting at Fontenoy, it was dispatched, in 1758, to North America, from which it assisted to oust the French, and the 28th tell with pride that Lieut. Brown, one of their officers, supported General Wolfe when he fell on the heights of Abraham, and carried him from the field. The "Braggs" also assisted in the capture of Havannah from the Spanish and the recapture of Martinique. The regiment also saw a great deal of fighting in the American War of Independence, and it was for their bravery in crossing the River Bruny and scaling a steep hill, after throwing away their muskets and charging the enemy in breastworks with their short swords, with which they did fell execution, that the Army nicknamed them on the spot "The Slashers." In 1794-5 the regiment again served in Flanders with distinction; but it was in 1801, at the Battle of Alexandria (depicted in the picture), that the 28th most covered itself with glory: Surrounded and cut off from the rest of the British Army, beset on every hand, and attacked in line formation both in front and rear, Col. Paget gave the command "Rear rank, right-about-face; fire." The order was obeyed, and not a man flinched, and during the long fight both French and British exhausted their ammunition and then pelted each other with stones. In commemoration of their splendid conduct, the 28th

were granted the unique distinction of wearing the regimental number at the back of the head-dress as well as at the front. The back plate is now a small sphinx over Egypt within a laurel wreath. After serving at Copenhagen and in Sweden, the "Slashers" proceeded to Peninsula, and were well engaged in many of the bloody engagements there, including Vittoria, in 1813, when, curiously enough, they defeated the 28th of the Line, the famous "Regiment du Roi," whose eagle was captured. When Napoleon had escaped from Elba the regiment was one that faced the tyrant of Europe in the Low Countries, and on June 16th, 1815, in the rye-field at Quatre Bras it stood firm in square all day hurling back Ney's steel-clad cuirassiers and the famous Polish Lancers. "Bravo 28th—the 28th are still the 28th, and their conduct this day will never be forgotten," cried Kempt, their brigadier, and two days later at Waterloo, after the Gloucesters had stood like a rock against cavalry onslaughts, the noble Picton, standing in the square centre, said, "28th, if I live to see the Prince Regent I shall lay before him your bravery this day." After 39 long years of peace, the 28th was amongst the first to embark for the Crimea, where, in Sir R. England's Division, it fought at Alma and Inkerman and around Sebastopol. They went to India, but too late to take part in quelling the Mutiny. Its next active service was in the Boer War, and it was its ill-luck to lose two companies at Nicholson's Nek and be shut up in Ladysmith, whence it proceeded to Ceylon, and is now engaged in guarding Boer prisoners.

In regard to the uniform, the facings until 1831 were yellow, and the officers' lace silver until 1850. The men's lace was white, with one yellow and two black stripes, until Oct. 10th, 1836, when the lace for the rank and file was ordered to be white. It will be noticed in our first illustration, that of a musketeer of 1694, the hat is slouched and the man has a collar of bandoliers. Is this an intelligent anticipation of military fashion two centuries later?

The pair of colours illustrated are those issued in 1850, and their tattered remnants (lately carefully preserved) are now hanging in honour in the Lady Chapel of Gloucester Cathedral.

* * *

The Mayor of Cheltenham has received a telegram from the American Ambassador thanking him and the aldermen and burgesses of the borough, on behalf of the American nation, for expressions of sympathy conveyed in the telegram of the 19th inst., which he will forward to his Government.

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, SEPTEMBER 28, 1901.
1ST BATT. GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGT. (28TH FOOT).

Its Uniform, Colours, Badge, and Glorious Stand at Alexandria.



Photo of a Picture by Mr. F. E. Wallis,

BYGONE CHELTENHAM.

* * *

WHAT DEAN CLOSE DID FOR THE TOWN.

*

"THE POPE OF CHELTENHAM."

*

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE TRIAL OF MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE.

*

In the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle," Mr. W. E. Adams, author of "Our American Cousins," continues his interesting "Memoirs of a Social Atom." Like his first, the second chapter deals exclusively with Cheltenham, but to the second he puts the significant heading "The Close Season." The reason of this *double entendre* is apparent from the story he tells:—

"The power of the Church was probably never more remarkably demonstrated anywhere than it was in Cheltenham during many years of the middle of the nineteenth century. As a matter of fact, the history of the town for all that period was the history of a single clergyman. The dominant authority in secular as well as religious affairs was a notable and imperious divine—the Rev. Francis Close, afterwards Dean of Carlisle.

"The reign of the Rev. Francs—what may be called the Close Season—extended from 1826, when he was appointed to the Incumbency of Cheltenham, to 1856, the year in which he accepted the Deanery of Carlisle. During all these years, his presence so pervaded and his influence so dominated the town that little or nothing could be done without his sanction. My recollection of him is still vivid. A singularly handsome man, not unlike Mr. Bright, he was adored by the ladies of the town, especially the fashionable ladies, matrons and maidens alike. The adoration, as is usual in such cases, took the form of slippers. It was stated at the time he transferred his labours to Carlisle that over 1,500 pairs of these articles, worked and embroidered by the hands of his fair adorers, were presented to Mr. Close in the course of his ministry in Cheltenham. Some of the more enraptured or more facetious of his admirers spoke of his fresh and comely countenance as 'the beauty of holiness.' When he died in 1882, one of his contemporary biographers, writing of the earlier period of his life, described him as 'the Pope of Cheltenham, with pontifical prerogatives from which the temporal had not been severed.'

"The description was not inaccurate, nor much exaggerated. The annual races on Cleeve Hill, far away from the town, were discontinued, and only fitfully resumed afterwards, owing to the incumbent's overpowering influence. But the most remarkable example of his authority in secular affairs was the power he exercised in preventing the reconstruction of the theatre. Cheltenham had held an honourable place in the history of the drama. It was there that Mrs. Siddons appeared with a company of barn-stormers. The home of the drama was at that time situated in an obscure court. The tiring room was a hay loft and the arena a stable. A party of titled people, among them the Earl of Aylesbury, turning to get some diversion from the performance of 'Venice Preserved,' paid the place a visit. They went to laugh, but remained to cry. So powerfully had Mrs. Siddons acted the part of Belvidera that the ladies of the party were unrepresentable next morning, owing, as Lady Aylesbury informed her husband, to their having wept so excessively the previous night. The report of the Aylesbury family induced Garrick to send an agent to Cheltenham with the offer of an engagement to the great actress. Thus did Sarah Siddons begin her triumphant career on the greater stage. The story is told at length in the poet Campbell's life of the illustrious mummer. Years afterwards a handsome theatre was built in the town. Lord Byron, at one time a resident, lent his aid in bringing down talent. All the great exponents of tragedy and comedy—Kemble and Kean, Macready and Anderson, Liston and Munden, Bannister and Grimaldi, Miss Mellon and Mrs. Jordan—strutted and mimed

before succeeding audiences of fashion. But a great calamity befel the drama in 1839. The Theatre Royal, shortly after James Anderson (whose recollections have been admirably told in the 'Weekly Chronicle' by himself) had fulfilled an engagement in it, was totally destroyed by fire. I am not sure that the clergy of the period did not regard the occurrence as a manifestation of the anger of Heaven. It is certain that the incumbent preached against the stage, published the sermon that he preached, and otherwise brought such pressure to bear on the community that no regular theatre was established while he held dominion over the town.

"Many other evidences of narrow-mindedness were furnished by Mr. Close during the time that he was spiritual (and to a large extent temporal) master of the town. Some of these evidences may be found in the varied volumes of sermons, as well as the printed lectures and addresses, that were so highly treasured by his followers. When civil marriages were legalised in 1840, he stated from the pulpit that 'he wished the canon law allowed him to refuse the sacrament to all persons married at the Registrar's Office.' When infant baptism or some such subject was a burning question in the Church, he was credited with the declaration of his belief in the hyper-Calvinistic assumption that 'there are infants in hell a span long.' It was his custom for many years to preach a special sermon against the Roman Catholics on the recurrence of the 5th of November. Catholics and Unitarians were alike outside his pale; for all denominations save these were invited by him and his friends to join them when a Scripture Readers' Society was formed in Cheltenham. Mr. Close was perhaps a little superstitious too. Writing in a private letter about his relations with the Bishop of Gloucester, he said:—'Old Monk and I were very good friends. He never interfered with me in any one thing that I can remember. We had some difficulty about a special fast-day on occasion of the cholera. But he let me do what I pleased. And we held it—a wonderful day—and the cholera never visited Cheltenham, although it was all round us within four miles.'

"The worst instance of his bigotry was the part he was understood to have played in the persecution of the now venerable George Jacob Holyoake. Mr. Holyoake was one of Robert Owen's social missionaries. In that capacity he came in 1842 to lecture to the Cheltenham folks. I was a boy of ten at the time. Hearing my elders talk of the new and strange doctrines that were being preached, I found myself in a meeting in the long room of the King's Head Inn—a room in the inn yard used for the annual dinners of Odd Fellows and similar feasts and ceremonies. The lecturer was a young man tall and slim, with dark hair, spectacles, and a thin, womanly voice. I don't know whether my good friend will recognise the portrait; but it is my earliest recollection of him. What he said I can't in the least remember. Mr. Holyoake, paying a later visit to Cheltenham, lectured on 'Home Colonization.' After the lecture, in reply to a question, he made some remarks on the subject of religion which, though they would excite little notice now, at that time and in that town naturally aroused hostile attention. The 'Cheltenham Chronicle' sounded the alarm. It published a paragraph in which Mr. Holyoake was called a 'poor misguided wretch,' and the company was roundly abused for 'applauding the miscreant,' the editor appending a note to the effect that three persons in the employ of the office were ready to give evidence in case the authorities should institute a prosecution for blasphemy. One of these three persons was a man whom I came to know afterwards—a printer and local preacher of the name of Bartram, gifted with religious fervour, and not ungifted with a certain sort of eloquence. It was he, I believe, who wrote or suggested the incriminating paragraph. The authorities took the advice of the newspaper; Mr. Holyoake was prosecuted for blasphemy; and the result of the 'last trial for Atheism,' as he himself calls it, was six months' imprisonment in Gloucester Gaol. The prime mover of the prosecution was generally believed to be the Rev. Francis Close, who was for this and other reasons dubbed by Charles South-

well the 'March-hare of the Church.'

"But Mr. Close, as was said at the time of his death, must be credited with eminent qualities to have founded so supreme and inquisitorial an empire over home and will as that which he doubted in Cheltenham. There can be no doubt of his energy and ardour. If ever there was a devoted churchman, it was the incumbent of the parish of Cheltenham. Foremost in all "good works," he was instrumental in the erection of no fewer than eight new churches, charitable and educational institutions enjoyed the benefit of his support, some of them even owing their initiation to his commanding zeal. A commodious hospital was erected during his ministry. So also were the Cheltenham College (now hardly second to Eton or Harrow or Rugby), the Ladies' College (commenced in a private house when I was a boy), and the Normal Training College for Teachers, of which the Rev. C. H. Bromby, then Incumbent of St. Paul's, Cheltenham, afterwards Bishop of Tasmania, was made the first headmaster. Works of this kind ought properly to be placed to the credit of the distinguished Churchman. Nor was he, notwithstanding his serious and severe reputation, destitute of humour; for I recollect when he paid one of his frequent visits to the printing office in which I was engaged, and in which his occasional sermons and lectures were printed, how heartily he laughed as he told the old story of the Jew clothesman who, when asked why he called out 'O' clo', o' clo', instead of 'Old clothes, old clothes,' replied that his interrogator would be glad to cut the cry short too if he had to shout it through the streets all day.

"Among the new churches built in Mr. Close's time was Christ Church on Bayshill, right away in the fields, with scarcely a house beyond it. Near at hand were clay ponds made by the brickmakers, where the boys of the lower part of the town (myself included) for want of a better place used to bathe among newts and frogs and slime. The first incumbent of Christ Church was an eloquent Irishman who attracted crowded congregations to the new church every Sunday—the Rev. Archibald Boyd. In pursuance of a half-fulfilled resolution to hear all the parsons in the town, I sometimes joined the congregations myself. Years afterwards, passing through Exeter I attended service in the grand old cathedral. The edifice was crowded—so crowded that in the seat I occupied I could hear, but not see, the preacher. The sermon was a bitter denunciation of Mr. Bradlaugh, then engaged in his great struggle with the House of Commons. Some of the old fables about the member for Northampton were related from the pulpit. These being communicated to Mr. Bradlaugh, he contradicted them in his newspaper for the hundredth time. The preacher was my old acquaintance of Christ Church, then Dean of Exeter. Eloquence seems to be an endowment of the Boyd family, since among others who are distinguished for the gift is a nephew of the Dean or Exeter's, the Right Rev. William Boyd-Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon.

"The curate of Christ Church in my time became afterwards even more celebrated than Archibald Boyd. This was the Rev. Frederick William Robertson—'Robertson of Brighton.' One used to hear much in those days among the townsfolk about Captain Robertson, the father of the young preacher; a little, but very little, about his son, the curate; but a great deal too much about a rather harum scarum brother of the curate's. It was only after he had obtained a living at Brighton that Robertson became famous. But he had literary tastes and longings even in Cheltenham. Tennyson was residing in the town at the time, and Robertson seems to have made his acquaintance. The poet was not a man, either then or afterwards, but especially then, to welcome casual acquaintance. So, according to Mr. Knowles, fearing that his visitor was going to 'pluck out the heart of his mystery,' he talked to him about nothing but beer! If they ever met afterwards, when both had become famous, we may be sure that they would have talked about something else. Robertson died young, but not before it had been demonstrated that he was one of the choicest products of the

English Church. Dean Stanley called him 'the greatest preacher of the century.' When he died, he had published nothing but one sermon, two lectures, two addresses, and an analysis of 'In Memoriam.' But he had not been long dead before there arose an imperious demand for all he had said or written. No sermons have had so large a circulation as Robertson's; none have been so widely read, so warmly praised, so highly appreciated, not even Channing's, or Theodore Parker's, or Ralph Waldo Emerson's. Mudie found them as popular as novels, Tauchnitz added them to his foreign series, and at least one volume has been translated into German, and another into Scandinavian. Within a brief period of the death of the author, says the Rev. Stopford Brooke in his biography of Robertson, fifteen editions of the first volume were published, thirteen of the second, and thirteen of the third. Even in America nine editions had been issued at the same period. Beyond question the fame of few preachers will live longer in literary history than that of the curate of Christ Church on Bays Hill."

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.

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.

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

The winner of the 38th competition is Mr. J. W. Gray, of St. Elmo, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham, and the prize pictures are the wheat harvest scenes at Leckhampton.

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.

Entries for the 39th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Sept. 28th, 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 competition is open to the county, and the name of the successful competitor will

OUR PRIZE PICTURES.

AMERICAN OFFICE HUNTERS.

*

There is one advantage that President Roosevelt will have over his predecessors. No change of party having occurred, he will be comparatively free from the wiles of office-seekers. When Cleveland was elected in 1892, he had to flee from New York to avoid a hungry crowd of place-hunters. Abraham Lincoln, when he caught the smallpox, grimly said that the comfort was that he had at last got something which he could give to the whole tribe!

* * *

A LADY POLICEMAN.

*

There is in the world one lady policeman. Miss Helen Wilder did not become a member of the police force of the city of Honolulu in order to gain a living. Her father is one of the great sugar kings of the Pacific, and worth several millions. It was her love for children and animals that prompted this pretty young girl—she is now only 24—to seek the appointment. She is a mounted officer, wears on her soft felt hat the silver star, which is the badge of her calling, and carries a revolver.

* * *

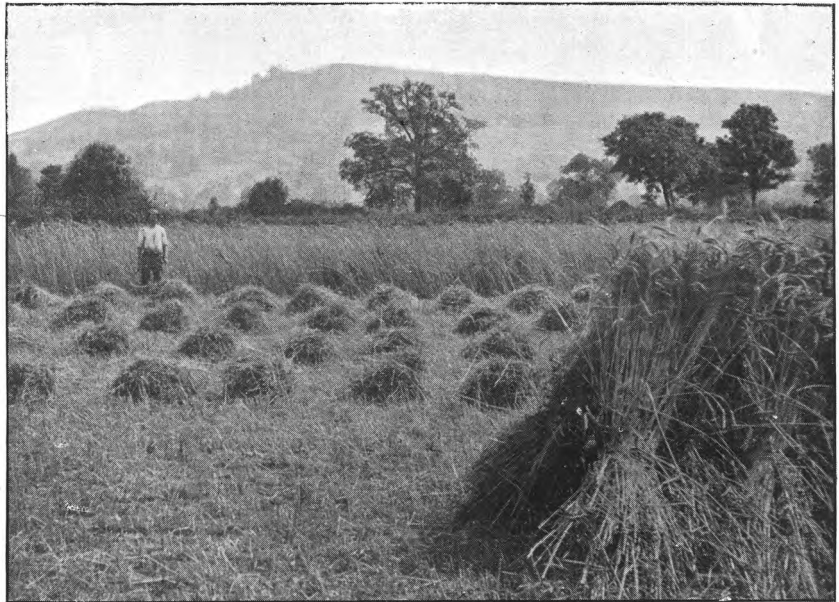
MALE AND FEMALE COOKS.

*

As a counterpoise to the complaint that woman is usurping man's place in the counting-house, it is interesting to make a note of the representations of the kitchenmaids of Paris concerning the preference given to the men for the best appointments as cooks. There should certainly be a fair field and no favour in this matter as in other matters; but it is hard to believe that the present order of things in the best kitchens is the result of any wanton or tyrannous sex bias, or that the general standard of dinners would be raised by promoting too many women to the chef's office. It is not merely as a cook, but as a teacher of the culinary art that a great chef earns the gratitude of the community. A good female cook is often unduly anxious that her secrets shall die with her. A good male cook is much more free in communicating the mysteries to his subordinates, and is even known sometimes to throw the saucepans at the heads of those who are slow to understand. Those who afterwards employ his pupils in their kitchens appreciate the service which he thus renders, and have no wish to see him dethroned from his exalted and lucrative estate.

* * *

The Countess Seilern, wife of Count Seilern, a Hungarian nobleman residing at Frensham Place, near Farnham, died somewhat suddenly on Sunday morning. Deceased, who was an American heiress, gave birth to a son last Tuesday.



Wheat Harvest at Leckhampton.

The King Alfred Millenary.



"ALFRED'S HALL," CIRENCESTER PARK.

In a note accompanying this interesting picture, Mr. W. G. Inward, of Grange Crescent, Cheltenham, writes:—"Alfred's Hall," is to be found at the Wood House in Earl Bathurst's Park at Cirencester, and is well worth a visit. The interior is not usually thrown open to the public, but can be viewed upon presentation of a permit, which can be obtained at the office of Mr. Anderson, Steward to Earl Bathurst. It contains a number of interesting relics of bygone days. Not many yards from the "Hall," well covered by trees, is to be found an ancient fireplace, which is generally believed (at least by the natives of Cirencester) to be the spot where the great King burnt the cakes.

By the Way.

(Continued from last week.)

Well, as I was a-saying in my last letter, here was we in a pretty fix, travelling with a man wick he might have been one of these 'ere Anarchists for all we knew, and he a-throwing of our parcels out of the window and acting like a madman; I really thought as my last 'our were come, and I remembered as 'ow I owed the milkman 3^d. for a quart of milk as he'd forgotten to charge me for, and that I put a French penny in the harvest thanksgiving collection of last Sunday, wick they *do* say you remembers all your sins at such awkward moments. But the "Xtian 'Erald" man 'e pulled the seafaring lunatic's nose, and punched 'is 'ead a bit, for it seems 'e were a somnambelizing (as they do call walking in your sleep nowadays), and 'e thought 'e were aboard ship and were a-throwing out my bundles to lighten the vessel, as 'e thought were sinking!

We stopped at a little station just after, so while the engine-driver were 'aving a bit and a sup at the nearest "caff," we just walked along the line to search for the mangled remains of my bundles wick we found them spread over the railway "for all the world like an old clothes stall," as Mary Ann Tompkins said, wick I considers was like 'er imperance, wick I shouldn't care to be seen out in some of the things she wears, as I know comes from the second-hand dealers, and is only done up to look "all fay," as the French says!

Well, we took good care not to get in with that there sleep-walker again, and after some time 'ad elapsed we drawn into a station, and somebody said this were Westin. But for the life o' me I couldn't see nor name nor anything for to hidentify the place, nor Hudson's Soap, and Pear's Soap, and Bungle's Bottled Bitters, wick I knowed very well that couldn't be the name of the station. So I ups and I arks a hoffer in a gold 'at if I could arsk 'im a very pertikler question? wick 'e says, "Pertikler question department first door to the left, madam," and fair knocks me speechless. So me and Mary Ann and the boy we leaves our luggage in the train, and we goes to the place where we was directed, and lo! and be'old it were the station-master's office, wick we knocks and were asked to walk in and take a seat, very social like. So they runs and fetches the station-master, and 'e comes, bowin' and scrapin' (knowing as 'e 'ad to do with a lady, as I don't mind who 'ears me say it), and says, says 'e, "I believe, madam (that's me), that you wish to see me

on a matter of pertikler moment?" So says I, "Thank you kindly, sir, and the same to you, and I 'ope you won't mind my bein' so bold as to axe you a simple question." "No, madam," says 'e, "I shall be pleased to oblige you in any way. What is it you wish to know?" Says I, "I wanted to arsk you, sir, if this is Westin?" and, you mark my words, every one of them young fellows in that office stopped a-writing at their deskses, and one sneezed and another sniggled until they fairly screamed with larfing, and me that hindignant the whilst wick I 'adn't done nor said nothink that a lady shouldn't, and the station-master looking as if 'e would 'ave bit me nose off, so after I 'ad 'eard the place were really Westin I takes me 'ook, as the sayin' is, pretty smart, not liking such goin's on. Well, now, would you believe, wen me and Mary Ann and the boy come out on to the platform again, if that there train hadn't been and gone and went away with our luggage, and perwisions, and all in it, wick I considered as we was only 'aving a very middlin' kind of egscursion up to nbw, wot with one thing and another 'appening to us, and we 'adn't seen no "briny" yet, and wasn't likely to, as it turned out.

One of the porters told us we should get our luggage back again in a week or two from Cornwall or Plymouth or somewhere, wick it weren't much of a comfort to me, seeing as 'ow there was as nice a lot of 'am sandwiches as was ever cut in one of the parcels, and, we all knows, they doesn't improve with keepin'!

To cut a long story short, we decided to go down to the shore, and to gaze at the 'eaving billows, and 'ear the surges roar, wick it sounds very well, I will say, in a recitation or a piece of poetry, but it's very different after you've tramped up one street and down another, and can't find any surges or billows a-roaring anywheres 'andy. We encountered large numbers of people, all a-looking, like us, for the sea, wick I could smell a sniff of the crabs and herrings and things now and again, but no sea! We were told to go on the Esplanade, wick were supposed to be a very good view of the hocean, so after 'aving a bit of something to eat at a "restaurant," as they calls the Westin eatin'-houses, we sallies 4th to the Esplanade. And "wot a site were there," as the poet says; millions of people a-listening to black men and Punch and Judy shows, and cocoanut shies, and "photograph you while you waits," and phonographs, and all manner of amusements, for all the world like 'Ampton's Gardens in the season. There was a fine long wall with a walk on it, and a pier with "Beecham's Pills" wrote on it, but I couldn't see no sea nowheres, wick we arks a gentleman with corduroy trousers and a old blue jersey where the hocean were. Says he,

"The water can't be seen with the naked eye (begging your pardon for mentioning the word naked, ma'am), but you can look through my telescope, and you'll be able to discern it plainly," wick I can't say as 'ow I did see anything, because of the glass of his telescope being very smudgy, and not being able to use myself to look through such a little hole. But, anyways, that there hocean were miles away, and me and Mary Ann Tompkins and her boy come all these miles to take off our shoes and stockin's and paddle in it, and disappointed after all, wick I consider such things ought not to be allowed, calling a place a sea-side resort when it aint hardly within site of the sea at all, wick they told us as there was egscursions run every 'our across the sands to where the water was, and 'ow one man in pertikler come down 'ere and built a 'ouse on one end of the sands and never knowed as it were seaside until six months afterwards, wen a 'eavy tide come up channel and fairly swept 'im and 'is 'ouse off their pins. I bought a little book wick I will say it were very gossip and entertaining, as said the smell of the mud were considered to be better for the 'ealth than the waves, but give me 2 or 3 waves any day, and you can keep your mud, that's wot I says!

If you can't get waves at the seaside, I should like to know where you're going to get them, indeed! I see some people looking at something out over the sands, so I arks if I might be so bold as to arsk wot they were a-looking at, and they says, "We was looking at whales," wick I spose it must 'ave been a whale a-floatin' at anchor, as the sayin' is, for I couldn't see it move; but 'tisn't every-one as can say they 'ave seen a whale, is it now, Mr. Editor? After we'd took a good look at where the sea 'ad been, we walks up to the "Grove Gardens," where there were a very middlin' band a blowing and a tootlin' away for all they were worth. There were a notice at the door as no dogs were to be admitted, and they do say that once one got inside the gates, but 'e were murdered at once by the scavenger (being very pertikler on such matters at Westin), and, sure enough, there 'e is a-buried there with a fine stone on top of 'im, and a subscription wick I couldn't read it without my spectacles as I'd lost in the train, as cost me 3 and sixpence only six years ago come next Christmas.

I had meant to tell you, Mr. Editor, 'ow we got in the wrong train coming 'ome, and nearly went to Exeter or some such outlandish parts, wick I consider everybody ought to be told where they'm a-goin' to before they gets into the trains. But there! we did get 'ome sweet 'ome at last, fair tired out, wick I 'aven't 'ad all my bundles returned yet, altho' I wrote to the Postmaster-General about 'em to onct, as 'aven't 'ad the perliteness to reply, thro' me bein' a lone widder, and not 'aving no Town Councillors or Mares to stand up for me; but as for the hocean wave, I don't think much of it, altho', as I believe I remarked before, it looks very 'andsome in print, wick wen I were younger I were considered to look very bloomin', as the sayin' is, in a new print gown meself.

So no more at the present

From

Your

Co-respondent,

SELINA JENKINS.

(rote by 'erself).

* * *

GLASGOW BEATS THE RECORD.

On Monday was the autumn holiday in Glasgow, and all records connected with the International Exhibition were beaten. The attendance reached 171,960. Since the beginning of the exhibition over 7,000,000 people have passed the gates, which is the largest attendance recorded at any British exhibition.

Printing . .

Of every description at the . . .

"Chronicle" and "Graphic" Offices