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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



THE REV. W. MORTON BARWELL, B.A.

The Rev. W. Morton Barwell, B.A., is the son of the late Rev. W. Barwell, of Northampton House School, Cheltenham. After a successful school career he obtained a scholarship at Mansfield College, Oxford, in 1896 and graduated three years later, and in 1900 obtained a place in the Second Class Honours List in the Theological Schools. He has won several prizes awarded in connection with his own College, and early this year won the Rogers essay prize, the subject being a comparison of the Puritans of the Commonwealth and the Separatists. Another prize provides for a course of the theological study in Germany, and Mr. Barwell has already spent some months at Marburg, and will probably complete his course there next year. In May last, after considerable pressure had been brought to bear upon him, Mr. Barwell accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of Morningside Congregational Church, Edinburgh, in succession to the Rev. David Caird. His ordination took place yesterday (Friday) afternoon, when the charge was delivered by Dr. Fairbairn, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, and the ordination prayer offered by the Rev. A. C. Turberville, of Cheltenham. Others taking part in the service were Principal Hodgson (Edinburgh), Prof. Thatcher (Mansfield College), Rev. A. R. Henderson, M.A., and Emeritus Professor W. Taylor, D.D. (Edinburgh). The induction services take place to-morrow.

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.

SOME MIXED METAPHORS.

"Since our last issue the company has made vast strides, but do not let us rest, on our oars, or we shall fall into the fire."—From annual record of a Lancashire Volunteer Battalion.

"The apples of discord have been sown in our midst, and if they be not nipped in the bud, they will burst into a conflagration, and deluge the world."—Old Divine.

"There is not a single view of human nature which is not sufficient to extinguish the seeds of pride."—Addison.

"A skeleton that lays the keel of a much-needed reform and takes a long stride forward."—Said recently in a London paper of the Education Bill.

"The very recognition of these is a mortal wound to that keystone upon which the arch of mortality reposes."—De Quincey.

"We have this sum as a nest egg laid by for a rainy day."—Report of a Charity.

"We will march forth with our axes on our shoulders, and plough the mighty deep, so that our gallant ship Temperance shall sail gloriously over the land."—Speech at one of J. B. Gough's meetings.

The British Lion, whether roaming the burning sands of India, or climbing the forests of Canada, will never draw in his horns, or retire into his shell."—An Unknown M.P.

"Ideas rejected peremptorily at the time, often rankle and bear fruit by and by."—Charles Reade.

"We too have an umbrella, and when is unfurled it will speak with no uncertain sound, and ere long will float in the eye of day to a sure and certain victory."—A Conservative orator, at the time when the Gladstone umbrella was talked about.

"You are standing on the edge of a precipice which will one day hang like a millstone round your necks."—Speech in Parliament.

"I smell a rat; I see it floating before me in the air; and I will proceed to nip it in the bud."—(P).

SAVAGE KINGS I HAVE KNOWN.

By SIR HENRY M. STANLEY.

* * *

Some fastidious writers will have it that we have no right to apply the term "king" so freely to African kinglets and chiefs. Bearing this objection in mind, I propose to describe a few of those who had real kingly power in the eastern half of Africa, and some of the most prominent chiefs of my acquaintance in the western half.

The first on my list is Mirambo, whose name became so famous in the 'seventies, and who by his many wars, lasting eighteen years, caused ivory to be doubled in value throughout the world. He was the son of a small chief in East Central Africa.

While yet a mere youth Mirambo lost his father through a squabble with an Arab; his native village, Uyoweh, was burnt down, and several of his family were made slaves, but he himself escaped, with a few faithful retainers. He was next heard of as engaging himself and followers to carry goods at so much per load between Unyanyembe, in Inner Africa, and Bagamoyo, on the coast, and back again. He followed this vocation for some years, and mostly invested the earnings of his band in guns and ammunition, which he carefully hid away for future use.

As he was nearing his thirtieth year he left off travelling, and rebuilt Uyoweh, about halfway between Unyanyembe and Ujiji, the two great trading centres. The caravan road ran close to his stockade, which was strong and high, and consisted of hard-wood poles, closely joined together. When his village was completed, he imposed a small toll on every caravan that passed by, collected ivory, which he sold at a good figure, and also made good profit from the produce of his community. All his gains were devoted to the purchase of arms and gunpowder.

By-and-bye it was noticed that the tolls demanded by Mirambo, the Sultan of Uyoweh, were becoming heavier, and that whenever it was possible he took them in guns and ammunition. His force was also greatly increased, he owned hundreds of armed slaves and, as he had a reputation among the natives for being liberal in his payments, crowds of young men, who had a grievance, or loved adventure, flocked to the village and became his enlisted men.

The Arabs understood toll paying, but when the tolls became blackmail, and the blackmail became wholesale confiscation of property, the road to Ujiji was seldom travelled. One day, however, a proud Arab resolved to go by that road and no other, and try the effect of armed resistance to Mirambo's extortion. It was soon afterwards heard in Unyanyembe that the Arab and all his men had been massacred, and everything he owned was in Mirambo's hands. Then the Arab colony declared war against him.

When I arrived in Unyanyembe in June, 1871, I found the Arabs were preparing a warlike expedition against Mirambo. Volunteers were not enthusiastic, the palavers were incessant, and it was predicted that while they would be scaling the high stockade of Uyoweh Mirambo would be raiding Unyanyembe.

I had but a hazy idea at first how this intended war affected my expedition, but it was soon made clear to me that my progress to Ujiji was effectually barred, and I was asked to assist the Arabs to clear the road. If I were unwilling to do so, I had the option of staying at Unyanyembe during the hostilities, until myself and escort had devoured our stores, or of returning at once to the coast.

Being impatient to advance, I decided upon joining the Arabs for the suppression of Mirambo.

We marched against our enemy with an army of twenty-three hundred men. We made a brave show, so far as our war togery, plumes and scarlet cloth, and vari-coloured flags went, and we made a great deal of noise and boasted tremendously. After six long marches a portion of our force reconnoitred as far as Mirambo's stronghold. Being led by a rash Arab, and burning with an ungovernable desire for loot, they scaled the palisades above and drove Mirambo out of his stronghold. As the party were straggling back to us in triumph with tons of ivory and loaded with

spoil, they fell into an ambush laid for them by their enemy, and were exterminated.

The consternation among our forces was indescribably great. Over a fifth of our number had been destroyed. Every band, my own included, had lost some of its more eager spirits. The widowed women howled their grief, and as someone started the rumour that Mirambo was coming to attack our camp, our various bands, headed by their leaders, began a helter-skelter race for home. Khamis, a stout-hearted Arab, and myself, with half a dozen men, were the last to depart. Night found us far from the place where I had stored my goods. We stumbled over all kinds of baggage that had been dropped by the fugitives in their panicky flight, and over many bodies of men that had fallen dead through sheer fright or over-exertion.

After a few days' halt at Unyanyembe Mirambo came in person to hunt us up. He planted his tent in full view of the Arab colony and challenged the Arabs to come out and fight. My brave companion Khamis and his kinsmen accepted the challenge, and were immediately killed, to a man. That night Mirambo's people made a war broth from portions of their bodies. The next day, having set fire to several houses and secured much booty, they departed again to their own country, leaving every soul in our community effectually cowed.

After infinite trouble in getting up my expedition to the required strength, I at last left the colony, and steering south instead of west I continued in that direction for several days. When I judged it safe I turned west, and, travelling along a curve of three hundred and twenty miles, had the satisfaction at last of knowing that I was far to the west of Mirambo's stronghold. A few days later I happily stumbled upon Livingstone, and my object was achieved.

Some few months later I led Livingstone along the road I had discovered through the wilds to Unyanyembe, where I had to leave him. The war was still raging. Mirambo's name was on every lip, and was quite sufficient to hush fretting children, and make everyone solemn, for it was a terror to all the country between the lake regions and the coast.

Four years later I was again in the neighbourhood of Mirambo. The long war had just been concluded. When some seventy miles away from his capital, our camp was electrified by the news that Mirambo was advancing towards us with fifteen hundred of his veterans. I sent some of my men to him, but they presently came back with the news that Mirambo's mission was one of peace. The next day he came with a small but well armed following to my tent, and at last I had the satisfaction of seeing face to face the man of the best known name in all Equatorial Africa.

Mirambo was then about forty years old, and in height a little under 6ft. He had an admirable figure, with no superfluity of flesh about it. His features were regular, and the expression intelligent. His nose had the negroid's largeness at the base, but was otherwise shapely, and the thinnish lips assisted to make up his general good looks.

His clothes were such as belong to the Arab costume—gold-edged cloak, white shirt, and turban. He also carried a curved sword richly scabbarded, more as a sign of rank than for use. Though in his bearing, his amiability, his regulated voice, and his altogether gentlemanly appearance, he was a great surprise to me, what struck me most was the expression of the face, on which the consciousness of power had irremovably made its impress. He was now no doubt practising his best behaviour, and he certainly succeeded if that was his object, in making me wish that he would thrive in the purpose he said he had now in view, which was to prove himself as good as the Arab at trade as he had proved himself in war.

At parting he left three men with me to conduct my expedition safely past the country of his allies, the predatory Watuta, and sent three other men back to his capital to get three milch cows and their calves, and three fat bullocks, to meet me at the frontier of his country as his parting gift.

I heard no more of Mirambo, after receiving his gifts, until 1880, when I heard that he had been, unintentionally, the cause of a great

calamity to people in whom I was much interested. His forces, having captured a hostile village in South Unyamwezi, turned their weapons in the heat of battle against the unhappy "Elephant" expedition, commanded by Captain Carter and Lieutenant Cadenhead, who were resting there unknown to Mirambo's people. The massacre, in which the two white men fell, was general, and but few of the hundred and fifty members of the expedition survived to explain the affair.

Mirambo died about thirteen years ago, it is said, through poison, which had been administered in his beer. He left a rich district to a son, who now occupies his father's place, though, of course, he can never possess his authority, power, or influence. Urambo, called after its founder, is a large town, and according to report is the most civilised place, outside of the German station, between the sea and Lake Tanganyika.

Between Mirambo's country and Rumanika's there was a group of chiefs whose viciousness was apt to harass and disgust the most patient traveller's soul, and Mankorongo, of Usui, who ranked as a king, was, according to universal belief, the worst of all. He was an adept in dissimulation, and used to offer dazzling prospects of wealth and pleasure to the traveller to entice him into his power, but when he had got him within his boundaries he squeezed him until he was beggared. He was devoted, besides, to every form of vice, and every sub-chief in his country imitated him, so that, what with the infamy the stranger witnessed, and the knavish tricks practised on him, none left Usui without a feeling of inexpressible gratitude that he had survived his many troubles.

On account of the general testimony to Mankorongo's depravity I did my best to avoid him. We were compelled, however, to pass through a corner of his country, where an embassy from him met us with the usual grandiose promises; but no appeals or threats availed to stop our march, and we were well beyond the border before the threatened danger could overtake us.

In wonderful contrast to Mankorongo was his neighbour King Rumanika. To enter Karagwe from Usui was like reaching a well-watered and verdant oasis after crossing a sandy desert. Why Karagwe should remain a pleasing memory and Usui be remembered as a land of torment, though the one country adjoined the other, is explained by the fact that the people give character to the country, and in Africa the King, or Government, gives character to the people. Mankorongo was a demon in his disposition, and Rumanika was next to an angel.

Karagwe is the southernmost extremity of the ancient kingdom of Kittara, that formerly stretched as far north as the outlet of the White Nile from the Albert Nyanza, and was inhabited by a migrating body of Abyssinians ages ago.

Rumanika's father was King Dagara, who reigned from about 1820 to 1850, during whose life Karagwe was much larger than it is today. If all that was related of Dagara be true, he must have been an exceptionally intelligent King, with great engineering conceptions. He left three sons, and, according to priority of birth they were Rumanika, Nanaji, and Rugeru or Rugero, and, according to the native custom, Rumanika, born first after Dagara's accession to the throne, was his father's heir.

The headman whom I appointed to convey my salaams to Rumanika before my visit was asked on his return what kind of man the King was, and whether he resembled Mtesa of Uganda. He replied: "If Mtesa is like red pepper, Rumanika is like milk."

The next day I paid my visit of ceremony, and found Rumanika in a beautifully made hut, which was exquisitely clean, and furnished with many specimens of the native founder's art—copper spears, with chain-shaped staves, or twisted iron rods, sword-blades, brass or copper figures of ducks, and elands, and cows, four-headed maces, and such like. As he sat down I thought him to be of middle size, but when he stood up he was the tallest man I had so far met in Africa, so extraordinarily long were his arms. As the crown of my head just reached his collar-bone, I estimated him to be over six feet six inches in height.

His gentle greeting, delivered in the most

soothing voice, put me at my ease at once. He possessed that kind of peaceful, restful face which, when accompanied by corresponding action, succeeds in winning one's perfect affection. As from beginning to end of our acquaintance Rumanika appeared with the same tranquil bearing and guileless manner, and was, besides, assiduous in promoting my comfort and content, my impression that his was the sweetest nature in Africa deepened the longer I knew him.

His serene features, to which it seemed to me passion and rage were strangers, the noble dignity of his manner, and the tenderness of his smile and voice, I thought were more appropriate to an ideal Christian Bishop than to a pagan King surrounded by wild-cat barbarians and blackmailing chiefs.

The old man—he was fast verging upon 60 years—was a great gossip, and simple and credulous as a child. An interesting chapter might be made of the legends he related about his ancestors. His grandfather, Ruhinda the Sixth, reigned so long that his people thought Dagara, his son, was to be pitied for being excluded from the throne until nearly old age, and Ruhinda himself got so wearied of his unusual longevity that at last he resorted to some medicine to make room for his son.

Dagara was a great traveller, and knew many secrets about countries around him. He was curious about where the rivers came from and whither they went. He had been all about the Mfumbiro Mountains, the tops of which were covered with "water turned white like salt," and he found a way by which canoes could go from his lake up as far as the Tanganyika and down to the Lake of Unyoro.

When Dagara died his body was placed in a canoe and kept in the middle of the lake for some days. Among the worms that came from the body one became a lion, one a leopard, and one a stout staff—so Rumanika assured me. The people took this as a sign that it was time to bury him, and they made a deep and wide grave, into which they put the body, and along with it many young unmarried girls, and a vast number of cows.

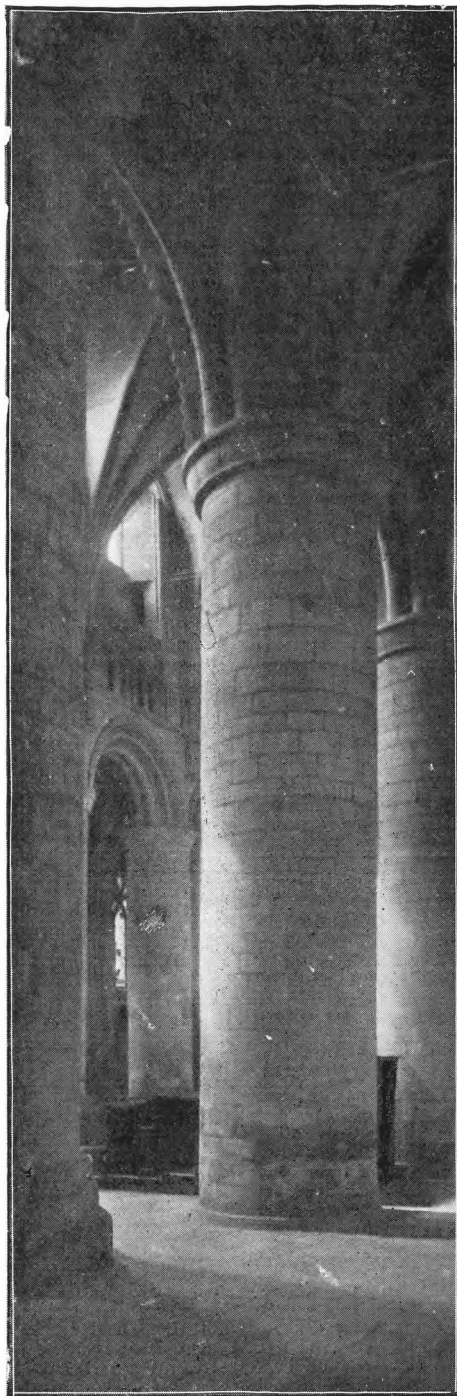
Nothing delighted Rumanika so much as to witness my note-taking of his legends and adventures. He had not wandered so far as his father Dagara, but he had been round about his own country a good deal, while he had sent his people on trading journeys to many a land of which he scarcely knew the name.

It was his custom to question his men about the things they had seen, and it was in that way he had heard what wonders were to be found in the lands towards the sunset. Thus, he had heard of the little people who did not reach his knees and lived in trees; of another tribe, who had ears so long that while they used one ear as a mat to lie on they covered their bodies from the cold and rain with the other; of hills which spouted fire and smoke, and which shook and groaned as though spirits were fighting and drumming underneath; and many other curious sights.

"Put it all down," he would say after each story, "that your people may know what a land we have."

His geographical knowledge was very extensive, but the manner of imparting it led me to doubt whether it was worth while publishing it in detail. Many items, however, which then perplexed me have since turned out to be facts, such as his statements about the Rusizi escaping from Lake Kivu, and the points about the Albert Edward regions. I subsequently, in 1887-9, and Von Gotzen, some two or three years ago, proved them to be true.

Rumanika died ten years after my visit, at the age of seventy, and was royally buried, without the usual human sacrifices. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Kyensi, who reigned only nine months. Then the throne was usurped by Kakoko, a younger son, who, after reigning three years, during which time he slew seventeen of his brothers and put out the eyes of Luajumba, his youngest brother, was spared one night by one of the chiefs. The present King is Dagara II., son of Kyensi and grandson of Rumanika, and he is in his twenty-sixth year at the time of writing.



CORNER OF THE NAVE OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

"Midst massy pillar,
From which in Norman days
Have borne the burden
Of a ponderous roof."

Photo by Master Sydney A. Pitcher, of Colleye Court, Gloucester, for which he has received a bronze and silver medal.

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A FRIENDLY (?) GAME AT CHESS.

A friend of mine who when kindly treated answers to the name of Sam, recently crossed the Atlantic with a swell player. He was the sort of expert that could play twelve different games blindfolded and add up the household books for his wife at the same time. Sam thought his name was Titchtikoff, but he was not sure. Anyway, he could never get it out without sneezing.

One night after his return Sam happened to mention Titchtikoff at his club, and immediately an old gentleman, whom he did not know, meandered across and sat down opposite to him.

"You have the honour of being acquainted with the great Titchtikoff?" he began.

"I have so," said Sam.
"Then I will play you a game," said he, and the next thing that Sam knew he was staring at the old fellow across a chess-board. For the rest I will let him tell the story—it is all his own.

"I never had a desire to set up as a chess expert, but I didn't see how I could get out of this game. The old gentleman moved out a pawn"—that is Sam's pronunciation, not the printer's—"and I moved out a pawn. He moved out a second pawn and I raised him another. Then he shifted one of those things that go about the board as if they were cross-eyed—yes, a knight, that's the word—and I moved him another pawn. That seemed to shake him. He got down and studied the board for about two minutes; then he said: 'What sort of opening do you call that?' 'One of Titchtikoff's latest,' said I shortly, for I didn't want to argue the point. 'He always was a revolutionary,' said the old gentleman. 'He looked more like an anarchist,' said I, and after that the conversation languished.

"Well, we played and we played, and I found I was getting into rather a tight place. The old gentleman ambushed a knight and swept up an outlying patrol of pawns before I could say knife. Then he began playing all sorts of mean tricks and I got annoyed. He wasn't going to win as easy as that. 'Do you mind touching the bell behind you,' said I, and before he could turn back I had one of his castles in my pocket.

"I don't quite know how it was he didn't notice it. I think he had got some big scheme on and it broke down so suddenly that he got rattled. Presently he began to recover and soon had me nearly fixed again. It was a case of now or never. 'Do you mind passing the matches,' said I, 'they're on the table just behind you,' and I grabbed his queen.

It was my turn to move, and suddenly I saw I had a fair chance at his king. 'Check,' said I, moving a castle. 'What do you mean?' said he angrily. 'Don't you see that's my queen you're giving check to' and so it was. Those beastly chessmen were so much alike that I'd made a mistake and grabbed the wrong one. 'But where is my king?' he went on, snuffing around the board with his eyes starting. 'I'm afraid it's a little unfortunate error of mine,' I said most politely. 'I took it last move.'

"He was as hot-tempered an old man as I ever met. He began to get quite rude; so I got up and said that I hated to play games with men who couldn't take a beating. I added that though I felt it was an extreme punishment, I should certainly refuse to play with him next time he asked me—and he glared. Then I went home."—From "Card Games and Others," in "Pearson's Magazine."

A BIG POTATO.

An allotment at Cambridge is reported to have produced a potato 12½ in. long, 12¼ in. girth, and just over 3 lb. in weight.

Colonel Bromley-Davenport, M.P., who has been suffering from malarial fever, is now convalescent.

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ASPECTS OF CRIME.

BY PROF. CESARE LOMBROSO

(Author of "Political Crime," etc.).

As I have demonstrated in my book, "Political Crime," the political criminal, especially the regicide, whilst being a person of quite distinct character (especially in so far that he is highly endowed with an altruism which is not to be found in the majority of people, still less amongst criminals) also possesses the instincts and characteristics of the latter, and can be divided and classified in the same way that we classify common offenders. Thus, there is the criminal by birth, and the political criminal who murders, who steals on the pretext and indeed with the object of being useful to his party and his country, though at the same time with the more particular object of benefiting himself. Such were Ravachol, Pini, Parmigiani. Then there is the mad criminal, like Passanante, Acciarito, Sipido and Weiland, who instead of wreaking their homicidal mania on a private individual, direct it against a king, a president, or a prominent politician. There is, above all, the criminal by passion, like Caserio and Orsini, led on by exaggerated altruism, by irresistible fanaticism, and especially by hyperæsthesia carried to its highest pitch: such men suffer by the evils inflicted on the people by its government, far more than other men do, and sacrifice themselves for its deliverance.

The question arises whether there are not also criminals who become so by the force of circumstance, men of almost normal character, who are led on to crime by external circumstances rather than by their inner tendencies or by some psychological flaw. I have decided that this is so, and if proof be needed it will suffice to read what Dostoevski wrote in his novel entitled, "Besi," in which political criminals of every colour are depicted. In this novel, for instance, he explains the various means by which cunning conspirators are able to transform into revolutionaries, the most peaceful of citizens.

In the countries where the right of voting is widely extended many take part in the political warfare to bring about the triumph of some party leader, with the ulterior view of using this for their own advantage. A large number servilely follow a leader who foists himself upon them by force, by eloquence, and sometimes by the mere strength of his voice. And finally individual circumstances may play a most important part. These can be described as the real cause of fortuitous political crime. The assassins of Domitian, of Nero, and of Caligula were inspired by the idea of personal defence alone (Gibbon.)

However, neither the artifices of their leaders, nor the influence of their surrounding would be sufficiently strong to destroy in the minds of these criminals by circumstance, their hatred of crime (misonisme) and their love of existence, did they not find in the mental organism of these men a field already prepared. These men indeed possess, in a very feeble degree it is true, the misonisme of geniuses, and the altruism of the impassioned, without the temperament of either class. Their leading psychological characteristic is their inadaptability to their social surroundings. They are led on by a restless desire for betterment, by a kind of hyperæsthesia which shows them existing social evils in a heightened light, and prompts them to the boldest acts.

The secret of their influence is that they always march in the van, throwing themselves, heads downward, on the enemy, often without knowing what they are doing. In ordinary life they are choleric, irascible and disdainful persons. In many cases, and this is where their strength lies, they possess low mental powers.

The striking physical characteristic of fortuitous political criminals is their nor-

mality, the absence of all symptoms of degeneration. Out of 52 of our political criminals, studied by me, 0.51 per cent. alone present the degenerate characteristics of the criminal type, whilst amongst the non-criminal classes the percentage is 2 per cent.

History, for the rest, gives us the portraits of some of the more celebrated of these fortuitous criminals, of these regicides by circumstance. Cassius was a criminal by circumstance. His morality was much inferior to that of his brother-in-arms, Brutus, who was a criminal by passion.

A better known type is Robespierre, whose intelligence was certainly disproportioned to his ambition. His moral sense was very restricted; and but for the force of circumstances and opportunity he would never have become anything but a muddle-headed barrister, like so many others in our Latin countries.

"In Robespierre," writes Taine, "we have a man possessing a free and proud disposition. He is full of verbosity, and fancies himself full of ideas. He enjoys his own phrases, and deceives himself in order to dominate others. The contrast between his heart and his talent is great. He would never have got beyond the limits of a small province, as a barrister, but he was sober, active, not easily corrupted, and towards the end of the Constituent Assembly, all the men of value having disappeared, he found himself in the public eye on the political stage. His own suspicions appeared to him his best arguments. Every aristocrat, he held, must be a corrupted man. In the space of three years he brought himself on to a political level with Marat, and appropriated the politics, the ends and means, the work and almost the vocabulary of that madman.

Besides war on the bourgeois classes, Robespierre desired the extermination of the rich and of "vicious men."

When he was accused, he prepared himself, supported as he was by his friends, for resistance, but being at heart an honest man, he did not dare to go so far as to excite the people to revolt, and so he succumbed.

He was a theorist, whose fixed idea was radically right, but paradoxical when put into practice. Circumstances, vanity and a lack of moral sense impelled him to realise it by means of terror. However, of the work of this man, who was for some time the master of France, little or nothing remains. The reason of this is that political criminals, who become so by circumstance, who in the upheavals of revolutions find the means to push themselves to the front, have not the intellectual ability necessary to give any lasting stability to any great political design, supposing that, as they sometimes do, they are able to conceive such a design.

But the existence of the fortuitous criminal has been confirmed by the study which I have been able to make of the latest Italian regicide, Bresci.

The sad events which preceded and accompanied the assassination of King Humbert are too well known for it to be necessary to refer to them. But the facts relating to the biology and psychology of its pitiful hero, those facts which interest students of criminal anthropology more than the crime itself, although very inefficient to give a complete idea of the criminal's physiognomy, permit one, at any rate, to form an approximate idea of it.

Gaetano Bresci, in his early childhood, had to suffer from the miserable poverty of his family; later, however, becoming a good workman, his position improved, and at the age of twenty he was earning twenty shillings a week.

When he was about sixteen years old, he was present at some anarchist lectures at Prato. His imagination was deeply struck by the speeches, which so closely pictured the miserable condition of his class, and affable till then, he became restless, short in his speech and violent, declaring loudly that he could not witness, without protesting, the triumph of the rich, whilst so many wretched people were suffering from hunger. His state of irritation was aggravated by a sentence of a few days' imprisonment for insulting the gendarmes.

He emigrated to America, all the more

willingly because his anarchist ideas had put him on bad terms with his family. Physically he had no abnormal characteristics; psychologically, also, he was an average man.

The absence of remorse, the long premeditation, in which he went so far as to cut notches in his bullets, so as to render them more murderous, his almost complete forgetfulness of his wife and children, prove the enfeeblement of his moral sense; whilst on the other hand political criminals who act from passion are affectionate towards their families, and show remorse after their crimes. His place, therefore, is somewhat between the normal and the criminal man, from whom he distinguishes himself by a degree of altruism and by a hyperæsthesia for the political and economic conditions of his country. It is probable that certain anarchist lectures which he heard at the period of his puberty, when the uncertain and wavering tendencies of man become fixed, had a regrettable influence on his mental organism, and all the more so because they coincided with the wretched condition of his country and his family. His hyperæsthesia could not but develop itself in the fanatical centre of Patterson, especially after the sanguinary political reactions of Sicily and Milan, which inflicted sorrow and suffering on millions of people, without, however, prompting them to plans of vengeance. Up to the present anarchist regicides have been either madmen, like Passanante and Acciarito, or criminals like Ravachol, Pini, etc. Sometimes they have been men of strong passions, like Caserio and Vaillant. In all those cases the state of their organism had far greater influence than external circumstances. Here, however, circumstances outweighed organic conditions. The circumstance lay in the wretched political conditions of our country, the corrupt government, the tardy administration of justice, the loose military system, anti-national alliances, the system of protection in our finances, and forced emigration.

The phenomenon of anarchy, as also of political assassination, is the outcome of a bad system of government. The riots in Sicily followed on the scandalous revelations of the Bank of Rome. Adouah was followed by Acciarito's attempt at assassination.

Thus political crime, caused by circumstance, may be the most subtle thermometer of a Government's value.

C. LOMBROSO.

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

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 39th competition is Mr. F. Littley, of 16 Alexandra-street, Tivoli, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is that of the Flock Mill, Shepscombe, near Stroud, which appears on another page.

Entries for the 40th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Oct. 5th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

CHELTENHAM FOOTBALL LEAGUE 1901-2.



Photo by W. G. Inward.

THE "CROSBY" TEAM. [18 Grange Crescent, Cheltenham]

- | | | | | |
|----------------|-------------|--------------------------|------------------|--------------|
| G. F. Merritt. | A. J. Cook. | F. Brewster. | R. A. Vickridge. | M. Gwilliam. |
| E. A. Denton. | G. Bayley. | G. E. Gurney. | G. R. Cotterell. | L. Hayward. |
| P. Hayward. | W. Howell. | F. J. Troughton (capt.). | | |

By the Way.

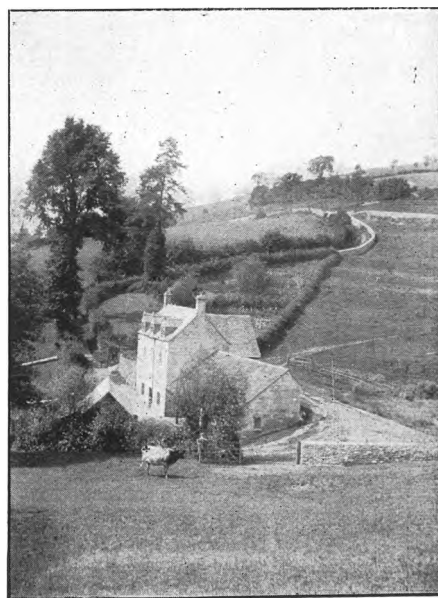
MRS. JENKINS IS INTERVIEWED BY THE "CHRONICLE AND GRAPHIC."

"No, not this morning; I don't want anything to-day. Eh? What? The 'Chronicle and Graphic.' Oh! step inside, young man. I thought as 'ow you was one of them High-talians or Portugueses a-selling onions or mouse-traps or something. Please to wipe your shoes on the door-mat, for you see I does my bit o' work myself', and I've only just a-scrubbed out the 'all on me 'ands and knees, wich it's well-nigh impossible to get a girl to 'elp a lone body like me for love or money nowadays wot with yer cooking classes and yer continuation schools and such like wich in my young days we was only allowed to— Oh! you wanted to ask my opinyun on one or two matters of public hinterest? Did yer, now? Well, do I look the likes of a body as would 'ang around publics and sich like, wich I never 'as a drop 'ceps as a beverage, and many a time and oft 'as I parsed the flowing bowl, as the sayin' in, and never—You didn't mean that? You wanted to know wot I think of the tramcar service? Well, there, you know, you've 'it me on a sore point, fur I do consider the way these 'ere trams serves a body as is in a 'urry is scan'lous, downright scan'lous, wich I've got the bruise on me now. Why, just look here, only yesterday I went on one for the first time, wich I goes down to the turnover, as they calls it, outside the gas occifes, and I waits and I waits, and I asks everybody when they expects a tram along, wich one man said 'Next year,' and another told me he'd been waiting for the matter of half an hour to get a ride so far as the Great Westun Station. Did the tram arrive at last? Why, in course, it did, but, Lor' bless yer 'art, the thing were hoff agin before I could get 'alf a look in, and there were I left be'ind, wich there were so many folks a-getting off there were no room to get on, and I consider it's scan'lous, downright scan'lous! Did I walk on? What do you think? Not me! When I makes up my mind to go by tram I goes by tram if I 'as to wait a week for it, wich after about another quarter of a hour another comes round the corner, and, you mark my words, wen that tram started Selina were in it! No leavings behinds this time for me. Did I enjoy the sensation? I don't know nothing about no sensation, but you can put it down on that there blotting-

pad of yourn that they ought to be made to start the cars more gradual like. Wot with me bundles and parcels I'd got me 'ands full, as the sayin' is, wich I were standin' up a-lookin' for a genelman as would give a lady 'is seat, wen all of a suddint the chap turned on the currants, and I were pitched bundles and all flop into the lap of a little stout individual, wich I ain't so much of a feather-weight as I should like, and I really thought the poor little man would ha' expired for a few moments of time, an' wen 'e come to 'e were that abusive, said as 'ow 'e believed I were intossificated and all manner, wich as I were still lookin' for a seat the conveyance give another lurch, and this time I were fairly in it, fur I stepped, unbeknownst to me, on a little hatom of a dog, wich they says they're not allowed on the trams, altho' they do get in somehow, and the female as were secreting this 'ere reptile 'adn't a decent thing to say about me, wich somebody called out, 'Ow many laps to the mile, missis?' as so upset me I asks to be let down at the next turn-over; 'ere I'd paid me tuppence like any Christian and never sat down 'ceps on other people's laps and dogs and things, as I consider it's scan'lous, downright scan'lous—What do I think of the tramway purchase—The what—ah! Mr. Nevins buying up the 'busses? Well, now, there, I do think that it's a great mistake to let Mr. Nevins or anybody else rule the roost entirely, wich I 'ave 'erd as 'e's a putting hup for Mayor next November, seeing as 'ow 'e've done so much for the borough in mending the roads and putting down bricks and tramlines and such like, as saves the ratepayers 'underds and 1,000's as I've 'eard every year; not but wot I think 'twould be a mistake to 'ave a furriner for Mayor seein' as 'ow there's Mr. Bench eating 'is 'art out to get the situation, wich reminds me as 'ow I see our present Mayor up on the grass by the Winter Gardin (as is lookin' very middlin' for a white hephalant) a-playin' marbles or summat with that there Victor 'Orseley and settera, and you believe me 'e 'adn't even a-got a mace on let alone a chain of hoffice, wich I should like to know wot the town's a-coming to, not wearin' so much as a mace out in full view, and as for that there Victor 'Orseley, why no wonder you can't get a 'ouse in Cheltenham when the genelman as manages that sort of business is out playin' marbles, wich I will say it were a very large size o' marble, but I know it weren't crocket because I—Getting rather personal, do you say? Wich I should be the very lastest to

agree with personalities, as Mary Ann Tompkins called me a spiteful 'retch only last week because I threw some water over 'er cat as come round scratching up my geraniums, as is considered a bit smart (you can see 'em if you looks out er window), and I never so much as smacked 'er face for it, but I keeps the hold Hadam hunder, as the sayin' is. 'Ave I read the what—the 'Eternal City'? No, I 'aven't, but I 'ave 'erd tell as that there Cain 'All ain't no worse nor 'e ought to be, wich I considers as Madam Corelli ought to be ashamed of 'erself fur putting things out so pat, wich I don't read novels meself, not 'aving the best of bringin's up, wich there was 13 of us in the family, and father only a lamplighter. 'E were considered very quick at pickin' up odd trifles, wich I remember once 'e picked up a gold bracelet as a lady dropped, wich 'e took it back to 'er, and she said she wouldn't 'ave lost it for worlds, and 'ow grateful she were and so forth and so on, and then give 'im a French 6d. for his trouble, wich were a reg'lar cough-drop, as the sayin' is. 'E were a very long-sufferin' individual, were my father, but 'the longest worm will turn,' and 'e give that lady, as she called 'erself, a bit of 'is mind, wich they do say 'e were well-nigh as good a speaker as that Joe Chamberlain, as I 'ave 'eard tell would like to be king one day, wich it's a very funny thing to me 'ow 'tis some folks swears by Chamberlain and some swears at him. Didn't come here to talk politics? Then what d'you come fur? I should like to know. You asks my hapynun, and I gives you my hapynun, wich is worth as much as some of theirs wich is give more often than it's asked for. But as fur that there General Babbage, I considers as you ought to be very much obliged to 'im, wich I 'ave 'eard tell as 'e can't rest night nor day for worriting at the debt on the Corporation, and that acts on 'is mind, so that he can't stop 'riting letters to the papers to ease his 'gilty sole', so to say, but there, you know, 'is letters is just as good as yatch-racing reports, as is all full of tackings and sich like words as no decent body could understand; but I don't think I never told you that hanecdote about my uncle as were a seafaring man, as fell down out of the rigging about 100 feet on to the deck right alongside the captin, and were that self-possessed that wen the captin says, 'Ave you 'urt yourself, Tom?' says he, 'No, thanky, cap'n, I were just looking for a button as I dropped.' That's enough for to-day, you say? Well, give my kind respects to the editor, and please be sure to apse the garding gate as you pass forth. Mind the coal-ole as is open, I think, and wen you're passing again, drop in, do!" TOUCHSTONE.

OUR PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH.



The Flock Mill, Shepscombe, near Stroud.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

A perusal of the latest list of newly-appointed county justices (which first appeared in the "Echo") has confirmed me in my long-standing opinion that it is much easier for newcomers to Gloucestershire to get commissioned than it is for old residents. Of the six newly-created ones only one of the gentlemen—Mr. Michael Hicks Beach, son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—is "native, and to the manner born." I am aware that the choice of the Lord Lieutenant is necessarily limited in country districts for eligible and qualified men to act as "J.P.'s," and that as a rule the distinction falls as an appanage of the owner or occupier of the big house and estate. This system, I admit, has worked fairly well. But in the large towns of Cheltenham and Stroud I could name quite a number of old townsmen of unimpeachable integrity, ability, and qualification who certainly ought to be on the bench, and if they have not been brought to the notice of Lord Ducie they certainly should be. I particularly refer to a well-known baronet and two Cheltonians who have adorned the office of Mayor. If any memorial is required to get them appointed I would willingly sign it.

We are now in the thick of the season of fairs and mops, and I am not one of those folk who would ruthlessly sweep them away, as I remember I was young once and enjoyed them as much as I believe the young idea of the present generation do in their chastened form. And it's not many years since I saw a peer bowling at a cocoa-nut alley and shooting at glass bottles at Gloucester Barton Fair. These fairs, I admit, are but shadows of their former selves in quality. The evening daily papers and registry offices, too, long ago gave the death-knell to the hiring of servants at mops, but it still goes on in a spasmodic fashion, chiefly at Gloucester and Cirencester. Even the march of science is now reflected at the fairs in electricity applied to give motion and light to the roundabouts and to play their strident organophones, and also in the animated pictures. I wonder how many persons there are alive who remember with me the showman in Barton-street who used to invite people to "Walk up and see 'Handroculus' and the lion, Daniel in the lion's den, Tam o'Shanter at the witches' ball, the great 'massacree' at Cawnpore in India, and 'hupwards' of one hundred of them (wax-works) 'hall' set to work by the 'haiding' power of machinery. Only tuppence admission."

I am glad to hear from a little bird that my suggestion, made several weeks ago, that the surplus money from the fund for welcoming home the Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry should be applied to putting a memorial brass in the Cathedral to the members who died at the front and a tablet of honour in the Shire-hall to the survivors, is likely to bear fruit, and that something on these lines will be shortly done. I want to see permanent records of the names of the gallant Gloucestershire men who obeyed their country's call.

Things are pretty lively down Eastington way, a village on the Stroudwater Canal, what with Jacobites and the bites of prize bulldogs which prefer the flesh of equine quadrupeds "all alive, oh." I see that a Stroud newspaper says:—"The daily attendance of the scholars at the Eastington National School has decreased since the thrilling imaginative dog stories have been circulated. Parents are withholding from sending their children to school." Pater and materfamilias evidently think the "bow wows" (not from Painswick) are of the same disposition as the canine species thus advertised:—"Fond of children—will eat anything."

The first of October has come and gone, and pheasant shooting is supposed to have commenced in Gloucestershire in common with other counties. But there is really very little gunning done amongst the long tails until towards Christmas, when the leaves



NEPTUNE'S WASHING DAY.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC FREAK.

In this picture a photo of the Promenade Fountain and a photo of a back garden on washing day have got accidentally "mixed," with the curious result presented.

have fallen, leaving the coverts bare and safe for shooting, and when these dainty birds are in demand by the general public. I calculate that the American's definition of the £ s. d. of pheasant shooting in this country is quite applicable to Gloucestershire:—"Up goes a guinea, bang goes three-halfpence, and down comes eighteenpence," thus succinctly appraising the cost of rearing and shooting a pheasant, and its selling price to the game dealer.

The death of Sir Greville Smyth, of Ashton Court, near Bristol, will doubtless revive memories to the old ones of the famous *cause celebre* that was tried at Gloucester Assizes in August, 1853, and in which the plaintiff claimed to be the son and heir to the estates, by a secret marriage in Ireland, of the late Sir Hugh Smyth, who left no issue. There were some giants of the Bar engaged in the case, notably Mr. Bovill, after Lord Justice, for the plaintiff; and Sir F. Thesiger, afterwards Lord Chancellor, for the defendants. The unsuccessful claim was supported by forged documents and perjury, and by the effrontery of the plaintiff, who turned out to be one Tom Provis, who had been sentenced to death for horse stealing at Keynsham, but was reprieved. In 1854 he was tried and sentenced to 20 years' transportation for forgery, but he only lived to do a year of the term. An old journalistic friend of mine, now deceased, told me that as Provis was quitting the dock he handed to him his "brief" from which he defended himself, and asked him to kindly give it *in extenso* in his paper.

GLEANER.

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox is staying in Paris at Ritz's Hotel.

According to present arrangements the King and Queen will return from Scotland to London about three weeks hence.

Lord and Lady Leigh will again spend the winter in the South of England and the Riviera.

THE MAN THE PRINTER LOVES.

Every one appreciates a friend who is considerate in his feelings and endeavours to smooth the path before his feet, whether science or society, learning or laughter, be the goal. For this reason, the printer, and the editor as well, has a warm regard for that individual who sends legible, clean, folded copy to the "den," and, if need be, he feeds it to the plethoric waste-basket with a keen feeling of regret. In the words of the poet—not Longfellow:—

"There is a man the printer loves, and he is wondrous wise; when'er he writes the printer man he dotteth all his i's. And when he's dotted all of them with carefulness and ease, he punctuates each paragraph, and crosses all his t's. Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves; and from the man of ink a smile and mark "insert" receives. And when a question he doth ask—taught wisely he hath been—he doth the goodly penny stamp, for postage back, put in. He gives the place from which he writes—his address the printer needs—and plainly writes his honoured name, so he that runneth reads. He writes, revises, reads, corrects, and rewrites all again, and keeps one copy safe, and sends one to the printer man. And thus by taking little pains, at trifling care and cost, assures himself his manuscript will not be burned or lost. And so he speaks through all the land, and thousands hear his word, and in the coming day shall know how much he served the Lord.

"So let all those who long to write take pattern by this man, with jet black ink and paper white, do just the best they can; and then the printer man shall know, and bless them as his friends, all through life's journey as they go, until that journey ends."

LORD ROSEBERY AS NOVELIST.

Lord Rosebery is engaged on a history of the Stanhope family, with which he is connected on his late mother's side. "Saint Andrew" says his Lordship is so fastidious that he is busy re-writing the second part of his novel.

Delegates at the Cheltenham Conference of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, Sept. 1901.



Photo by E. M. Bailey,]

[Central Studio, Cheltenham.

A Tour of our Churches

* * *

CLEEVE HILL FREE CHURCH.

*

A HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

* * *

The harvest thanksgiving service of the large town always seems to me to be somewhat of a mockery. What do the well-dressed and cultured occupants of the chairs in a fashionable church know of the stress and the struggle of the farmer's life, the anxiety from seed-time to harvest, the almost unconscious prayer for favourable weather at the ingathering of the crops, and at last the long-looked-for harvest-home, and the feeling of rest after toil which has been so aptly expressed by the writer of the well-known harvest hymn:

"All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin."

We in the town, just in a half-hearted way, feel grateful for mercies received, but never can we feel the whole-hearted gratitude of the farmer, for be the harvest good or bad we suffer little or no inconvenience.

And so it is that the harvest thanksgiving service is the event of the year, next to the time-honoured anniversary, perhaps, in the country; and on Sunday evening last, tempted by one of those glorious autumn days which seem like a recurrence of summer for the nonce, I made my way to the little iron church on Cleeve Hill. The road to Southam is already losing its secluded character; on every wayside gate, and lounging about the adjoining fields, were lads and lasses left stranded in the green fields and on the hill slopes by the trams. Better there than in High-street, maybe, and there could be no doubt of their belonging to the same genus that we see in High-street of a summer evening. At the Rising Sun there was a roaring business going on, although the trams are not yet climbing the hill, and along the sky-line of Cleeve Cloud scores of little black objects showed that the invasion of Cleeve Hill had commenced, and the advance guard was already in possession.

Only a few yards further along the road on the left I arrived at my destination, the little undenominational church which has recently been erected to minister to the spiritual needs of the ever-increasing body of residents on the brow of Cleeve Hill.

It is an almost quaintly diminutive little building, but as I saw it, with the warm light gleaming from its coloured windows and open door, the prospect was very inviting to the passer-by. And once inside, the impression of comfort and effective yet simple decoration was even more striking. The interior is lined throughout with a light-stained wood, with a somewhat high-tilted roof, a small pipe-organ and the pulpit or rostrum occupying the one end of the church. Over the pulpit and round the walls are painted scrolls with texts, such as "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," "With the Lord there is mercy and plenteous redemption," &c. For the occasion the front of the rostrum is well-nigh hidden with effective harvest decorations in good taste—the ruddy-tinted autumn leaves, the even brighter colours of orchard and garden fruit, and the indispensable big marrow and harvest thanksgiving loaf.

The chairs which form the seating accommodation of this church are already well filled, and as I watch those who enter it is easy to distinguish the "natives" of Cleeve Hill from the visitors (of whom there seem to be a fair sprinkling). As is usual in the country, where religion is *not* left to the weaker sex, there is a larger proportion of men than it is customary to find in Cheltenham churches.

Following a somewhat awkward silence (which might possibly have been abridged by a voluntary) the preacher for the evening enters the church, and, after a silent prayer, rises and announces the popular hymn, "Come, ye thankful people, come, raise the song of harvest home." He is but a young man, apparently, and I think I have seen him

before, but not in the pulpit—at the head of a prosperous business in one of the suburbs of Cheltenham. But his clear enunciation, reserved yet impressive manner, and the simple eloquence of his sermon seemed to show that here was a man whose natural talent and eloquence were far more suitable to the pulpit than the poor delivery and weak reiteration of many an ordained minister I have been fated to sit under. Such strange contradictions do we see in life, especially religious life!

The service took the usual Free Church form: first a hymn, followed in due course by a prayer, a reading from the Old Testament (Psalm lxxv.), another hymn ("Sing to the Lord of Harvest"), a reading from the New Testament, yet another hymn, and a longer prayer, ending with the Lord's Prayer, recited by preacher and congregation. "We plough the fields and scatter" was sung with a good swing, albeit there is no choir and no apparent leader of the singing at Cleeve Hill Church. A few notices were given out by another tradesman of Cheltenham (who has a residence on the hill-side close to the little church, and to whose exertions Cleeve Hill largely owes the erection of this much-needed place of worship), and the sermon followed—a well-reasoned, straightforward, and in every way really eloquent address on 1st Timothy, xi., and 17th verse: "The living God giveth us richly all things to enjoy."

The preacher opened the subject by stating that there never was a time in the world's history when there were so many millionaires as to-day. The golden goddess of "getting on" had more worshippers than ever before. Many men had come to regard Gold, not God, as the giver of all good; the dollar had shut out God from their sight. Probably those present did little but make both ends meet, but even we thought too much of money.

"You may say it is a mere commonplace to state that God is the giver of all good things. But there is much danger of forgetting it for that very reason. All through the ages God has been the beneficent giver, leading our lives with benefits, and we do well to have our harvest thanksgiving service, but the fruits of the earth only form a small portion of the good things God has sent into our life—all those physical gifts and powers, the capacity to think, to feel, to see, the faculties of reason, the endowments of genius, the sacred joys of human love, the love of husband and wife, of parent and child, the ability to do our daily toil and the prosperity attending it; all these are God's good gifts which we are to enjoy, for joy should attend all the gifts of God. Pain and sorrow come into our lives at times, but they are surely foreign to God's original purpose. We may rest assured God means us to get all the true pleasure and enjoyment we can out of His messengers of gladness, or what mean the shining of the sun, the singing of the birds, and the golden harvest? No man can, however, rightly enjoy to the full the wealth of God's goodness unless he be a Christian man and has fathomed the secrets of true joy."

What are these secrets? The preacher aptly divided them into three headings: 1st, a grateful reception of God's gifts; 2nd, a temperate use of them; and 3rd, a generous sharing of them with others; and in a clear and forceful way elucidated and pressed home these three points in such a manner as to carry conviction to the congregation. Particularly did he refer to the temperate use of God's gifts as being a necessity of the higher life, the cultivation of the Divine and the abasement of the animal by the virtue of self-control being necessary for their perfect enjoyment. In treating of the third point—a generous sharing of God's gifts—the preacher referred to the "joy of doing good, of making someone else's life a little brighter than it would have been, a joy which never fails, and which is the crowning joy of life"; and lastly to the great sharing love of God, who gave His only Son for a sinful world.

The service ended with the hymn "Giver of all" and the Benediction; and soon I was wending my way down the hill-side again, a hill-side which I had left bathed in the slanting rays of a setting sun, and now shimmering in the cold gleam of the harvest moon,

while far down across the valley were the twinkling lights of Cheltenham. At times came floating up the lowing of cattle and the barking of a sheep-dog, and farther away the faint chiming of bells. A harvest thanksgiving set in the exquisite surroundings of a country hill-side!

LAYMAN.

* * *

CHRIST CHURCH, GRETTON.

Christ Church, Gretton, is a pretty little chapel of ease, Gretton being a hamlet in the parish of Winchcombe. The church was erected some thirty years ago, and took the place of a very old building, which had fallen into disuse. It is of the Early English style, of Forest stone, in Bath stone dressings, and consists of chancel, nave, and south transept, and entrance porch on the south side, over which ascends a tower and lofty spire. The interior is plain, but in good taste, and on the cemented walls appears a little coloured ornamentation, with various texts. There is a good brass, recently erected, to the memory of Mrs. Dent, of Sudeley Castle, who always took a great interest in Gretton and its church.

I attended service there the other evening, and it turned out to be one of thanksgiving for the harvest. This, together with the fact that a former favourite curate of the village was to preach, secured a crowded congregation, forms and chairs having to be placed up the aisle for the accommodation of the later comers. The church was decorated for the occasion. First came the grand hymn "Come, ye thankful people, come"; a curate read the opening prayers; and the choir chanted special Psalms. The Vicar of the parish read the lessons. The choir well rendered Turner's "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis," and they sang Caleb Simper's anthem "The Lord is good." The choir was certainly above the average of small villages, and they deserve a better instrument than the harmonium they have.

Ascending the pulpit, the preacher took for his text, "They joy before Thee according to Almighty God had been setting before them, the joy in harvest," Isaiah ix., 3. He said as if they were children, many pictures of exceeding beauty; and though there were shadows across some of them, every picture of nature taught them something of Almighty God. Especially was that the case with the one of the harvest field. Within the memory of many of them harvest homes were held, when harvest was more a matter of profit (and consequently of joy) than at the present. One might be told that the agricultural industry was very different to what it was in the palmy days, when there was a scramble to obtain any farm that happened to become vacant. Agriculture had the weather for a partner, and at times it threatened to become the predominant partner. Farmers sent their sons to foreign lands because they could not get a living at home, and farms went out of cultivation, and rents were lowered. In face of the latter was a keener competition, and prices went down. Experts told them that wheat was abundant in all countries this year except Russia, and perhaps the latter country would prohibit exportation, and the English farmer might benefit thereby. It was very creditable to the congregation that they should assemble in such large numbers, and when they were called upon that night to give their little offerings into that great bank whose treasurer was God, they would think of One who gave His subscription many years ago, entered in crimson ink: My Life. They wanted Gretton to increase its reputation for godliness. Work had to be done, and they must help to do it. It was a work of considerable difficulty, but God would send the rain from heaven and a fruitful season, and they might be assured that the time of (spiritual) harvest would come.

Coming out into the night, the "Parish Lantern," as the natives call the Moon, was shining, and so one was enabled to find one's way home in comparative comfort—different to what it is on dark nights, when people, after village night meetings, run against one another if they will not descend to the old-fashioned practice of carrying a horn lantern.

CHURCHMAN.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 41.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1901.

A Tour of our Churches

WESLEYAN CHAPEL, GRETTON.

The Wesleyan persuasion in a country district is worthy a little study. Everyone knows that in a town the preachers at a Wesleyan place of worship are in frequent change. But in the villages there is even more variety. At certain times the regular circuit ministers take services; sometimes they have a tradesman from a neighbouring town; occasionally they have a local farmer, a mechanic, or even a labouring man. I remember a chapel that had the good fortune to secure a specially good minister for one or more services, but the very next Sunday came a rough, honest "local," a gardener by trade. This gardener was conscious of his want of polish, and prefaced his remarks in the pulpit by saying that his hearers had just been feasting on best white bread—he was going to give them a bit of brown! Ever after, when this "local" was planned for a service, the congregation said they were going to have some brown bread. A short time back I heard a shining light of the Wesleyan ministry defending the itinerancy by pointing out that people were very differently constituted, and a variety was best, because if one preacher could not reach a certain sinner another one might. Of course one can understand the constant change at a country chapel—a local man could not be expected to preach to the same congregation Sunday after Sunday without repeating himself. One can also understand, in a measure, the change of regular ministers every three years; but one does fail to understand the interchanging of these changing ministers. For instance, why do a Cheltenham minister and a Winchcombe minister cross each other's path in a troublesome Sabbath journey over Cleeve Hill? Surely a stationed preacher could interest his congregation for the short period of three years. How does a village vicar preach to the same congregation for 30 or 40 years with very little break? I cannot help but think that the Wesleyan changeability is carried to excess.

My space is nearly gone, and I have not touched my particular subject, viz., a visit I made to the Wesleyan Chapel at Gretton on Sunday evening last. The chapel is small, seating some 70 or 80 people. It is, however, a neat building, with a roomy pulpit and pine seats, quite up-to-date. On the wall over the pulpit appears the text, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." If every preacher keeps to this text he will not give his hearers bad advice. The services on Sunday were in thanksgiving for the harvest, and the chapel was nicely, but not profusely, decorated for the occasion. The occupant of the restrum was a young Cheltenham layman, who was unexpectedly doing



Mr. S. BROOKES'S "CHARLTON GIANT" SUNFLOWER.

GROWN BY MR. J. PEACEY, "WOODVILLE," CHARLTON KINGS.

duty for a local farmer, prevented, from some unexplained cause, from fulfilling his preaching engagement. The favourite opening hymn for these services, "Come, ye thankful people, come," was sung. An extempore prayer was then offered up, in which God was urged to breathe upon the little congregation His Blessing: "May we realise that there is One here like unto the Son of God. Do Thou reveal Thyself to us!" The first and second lessons were both taken from the New Testament. Several other hymns were sung, and the preacher, in due course, announced as his text the 14th verse of the last chapter of Revelation; calling his hearers' attention particularly to the Revised Version, which gives this text rather differently to the Authorised Version. He asked his hearers to notice the robe, the cleansed robe, and the blessedness of the wearers of the cleansed robe. He said the word robe, or garment, was used many times in Holy Scripture, and was really the person, as manifested in himself to other people. The robe meant their character—what they were. [Here a lady member of the choir left her place to re-arrange several juveniles who, apparently, were not behaving themselves as they ought. The doings of the lady, however, secured more attention than

had the mis-doings of the youngsters.] A series of actions, continued the preacher, was habit, and habit crystallised into character, and so they made themselves. Every day they were forming themselves, and if all realised that, how differently would they live! How differently would they utilise every opportunity that came to them! Sin was their environment; and the preacher repeated this word two or three times, either being afraid that his hearers would hardly understand it, or in pride at having found such a well-sounding polysyllable. St. John asked, "Who are these that are arrayed in white?" and the Angel replied, "These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." That was the remedy, concluded the preacher. Robes that were stained with sin should be washed in the blood of the Lamb; and those whose robes were washed had a right to the Tree of Life, and would enter into the Holy City.

The preacher had rather copious notes; he had an excellent delivery, and one could listen to him with greater pleasure than to many regularly ordained ministers.

So ended my visit to the little chapel at Gretton. CHURCHMAN.

How Six Members of the Cheltenham Cricket Club Spent their Holiday.

Bicycle Tour Round Oxford, stopping at Kidlington, and Fishing Expeditions.



GOING UP TO PUESDOWN.



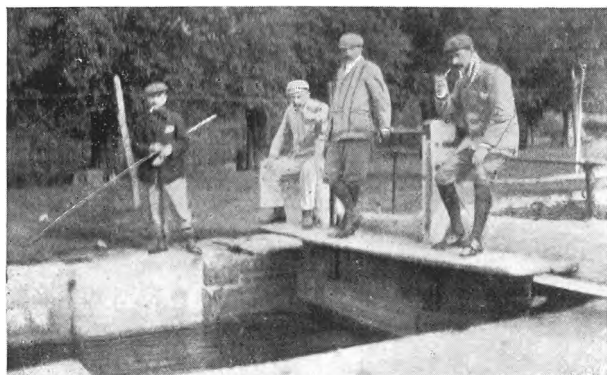
THE "ROCK OF GIBRALTAR."
Assembling for Lunch at the Hotel.



NEAR BAKER'S LOCK.—Al fresco Lunch.



AT WITNEY.—Three Men in a Boat.



AT THE WEIR LOCK, SHIPTON.



STANDING ON A BALANCED DRAWBRIDGE OVER THE OXFORD CANAL.



ON BLENHEIM LAKE.—The first fish caught. No ! really,
it is NOT a Bloater.



READING THE "ECHO" AFTER BREAKFAST.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

TEWKESBURY TOWNSMEN.

*
We are now within measurable distance of the first of November, which, like the initial day of the two preceding months, when partridges and pheasants fall, has a special significance in the calendar, for it is then that many men who have been put up to be shot at in municipal elections know their fate. I am one of those (not a few) who approve of the introduction of the political question into local government elections, as I think we thereby get straight fights on a broad basis, and thus avoid the risk of contests degenerating into undesirable personalities. The Conservative party, too, have nothing to fear from narrowing it to the political test, for there is more likelihood of getting a larger supply of the best and most suitable men to rule from amongst the classes than from the masses. In Cheltenham and Gloucester the tocsin of war is being sounded, and we are likely to be in for a fight, all along the line in the Cathedral city, and in most of the wards in the Garden Town. In each borough the Liberals stand to lose more seats than their opponents. There are several men on the list who never will be missed. What I think both places urgently require is a man of commanding personality, who will make it his duty to thoroughly look into and keep a strict curb on the great spending departments.

*
Lord Salisbury was not far wrong when he said, in reference to the alleged eager demand for parish councils, that a circus was more likely to attract the people in the country than a parish council. Experience since 1894 has shown this to be a truism. By the irony of fate the Hon. Ben Bathurst, when he recently went to Stow-on-the-Wold (where the wind blows cold) to address his constituents, found that his audience was much attenuated by reason of the fact that the good folk preferred a circus that had pitched its tent in the little town to a political disquisition.

*
The transfer of Mr. W. Orton, the courteous Midland stationmaster at Gloucester, to Leicester, reminds me that he has gone to what is known in railway circles "as one of the six Midland frock coat and silk hat stations." Leicester sharing with Derby, Sheffield, Nottingham, Birmingham, and St. Pancras the distinction of being a station at which it is *de rigueur* for the chief to appear so attired. By-the-by, I remember an amusing incident shortly after the advent of a former M.R. stationmaster at Gloucester, who was somewhat lame. One of the heads of the Great Western permanent way was asked what kind of a man he was, and in his usual practical way he replied, "If you see a man with broken axles walking about the platform, that's the one."

*
A few months ago I read in a leader in the "Chronicle" a protest against the election of a gentleman from Stroud as an alderman of the County Council, in place of the late Col. Agg, and a prophecy that the Thames and Severn Canal (upon the committee of which his nominators said he would be indispensable) would prove a drain upon the resources of the county. We have not had to wait long for a justification of this prophecy, as at a recent meeting of the Council the Chairman was obliged to admit that the original estimate of £10,000 for the cost of its completion had proved most fallacious, and it was now believed that £17,000 would be required, and sanction for this expenditure was therefore sought. A scene followed, Mr. Lister expressing his opinion that it would cost £25,000, if not £30,000. Well, we shall see before it's over. I have had considerable experience of the excesses of architects and engineers' estimates as practically tested by tenders sent in to do the works. And I confess I shall look forward with some anxiety to the relative proportion of the estimate for building the Cheltenham Town-hall to the submitted tenders.

GLEANER.



THE LATE MR. B. T. MOORE, J.P.

*
We publish to-day a portrait of the late Mr. Benjamin Thomas Moore, of Tewkesbury, in his robes of office as Mayor of the ancient borough, and whose eldest son, Mr. Thomas Weaver Moore, is the present Mayor of Tewkesbury. Mr. B. T. Moore was for a long period head of the firm of Messrs. Moore and Sons, auctioneers and estate agents, which dates back its establishment some twenty or thirty years over a century. As a public man his career was a most prominent one, and in such honorary public offices as he filled in his native town it was his good fortune to win the best approval of his fellow townsmen. He was a Justice of the Peace for the borough and for 36 years a member of the Town Council. In the ever-memorable year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee (1887) he filled the civic chair, and upheld the dignity of the office with a munificence which won for him the most honourable public recognition. At the end of his year of office he also received a special vote of thanks from the Council, and was for a second time unanimously chosen Mayor.

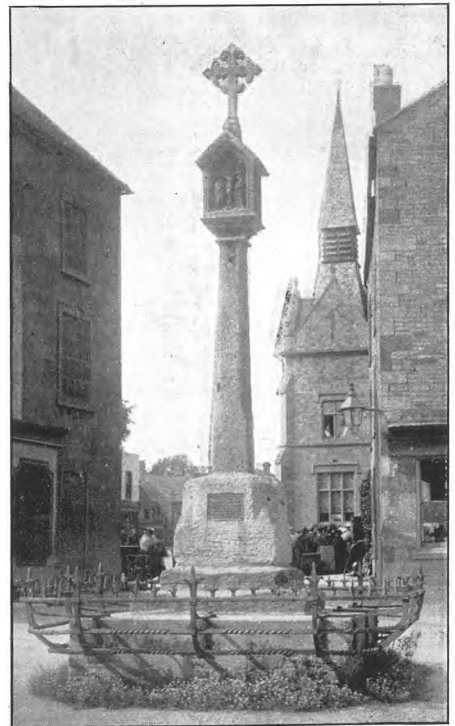
Mr. Moore was one of the founders of the Tewkesbury Rural Hospital and a very liberal supporter of it in every way in which his help was likely to prove valuable. For the long stretch of 38 years he was vicar's warden of Tewkesbury Abbey, an office to which he was, perhaps, more attached than to any other of the many public organisations and institutions with which he was associated. Being also one of the first members of the committee formed in 1864 to consider the work of restoring the Abbey, this gave an opportunity both he himself and also his devoted wife so much desired of using their interest and means effectively in assisting in the preservation and re-beautifying of the noble old Norman Church. Beside contributing liberally to the general fund, they undertook as a specific gift the restoration of the ancient font, which now stands in the Nave immediately opposite the north porch entrance, and the whole cost of the erection of the font as it now stands and the provision of the beautifully carved oak canopy above it was met by Mr. and Mrs. Moore and family. They also provided and had planted the avenue of lime trees and most of the ornamental trees and shrubs in the churchyard.

In the management of the local charities and in many other directions connected with the public affairs of the borough, the deceased gentleman played a part which has left behind a memory cherished to his great honour by all to whom he was known.

Mr. Moore died in May, 1896, and is commemorated in the Abbey by a beautiful window (designed by Kemp), erected in St. Faith's Chapel; and to his wife's memory there is also a very handsome window over the ambulatory arch opening to the North Transept. Mrs. Moore died in 1892.

THE OLD CROSS, STOW-ON-THE-WOLD.

*
The old cross is supposed to have been erected in the 15th century by Robert Chester, who also largely contributed to the erection of the tower of the church. The remains of the old cross consist of the base, about 7 feet square and 2 feet high, square socket broached into an octagon, and monolithic stop-chamfered shaft, about 7 feet high. The base step had become much dilapidated. The Lord of the Manor, Joseph Chamberlayne Chamberlayne, Esq., on the 29th of March, 1871, generously gave the sum of two thousand pounds to secure a supply of pure water to the town, and it was to commemorate that and other of his benevolent deeds that a sum of money was subscribed by the inhabitants of Stow wherewith to erect some fitting memorial of him, which eventually resolved itself into a scheme for the restoration of the old cross. The ends of the headstones are fitted with carvings representing incidents of local interest, with the exception of that on the south side, which is occupied by a rood; that on the north side represents Robert de Jumieges, Abbot of Evesham, receiving a charter from William Rufus constituting Stow a market town; west, a figure representing Robert Chester; east, portrait of Joseph Chamberlayne Chamberlayne. The headstone is surmounted by a floriated cross. The structure is 19 feet 6 inches in height. A substantial wrought-iron railing has been fixed in the restored base, and a bronze plate has been let into the south side describing the object for which the cross was restored:—"This ancient cross was restored A.D. 1878 to commemorate the munificence of the late Joseph Chamberlayne Chamberlayne, Esq., of Mangersbury Manor House, who, in addition to many benevolent acts, gave two thousand pounds to obtain a supply of pure water for the parish."



Mrs. Lina D. Young, most noted of the wives of Brigham Young, has died at Salt Lake. Only four of the "widows" of Brigham Young survive.

OUR PRIZE PICTURES.—TEWKESBURY SCENES.

Prize Photography.



BATHURST'S BOAT HOUSE.



THE WEIR.



THE WATERFALL NEAR BATHURST'S BOATHOUSE.

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 40th competition is Mr. S. Sheen, of The Ivies, Waterloo-street, Cheltenham, and the prize pictures are the Tewkesbury scenes.

Entries for the 41st competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Oct. 12th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

"B.P.'s THEATRICAL LANCERS.

Here is a hitherto unpublished story of "B.P." (says the editor of "M. A. P." in this week's number) which I have from a member of the Bechuanaland Rifles, who went through the siege of Mafeking with him. It certainly goes to show that, as my informant puts it, "for slinness he hadn't much to learn from the Boers." During those trying days he did everything he could to keep up the spirits of the garrison by giving concerts, practising jokes, and generally keeping them from mental stagnation when time was hanging heavily on their hands. Readers will remember how vividly this side of the siege was brought out by the brilliant war correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" (and, subsequently, of "M. A. P."), Mr. Emerson Neilly. The siege had been in progress for about five months, when, one day, "B.P." ordered a parade of the whole garrison, at which he called upon every man who could do tailoring work, or use a needle as an amateur with any reasonable deftness, to step out. A number of men did so, and were ordered to fall to and make seventy pairs of riding breeches out of a big pile of white linen lying in the stores, and the same number of tunic fronts such as lancers wear, his idea being to astonish his friends the enemy with a squadron of lancers, of whom they knew he had none in garrison. Helmets he got from stores of the Cape Mounted Police, and when all was in readiness early one morning he mounted seventy men attired in these uniforms. When the men paraded for the first time in their "property" rig, the mirth of the garrison knew no bounds, and "B.P." in his inimitable manner, with eye-glass carefully adjusted, held a mock review, and in the most dulcet tones of an affected inspecting officer, said: "Bah Jove; the smartest squadron of lancers ever I saw, bedad!" at which the men could scarcely keep their saddles. Then he ordered them to trot full in view of the enemy, who, watching every movement through field glasses, were exceedingly astonished. A little later, for some minor reason or another, a parley took place between one of "B.P.'s" officers and a Boer leader. "Ah," said the former. "Got the best of you that time, uncle. See our reinforcements that came in during the night, eh? Lancers, my man, and we intend to give you fits." "Allemachte," ejaculated the Boer. Then, turning to his comrades, he said excitedly, "Didn't I tell you I heard ~~horses~~ through the night, and didn't I see their 'spoor' this morning?" The subsequent hilarity in the garrison (concludes my contributor) more than justified the trouble taken in putting up the joke.

* * *

Sec.-Lieut. D. B. O. Freeman-Mitford is promoted to a lieutenancy in the Northumberland Fusiliers.

CHELTENHAM WATER POLO TEAM, 1901.

Winners of the Western Counties' Championship.



E. W. Smith (*Hon. Sec.*). S. S. Harris. F. Fry. C. Lewis. G. Kibblewhite (*Hon. Sec.*).
F. S. Tytherleigh. H. W. Harris (*Capt.*). H. A. Harris.
W. Lewis.

Photo by A. Lewis, Marsh Villa, Swindon Road.

By the Way.

MUNICIPAL MATTERS AND CANDIDATES.

BY TOUCHSTONE.

"Do rise to the occasion, and state plainly and fearlessly the policy with which you come forward. Don't treat us to milk-and-water addresses, in which you vaguely tell us that you are an old resident and known to us all; that you promise, if returned, to be a sort of grown-up 'good boy.' Have the courage of your convictions, and give us something definite to go upon. If you happen to be a lover of the 'good old ways,' tell us exactly which abuses you are eager to maintain. If, on the other hand, you are a genuine 'Progressive,' don't simply state the welcome fact, but put forward a programme like a man. Show some pluck, all of you, and hold meetings."

So says the Rev. H. L. Jackson, of Huntingdon, and really, you know, I don't think I can do better than follow the lead of the Church for the nonce, and, putting the "cap and bells" on one side, underscore every word of this trite little sermon to candidates for municipal honours.

The three degrees of comparison in public life have been said to stand thus:—

- Positive: Get on.
 - Comparative: Get honour.
 - Superlative: Get honest.
- But why not "Get honest" at the beginning, and give us the chip end of the plank you are stamping on. Don't promise better lighting, better drainage, better roads, workmen's villas at peppercorn rental, municipal trams, recreation grounds in every street, Sunday concerts, better education, Corporation literary societies, &c., &c., all off your own bat, so to speak, for you will find that you are but in the position of one man one vote, amongst many, when you get in the frigid atmosphere of the committee-room and the Town Council meetings; and the years will roll on and your form will grow decrepit and infirm under the worry of knowing you have failed to fulfil even one of those promises. Then comes the end, when the "lean and slippered pantaloons, sans seat, sans

everything," is ousted for some younger and sillier man, who makes precisely the same list of promises as you did, with equal certainty of failure, but who is swept into office on the score of his being a Liberal if you are a Conservative, or a Conservative if you are a Liberal. And so the game goes merrily on, ne'er a one the wiser and no one a whit better off!

But whether you dive from the Conservative or Liberal spring-board, there are two little l—, ahem, excuse me!—items of stock-in-trade which must on no account be omitted from your business card. I refer to economy and a reduction of the rates. You must, you really must, introduce these two items to the notice of your credulous constituents, even if you stake your future welfare on the statement. If you have been in low water all your life through inaptitude to make both ends meet; if you have openly expressed yourself as entirely ignorant of business methods—well, let it pass. What is the good of a prospective Town Councillor who cannot lower the rates? Out with the bills (walls and gate-posts are awaiting protection from frost) Vote for Jones and lower the rates!

Vote for Smith and free tram rides!
Plump for Robinson and cheap gas!

I have never yet been able to fathom the connection between Liberalism and Conservatism and the Town Council. It seems to me that a Liberal or Radical or Asquithian or Roseberyite is a man who holds some vague ideas, which, being boiled down for a considerable time and the residue collected and condensed, amount merely to a more or less coherent criticism of Conservative policy, but with no suggestion that the said Liberal, Radical, etc., etc., party would be able to do any better if they were placed in the same position. And, then, the Imperial, Conservative, Unionist—what is his "credo"?

"I believe it to be my duty to support the Conservative party by all means in my power in order to prevent the greater calamity of a Liberal Government coming in."

Neither the caustic brilliance of a Ward-Humphreys, nor the poetical elegancies of a Winterbotham, have been able to convince my unsophisticated mind that a Liberal exists for any other purpose but to oppose a Conserva-

tive, and a Conservative to oppose a Radical, only more so, without any reference to policy, principles, or other minutiae of that description.

* * *

But because a man happens to consider he would have been able to arrange that little matter with "Oom Paul" by half an hour of that tact and diplomacy which have made him a deacon and a shining light in Zion—because of this, is he the more likely to be a good Town Councillor, free from bigotry and prejudice and above all pettinesses; or if "homo. No. 2" is an Imperialist of most pronounced views, believing all the rest of the earth to be but as vermin before the Britisher, and one who would hang every man, woman, and child of Dutch extraction in South Africa—because of this, are we to consider that he would probably become a mild-mannered alderman, with a decidedly economical turn of mind and a great capacity for handling the voluminous accounts of the borough only to be surpassed by a Babbage?

Following the same plan of reasoning, Presbyterian ministers should be chosen by the colour of their hair and judges of the realm by their partiality for or abhorrence of Gorgonzola cheese!

Perhaps, in the good time coming, candidates for the Town Council will be chosen for their capacity for organisation, management, and business genius, without even a question of their opinion on the Boer War, the Irish question, or Vaccination.

* * *

Nearly all the Town Council meeting last Monday was taken up with reproaches on the Benedictional Nevins for the shortcomings of his tram-cars. The Mere Boy expressed his belief that the tramway was an eyesore, was no public convenience, and, moreover, that the trams were of no utility in a town like Cheltenham; and likewise that he, the heretofore mentioned M.B., should make it his intention, to wit, his desire, ergo, his business, to record his, the said M.B.'s vote, against the extension of the aforementioned tram-lines to any other part of the borough, and in this he was eloquently supported by Mr. M. Davis, whose business instincts led him to protest against giving away slices of road to a mere Irishman!

Councillor Hayward, I understand, well-nigh wept bitter tears of disappointment at the manner in which the undertaking is carried on; but not a word of the Free Church Council, Sunday trams, a huge feast in the Winter Garden, and that unsigned agreement!

Still, as the Mayor might have said (although he didn't), you must not look a gift horse in the mouth, neither must you look at a gift electric tramway too closely in the matter of leaning posts, ill-laid rails, long waits, and other incidental drawbacks.

So that, after all the talking, Nevins is to get his extension, with a rider to the effect that he is to be a better boy in future. Thus explodes the great myth of the excellence of American methods and workmanship; while, as for cheapness, well, really, you know, I can't afford to ride in the tram-cars yet a while; I have to be content with the humble but cheap pony-carriage!

* * *

In the same "Echo" which reported the Town Council meeting and the many remarks made anent the deficient tram-car arrangements, appeared a little paragraph detailing a break-down of a section of the line through the breakage of a cable on the Prestbury-road, and running as follows (when I say running, I refer to both paragraph and cars):—"The cars stopped dead, and the drivers and conductors had to get out and push till a 'live' section was reached." Then follows the essence of wit on the part of the compositor—a racing tip inserted by accident just at the right (or wrong) place—"Betting,—2 to 1 against Reminiscence, 9 to 2 Flavus, 8 to 1 each Glenart and Carabine," and so forth, ending "Won by a short head; four lengths divided second and third."

2 to 1 against "Reminiscence" of the mishap is really great!!

TOUCHSTONE.

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BRITONS AS SLAVE OWNERS.

By J. A. PEASE, M. P.

In the Parliamentary papers relating to slavery and the slave trade in British East Africa and the Islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, published in May, 1901, the public are informed that in these two islands in 1897 there were approximately 100,000 slaves, but that there are only 53,000 to-day.

The difference is accounted for as follows:—12,066 have in the interval been given their freedom; 30,000 have died, 20,000 deaths being attributed to an epidemic of smallpox; 5,000 have disappeared, some of whom it is admitted have been kidnapped and taken into slavery into other countries.

It has been estimated that there are on the mainland portion of the Sultan of Zanzibar's dominions 200,000 slaves. This strip of land is governed directly by the Foreign Office from Downing-street. In British East Africa proper it has been estimated by Mr. E. J. Mardon, of the Indian Civil Service, and by Bishop Tucker, that there exists a population of 2,000,000, a large number of whom may be considered to be, if not slaves, in a condition very slightly remote from slavery. In Uganda the same authorities estimate the population to be 4,000,000, a large number being domestic slaves. The above facts are either not realised by the people at home, or appear to be regarded with absolute indifference. Our Government, in deference to local official opinion, have adopted a policy of gradual emancipation in preference to effecting the immediate abolition of the legal status of slavery.

In India, Nigeria, and other British possessions, the status of slavery has been abolished by a stroke of the pen with satisfactory results, and no sufficient reason has yet been given why a similar course should not have been adopted in our East African possessions.

The state of slavery tends to create and promote slave trading, and whilst steps have been taken, by passing decrees and issuing proclamations, to prevent the number of slaves in our possessions from being replenished, yet the example of the British people making laws regulating slavery is an object lesson which encourages the Arabs not only to maintain the abominable system, but to provide a supply of slaves for other countries.

The policy pursued obviously retards that moral elevation of the negro races which can only commence when they can no longer be regarded as personal property.

Englishmen who believe it wrong for one man to possess property in the person of another should see that further pressure is placed upon responsible Ministers of the Crown so that this great blot upon our past traditions may be once and for ever removed. The Arab is content and feels that he is incurring no risk when he can point to British connivance with a system of slavery permitted in Protectorates under our own direct control, and in which we are directly interested. All our fussiness about the slave-trade appears to the Arab to be nothing but a transparent sham. He naturally doubts the sincerity of our intentions indicated by statutory decrees; he feels encouraged to ply his nefarious traffic, and to supply a demand from which we, as a nation, derive benefit. For, as receivers of revenue levied upon exported produce, is not the Government of Zanzibar, controlled by British officials, a partner with the Arabs in sharing wealth obtained by slave labour?

Under the Brussels Act we have bound ourselves to take steps to put down slavery, but our action and example have not been calculated to induce other Powers to promote the cause of freedom, especially those Sultans professing the Mohammedan religion who were co-signatories with ourselves to the above Treaty. When we have eventually cleansed ourselves from the stigma of permitting slavery we may with some consistency insist on the suppression of slavery in Morocco,

Arabia, Persia and other countries, but any protest obviously remains a dead letter so long as our hands are unclean.

In 1877 Section 370 of the Indian Penal Code was applied to the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar. Under this section whoever detains any person as a slave is liable to imprisonment for seven years without the option of a fine. Surely the members of the Government who allow the detention of slaves are morally guilty if slaves are detained in British protectorates. They, however, escape liability to conviction under the technical point that our East African Protectorates, are merely under the administration of a diplomatist at the Foreign Office, and cannot be regarded in the same light as colonies subject to the control of the Colonial Office.

In 1895, Mr. A. J. Balfour stated the Government "would be glad to take any steps that could be reasonably taken" to terminate slavery. In June, 1897, Mr. Balfour again pledged the Government to carry out "on the mainland of the East Coast Protectorates what they were in process of carrying out on the Islands." No step, however, has yet been taken to fulfil this pledge. The excuse which has been urged for the inactivity of the Government is that Sir Lloyd Mathews, soon after the change of Government in 1895, promised the Arabs on the mainland that no alteration would be made in their customs in the event of the country being governed by the British Government in place of that of the Imperial British East Africa Company. This pledge has been interpreted to be a promise that slavery would not be interfered with. Lord Kimberley, who just before leaving office, sent out the instructions to Sir Arthur Harding, our Representative at Zanzibar, has since publicly stated that his instructions did not justify Sir Lloyd Mathews making a pledge that could bear the above interpretation, and although the Government know Sir Lloyd Mathews exceeded his instructions, no step whatsoever has been taken to correct the impression that may then have been given. Is it not absurd that under the official act of a Commissioner, Britain should thus be compelled to maintain slavery in one of her Protectorates? It may be urged that compensation should be paid, if slaves are to be given their freedom, and it is computed that £100,000 would be the sum required to free the slaves in the mainland portion of the Sultan of Zanzibar's dominions. Mr. Chamberlain himself when in Opposition in 1895 not only advocated immediate emancipation but said that if the Government came for money with a view to end slavery, it would be granted by the House of Commons. If slavery were abolished the money difficulty however would be solved by the saving effected by the withdrawal of H.M. vessels on the East Coast of Africa stationed there to prevent the exportation of slaves. The Government, of which Mr. Chamberlain is so prominent a member, cannot consistently hesitate to free the slaves in our British Protectorates.

It is true that slaves in the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba can under the decree of April 6, 1897, obtain their freedom on application to local courts, but many slaves do not understand the value of freedom, and the Government officials have taken no steps to make the status of freedom more attractive than the status of slavery. When negroes are used to the degrading condition of slavery it is not surprising to find that some of them as soon as they obtain their own freedom desire to acquire slaves for themselves. Commissioner Last, writing from Zanzibar to Sir Lloyd Mathews, on February 22nd, 1900, describes the position in the following paragraph:—

"The question from the slave's point of view is, what does he gain by becoming a free man? The fact is, he gains a name which does not profit him anything—at least at present—and for this empty name he loses everything he had before. Naturally he loses the use of the land he has been occupying, and also the house. (If he has built the house entirely himself at his own expense, he gets some compensation from his master for it, but generally such buildings are of small pecuniary value). He loses the regard of a man of position to whom he could turn at all times of want, sickness or difficulty. He loses the companion-

ship of the fellow-slaves, for they will consider that he has disgraced himself by leaving his master, and they will not recognise him again. The slave who obtains his freedom by claiming it is despised by all native freemen and also by all slaves, and so fails to enjoy the hospitality which is maintained amongst freemen and others, and slaves who had not accepted freedom from the white man. The freed slave, in fact, becomes an outcast as far as all his past associations and companions are concerned. His former owner will not know him, and his late companions will not recognise him. He has no home, no friends or companions, no one to go to in time of trouble; he may die of sickness and want, and few there will be to lend a helping hand.

"The slave freed by law (or the white man, which is the same thing to the native mind) loses nearly all he has that is of any material advantage to him when he accepts legal freedom, and in place of enjoying these advantages he finds himself almost a pariah and alone in the world."

Mr. Commissioner Farler, writing from Zanzibar in 1900, states that there have been plenty of cases of hardness and cruelty on the part of Arabs towards their slaves, and these slaves have wisely taken advantage of the decree to obtain their freedom; but these cases of cruelty have been far from general.

Surely the condition of affairs on these islands described above is to be attributed to our own lack of proper administrative regulations. No wonder Mr. Last recommends the time has come to bring to an end a system of compensation. But Lord Cranborne, when recently pressed in Parliament, gave no indication that the Government are prepared to take any steps to terminate compensation, much less to accelerate the process of emancipation. Dr. O'Sullivan Beare, one of the more progressive of our local Government officials, writing from the Island of Pemba last year, says:—"The abolition of the legal status of slavery in Pemba has proved beneficial from all points of view. It has proved an inestimable boon to the slaves; it has been the cause of awakening new energy in the Arabs, while it has not affected adversely, as had been feared, the material prosperity of the islands."

The following extracts are from his report: "A very satisfactory feature in connection with an Anti-Slavery Decree is the fact that it has caused the development amongst the Arabs of habits of energy and of self-help, in which they had formerly been so sadly lacking. To me it has been very interesting to note the gradual improvement in their character from many points of view, under the influence of their changed conditions."

"The abolition of the legal status of slavery appears to be exerting a beneficial influence already with regard to the birth-rate amongst the servile population, which formerly was abnormally and suspiciously low. The insufficient diet of the women, and the hard labour which they had to perform, were doubtless factors which accounted, in part, for the paucity of children amongst a people who were very prolific by nature."

Sir Lloyd Mathews takes a somewhat different view to that of Dr. O'Sullivan Beare. Writing on the results of the 1897 Decree enabling slaves to secure their freedom, he says that our financial position and the labour question are results of the Decree, that he did not cavil at the Decree or the principles it embodies. He upheld it as he had done from the first, but he could not blind his eyes to the fact that it has not been of benefit to these islands up to the present.

It is very apparent from the last papers that Sir Lloyd Mathews and some other officials regard the question of the material development of the islands and their labour difficulties as of more moment than they do the humanitarian question of how to elevate the population and secure free conditions. As an indication of this, the following paragraph from Sir Lloyd Mathews's report may be quoted:—

"If such can be carried out, the question of compensation will be almost entirely done away with, and plantation labour will become organised and more satisfactory. With local contracts in force, we may then estimate the

number of labourers we fall short of in the islands. To supplement these, I suggest asking her Majesty's Government to allow us to draw upon the mainland Protectorates from the Wadigo, Wadruma, Wanyika, Wagi-riama, Wakamba, and Wa Teita, from Mombasa, and if necessary to make arrangements with the Uganda Protectorate for a supply of labour through Mr. James Martin. Also that having known these tribes intimately in the past, and Mr. Alexander having known them within the past few years, when the time comes and supplementary labour is needed, we may be allowed personally to proceed in the East Coast Protectorate to make our own arrangements with the tribes and Protectorate officials. This is little to ask of the Protectorates in return for the many thousands of porters and soldiers we have supplied the Imperial Company and her Majesty's Government with for the last twelve years."

In another paragraph Sir Lloyd Mathews alludes to the desirability of the mainland natives being "drafted in gangs" to the islands.

Our experience elsewhere does not justify the adoption of this course. The proved results of the contract labour system in other parts of the world show that when labourers are "drafted in gangs" by agents to serve for a term of years, the system invariably degenerates into one of forced labour, and is practically only another form of slavery.

Surely our duties and responsibility to the residential population are not sufficiently appreciated by our local officials, and not only should we occupy the islands and the mainland, but by Decrees forthwith abolish the legal status of slavery, and by administrative reforms turn our occupation of these large Protectorates into areas in which the energies and abilities of a free people will have increased scope for development.

In South Africa and Queensland a vigilant eye is required to be directed by the Government on the conditions of employment. Those whose capital is sunk in these countries are often too anxious to dictate to subservient races the rate of wages which shall prevail, and to use forced labour when the supply of free labour is not equal to their requirements.

It is the duty of the State to see the conditions of labour are everywhere satisfactory, and it is the duty of citizens to see the State does not neglect to do its part.

J. A. PEASE.

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ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY THE LATE BISHOP OF LONDON.

One reason why it is pleasant to read history is the interest attaching to the characters of men and women in the past. Whatever happened was done by some human being, who lived and laboured and planned, and is remembered for what he achieved. At first we are inclined to think that these great personages were quite unlike ourselves, that their characters were formed in other moulds, because the events in which they were concerned were so much larger and more important than anything which we shall ever be called upon to do. But we learn on a little reflection that this was not the case.

Take the example of a great general, or a great statesman, who rose to power by his own merits—Oliver Cromwell, George Washington, or Napoleon. They began at the beginning, and had no exceptional start in life. They did small and ordinary things in their day's work, just as we have to do them. Capacity for doing what had to be done shewed itself gradually, and the things which they were called upon to do became more and more important.

But they did great things in the same way as they had done small things. The same qualities were required for both. There is no decided step between things which are called important and things which are not. There are no particular marks by which a great man can be recognised.

It may be said that this is true of men

who have raised themselves, but is not equally true of kings and hereditary rulers. The difference only lies in this, that one class was brought up to the business, and the other found it out for themselves. Certainly no man ever became a great man by voting himself to be one. His greatness depends on the wisdom of his actions, and on their definite results.

If we go to history for a record of the lives of great men we are often sorely disappointed. We seldom find a great man whom we can entirely approve of. He may have accomplished great things; but we often wish he had used other means than those which he did. We frequently wish that his private life had been better; that he had been free from grievous faults, and even vices; that he had been more straightforward; that he had never been overmastered by his passions.

There are few men of action whom we can really love in themselves; very few whom we would wish to take as models in all things. Most men require a good many apologies, and remain rather doubtful characters after all. Happy is the nation which can point to a national hero of whom there is no reason to be ashamed.

Such a hero is Alfred the Great. There is no one who deserves to be set by his side. There is no ruler of any country who has left such a legacy of fair fame untarnished by any stain. That is the reason why, after the lapse of a thousand years, Englishmen look back with pride upon his memory and are anxious to do him honour.

It seems strange to go back for a thousand years and commemorate a man so remote from all the interests of to-day. Generally a commemoration of some distinguished person owes its force to current politics. The man is chosen for some connection, real or supposed, with prevalent ideas, which some party in the state wishes to put forward, or with some national impulse which is prominent at the time. But there is no such reason for a commemoration of Alfred. He stands in no relation to any popular idea, or any political impulse. His fame is due to genuine admiration of his character, and to a recognition of the great services which he rendered to his country.

It is perhaps hard to carry patriotism back over a period of a thousand years, yet the strength of England lies in its continuous history, of which every Englishman feels the mute appeal. English institutions have no definite beginning; they have grown slowly and have adapted themselves to growing needs. The face of the country tells a tale of human effort steadily employed in adapting it to the requirements of man's life. Marshes have been drained, forests have been cut down. The straight high roads tell of the military occupation of the Romans; the winding by-roads mark the limits of feudal domains which were determined by the nature of the country at the time of the earliest settlements. The moment that an Englishman begins to ask any questions he is carried back to a remote past and different conditions of life, which he must understand before his curiosity can be satisfied.

Far distant as are the days of Alfred the Great, they still form part of the process by which England became what it is. Many are the changes which England has passed through since then, the achievements of Alfred have their own place amid the exploits by which the British Empire was created; they manifest the spirit, the temper, the attitude towards life, which make Englishmen what they are.

It is hard to picture to ourselves the England in which Alfred lived, divided into little kingdoms with shifting boundaries and rapidly changing fortunes. It was scantily peopled by families who occupied the land that was favourable to agriculture, like settlers in the backwoods. They were a laborious and stolid folk, who wished to pursue a life of labour, relieved by raids upon the lands of a neighbouring kingdom; and each kingdom in turn had dreams of establishing its supremacy over the rest.

All peoples make the same demand for national happiness, that they should be allowed to settle their own matters as they please. But history shows us that this demand is rarely satisfied, and that men's

energies are constantly being developed by troublesome problems, which force themselves upon them from without. The English had colonised Britain and wished to be let alone, but there were other folks who wished to follow their example, and saw no reason for leaving them in undisturbed possession.

At the beginning of the ninth century the Scandinavian pirates began a series of incursions upon England which well-nigh led to the subjugation of the English, as the English had subjugated the Britons. That this did not actually take place was due to Alfred. He, and he alone, saved England from a Scandinavian conquest.

He did so by those peculiarly English qualities of stubborn persistency, resolute determination, and a refusal to accept defeat. But it is to be noted that these qualities cannot exist by themselves, but must depend upon the possession of an ideal of national character and a profound belief in something which is worth fighting for. Alfred fought unflinchingly that he might maintain a conception of Christian civilisation, which was dearer to him than life itself. His opposition to the Danish invaders shows us the power of definite beliefs against greater force and skill which are animated by no corresponding conception of the end of national life. Alfred felt that he was maintaining the future, while his opponents were only engaged in destroying the past.

The Danish pirates came in their long boats across the sea, landed unseen upon some headland, which they occupied, and then proceeded inland upon a pillaging raid. They attacked especially the monasteries, which were in those days the centres of Christian civilisation. They robbed and burnt them, and put their inmates to death. Then they hastened back to their fortified camp before the neighbouring population could be gathered under arms. The blows they struck were deadly to the life of the people; the terror and bewilderment which they caused were great. A citizen militia in a scantily peopled country was helpless against organised invasions by trained soldiers. If an English army gathered and threatened a siege, the Danes could sail away in the darkness of the night, and no one could foretell when they would next disembark. Year by year this devastating process was carried on, till the English people were panic-stricken and well-nigh hopeless. The northern kingdoms were in the hands of the Danes, and the West Saxon kingdom was left alone to maintain the independence of England.

This was the state of things in which Alfred first entered public life. His temper was that of a student rather than a warrior; and he had already shewn signs of a disease, probably epilepsy, which never left him entirely in possession of his physical powers. He followed his brother to the inevitable war, and bore his share in a campaign in which battle followed battle with bewildering rapidity. The West Saxon King died, and Alfred succeeded his brother on the throne at the age of twenty-two, with no prospect before him save a heritage of woe. Still keeping his army together, he fought another battle, and then fell back exhausted with efforts which, whether immediately successful or not, had no real effect in repulsing the foe. He had to face the unwelcome fact that for the time success was impossible. Yet he had taught his foes that victory was not to be won without great sacrifice; he had shown them how stubborn even untrained men could be in fighting for their national life.

Sadly he made peace on terms of tribute; and sorely he felt the humiliation of buying off his enemies. But he was helpless, and could only wait in hope of the future. This anxious expectancy ended in a disastrous surprise. In 878 the Danes, landing on the coast, pushed into the heart of Wessex before any preparations could be made to meet them. There was universal panic; it was hopeless to gather together an army. Even then Alfred did not despair of the future; and the great achievement of his life was the resolute hopefulness which he now displayed. He retired before the invader to a little island which rose in the midst of an impassable morass.

At Athelney he watched and waited for three months. He sent out messengers and arranged for the gathering of his host; he

exhorted his people to renew their stand, remembering the greatness of the issue. When he thought that the time was ripe he burst from his marshy fastness on the unsuspecting Danes, and defeated them in a great battle. Battles are not successful through the skill of the general, or the completeness of the immediate victory, but by the impression which they produce. It was so with Alfred's triumph at Ethandun. The Danes were not so much impressed by their defeat as by the circumstances of it. They had expected that Alfred was entirely crushed and that the spirit of the West Saxons was broken. Such ought to have been the case, according to all ordinary calculations. It was useless to carry on a conflict against a man who possessed such unexpected resources. The Danes felt themselves in the presence of a force which they could not overcome, and they resolved to abandon the endeavour.

The victory which Alfred had won was not so much a material as a moral victory. It dispelled the self-confidence of the Danes, and made them doubtful of success. They had done all they could to make it sure; they had rejoiced in its completeness; and now all at once their work was undone, and the foe whom they considered vanquished faced them as a victor. Their spirit was broken; their arrogance and self-reliance suddenly deserted them. They comprehended the true nature of their position on English soil. They could not hope to reduce the people to submissive subjects. If they were to remain, they themselves must enter into the state of things which they found there, must accept the prevailing ideas, and learn to act as neighbours. Such were the considerations which weighed with Guthrun, the leader of the Danish host, when he made peace with Alfred, pledging himself to become a Christian and lead his troops from the realm of Wessex.

This was Alfred's great triumph, won by his resolute persistency. The struggle against the Danes was no longer a struggle for national existence; that was secured when the Danish leader entered the Christian civilisation of England. Whether they were to be assimilated, or slowly expelled, was a question for the future to determine; but Alfred had decided that they were not to sweep away all that the English people had won for themselves in their brilliant past. That heritage was to remain; its breaches were to be repaired, and its meaning still further set forth. This was the work to which Alfred now devoted himself. English civilisation still remained in Wessex, but it had been sorely weakened by years of struggle and misery. Alfred had to express anew its meaning in reference to every part of public life. His people were exhausted, apathetic, and lethargic. Alfred had to inspire them with his own spirit.

On the one hand, he had to provide against future attacks by building fortresses and reorganising the military system; on the other hand, he had to restore the arts of peace. The most important of Alfred's reforms was the creation of a fleet which could guard the Channel against the invasions of the pirates. But Alfred did not deceive himself by thinking that national life depended upon military force. He strove in every way to revive the spirit of the people. He laboured single-handed to do justice between man and man, to reform the legal system, and, above all, to restore learning.

The destruction of the monasteries had almost swept away the memory of intellectual pursuits. Alfred surrounded himself with scholars, whom he invited from every side. He set up a school for young nobles in his own Court, and set himself to provide English books for English readers. His object was to popularise current knowledge—he translated into English text-books on history, philosophy, and theology; he not only translated but edited his books for English readers. His industry and activity never ceased; nothing was too great or too small for his attention.

This is the reason for Alfred's greatness; he was a representative of his people, and strove to make them understand the full meaning of their national life and of its possibilities. That life had almost been swept away; it would have fallen, save for Alfred's resolute-ness. He saved it because he knew its worth, and he burnt with desire to make its meaning

so clear that it might not again be exposed to danger, because men did not know its value.

A lesser man than Alfred would have sought for military glory; he would have armed his people and led them against the Danes; he would have striven to win for Wessex supremacy over the whole of England by appearing as the rescuer from a foreign yoke. Alfred had no such limited ambition; he had saved English life, and if that life could only show its force within one sphere he had no doubt of its future extension. He laboured to make Wessex a worthy representation of what England might be, and was confident that it would reap its own harvest in the future. It is this which gives a special dignity to Alfred's character and work. Other rulers have striven to impress themselves, their own objects and ideas, upon their people, but Alfred only strove to make his people understand the full meaning of their past history, of the heritage which their forefathers had already won. Indeed, few things are more remarkable in the history of mankind than the rapid progress of the English people after their settlement in the land which they had made their home. The noble spirit which runs through the pages of Baeda's History is not to be equalled in the records of any people. It was this spirit which was imperishable in Alfred's mind.

A people, he argued, which had once thought and felt like this could never decline to a lower level. He did not call upon his subjects to become something new, but to remember what they really were. He asked them to understand the spirit of their institutions, the meaning of their inherited ideas, the high duty of their national life. He did not step forward as a reformer or innovator, who imposed great conceptions from above, but he stood forth as one of themselves, whose single duty as a leader was to understand better than his people what they really were. This he expressed by precept and example, by constant attention to every detail of government. He was never weary in his work, though he keenly felt the weight of its responsibility. "Desirest thou power?" he asks—"thou shalt never have it without sorrow; sorrow from strange folk, and yet keener sorrow from thine own kindred." And again: "No wise man should desire a soft life."

Entirely human, he took his people into his confidence. He had no object save their welfare, and he so lived and laboured that that object was manifest to all. The fear of God was the foundation of his character. Continually suffering from sickness, he was never gloomy or irritable, but shewed a rare geniality and kindness in all his doings. Not only was he a model ruler, but he was a typical Englishman—his foremost qualities were stubborn courage and resoluteness, backed by practical capacity; but behind these was a God-fearing character, grasping all things and applying to them a lofty purpose.

This purpose he apprehended with that mixture of good sense and imaginative force which is the highest characteristic of the English temper. Alfred could think and feel as well as act. Imaginative, thoughtful, capable—this is a rare balance of qualities! Yet Alfred possessed such a balance, and never allowed it to be disturbed. He needs no apology and requires no elaborate explanation; he was so large that he was necessarily simple, and his simplicity was so obvious that no one doubted of his meaning, and all men's hearts responded to his appeal. "So long as I have lived," he wrote at the end of his life, "I have striven to live worthily." No one who saw him doubted of this, and all felt the gracious power of his life.

When Alfred died in 901, worn out by his perpetual labours, at the age of fifty-two, his people felt that they had lost a father, on whom their eyes had continually rested, and who was the inspirer of all their best deeds and thoughts. More than this can be said of no one who has been called to preside over the destinies of a people. Englishmen of the present day can still look back with reverence on such a life and character, and feel that a thousand years have in no wise lessened its force and its significance.

MANDELL CREIGHTON.
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A MISTAKE.

"How your sweet face revives again
The dear old time, my pearl,—
If I may use the pretty name
I called you when a girl.
"You are so young; while Time of me
Has made a cruel prey,
It has forgotten you, nor swept
One grace of youth away.
"The same sweet face, the same sweet smile,
The same lithe figure, too!—
What did you say? 'It was perchance
Your mother that I knew?'
"Ah, yes, of course, it must have been,
And yet the same you seem,
And for a moment all these years
Fled from me like a dream.
"Then what your mother would not give,
Permit me, dear, to take,
The old man's privilege—a kiss—
Just for your mother's sake."

WHAT WE SPEND ON THE NAVY.

In the evil days when Mr. Gladstone, Lord Northbrook, and Sir Cooper Key were in power, the navy estimates stood at about 10½ millions, whilst this year they stand at 31 millions. Not only has our expenditure trebled, but the increment of force due to this expenditure has increased more rapidly, for there is no doubt that we are getting better value for our money now than then. We are now spending somewhat more than double on our personnel, which has increased from 57,000 to 118,000, whilst the expenditure on materiel has increased fivefold. This large expenditure on materiel is in measure due to the fact that we are at present making up for past deficiencies. When it was decided in 1839 to further increase the navy, and the Naval Defence Act was passed, the ships were built, but the necessary accessories were not in all cases provided. Dockyards and harbours have had to be enlarged; docks are being built; more reserve guns and ammunition have had to be bought; accommodation has had to be provided for the additional seamen and marines when not afloat; the supplies of coal and other stores have had to be greatly increased; and the ports have had to be deepened to accommodate the new types of big ships. The ships of the present day—both men-of-war and merchant ships—depend infinitely more on the ports at which they call than was the case years ago. A modern ship has to be docked about five times as frequently as the old-fashioned wooden sailing ships. The seamen of old, if provided with a good store of spars, canvas, and rope, could keep the motive power of their ship in excellent order without outside assistance. The armament of a ship of old was of such a simple character that it never needed repair, and its replacement was a very easy matter; guns could be cast and carriages knocked up almost anywhere, and a ship could leave her port and not reappear for years without any serious loss of efficiency. From "Recent Naval Progress," by "Active List," in "Blackwood's Magazine" for October, 1901.

THE JURYMAN DECLINED.

Sixteen jurymen were present at an inquest at Battersea on Wednesday, but as the London County Council only provides for the payment of fifteen the coroner suggested that they should give the sixteenth man 1s. each out of their 2s. The feeless juror, however, said that it did not matter. The coroner remarked that he was compelled to summon more jurymen than he required, as so few attended.

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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 42.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1901.

One of the American Pioneers of Light Railways in Gloucestershire.

"JACK HINTON," TRAIN WRECKER.

*

Gilbert Hindon (to give his correct name), the celebrated train-wrecker, is a well-known character in South Africa, where he has lived, more or less intermittently, for the past twenty-five years. It seems the irony of fate that the man whose name was more obnoxious to the generality of Boers than that of any other Englishman in the country should be assisting them so materially in their hour of need. According to our contemporary, "To-Day," Hindon possesses the unique distinction of being the only man who ever stole anything from President Kruger. Some years ago (about nine, to be exact) he accomplished this feat by annexing two of the ex-President's horses. He also got clear away with them into Basutoland, after a stern chase. A couple of years later, when the incident had blown over, Hindon was travelling down to Natal. When he arrived at the Ingogo River he found that it was in flood. However, he decided to try and get across, and put his horse into the river. The horse was washed off its feet by the force of the current, when another traveller came along, and, at considerable personal risk, pulled him out. When the two men looked at one another on the bank the newcomer started back. "Why," he said, "you're Hindon." "Quite right, old man," said Hindon, "though I can't recollect having met you before, but I'm very much obliged to you all the same for pulling me out." "Pull n- you out," said the other. "Why, you ruffian, you're the man who stole Kruger's horses. I'm d—d if I don't throw you in again," and he advanced towards Hindon in a threatening manner. "Look here," said Hindon, "don't be foolish. If there's any throwing in to be done you're coming too. We're both wet through. Let's go up to Fennerton's (the hotel) and have a drink." After some persuasion the Boer allowed himself to be mollified, the dripping pair went to the hotel, and, said Hindon, in telling the story afterwards, "before we parted I had sold him a watch without any words in it for a sovereign. These Boers are all right if you only know how to deal with them." It seems from all accounts that Hindon knows how to deal with them now. It is also pretty certain that the English Government will know how to deal with this traitor should he be captured.

* * *

THE LORD JUSTICE CLERK HIS OWN PORTER.

*

Lord Kingsbury, the Lord Justice Clerk, was late in putting in an appearance at a jury trial at Edinburgh on Monday. He apologised for being late, but explained that his train was half an hour behind time, and when he arrived he waited six or seven minutes for a porter, and finally had to get a barrow and wheel his luggage to a cab.



Photo by Norman May & Co., Ltd.,

[Cheltenham.]

MR. THOMAS NEVINS,
Chairman of the Cheltenham and District Light Railway Co.

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 or 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 41st competition is Mr. J. W. A. Roylance, of Roy Ville, Alexandra-street, Cheltenham, and the prize pictures are those of Hempstead Cross (near Gloucester), given below, and of Llanthony Abbey, Gloucester, reproduced on page 4 of the Art Supplement.

Entries for the 42nd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Oct. 19th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.



HEMPSTEAD CROSS, NEAR GLOUCESTER.

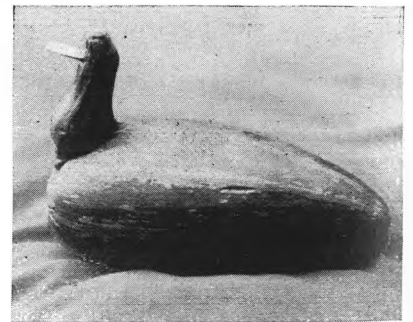
CHELTENHAM BRANCH OF THE TEACHERS' GUILD.

THE TEACHING OF BOTANY.

At a meeting of the Cheltenham Branch of the Teachers' Guild in the Ladies' College on Wednesday evening, the chair was taken by Mr. A. S. Owen, and Miss Laurie read a paper on "The Teaching of Botany," in which she dealt with the object of teaching science, Prof. Armstrong's heuristic method, and how far it was possible to teach botany on his lines. Science was taught in order to teach the scientific method, train the faculty of observation (the foundation of accuracy), develop the reasoning powers, and cultivate the imagination,—not for the sake of getting to know a certain number of facts about things, but to develop the mind. And to do that, it was all important how they taught science. If a good deal of the science teaching in England did not develop the mind as it should, still such mental development was the aim of the best science teaching, and it was that aim which Prof. Armstrong had been steadily trying to advance since 1884. The essence of his method appeared to be that the child was to be put into the position of the discoverer, and never to be told anything that he could possibly find out for himself, the function of the teacher being to guide him to find out. There was nothing new in that; but what was new was the exhaustive way in which Prof. Armstrong was applying the principle. What the child could find out for himself was, however, in the opinion of the majority of teachers, very limited; and he had far better

accept the discoveries already made in the quickest possible way and continue on his own lines. To carry out Prof. Armstrong's method would mean a revolution in our whole system of education; and though it might be ideal for young children, yet the cultivation of the senses was a kind of kindergarten stage, and after a few years' training the mind ought to be able to take in an idea from another mind without requiring experimental evidence of it. A practical difficulty was the want of time. At the meeting of the British Association Prof. Armstrong urged that half of the school time should be given to science, a thing which was obviously impossible without neglecting the study of the humanities. With regard to the application of the method to botany, Prof. Armstrong admitted that it could not so well be carried out in the teaching of that science as in chemistry; but he accepted Prof. Ward's scheme based on observation, description, and comparison of botanical objects and their structure. The facts about plants were to be learned by observation of the plant or part of the plant itself; and there was no doubt that, so far as possible, that should be the teacher's ideal. A great difficulty was that the school terms did not always coincide with the best times for obtaining specimens or examples for a practical course; and another difficulty was to decide where to begin, with the examination of the plant or with flowers. The lesson time should be spent in directing the pupil what to observe, and in letting him make drawings of the specimen; and not until that had been done should the textbook be used. The lecture system was valueless in teaching the beginnings of botany: with older pupils it had its place. With re-

gard to experiments on the physiology of plants, no lesson was more exhausting to a teacher. She pointed to the difficulty of setting up experiments on Professor Armstrong's lines in the ordinary class-rooms, used for various purposes. After a reference to the discussion on botany teaching in the education section of the B.A., she urged the teaching of some science in the practical, experimental way in every school and to every child—studiously avoiding technical language conveying little meaning to the young mind—in the country. It was quite as necessary in the elementary schools as in secondary, as without thorough scientific training, technical education, which some hoped would be the salvation of the nation, would be useless.—Mr. A. S. Owen regretted how very little the average schoolboy knew of even the elementary facts of botany, and attributed that ignorance to so much of his time being taken up reading cricket scores and reports of football matches.—Mr. Gardiner pointed out that the science teacher in a school was often too greatly limited by the conditions in which he worked strictly to apply Professor Armstrong's methods.—Miss Sturge said those methods might be used in the case of individuals, but not in teaching a large class.—Mr. Hedley and Mr. King also joined in the discussion, the latter stating that Professor Armstrong's methods reminded him of Spencer's theory that the education of a child should follow the lines of the education of primitive man. But the child had a right to start where his predecessors left off, and should not be compelled to begin again at the beginning. He was afraid that nature study, on which the Department was now laying so much stress, was in many respects a mere fad, and not a practical substitute for the class teaching of science in the laboratory.—Mr. Mellersh did not think that the teaching of botany was the best method of promoting scientific reasoning. It was better to begin with chemistry. He laid stress on the value of sound general principles as shelves on which to place knowledge of details.—Miss Laurie, in closing the discussion, referred to the efforts to promote technical education in order to protect our commercial interests, and argued that they would never succeed without a scientific foundation.—An adjournment was made for light refreshments during the evening. Amongst those present were the Rev. J. A. Owen and Mr. S. Herbert.



CURIOSLY GROWN VEGETABLE MARROW.

To aid the resemblance to a duck, the "bill" has been added, but with this exception it is represented as taken from a Cheltenham Garden.

It was notified in Tuesday night's "Gazette" that H.R.H. Prince Albert William of Prussia, having been promoted to the rank of Admiral in the Imperial German Navy on the 13th September, 1901, has been advanced to the rank of Honorary Admiral in his Majesty's fleet from that date.

* * *
The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar had an unpleasant accident a few days ago, when he was bitten by a dog when shooting. The dog, mistaking an action of the Grand Duke, flew at him, and before he could be got away had bitten him in the neck. His Royal Highness is, however, not seriously injured.

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IN THE DEPTHS,

BY
MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

None who have read the story of "The Challenger" can ever forget the thrill of delight with which they first contemplated the beauties and treasures, the gems and wonders of the bed of old ocean. That these marvels were so far away; that they had been so long hidden from ordinary ken; that, indeed, until that time few even of the most thoughtful students of nature had conceived it possible that such a wealth of life and growth and treasure could lie down among those silent depths, made it all so much the more fascinating. It will probably be found that, like so many other excursions into unexplored regions, the story of "The Challenger" will only prove a forerunner of many more similar histories, each revealing to us new and equally attractive facts.

How interesting a contribution to the world's history might be made, for example, by accounts of the jewels, the gold and silver, the royal treasure and private wealth, which must lie somewhere along the trackless plains and valleys beneath the great world of waters, which have been slowly accumulating there since first men ventured down to the sea in ships. What an addition they would be to the wealth of mankind, if they should be recovered!

Thoughts such as these often occur to me in looking at the results of some of our work in the Salvation Army. For twenty years I have been allowed, in the providence of God, to explore some part of that underworld which, like the ocean's bed, is peopled and enriched after a fashion quite unexpected by those who have no acquaintance with it.

Down there, in the dim lights which prevail in the regions of sorrow, at once so near and yet so far from the brightness and health and power and wealth of the rest of the world, I have found—even amidst the most cruel poverty and deepest misery and sin—some of the choicest jewels and some of the noblest characters it has been my privilege to know. It is no exaggeration to say that heroism of the very highest order is a common experience and that men and women sacrifice their honour, their health, their friends, and even their lives for love of one another or for love of child, even while they are the creatures of vicious surroundings and outside the pale of decent society.

I know a widow, who supported her son at a Continental university by the produce of a life which she described to me as "a daily hell," but her love for her only boy carried her through that dreadful inferno. The mothers of the upper world, panoplied in their pride of station and virtue, who would not touch her skirts, were perhaps far less notable examples of a mother's love.

That there is a harvest of priceless value to be reaped by those who will venture to sound the "Depths" of our great cities, is very little understood. Perhaps a few words of the history of one of the lost jewels that the Salvation Army dredger has brought from the depths, will help some to a glimpse of this field; and I even venture to hope that it may call forth some true hearts to come and seek also for this lost treasure, of which much of great value is sinking to depths beyond our power of recovery, and will be finally lost, unless there are more seekers forthcoming.

Despair is one of the spirits with which we have constantly to contend. The mark which Society fixes on "the common" is never so deep as when applied to such an one as she, of whose sad career the following tells. She had reached the point in her life where her nature—tender and warm—sought for help. She woke to the realisation of her lot, and her terrible identity with the class whose promulgators are those of shame and death. This knowledge made her condition seem desperate. Were she the only broken-hearted one, she might perhaps have found friends to pity and to help her; but she was one among so many,

and no hand was stretched out to succour her. Despair, therefore, triumphed; and she dragged out the life of an abandoned woman upon the streets of London's West End, drinking heavily—chiefly of spirits—and almost succeeding in entirely drowning her better nature.

Ellen was Irish by birth; and from babyhood she knew the pinch of poverty. Her father died while she was very young, and her brother had a hard struggle to support his mother and four sisters. But, although their clothes were often threadbare, and their larder was never overstocked, they were all teetotalers, and—according to their light—moral and religious. To this day Ellen has never allowed her family to know what depths of sin and misery she has fathomed.

When only twelve years of age Ellen was sent into service with an old lady, who paid her £4 yearly. Later she came to London, and for five years held an excellent situation. Then she married a gentleman's servant, who all too soon developed abnormal laziness and fondness for strong drink. He also insisted upon having his mother and sister live with them; and then forced his wife to support the whole family.

Perhaps Ellen would not have endured her husband's brutal treatment so long as she did, had her mother heart been less passionately affectionate. But intense love for her two children nerved the unhappy woman to support them by a life of sin, from which she naturally shrank with loathing. She never allowed her little ones to hear her use profane language; and she taught them to pray, even while at her husband's instigation she was for their sakes daily degrading herself.

Ellen's husband was too cowardly himself to be dishonest; but he had not enough manliness to prevent his urging her to steal, or to get money any other way she could. Occasionally she resisted, but the only result was that he would then knock her about, attack her with a knife, etc. Only once did she summon him; and then her woman's nature reproached her, and she did not appear in court. When she brought home plenty of money, her mother-in-law and sister-in-law were pleased; but when finances were low, they reproached her for her bad life. She first drank to make less poignant her wretchedness.

When two years old one of Ellen's idolised children fell down some stone steps, and as the result soon died of hip disease. Nor did many months pass before her other darling contracted diphtheria, and was suddenly snatched from her. This double affliction broke Ellen's heart, and she felt that she could not much longer endure her husband's cruelty, and ran away and left him, only, alas, to continue her sinful life upon the streets.

For five or six years the Salvation Army's Midnight Officers had known and dealt with Ellen. Before she was willing to be herself helped by them, her confidence in their ability to raise to usefulness and happiness those who had gone farthest in sin was illustrated by her several times bringing to them other girls. She led many others into sin; and so miserable did she become when her conscience was aroused, that she often slipped into a public-house, when she saw the poke-bonnets approaching. After she had been drinking, she always asked the Salvationists to sing, "There is a Fountain filled with Blood."

Ellen attended several of our midnight meetings, at one of which, in 1898, she was deeply convicted; very earnestly had I and other officers talked with her whenever we met on the streets. The Spirit of God so fastened the words in the unhappy woman's mind, that she could not escape from them; and a month later she entered one of our Homes.

Was it to be expected that, inspired though she was by new and pure desires, Ellen would prove a saint the day she entered our doors? No! my officers had to bear and forbear with not a few little angularities. For instance, Ellen loved snuff; and no good Salvationist treats this particular luxury with the slightest respect. It is black-listed as an extravagant, useless and injurious article. Snuff is placed in the same catalogue of unclean habits as tobacco, and tobacco is considered as an ally of

beer. This, at first, came as an unpleasant piece of news to Ellen. But one day she learned the meaning of a clean vessel for the Lord; and then, rather than not be pure in all things, she surrendered her will in the matter; and now dear Ellen is with clean hands, lips and heart—as we Salvationists say—serving the Lord with gladness. Three years have wrought a wonderful change in her, and she is to-day finding satisfying peace and joy in seeking to lift into the sunshine of purity those who are despairing—as she once was—"In the Depths."

Her story is but one among thousands whom it has been our privilege to help in Great Britain. Since my first peep into "The Depths," eighteen years ago, over twenty thousand of these, may I not say, "Treasure Trove," have passed through the Salvation Army Homes under my direction in this country.

FLORENCE E. BOOTH.

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT HOME.

SPEECH ON LICENSING REFORM.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was in Birmingham on Monday to open the new Temperance Hall in Temple-street, and to deliver a speech upon temperance work and licensing reform to a large audience in the Town-hall. A reception was held early in the evening at the Temperance Hall by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, towards the close of which Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain arrived. The Colonial Secretary formally declared the building open, and congratulated all concerned on the very successful consummation of their efforts. An adjournment was then made to the Town-hall. In his speech Mr. Chamberlain dwelt upon the improvement which had taken place in the habits of the people in the direction of the more moderate use of intoxicating liquors, but pointed out that it was due to moral and educational influence rather than to direct temperance legislation. He did not deny that much might be achieved by legislation, and argued that great good would have resulted from legislative attempts, had not they been frustrated by extremists on both sides of the question.

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The "Echo" Electric Press for Art Printing of all Descriptions—Programmes, Cards, Tickets, . . . Circulars, Bills, Posters, &c. . . Offices—Clarence Parade (close to Promenade), Cheltenham.

HONEY IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

At Princes Risborough (Bucks), a drove of bees have selected a curious hive, and are industriously depositing honey therein from day to day. Over the entrance to the Welsh Brewery, there is the figure of a huge lion, with an open mouth. The bees have made this their refuge, and at the present time the jaws of the animal are filled with an abundance of honey. The unusual spectacle is an object of great interest to inhabitants and visitors alike.



Professor Somerville is about to resign the Chair of Agriculture at Cambridge University, as he has accepted a post at the Board of Agriculture.

ONE OF OUR PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHS.

A NOTED SOLDIER.



RUINS OF LLANTHONY ABBEY, GLOUCESTER.

A STONE COFFIN FOUND.

A number of antiquarians on Monday visited Allerton Park, off Gedhow-road, Leeds, for the purpose of viewing an ancient coffin which has just been unearthed. The estate is the property of Mr. W. J. Cousins, solicitor, who is developing a portion of it for building purposes. It was on Friday afternoon, as the workmen were engaged digging a new roadway, that, some 2ft. 6in. below the surface, they came across a rough stone coffin, containing a gruesome assortment of bones, dust, and corroded ornaments. The interior of the coffin is four-sided, measuring inside 5ft. 3in., and on the top was a stone cover, some 2ft. thick. There appears to have been no serious attempt on the part of our ancestors to shape the interior of the coffin to that of the occupant, though the precise form of that person can hardly be determined by the remains found. They consist of what appear to be a couple of thigh bones, several well-preserved teeth, and a number of trinkets, which now bear some resemblance to a collection of very rusty buttons. If they should turn out to be bronze, the revelation will go a long way to satisfy the antiquarians that the remains are of Roman origin.

THE "PI" LINE.

As you read a thrilling story,
And your energies you bend
In a tense and rapt attention
To the interesting end,
Don't it jar you, don't it thrill you
With a rare ecstatic bliss,
When there's sandwiched in the story
A line
like
this?
Gilbert's knife glittered and described a
semi-circle in the air, but as his arm shot out
and vbgkq xsfiflffffi cmfyp etaoinin rad
It's the "pi" line of the printer,
Which will happen to the best,
And no "make-up" man has ever
Yet been found to stand the test;
For in spite of all endeavours,
Sometimes they are bound to miss,
And an interesting story's
Spoiled
like
this:
Pretoria, July 20.—It is reported that Mr. Steyn in his hasty flight took away with him erofuse thrdlue cmfwyp vbgkqj etaoin eta.—
The "Inland Printer."

*

DEATH OF GENERAL COTTON.
Sir Alexander Arbuthnot writes to the "Times":—The last of a noble band of brothers, whose services to the State exceed those which most families have been able to render, died in London on Saturday last at the great age of 94. Major-General Frederick Conyers Cotton, C.S.I., was a younger brother of the late Field-Marshal Sir Sydney Cotton, and of the late General Sir Arthur Cotton, whose great services to India as an irrigation engineer are commemorated in the second of the supplemental volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography" published last month. General Frederick Cotton was born in 1807, and entered the Madras Engineers at an early age. After serving for some years in the Public Works Department, he was employed in the first war with China, first as an assistant engineer, and during a considerable part of the time as commanding engineer. The records of the war show that Captain Cotton's services elicited on several occasions favourable mention from Sir Hugh Gough, upon whose recommendation he subsequently received a brevet majority. He was for several years intimately associated in work with his distinguished brother, Sir Arthur Cotton, and, during the absence of the latter from India owing to ill-health, he was in charge for some time of the irrigation works on the Godavari. He retired from the service in 1860, and after his retirement was nominated in 1868 a Companion of the Star of India, and a year or two later was granted a good service pension in recognition of his services, civil and military combined. I have before me a copy of a minute recorded on the latter occasion by a member of the Madras Government, which contains the following passage:—"With mental powers of no ordinary stamp, unflagging energy and capacity for work, General Cotton combined in a marked degree that fine tact and knowledge of men, the accompaniment of a generous and unselfish spirit, which enabled him to secure the cordial co-operation of all who worked either with him or under him in whatever capacity and of whatever grade. From the scientific superintending engineer to the humble road sergeant there is hardly a man in the Presidency who ever served under General Cotton who does not speak of that service as one of the happiest periods of his life. It was the same with the various civil and military officers with whom General Cotton's duties brought him into contact." Ever since his retirement from India General Cotton had taken an active interest in its affairs, and especially in supporting his brother's enthusiastic advocacy of a more rapid extension of works for utilising the waters of the great rivers of India, both for irrigation and navigation. Only a few months ago, when close upon his 94th year, he published an interesting pamphlet on this subject. About a fortnight ago he spent a few days in a country house, where he struck everyone who met him with his wonderful powers of memory and keen love of nature. He was then apparently in excellent health, but on the 10th of this month he had a sudden attack of illness, which terminated fatally on the 12th.

* * *

The Bishop has appointed the Rev. Canon Prideaux to the post of Rural Dean of Bristol City; Rev. W. J. F. Robberds, Rural Dean of Bedminster; Rev. W. E. Haigh, Rural Dean of Clifton; and the Rev. T. A. Chapman, Rural Dean of East Bristol.

*

The Dowager Lady Carew, who has entered on her 104th year, has been very seriously ill for the past week. Lady Carew was born in 1798, and married in 1816 Mr. Shapland Carew, who was raised to the Peerage as Baron Carew. The present holder of the title is his grandson.

*

The King is enjoying excellent sport, shooting over Ballochbuie Forest. On Wednesday eight fine stags were brought down, of which four fell to his Majesty's rifle. In honour of the successful sport a deer dance took place in the evening in front of the Castle, and was witnessed by their Majesties.

LOCAL TOWN COUNCIL CANDIDATES.



Mr. T. H. PACKER,

Candidate for the North Ward, Cheltenham. Is Conservative Registration Agent, and was elected a Guardian of the Poor for the North Ward last Spring.



COLONEL KING-HARMAN,

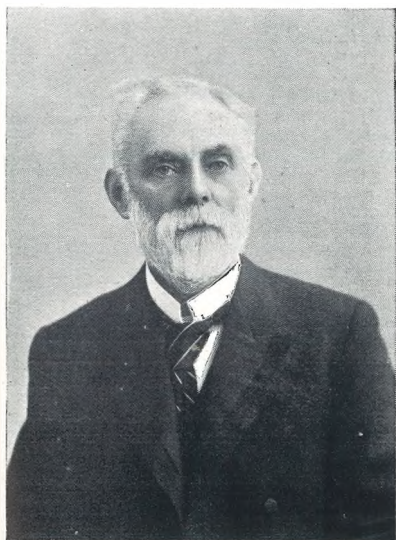
Candidate for the Central Ward, Cheltenham.



Mr. ARTHUR LAMB,

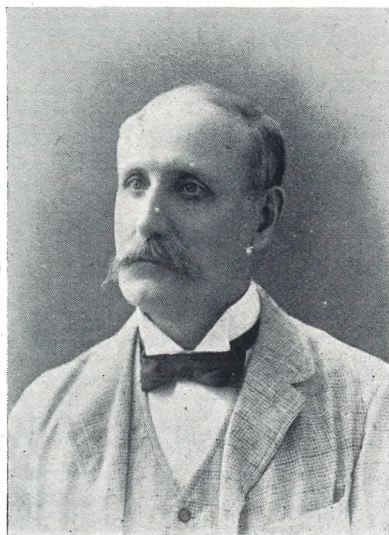
Candidate for the East Ward, Cheltenham.

A rising young solicitor.



Mr. JOHN R. POPE,

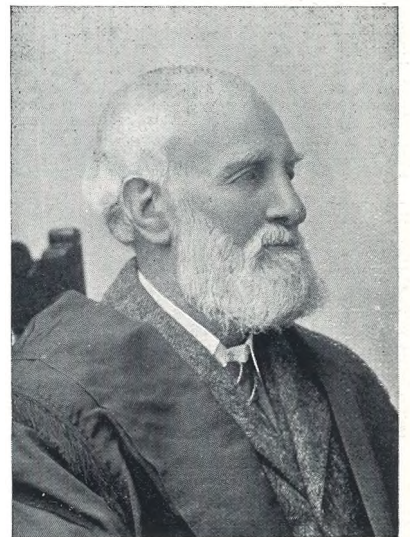
Candidate for the Barton Ward, Gloucester. Has sat on the Council for this ward since Nov. 1st, 1900.



Mr. F. F. HANDLEY,

Candidate for the Middle Ward, Cheltenham.

Mr. Handley was in the Bengal Council as legal adviser to the Bengal Government during the passing of the Calcutta Municipal Act.



Mr. JACOB RICE,

Candidate for the Tredworth Ward, Gloucester.

Was elected last year for this ward, but previously represented the West Ward for three years. Is also a Guardian for the Tredworth Ward, elected a few months ago.

EMPEROR AND BEGGAR GIRL.

*
When the Emperor Francis Joseph was stepping into his carriage at Vienna after visiting an exhibition, a little girl, very poorly clad, ran forward and stretched out a dirty piece of paper towards the monarch. Two detectives seized the girl, and would have dragged her away, but the Emperor interfered and told them to leave her alone. Then he beckoned to her to approach him, and took the paper from her hand. During the drive home the Emperor read the paper, and ordered it to be attended to. It was a petition for aid for the aged grandmother of the little beggar girl.

A SUBTERRANEAN FIRE.

*
A strange spectacle is presented at Gringley-on-the-Hill, where over 50 acres of soil are burning. It is glebe land with a large seam of peat running through it, varying from two to ten feet thick, and the heaviest rain has failed to check the fire. An attempt to quench it was made by digging trenches round the subterranean fire and filling them with water, but the fire crossed the trenches, and in several places has burned gates and fences. Since sufficient water cannot be procured to flood it, the authorities anticipate it must be left to burn itself out.

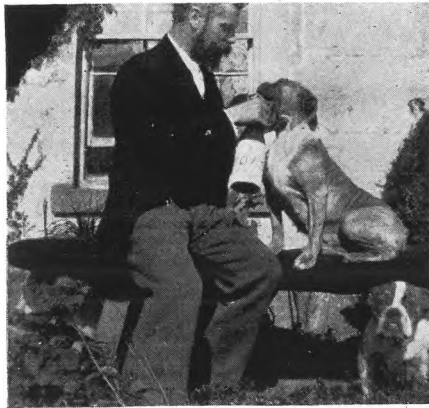
*
Temporary Vet.-Lieut. T. A. Huband, of the 1st Battalion Imperial Yeomanry, has relinquished his commission in the Army.

*
Sir William Walrond, chief Government Whip, attended at his office in Downing-street on Monday for the first time in a month. It will be remembered that Sir William underwent an operation for varicose veins in the leg. He is making good progress towards recovery, but is at present only able to walk short distances, and that very slowly. He hopes to be completely well before the commencement of the more arduous duties of next session.

THE RECTOR OF EASTINGTON AND HIS "FEROCIOUS" BULL-DOGS.

CONTROLLED BY A CHILD.

A local magistrate recommended that the prize bull dogs belonging to the Rev. S. R. Rimmer, Rector of Eastington, should be shot or poisoned, if they could not be kept under proper control. We show an amusing series of snap-shots, from which it will be seen that, whatever opinions may be held as to the general character of the dogs, on occasion they can be amiable enough. In the first Count de Sigri tries to poison one of the dogs. The dog, however, seems to like it. Then the Count draws his skene dhu, but this is as ineffective as the poison, and he proceeds to try what a revolver will do. This also failing, the schoolmaster tries to administer poison, but has no better success than the Count. As a final resort one of the youngest children in the school is placed in charge of the dogs, thus bringing them under proper control.



It was befitting that the Earl of Ducie should hand the returned men of the Active Service Company of the 2nd V.B.G.R. Regt. their war medals at Gloucester on Tuesday, for his lordship is not only the Lord Lieutenant of the County, but the original hon. colonel of the battalion. In his younger days he was a very good rifle shot, frequently being one of the Lords' and English Teams at Wimbledon and a competitor at the old All Comers' rifle meetings near Gloucester. I am sure the noble Earl was as glad to welcome back the Rifles as he was to give them a hearty send-off, although he then expressed a hope that some of them would never come back, but that they would settle in Africa and become loyal Colonists and the fathers of large families, like the Boers. I should have thought that Lord Ducie would have worn his Lord Lieutenant's uniform on an occasion like the one on Tuesday.

Talking over with some friends the other night various local incidents connected with the Boer War, I was reminded of a very amusing one that occurred on the evening of the expiring of the ultimatum, now just over two years ago. A medico, who was continually announcing in public that he was hourly expecting an appointment at the front, once supplemented this fable by a statement that he had received a telegram that the Boers had crossed into Natal. One of his hearers quietly remarked that he had heard the "Boers had taken umbrage." "Yes," said the medico, "that's the name of the place." Thinking the medico was keeping up the joke, the hearer tested him by adding that he believed this place was in the "Umvooti district." The medico innocently acquiesced, and the catch is recorded against him.

Small wonder that the old-established benefit societies, that boast of their millions of money but only pay to members in sickness and at their death, don't make much headway in Gloucestershire against the indigenous and live political societies that have sprung up within the last quarter of a century and are already a great power in the land. They, based on the sound and equitable rules perfected by the late George Holloway, M.P., provide for sick pay and an annual apportionment of the surplus funds on the savings bank principle. I calculate that the three great Conservative Benefit Societies in the Stroud, Tewkesbury, and Cirencester Divisions must now have close upon £200,000 invested funds. Certain it is that the one which has its headquarters at Gloucester, and whose handsome new offices were opened last Saturday, possesses altogether in its branches about 8,000 members and £70,000 in capital. It was started well on February 4th, 1880, for the first Grand Master, Mr. Killigrew Wait, M.P., then said he intended it to be a reality, and if he was ever sick he should go "on the box." I believe that apart from State aid these Holloway societies are going to solve the question of old age pensions. Sir John Dorington has already provided his, of 7s. 3d. per week, in the Stroud Society. That imitation is the sincerest form of flattery is practically proved in the fact that the Liberals some years ago decided to follow the lead of the Conservatives, and they have a thriving society on the same lines, also with new offices, in the Cathedral city.

GLEANER.

A HIGHLY RATED TOWN.

In Keighley, which has earned the unenviable notoriety of being one of the highest rated boroughs in England, with a rate of 10s. 4d. in the pound, on Friday night a public meeting passed a resolution expressing alarm at the town's financial position and strongly protesting against lavish expenditure, and calling upon the corporation, the School Board, and the guardians to observe the strictest economy.

The bans of marriage between Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Miss Paget were published at Hawarden Church on Sunday.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The untimely and lamented death of Mr. Nelson Foster brings back to my memory some exciting events in his military career which engaged the public attention thirty years ago. In those happy-go-lucky times many gentlemen held commissions simultaneously in the Militia and Volunteers, and Mr. Foster was one of these pluralists, as were also several other gentlemen connected with the city and county. The Gloucester City Rifles and South Gloucester Militia had the not small advantage of his services. Somehow he was not a *persona grata* with most of the Militia officers, probably because he put them in the shade by his superior ability and smartness and general bearing. At all events, there was friction between them and him, and the climax came through a speech at a dinner of the City Rifles, wherein he regretfully referred to the fact that the Dock corps had been deserted by its officers. This remark was misconstrued by the late Col. Sir William Guise and Capt. Bontein, two of his colleagues, who had just resigned from the Dock corps, and a not very polite request was made upon him to retract and apologise. This he did not accede to, and the result was that he was denied promotion and sent to Coventry at the Militia mess, only Capt. Sir David Wedderburn standing by him. The citizens warmly espoused his cause and demonstrated their sympathy by cheering him at the saluting post as he marched by with the Militia on the Ham, and "booming" the more obnoxious officers. And things came to such a pass that Sir William Guise wrote to the Press giving his version of the case and intimating that he would not be responsible for the armed men under his command if the demonstrations were repeated. But Lieut. Foster came out with flying colours—his case was laid before the inspecting officer, with the result that he got his captaincy; and then he left the uncongenial Militia and devoted his military talents to the Volunteers.

By the Way.

•••

Another iron in the fire! The Entertainment Sub-Committee of the Corporation are inaugurating a "Mutual Improvement and Literary Society" for the dear good burghesses placed under their paternal care, and the first quartette of lectures is already being advertised.

I had a little booklet sent me the other day, with a request that my name should be used as a "patron," that the lectures should have my support, and, incidentally, that I should purchase tickets for myself and friends to admit to the said lectures! Now this was very kind on someone's part—the secretary of the Entertainment Sub-Committee of the Cheltenham Corporation or some other high official presumably—and really I didn't like to disappoint such a courteous request, so I immediately sent along a good round piece of support and the use of my name as patron without fee. I have a vague idea, however, that I was supposed to buy some tickets to secure the honour of having my name printed between the "Esq.'s" and the "Mr.'s," in special type (being a fool by profession and not one by birth!) If so, the inclusive price is not prohibitive after all: 5s. for the advertisement of one's capacity for spending 5s., the sight of one's name in print, and—four lectures. That was a smart idea, that "patronage" scheme, O Gilding! and it was suggested by someone who knows Cheltenham society and CHELTENHAM SOCIETY, in all their little foibles and vanities.

* * *

A great many otherwise quite sane people have a perfectly insane craving to see themselves in print, but I don't remember an instance of "press vanity" which anywhere approaches that of the man known to J. M. Barrie. Whenever there happened to be a big political or public meeting anywhere within the radius of a walk this individual used to tramp to the spot and diligently interject such remarks as "Hear, hear!" "Question!" "Sit down!" "Speak up!" and like interruptions, only to see in the newspaper reports: "(A voice: Question)," "(Hear, hear)," and his other remarks, thus sandwiched into the addresses of more well-known orators than himself! Everyone to his taste! I am not at all partial to seeing myself in print; type-writing or even Assyrian baked brick inscription would suit Touchstone equally well; but sometimes that foolscap—(by the way, I always write on foolscap, on principle)—as I was remarking when I so rudely interrupted myself, that foolscap gets a bit faded, and the bells want replacing, which means expense, which is the why, and when, and therefore of my rushing into print so vehemently, rashly, persistently—in fact, quite a "fleur de lys" too numerous to mention!

* * *

In the "dear, dead days of long ago," when I used to write "sonnets to my mistress's eyebrow"—(you see she had a very remarkable eyebrow of a pale flaxen tint, and my sonnets generally began: "Where art thou, O my —" etc., etc. I throw in this information gratis to explain why I used to write sonnets to her eyebrow!—in those young days I used to be a student at a School of Art. I really don't know why, except that the "eyebrow" also attended wor—sorry. I mean took lessons—there, and I pretended to draw evil-looking heads and amputated chalk noses, and fingers and things, and I believe once I narrowly escaped receiving a certificate for something. But here is the moral: Outside that School of Art stood a fine board, of massive structure, painted black, and on it were inscribed, in beautiful shiny gold letters, the subjects taught, the times of the lessons, and various useful information relating to the said School of Art. Note: that this board was elegantly clean, beautifully painted, and legible. But this was not the Cheltenham School of Art! If you doubt me, glance at the dirty, unread-

able, and absolutely shameful erection outside the Free Library building. If I were a student now, I should get up one night and scrub that board, rather than let it remain as it is!

* * *

The event of the week has been the publication of that astonishing array of figures in the "Echo" of Monday last on the borough debt. When I see the hundreds of thousands of pounds positively "kicking about" those newspaper columns, I begin to feel wicked and greedy, and to wonder why it is that some have so much and some so little, but when I put on my specs and dip deeper into the racket of figures, I discover that this is my money—and yours, good reader—which is being spent in such an "interest"-ing manner—and I feel still wickeder. In fact, I feel wicked enough to put up as a candidate for the Town Council, with a determination to—let me see, what is it?—

"Give financial matters my earnest attention."—M. J. King-Harman.

"Only advocate new outlay after careful and deliberate consideration."—John D. Bendall.

"Expect that heavy expenditure should not be entered upon without due regard to remunerative results."—T. H. Packer.

"Carefully guard against any extravagant or wasteful expenditure."—Arthur Lamb.

"Exercise strict supervision over the financial affairs of the town."—F. F. Handley.

"See that the ratepayers may be certain of having full value for their money."—F. T. Bainbridge.

"Strongly oppose all excessive expenditure, whether upon salaries to officials or costly buildings."—Edward Pates.

My word! Gadzooks! Odsbodikins! WHAT a drop there will be in the rates when all these promises are fulfilled! I am going to paste up all these little—statements—on a five-year calendar, and cross them out as they are redeemed—if they are!

Just now, according to the "Echo" article, we are each one of us staggering along under a debt of about £60! Very "interest"-ing, isn't it? "Compound interest"-ing; in fact, a case of consuming "interest"! "Capital," you say—well, 'twill pass!

* * *

Let me see, where was I? Oh yes, thank you, staggering under a debt of £60! Now, it's a very remarkable thing, that although I owe all this money to someone or somebody, being a burghess of Cheltenham, otherwise one who is privileged to pay rates, yet I don't remember ever being asked whether I should like to have a little "flutter" in Colonnade wood paving at £605, or the East Ward Recreation Ground caretaker's palace at £685, or fencing the ditto ditto ditto ground with mahogany railing at £588, besides quite a number of other similar small disbursements or loans contracted as and for me—and the rest of us! Now, I don't mind borrowing a little now and then, and would even allow my Ward representative—who represents me, I suppose, because I voted for his opponent—to help to borrow a bit for necessary town progress and improvement, but I should just like to be consulted when there is anything beyond a few railings at £588, or a caretaker's cottage at £685, because if I help to pay I think I should have a voice in deciding what my money is to be spent on! And I think many other ratepayers, besides Touchstone, think thuswise. As a test question: How many of the East Ward ratepayers would have sanctioned the purchase of the East Ward (so-called) Recreation Ground, price £2,000, with cottage and railings (best quality, as above) £685 and £588 respectively? How many would have voted for this purchase and expenditure if a poll had been taken? And yet certain benevolent gentlemen, knowing that theirs is to be the honour, the ratepayers to do the paying up—in that delightfully bland way they have, decided that the East Ward didn't know anything about it; in fact, it couldn't be trusted as an authority in the matter; the money is borrowed, and we—pay up and look pleasant!

I see there is a very pressing invitation in the "Echo" for EVERY householder to make AT ONCE a small plum pudding to be despatched to the soldiers in South Africa. Well, you know, as far as I can figure out, there are about eight million householders in this favoured land of ours, and if they all post puddings to the gentle advertiser, I fear the consignment will stagger humanity. 8,000,000 Christmas puddings would require some "excess luggage" to South Africa, too, and when they arrived at the front, wherever that is in the present circular actions, I guess there would be enough puddings to go round and a few over. It required a 20th century, indeed, to produce chocolate, jam, and plum pudding warriors. TOUCHSTONE.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

PAUL—WIENIAUSKI.

At St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, on Wednesday afternoon, the marriage took place of Sir Aubrey Henry Edward Dean Paul, fifth baronet, formerly lieutenant in the Northumberland Fusiliers, of Rodborough Manor, Gloucestershire, and Miss Irene Regine Wieniauska, younger daughter of the late M. Henri Wieniauski, of Warsaw, and Madame Wieniauski, of 29 Melbury Mansions, Kensington. The church was handsomely decorated with tall palms and white flowers, and the service was fully choral. The service was conducted by the Rev. Robert Orr, M.A., vicar of Thurleigh, Bedfordshire (uncle of the bride), assisted by the Rev. Somerset Pennefather, D.D., Canon of Newcastle and Vicar of Kensington. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Brindsley de Courcy Nixon, of Seaford, Westward Ho, North Devon, who, during the singing of a hymn, conducted her to the chancel entrance. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. Alfred Sampson, of London, who acted as best man. There were five bridesmaids, Miss Wieniauska (sister of the bride), Miss Gladys Nixon (cousin of the bride), Miss Dorothy Bevan, Miss Gladys Stackpoole, Miss Vera Stackpoole (nieces of the bridegroom). They wore gowns of white tucked chiffon, trimmed with white bebe ribbons, and white satin belts, fastened with paste buckles. They also wore white felt hats, trimmed with white roses in foliage. The bridegroom's presents to them were diamond and ruby lace brooches, caught with a gold pearl chain, and each carried sheaves of pink chrysanthemums, tied with pink streamers. Master Arthur Stackpoole (nephew of the bridegroom) acted as page, in a picturesque costume of white satin, trimmed with old lace, and knee breeches fastened with a paste buckle, and white three-cornered hat, with white ostrich plumes. Miss Wieniauska wore a wedding robe of white glace silk in Princess style, veiled with pleated chiffon, in Empire design, from shoulder, the full Court train being arranged with orange blossom and white chiffon. Her tulle veil covered a coronet of orange flowers, her ornaments being a string of pearls, and diamond heart, the gift of the bridegroom, and sheaf of HARRISSII liliium, tied with white satin streamers. The reception, given by Madame Wieniauski (the bride's mother), at 27 Collingham Gardens, the town residence of Mr. Brindsley de Courcy Nixon (uncle of the bride), was largely attended. Early in the afternoon Sir Aubrey and Lady Paul left en route for Switzerland, where they will spend their honeymoon, the costume de voyage being of brown cloth trimmed with lace and white cloth toque trimmed with shaded chrysanthemums. The presents, over 250, included valued articles from a large circle of Continental and Western County friends of both families.

* * *

Sir William Garstin (O.C.), Director of the Public Works Department in Egypt, has left England for Cairo.

* * *

The Dowager Duchess of Beaufort has returned to Stoke Gifford Park, her place near Bristol from the Continent.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

BY LADY JEUNE.

In this country tradition and custom die hard, for although the superstitions and beliefs of the mediæval past are almost extinct, many ancient observances, some of them most trivial, have become part of our national ceremonial and habit. Consider, for instance, that custom of eating goose on Michaelmas Day, which is said to have grown out of the legend that when the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada was brought to Queen Elizabeth she was eating a goose for her dinner. The legend further alleges the Queen at once said that henceforth all her subjects were to eat goose on Michaelmas Day. But the real origin of the custom, probably, is that geese at that time of the year are fatter and more tender than at any other. In "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1695, under September, the following quaint lines refer to the Michaelmas goose:—

Geese now in their prime season are,
Which, if well roasted, are good fare,
Yet, however, friends, take heed,
How too much on them you feed,
Lest, whenas your tongue runs loose,
Your discourse do smell of goose.

St. Valentine's Day was kept for centuries as an annual celebration, and the sending of valentines and verses by lovers to one another was a very old custom. The tradition, certainly as old as 1476, was that on St. Valentine's Day every bird chose his mate. Among the gentry of England lots were drawn by the young people to find their respective valentines, and it was considered probable that those thus mated as valentines would become man and wife. The sending of valentines now on February 14th is seldom practised, except among the poorer classes and servants, who use it too often as a means of anonymously venting petty spite and ill-nature.

The saying that if it rains on St. Swithin's Day, July 15th, it will rain for 40 days after, finds its origin in the story that St. Swithin, from 852 to 862 Bishop of Winchester, expressed, just before his death, a wish to be buried in the churchyard; but the monks were so scandalised at the idea of the holy man lying in the open churchyard, that they resolved to remove his body into the chancel, with a solemn procession, on July 15th. It rained, however, so violently on that day and for 40 days after that the monks fell into the belief that Heaven was protesting against the translation of the monk's remains as a sacrilegious act. Therefore they left his bones in peace, and built over them a chapel, in which many miracles were performed.

The days of St. Patrick and St. David, the patron saints of the Irish and Welsh, are still celebrated by the wearing of the shamrock and the leek. The tradition that the Irish adopted the shamrock because St. Patrick used it in his teaching to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity is a pretty fancy. The wearing of the leek has no such picturesque origin, but on St. David's Day all patriotic Welshmen display the national symbol.

Shrove Tuesday, the last day before Lent, had many curious customs, but a merciful age has abolished all except the comparatively harmless one of eating pancakes. The day was formerly spent in all kinds of excesses and cruel sports, such as cock-fighting and throwing at cocks, when the wretched bird was literally done to death by a long and cruel process. As far back as 1790 the under-clerk of the college at Westminster School entered the dormitory on Shrove Tuesday and threw a pancake over the curtain which separates the upper and lower form boys, who scrambled for it, and that custom, with more or less modification, is still observed; but the great bell which used to be rung on Shrove Tuesday for the purpose of calling people together to confess their sins, and which was called "Pancake Bell," is no longer sounded.

Nearly all May-day customs have ceased, although that day has been the theme of poets and painters all over Europe. In many

parts of England the children still go round the villages and districts singing May rhymes and decorated with garlands of May flowers, and there are local customs in different places; but even this is fast disappearing, for the uncertain English climate does not encourage outdoor pastimes so early in the year.

May 29th, Royal Oak Day, is still observed in Worcestershire and the West of England as a memorial of the Restoration of King Charles II., and it was also his birthday; but the wearing of oak leaves on that day is to commemorate the King's wonderful escape after the Battle of Worcester, in 1651, when he hid himself in the oak at Boscobel, in Shropshire.

Nearly all the customs of Hallowe'en, or All Saints' Day, have died away. Formerly they were exceedingly numerous and quaint, and many a maid looked anxiously to the day for the secrets which would then be divulged. In Scotland Hallowe'en was a great festival: telling fortunes by mixing the white of eggs in water; cutting an apple in front of a looking-glass to see whether your future husband or the devil himself peered over your shoulder; sowing seed in the corner of the garden and in weird verses calling on your "true love" to come and tend it, were only a few of the attempts made on this occasion to see into the future.

Christmas, with its quaint customs, its festivities, its endeavours to bring all classes together and to make the great Christian anniversary a day of rejoicing for everyone, is still the greatest of English feast-days, although the ceremony of bringing in the Yule log, the procession of the Lord of Misrule, and the old Christmas orgies have all disappeared. The mummers still perform in a few places, the wails come and sing outside the window, the mistletoe still holds its own pretty well, but the traditional revelry and jollity of Christmas are much less than of yore.

A custom which has strongly survived, owing to the Protestantism of the majority, is the burning of Guy Fawkes on November 5th. The effigy is annually dressed, painted, and carried round the streets on November 5th, and then burnt; and the searching of the vaults of the Houses of Parliament the day before the meeting of Parliament is still religiously performed.

Two or three old English customs are still well known. The Dunmow Fitch of Bacon is given to any married couple who can swear that they have neither quarrelled nor repented of their marriage during a year and a day, and they are required to take an oath and make a statement to that effect. The custom, which existed in the tenth year of Edward III., has been revived recently, and is now celebrated annually.

The legend of Lady Godiva, the wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia and Lord of Coventry, at whose intercession the town was said to have been relieved of heavy taxes on condition that she rode naked through the streets, which she did, shrouded by her long hair, is still celebrated. It is certainly fabulous, but processions in her memory have taken place as late as 1892. The effigy of the evil-minded citizen who peeped at her from the top window of his house, although all the inhabitants of the town remained in their houses while she was passing through the streets, still looks out on the busy crowd from the spot where tradition says he lived.

The "Scouring of the White Horse" is well described by "Tom Brown" in the book of that name, and tradition has it that at Ashdown, in Berkshire, Ethelred and Alfred defeated the Danes in 871, and that Alfred ordered the white horse, the standard of the Danish leader, to be carved out on the White Horse Hill, over-looking the vale. The scouring, or clearing the figure from grass and weeds, is done periodically, and it was last performed in 1893. Whether the legend is true or not, the figure of the horse is of great antiquity, although some maintain that it is really not the place where the last battle between the English and Danes occurred.

A few curious legal customs have survived the changes and alterations that have affected the law as other institutions in this country.

The judge who sits at the Old Bailey, in the City of London, always has a bouquet of flowers presented to him, a relic of the time when the smells of London made it necessary for him to have something sweet to smell; and the judges on going to St. Paul's Cathedral to attend service once a year, have bouquets provided for them for the same reason.

The Lord Mayor of London goes in state, after his election, to the Royal Courts of Justice, where the Lord Chief Justice and the other judges receive him and listen to a panegyric on him from the Recorder of the City of London, who winds up his address by inviting the judges to dine with the Lord Mayor in the evening at the Guildhall. The Lord Chief Justice replies in fitting terms to the invitation and thanks him, saying: "Some of their Lordships will attend." The judges go to the Lord Mayor's dinner in wigs and robes, but their wives are not invited.

The Lord Mayor still rides to Temple Bar to meet the Sovereign and welcome him to the City, the old gate of Temple Bar being the boundary between the City of London and the western part. To this day, every night when the House of Commons rises, the watchman goes his rounds, calling out: "Who goes home?" a reminiscence of the time when life and property, to say nothing of the sacredness of the Speaker's person, were less assured than now, and when, lest he be robbed and maltreated on his way home, the members of the House were wont to form an escort for him.

The pricking of the Sheriff by the King is a very old custom, which is annually performed. The judge of assize names three country gentlemen, one of whom is chosen to act as High Sheriff, to receive the judges when they go on circuit. The names are sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who sits with the judges of the King's Bench on one particular day, to hear the names and excuses of those nominated for the office. Other names are substituted for those who are exempted, and the list is sent to the King, who pricks the first name on the list with a gold bodkin.

Certain old traditional privileges are claimed by certain families in England. The Duke of St. Albans, as High Falconer, an office granted to the first Duke, has the right to drive up Rotten-row in his carriage. Lord Kingsale and Lord Forester have the privilege of wearing their hats in the presence of the Sovereign. At the coronation of an English Sovereign, the representative of the family of Dymoke of Scrivelsby, who are hereditary King's Champions, rides on horseback into Westminster Hall, and, throwing down his glove, calls on anyone who disputes the Sovereign's right to succeed to the throne to pick it up and do battle with him. At the coronation of Queen Victoria, as the representative of the family was a very old woman, the ceremony was dispensed with; but there is a story that at the coronation of George IV. a Peeress, well known for her Stuart sympathies, threw down her white kid glove as a sign that she protested against the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty.

The custom, which is still frequently observed, of beating the boundaries of boroughs, districts, or towns by the local council of the locality is a relic of a time when no deeds or evidence, other than personal or oral, existed as to the limits of property or locality, and the boys of a village or town were caught annually and taken to the boundary-posts and whipped, in order that they might never forget what was the limit of the area in which they lived—a rough-and-ready, but certain, method of impressing it upon their memories.

Earl Carrington will be the Progressive nominee for the Chairmanship of the London County Council next year.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 43.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

One of the American Pioneers of Light Railways in Gloucestershire.

THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.
A most important paper on Arctic and Antarctic exploration is contributed by Dr. Nansen to the November number of the "Pall Mall Magazine," in which the famous Norseman deals with the chances of the various expeditions which have sailed, or are about to sail, to the two Poles. Concerning the problems which may be solved by Antarctic exploration, Dr. Nansen has the following: "Certain remarkable resemblances," he says, "between the fauna of South America on the one side and of Australia on the other have led many people to conjecture that these two continents were formally connected by tracts of land extending right across the South Pole, and thus making possible the migration of animals. Did, then, such a continent formerly exist? Is the land in the Antarctic regions merely a remnant of it? And does a shallow submarine plateau to this day extend, with a few interruptions, between America and Australia, forming, so to speak, the pedestal of the Antarctic lands and islands, which stand out from sea as the ruins of the submerged continent? From the fossils found in the strata of the rocks, we know that those tracts of earth which we ourselves inhabit, and likewise the Arctic regions, have during earlier epochs in the earth's history undergone remarkable vicissitudes of climate and physical conditions. Have, then, the Antarctic regions been subjected to similar vicissitudes?"

* * *

WAR WITH ENGLAND.

A French officer, Colonel Delauney, describes how the invasion of England is possible, in the November number of the "Pall Mall Magazine." "The Western Manœuvres of the French Army," he says, "had this special feature, that they included manœuvres in embarking, transporting, and landing land troops. From this point of view they are of real interest, for such manœuvres had not been performed for a great number of years. They have demonstrated: Firstly, that each transport could easily embark two thousand men, and that this number could, if necessary, be increased; secondly, that the landing of a troop of infantry on a sandy beach does not take more than an hour. Such proofs are most satisfactory, and show, without the least doubt, that the embarking and landing of troops can be performed both easily and rapidly. The object in view in undertaking these operations—it would be childishness not to confess it—was to show our neighbours on the other side of the Channel that we are thinking about a possible conflict with them, that we are taking steps accordingly, and that amongst the means which we would be able to use, in case this possibility should become a fact, we place in the first line the invasion of their territory. This question of the invasion of England is much talked about, and deserves to be examined and discussed."



MR. THOMAS A. NEVINS.

GLOUCESTER CONSERVATIVE BENEFIT SOCIETY.

OPENING OF NEW OFFICES—VICTORIA CHAMBERS—OCT. 12, 1901.

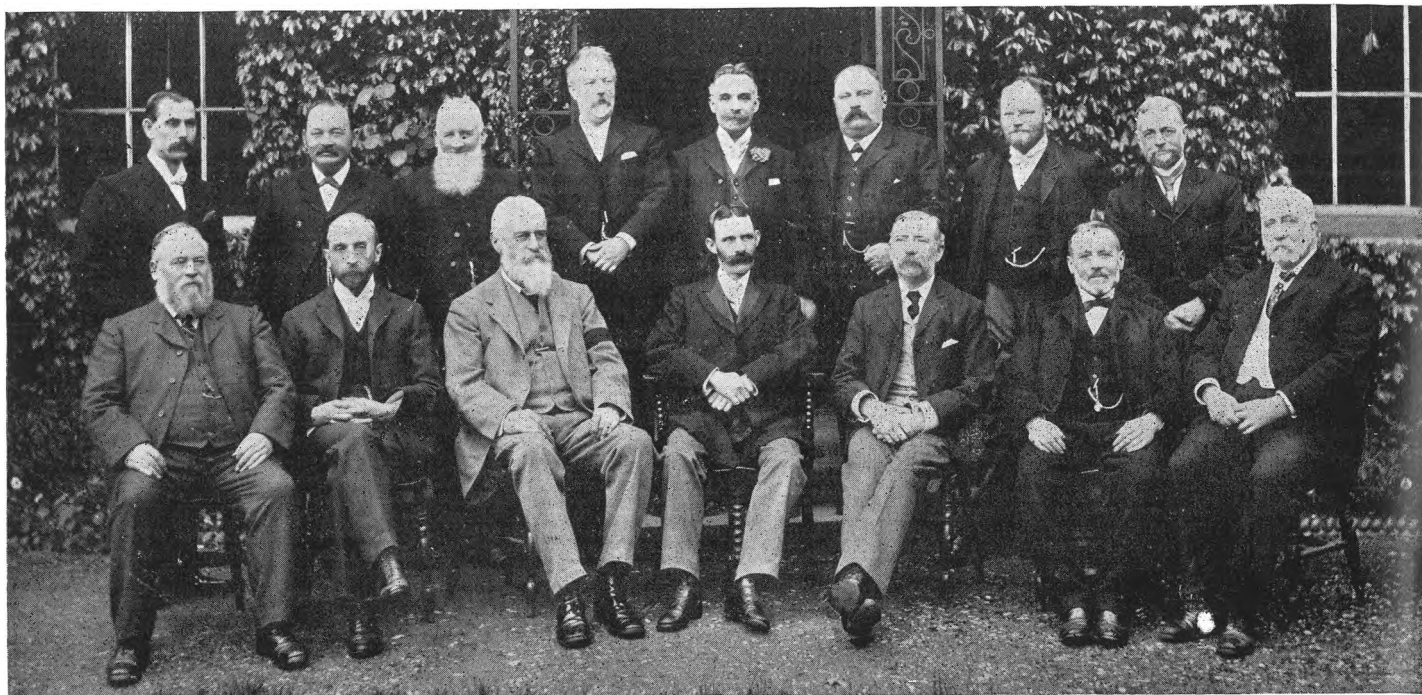


Photo by H. W. Watson,]

CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

[Cheltenham and Gloucester

A Tour of our Churches

*

THE PARISH CHURCH OF HAILES.

I attended an old-fashioned church service on Sunday afternoon last—old-fashioned that is not because the village blacksmith and carpenter were playing the violin and 'cello there, because there was no music whatever, not even a harmonium; but old-fashioned because the parson and the clerk seemed to manage the whole service between them. These two officials read the Canticles verse by verse, and also the Psalms. No attempt was made to sing, not even a hymn. Naturally such a service now-a-days seems extremely quiet. The congregation was a small one—less than a dozen all told, and nearly all these were females. I was informed that the wife of a former curate of Hailes was anxious to have a harmonium in the church, which she would play; but the Rector was rather against it, on the plea that the wives of future curates might not be able to keep on with the music, and it would be a pity to disturb the old-world character of the services for a brief season only.

Hailes Church dates from the days of King Stephen. It is a building of stone, consisting of chancel, nave, south porch, and bell-turret. It was allowed to be disused on the erection of Hailes Abbey, but was rebuilt after the dissolution of the Monasteries. While containing portions of the original Norman work, it may be said to be a mixture of the Decorated, Early English, and Perpendicular styles of architecture, most of the building being but a patchwork of the remains of the Abbey. Amongst other things it contains numbers of the Abbey tiles, bearing the arms of Richard Earl of Cornwall, as King of the Romans, others having on them the badge of Castile and Anjou, as borne by Edward III. The ancient wooden screen is supposed to have also come out of the Abbey.

The preacher on Sunday was in the midst of a series of sermons on the Apostles' Creed. He took no text, and went on to say that they

had seen how Christianity was supposed to have been introduced into England in the first century, and how this land was Christianised. The Gospel was brought into Ireland by Missionaries from Wales and the West of England; but it was not before the time of the great saint, St. Patrick, that the church was planted in Ireland. By his preaching and teaching a great many heathen princes and people were converted. St. Patrick's grandfather was a priest. It might seem strange to them, but at that time Ireland was called Scotia, and the inhabitants were called Scots. At that early time the Church in Ireland was governed in the same way as was the Church of England in the early centuries, and as it was in the present day, viz., by a ministry of bishops, priests, and deacons. Ireland became very famous for its schools, and was a centre of missionary zeal. From Ireland the Church reached Scotland, and it was from the preaching of the great St. Columba that Scotland received the gospel of Jesus Christ. St. Columba was a native of Ireland. In the middle of the 17th century the Church of England sent ministers to a few English people in North America, and soon after that there was a bishop appointed for Newfoundland—then a British settlement—and that was the foundation of the Church in North America, where at the present day was a branch of the Holy Catholic Church called the Protestant Episcopal Church. In Canada they had a branch of the Church of England governed by bishops, priests, and deacons; at least three provinces and two archbishops. The Church of England had daughter Churches in South Africa, Australia, Tasmania, and other lands. And that was how the Church of Christ had spread. They saw what a great thing it was to say "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." Were they worthy members of that Church? What was their duty towards it? It was their duty to continue steadfastly in that branch of the Holy Catholic Church of Christ of which it was their privilege to be members. They must love the Church as a part of Christ's body. They must do all in their power to advance its interests, and to make its principles and blessings known to those ignorant of them.

Each time they said the Creed they said they believed in the Holy Catholic Church; let them try and realise the importance, the greatness, and the mighty privilege of being members of it.

The minister was an earnest man with a good delivery, and his short and interesting discourse was very attentively listened to by his small knot of hearers. The entire service occupied precisely half-an-hour, and one could not help thinking that the entire absence of ritual display was in marked contrast to what had been witnessed in the Abbey Church of Hailes in the 13th and 14th centuries.

CHURCHMAN.

THE SWAN AND THE TRAIN.

*

A rather amusing and, I should think, unprecedented incident occurred a few nights ago at Luton Railway Station (writes a correspondent of the "Daily Graphic"). Upon the arrival of the 5.29 down passenger train from London a large white swan was observed seated majestically upon the top of the last carriage. Upon his being discovered, passengers as well as officials began to congregate to have a peep at him. The swan, however, treated all with indifference, and remained seated facing the engine, evidently appearing to have enjoyed the ride to Luton, and intended, no doubt, had he not been disturbed, to take a trip as far as Dunstable. He had no such luck, as a shunting pole was secured by an official and the swan politely asked to alight. This request he promptly acceded to, jumping off the carriage and running down the six-foot way. After a little trouble he was captured and carried by an official to a place of safety. The poor creature was in an excited condition when caught, probably owing to having travelled without a ticket. There was little doubt that the swan came from the Luton Hoo Park estate, and the stewardess was promptly apprised by telephone of the facts. About an hour later one of the employees arrived to take the runaway home. He departed, to all appearances, none the worse for his excursion.

AN ODDLY BROUGHT ABOUT MARRIAGE.

*

Says the "Free Lance," the "man in the street" does not always find that marriages are necessarily made in heaven, as witness the following true romance, dating from a city of which I will only say that it is not Manchester. In a certain menage where only two servants were kept, housemaid and cook, it was the latter's prosaic duty daily to clean the doorsteps. The weariness of this uncongenial task culminated one morning in a sudden outburst: "I'm sick of service, Jane! Rather than go on like this month after month for ever, I'll ask the first man who passes if he wants a wife!" Coming down the street was the deus ex machina, a spruce young man, black-coated and silk-hatted, at sight of whom the cook's Dutch courage oozed away. But laughing Jane held her to her rash vow, and dared her to carry it out. In desperation, cook bethought herself of a way of escape. She was Welsh, and hurriedly exclaimed as the unknown was passing, "A oes eisiau gwrraig arnoch chi?" (Do you want a wife?) "Oes" (yes), very unexpectedly replied the young man, who also, mirabile dictu, hailed from the Principality, and with Celtic sprightliness followed into the hall the blushing girl, who had fled upon hearing the familiar word. The maid, a farmer's daughter, was buxom and neat; the swain was an industrious and ambitious young dealer, with promising prospects; and soon "merrily rang the bells when these were wed." The son of this strangely arranged marriage is to-day head of one of the largest firms in the country, and his wife can choose in which of her two or three carriages she will drive through the old street.

A GREAT NOBLE.

*

The Duke of Berwick, says the "Free Lance," who died at New York last week, was four times a Duke, twelve times a Marquis, fourteen times a Count, and twelve times a grandee of Spain, and he had in his veins the blood of our Stuart Kings. In these circumstances he might be excused for turning in his grave if he knew that the London evening papers, in announcing his death, could describe him only as "Sir T. Lipton's guest." The late Duke's mother was an elder sister of the Empress Eugenie. The first Duke of Berwick was the son of James II. and Arabella Churchill, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough. He became a great soldier, like his uncle, and died a Marshal of France. He was attainted under William III., so that his successors were but shadowy Dukes of Berwick, though they have many Spanish titles, including that of Duke of Alva.

HOW TO DEAL WITH NON-TAXPAYERS.

A novel way of dealing with persons who do not pay their taxes was adopted last year by the Town Council of Cotta, in Saxony. The defaulters' names were published in a list which was hung up in all the restaurants and saloons of the city. Those whose names were on the list could get neither meat nor drink at these places, under penalty of loss of license.

On Wednesday Sir Michael Hicks Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, entered on his 65th year, having been born on Oct. 23, 1837. No man in his native county of Gloucester is more highly respected, and no member of Parliament is more esteemed in the House of Commons, of which he is now the "Father," than Sir Michael Hicks Beach. He has filled various high offices with distinction, and in times of exceptional difficulty has been able to make increased taxation, if not exactly palatable, at least as soothing as possible.



Photo by H. W. Watson.]

[Cheltenham and Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER CONSERVATIVE BENEFIT SOCIETY'S NEW OFFICES IN BELL LANE.

Wednesday was the birthday of Viscount Cranborne, M.P., Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who was born in 1861, and to-day is the anniversary of the birth of the Marquis of Ripon.

*

It is understood that Lord Justice Rigby may return to the Appeal Court for a short time, but it is anticipated that the state of his health will induce him to tender his resignation at an early date.

*

It is stated in Dublin that the Right Hon. Hedges Eyre Chatterton, who has filled the great office of Vice-Chancellor of Ireland from 1867, is about to retire from the Judicial Bench, after a career of four-and-thirty years.

Sir Richard Harington was again prevented sitting at the Worcester County Court on Wednesday through ill-health, and his son, Mr. Edward Harington, acted as deputy judge.

*

A large gathering of Roman Catholic clergy from all parts of the country met at Blairs College, near Aberdeen, on Wednesday, when a new church, the gift of Mgr. Lennon, of Liverpool, was formally opened. The church has cost £12,000. In the afternoon, at a meeting of the Church dignitaries, Mgr. Fraser, rector of Scots College, Rome, presented Mgr. Lennon with a massive gold medal which the Pope had ordered to be struck in recognition of his great liberality to the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland.



Presentation of War Medals to the Active Service Co. 2nd V.B.G.R., Gloucester Spa, Oct. 15, 1901.

Facsimile of the South African Medal,



As Presented at Gloucester.



Capt. Mouat-Biggs receiving his Medal from the Lord Lieutenant.



Waiting to Begin—Col. J. C. Griffith, Capt. Mouat-Biggs, (in Khaki) and Sergt.-Instructor Durham (at the table.)



Active Service Co., with Lieut. J. H. Bryan in front.

CHILDREN AT WHITE HOUSE.

*

Mr. Roosevelt has six children, the eldest of whom is a young lady in her 18th year, and the youngest a baby who has not yet seen two winters. With Mrs. Roosevelt the family numbers eight. Other members of the household will be a nurse, perhaps a governess, at least one maid and a housekeeper. This makes 12 in all. Mr. Roosevelt has the largest family of children of any President who ever entered the White House, and is therefore confronted with a problem which none of his predecessors, except Mr. Cleveland, had to face. In the Presidential residence there are only five sleeping apartments. Three of those are of goodly dimensions, the two others are not very large. While the White House is a large structure, more than half the interior space is devoted to public offices and reception rooms, and other Presidents, with smaller families, have never had room to spare. During his second term Mr. Cleveland was confronted with much the same problem as will require solution now. He then had three young children, and, in addition to them and Mrs. Cleveland, there were six women of the household, including nurses, maids, and others who had to be provided with sleeping accommodation. In order to make room for all a store-room in the basement was converted into an extra bed-chamber. This was not a satisfactory arrangement, but there was no alternative. On the ground floor is also a large billiard-room, which was not used during Mr. McKinley's administration. This apartment may be brought into requisition in the present emergency, although the new President is fond of billiards. In the basement at present are two small rooms, in which the steward and the butler sleep.

* * *

SURGERY WITHOUT BLOOD.

*

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

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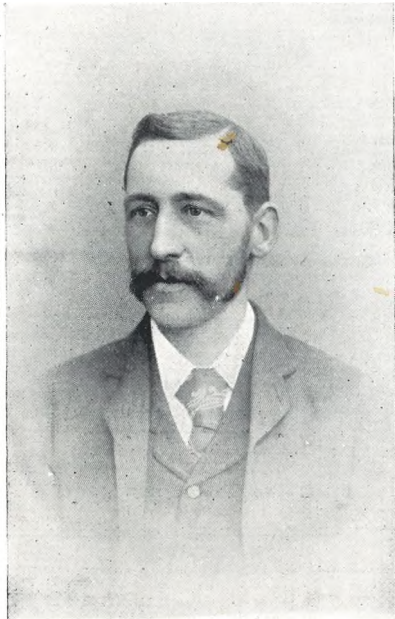
Dr. Jokichi Takamine, a Japanese, claims to have discovered the possibility of bloodless surgery through the medium of a chemical composition called adrenalin. By the local application of adrenalin, in solution, operations may be performed, it is said, on the nose, ear, and eye without the spilling of a drop of blood. Thus has it been demonstrated (remarks "Science Siftings") that the discovery is the most powerful medicine known, and at the same time it might be said the most expensive. At present it costs 4s. a grain, or £1,400 a pound.

Our photographs of the scenes at the war medal presentation at Gloucester are by Mr. H. E. Jones, Northgate Studio, Gloucester.

The Duchess of Marlborough has been on a short visit to the Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke, at Hamble Cliff, Hants.

At the recent examination of the Conjoint Board of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh, and the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow, held in Edinburgh on the 4th, 5th, and 6th inst., Mr. W. J. Moody, of Tewkesbury, passed with distinction in chemistry and biology.

LOCAL TOWN COUNCIL CANDIDATES.



MR. EDWARD BOURNE,

Candidate for the North Ward, Cheltenham. This is the third occasion on which he has contested the ward for a seat on the Council. Last year he was beaten by 37 votes only. He has also been a candidate for a seat on the Board of Guardians. He is, and has been for a long time, prominently associated with the local friendly society movement.



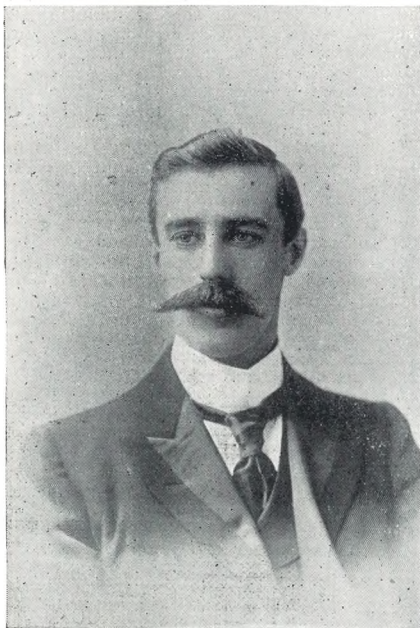
Mr. J. D. BENDALL.

Councillor for the South Ward, Cheltenham. Has previously contested the ward both for the Town Council and the Guardians.



Mr. HENRY R. J. BRAINE,

Candidate for Lower Barton Ward, Gloucester. Has been Councillor for the Barton and East Wards, and an Alderman, City High Sheriff 1894-5, and Mayor and Chief Magistrate 1898-9; Governor of the United Endowed Schools; and a City Overseer.



Mr. M. BARRY LEWIS.

Candidate for the Tuffley Ward, Gloucester. Director of Northgate Mansions and of St. James's Working Men's Coffee House, Ltd.; Vice-Chairman and Hon. Treas. Pioneer Club; and on Executive Committee of the C.E.T.S.



Mr. JAMES CLARKE.

Candidate for Kingsholm Ward, Gloucester. Represented the old West Ward for many years, and the new Kingsholm Ward for the past year, is Chairman of the Improvement Committee of the City Council, and Vice-Chairman of the Board of Guardians, and was a Charity Trustee.

SIR T. LIPTON AND THE AMERICA CUP.

The "Sportsman" New York correspondent, writing on October 11, says:—On Tuesday the New York Yacht Club tendered Sir Thomas Lipton a banquet at their club-house on W. Forty-fourth-street, and the "coveted mug" formed a prominent ornament to the table. Sir Thomas took a good look at it, and said, "This seems to be the nearest I am able to get to it!" He suggested that he would much like to try for it again next year, and it is more than probable the conditions may be altered so as to make an annual challenge practicable. One reason why the New York Y.C. would not decide definitely as to a challenge from Sir Thomas Lipton for next year was that someone else might want to challenge with a new boat, and it would be unwise to bind the club to a hard and fast agreement to race Shamrock II. next year until they were absolutely certain that there would be no other challenge. Another obstacle to holding an annual race is the great expense entailed upon the club. The races in 1899 cost the club something like \$42,000, and this year \$25,000 or \$30,000 will not cover the tow and steamboat bills, let alone the cost of building a new Cup defender. After the refreshment part of the proceedings had been concluded, speech-making was indulged in, and Sir Thomas, as usual, was the most amusing of the speakers. Among other things, he said: "I am very much like an old Scotchman who was found lying by the roadside. One of his friends picked him up and asked him what was the matter, and he said, 'I don't know whether I was at a wedding or a funeral, but I do know it was a success.' Continuing, Sir Thomas said: "I am a very much disappointed man, as I had already drawn up a deed of transfer of the Cup, but I found the Cup pretty well riveted down, but I think you will agree with me that I started some of the rivets. I thank the club heartily for their hospitable treatment, and hope to challenge again for the Cup in the near future."

* * *

Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler has applied for membership of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, and has been duly enrolled.

*

The Lord Bishop of the Diocese has collated the Rev. J. Talbot Gardiner, B.A., to the vicarage of Hartpury, near Gloucester; and has licensed the Rev. Thomas Gardner to the curacy of Daglingworth, near Cirencester.

The Rev. Geo. Alex. Allan, M.A., of St. Maur, Cheltenham, has received from the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells the offer of the united benefice of Chillington with Cudworth on Windwhistle, South Somerset, and has accepted the offer.

It is probable that Parliament will be opened by the King in person, with a full State ceremonial, on January 23 or 28. It is desired to postpone the function, if possible, until the period of Court mourning for Queen Victoria has expired.

By the Way.

MRS. JENKINS IS "CANVASSED" FOR HER VOTE!

Canvassed, indeed! I considers as there's a sight more soft soap than canvass about it, to my mind! What a power of callers I ave 'ad this week, you never did, and all because I've a-got a vote, wich they all wants me to promise away, regardless of expense, as the sayin' is!

Last Monday morning I'd only just whitened down the front steps, when there comes a ring at the bell, like as if 'twere a murder or a fire-alarm called to see me, and wen I opens the door there was a big millingitary-looking gent a-smiling away like a "Comic Cuts," wich 'e says, very civil-like, "'Ave I the 'onner of addressing Mrs. Selina Jenkins?" "That's me, sir," says I, speakin' as nice as I could (wich I considered it must be one of them rich aunts o' mine 'ad died and left me in 'er will, and this must be the lawyer chap coming to tell me 'ow much a year for life). So says I, "Please to step inside, sir, and take a seat in the front-room, wile I just puts me 'air a bit tidy." So wen I'd just tittivated myself up a bit (wich I will say I knows 'ow to make the best of me beauty, as the sayin' 'is, as well as most folks), I comes downstairs to the gent, and 'e were a-walking about the room lookin' at the pictures on the walls. So I waits for 'im to begin, an' after a bit 'e clears 'is throat, and says, "It's a very fine mornin', ma'am," wich I 'adn't noticed it meself, seeing as 'ow it were drizzling with rain, but I says, "Beautiful, sir," wich then he begins to talk about poor Jenkins's photograph, as was a-'anging on the wall in a real gold frame, and painted like life, 'as cost 10s. 6d., wich I got it by answering a advertisement in a paper, as said it ought to be 25s. for anyone else; as I was a-sayin', 'is millingitary gent he "umm'd" and 'e "aw'd" a lot about it, and said as pore Jenkins reminded 'im of the late Prince Halbert, as I understood were distantly related to a very old friend of 'is; and when 'e says, "'ow pretty I keeps my bit of garding in the front," and "'as 'ow my 'ouse looked better than any three of the neighbours," wich it were perfectly true, but it didn't seem to me as that were wot 'e come to tell me, so I ups and I says right out, "And wot might your business be, Sir, if I might be so bold?" The millingitary gent he "um'd" and he "aw'd" again a good un, and at last 'e says, "I wished to solicit the 'onner of your vote, Madam, at the election on November 1st next"!!

I felt that angry you can't think—'ere's me. been wasting all this time talking to one of these 'ere candidate fellers, wich 'e tells me 'is election is 'anging on my vote, and everythink depends on me—if I don't vote the Town Council is going to be broke up—and such like. and so forth, but I knows a thing or two, I does, so I says, says I, "'No, sir, it's no good of your telling Selina Jenkins such a yarn; I don't agree with goin' round and making folk promise to vote for you by all sorts of promises, wich you can't fulfil, wich wen pore Jenkins were alive one of you candidate fellers promised 'im as 'e would make the Corporation drop the rates a shilling in the pound in a twelvemonth, as it 'aven't dropped yet, wich shows 'e weren't a man to 'is word!" So I shows 'im the door, pretty smart, I can tell you, wot with the potatoes a-boiling over in the back kitchen, and the cat a-getting at the bit of meat wich I forgot to cover it over in me 'aste. You mark my words, in ten minutes if that bell didn't ring again, and this time it were a fine dressed lady, as come on a bicycle, and wiped her feet pretty handsome on my new mat as just cost 3s. 11d. from Mr. Jones, and she says "'Ave I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Selina Jenkins?" Thinks I to myself, "I've 'eard that before, but never mind," so I axes 'er hinside into the 'all, wich I weren't going to raise a dust in my doring-room for everybody as liked to come along. So my lady says to me, says she, "You do keep your front garden nice, Mrs. Jenkins, and wot a pretty little 'all. I smell cooking;

do you do your own cooking? Oh, 'ow clever you must be, Mrs. Jenkins. And is that your cat? What a love of a cat! Do let me kiss the beauty. Isn't it lovely weather?" Thinks I to myself, "It's comin'!" So I bides me time, and says "You wanted to see me, I think, ma'am, wen you'e done kissing the cat?" "Yes," says she, "I am a Dame of the Primrose League, and I do want you to vote for —" "Good morning, ma'am," says I, "I shall be all right on the day; I don't want to know nothin' about no Primroses nor anything else, thank you. Good morning." Wich I could see she didn't like it; but there, you know, why can't they let folks alone to vote on their own bit of brains? The next one as come were a sort of a Radical or summat, as come round to the back door and just pokes 'is nose on me whilst I were 'aving my bit of lonesome dinner, as nearly frightened me into a hapileptic fit for a moment. So he says, "I'm very sorry to intrude, madam, but 'ave I the 'onner of addressing Selina Jenkins?" Wich I were fairly narked by this time, so I says, very spitefully like, "Well, and wot if you 'ave! Wot do you want?" Wich 'e starts the same old tale—"Wot a pleasant little place I 'ad, 'ow 'ealthy it must be in such a retiring spot, 'ow neat and tidy the little room were, 'ow 'e considered as woman ought to 'ave a seat on Parliaments and Councils and things, wich women folk was always more intellectual than men, and—wot beautiful weather it were!" So I says "Young man, you didn't come 'ere to talk that twaddle to me! Wen I wants soft soap I sends out for a lb., price threepence ha'penny, so out with it, wot d'you want, an order for candles or a superscription to the Involuntary Schools?" "No," says he, "I wish to solicit the 'onner of your vote and influence for —" "Outside," says I, "'outside, or I'll set the cat on you—a hinterrupting a aged widder at 'er lonely dinner with all that nonsense. Outside, not another word. And close the garding gate behint you!"

But that weren't all, for these 'ere candidates they sent their wives along, as both came within a minute or two of each other, and I showed 'em both into my little room, and I left 'em to argue it out 'atween 'em, and, if you believe me, them two women went at it 'ammer and tongs, as the sayin' 'is, for well nigh two hours, till I come in and poured hoil on the troubled waters by showing them outside like the others. But nary a promise did they get out of Selina J.!

Then there was a boy with a college 'at as come along and said I ought to vote for 'is father, 'cos for why, "he'd make such an awfully fine sort of councillor, don't you know"; and there were a man as I should think were paid so much a week as a promiser, wich 'e said the candidate as 'e were working for were going to give us free concerts, free garding parties, free window-cleaning, free chimney sweeps, free tram rides, and a drop in the rates, wich I know it can't be did, as I tells 'im 'ow, if there is a drop, 'tis only like a drop in a bucket wich can't be seed! Well, so as this wouldn't do, they gets my landlord to come along, and 'e were very affable for a landlord, wich I thought 'e must 'ave been drinking, for 'e promised to put in a new range, and to paint down the front, and anythink I liked to mention, and only too pleased to do it for me—wasn't it fine weather—and—"I s'pose you'll vote for the Liberal candidate, for 'e's the best man—a sort of Economical Progressive—won't spend money unless 'e can help—so if Economical don't suit Progressive will," etsettery, etsettery, and so forth, and so on; but I says, "No, thank ye, sir, I'll take the range and the paint down with pleasure, but my vote I keeps to meself. But it'll be all right on the day."

WHICH IT WILL !!

SELINA JENKINS.

Colonel Waters, Military Attache to the British Embassy at Berlin, was received on Wednesday by the German Emperor, to whom he handed the British China Medal.

THE STORY THE JOURNALIST TELLS.

*

"There is more material for popular reading in Tacitus or Darwin than there is in most novels, and one proof of this is obvious," so writes Mr. G. K. Chesterton in the November number of the "Pall Mall Magazine." "Romance had been written for centuries, the noblest and wildest romance conceived by the most magnificent of human minds; but it was never popular. Then there suddenly descended upon earth a being called a journalist, who, in the very insolence of simplicity, positively made a printed book out of the things that had happened during one day; all the church spires that were struck by lightning and all the stockbrokers who had fallen off tram-cars. And this epic of the actual became the cheapest, the most widespread, and the most popular of tales. It did this merely because it knew what to select and had the largest possible area to select from. It was an artfully expurgated Universe. Now, this fascinating collection which the daily journalist made from the chaos of an incalculable world could easily be made, by anyone who had the instinct of the picturesque, out of the study of anything, from the habits of beetles to the lives of the saints; and in periods like the present, when novel writing is at a low ebb, the wise reader will more and more feel the continual pleasure of reading a work of history or science, so long as he takes care not to read it systematically. A novel is a great spiritual truth, a parable of the soul, or it is nothing. But a fact that actually exists is always a fact."

* * *

"YCLEPING" THE CHURCH.

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The annual ceremony of "ycleping"—or, as it is now put, "clipping"—the parish church has just been revived at Painswick, in the Cotswolds, where after being performed for many hundred years it was discontinued by the late vicar. On the patron saint's day (St. Mary's) the children join hands in a ring round the church and circle round the building singing. It is the old Saxon custom of "ycleping," or naming the church on the anniversary of its original dedication.

§ § §

Captain A. R. Trotter, D.S.O., 2nd Life Guards, has resigned his position as aide-de-camp on Sir Redvers Buller's staff, which he had held for three years. The other aide-de-camp who also served with General Buller in Natal are Major H. N. Schofield, V.C., and Major C. J. Sackville-West.

§ § §

The Marquis of Salisbury returned from the Continent on Wednesday, travelling from Dover in a special compartment, and reaching Holborn Viaduct station at about seven o'clock in the evening. The Prime Minister, who appeared to be in good health, proceeded by the Great Northern Railway direct to Hatfield.

§ § §

The Dowager Empress of Russia, who is still in Denmark, will not return to St. Petersburg until the middle of December, and it is probable that on leaving Copenhagen her Majesty will come to England on a brief and strictly private visit to the King and Queen at Marlborough House and at Sandringham.

§ § §

The German Emperor has conferred upon Captain Arthur H. O. Lloyd, of Shrewsbury, late of the Grenadier Guards, and now commanding the Shrewsbury Squadron, Shropshire Imperial Yeomanry, the Order of the Royal Crown of the Third Class. Captain Lloyd was in command of the Queen's Company, Grenadier Guards, at Osborne, during the time her late Majesty lay in State there, and subsequently the company escorted the Royal remains from St. George's Chapel to their last resting-place at Frogmore.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

Before the next issue fox-hunting proper will have commenced, and the autumn tints in the landscape in various parts of the county will have received an additional occasional touch of colour in the pink coats of those Nimrods who are entitled to sport them. In two of the nine packs of hounds that cover Gloucestershire there are changes of masters, and both the new M.F.H.'s are closely associated by marriage with the aristocracy—Mr. Carnaby Forster, who takes over the Ledbury pack, being the husband of the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, and Mr. Charles McNeill, the successor to Capt. Cyril Stacey in the North Cotswold country, having Lady Hilda, daughter of the second Earl of Stradbroke, as his wife. Both these ladies, like their husbands, are ardent devotees of the chase; but Lady Hilda commences the season under the cloud of a great bereavement in the sudden death of her mother, when looking around Stanway on the 10th inst. I regret, too, that Mr. Albert Brassey will begin his 29th season as master of the Heythrop under the adverse circumstances of a bad injury to his left leg, sustained while cub-hunting, and which has put him *hors de combat* for a time. Earl Bathurst, who was done out of hunting all last season and the greater part of the previous one, by reason of his military duties in Ireland and St. Helena, will be again in the field at the head of the V.W.H. (Cirencester) pack. As for the two packs of harriers, Mr. L. P. Gibbons, brother of the master of the Boddington, will act as whipper-in in place of Sherwood, who becomes kennel huntsman; while Mr. Gratwicke Blagrove will hunt the Longford with Mr. Oswald Part as joint master.

The prospects of the season are rosy, in so far as the supply of foxes all over the country is concerned. An early harvest permitted the commencement of thinning out the very numerous cubs two or three weeks before the usual date, and to the North Cotswold and the Duke of Beaufort's must be placed the credit of the first start—about the second week in August; and General Baden-Powell was one who did a bit of cubbing with Mr. McNeill this summer. There will be no fear of any "bird-cage" hunting in the North Cotswold country, as there is an entire absence of wire in it. It is worthy of record that on one day Mr. McNeill was out for 13½ hours, seven hours of which were occupied in successfully digging a fox, as well as a badger, out of a hole. Lord Bathurst began his campaign on August 21st, and Mr. Rushout was a little later, September 9th being the date when he opened at Stanley Mount. All that is now wanted to make things hum in the hunting world is open weather, a fair field, and the favour of the occupiers of land and owners of coverts. May Cheltenham reap its due reward as the best hunting centre, say I.

I find that I was, right in anticipating the allocation of a portion of the surplus from the County Welcome Fund to the returned Yeomanry towards providing a memorial tablet in the Cathedral to the gallant fellows who fell at the front. The balance of £104 odd was rightly divided between two soldiers' and sailors' funds. I think it was a happy idea to give at Gloucester last week to those of the officers of other local corps who had gone through fire a silver tobacco-box, similar to the present the Yeomen received a month or two previously. Am glad to know that the "Graphic" will place on record this week the interesting scenes on the Spa Field on the occasion of the returned Rifles receiving their war medals. Engineers, Yeomanry, and Rifles will have had a very full and deserved share of pictorial prominence in these columns.

I wonder where the "possibly prettiest village in the Cotswolds" is, that is alluded to in the gossip of a Metropolitan weekly contemporary by a writer who states he saw, when recently passing through there, "an ex-

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.

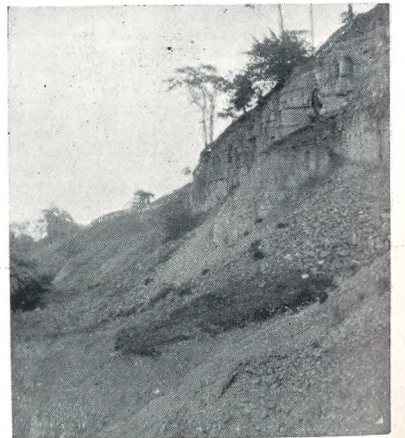
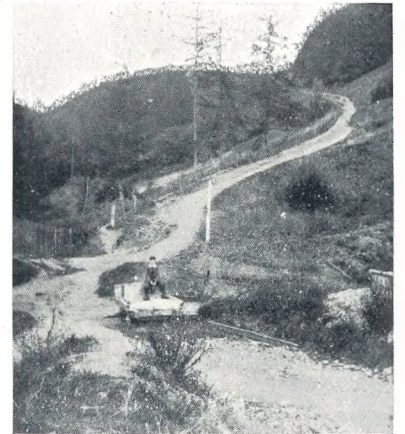
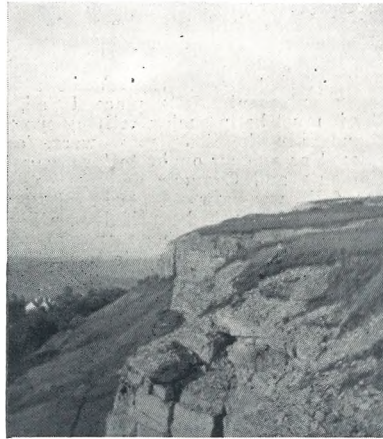
The competition is open to the county, and

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 42nd competition is Mr. C. T. Deane, of 5 Orrisdale-terrace, Cheltenham, and the prize pictures are the views of Leckhampton Hill.

Entries for the 43rd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Oct. 26th, 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 PICTURES.



VIEWS OF LECKHAMPTON HILL.

cellent idea that might with advantage be introduced in London and elsewhere, namely, that of a small convex mirror fixed on the door-knocker, on a level with the face of a caller, so that one might see how to arrange one's features according to the nature of the particular mission—festive or doleful. This is certainly an up-to-date idea; but I hope tramps won't use it for a shaving glass.

GLEANER.

Mr. Carnegie has given £600 to Irvine and Castle Douglas Churches to provide organs.

Lieut. G. H. C. the Earl of Rocksavage, of the 3rd Batt. the Sussex Regiment, a grandson of Sir Nigel Kingscote, has been granted a commission in the 9th Lancers, in succession to Lieut. S. R. Theobald, of Cheltenham, who died of wounds in South Africa.

Additional interest attaches this year to the opening meet of the North Cotswold Hounds, as the members of the hunt are making it the occasion of a presentation to Captain Cyril Stacey, who hunted the country for five seasons, resigning the Mastership last spring.

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The Hon. R. B. F. Robertson, of the 21st Lancers, late Quartermaster and temporary Lieutenant in the 1st Batt. Imperial Yeomanry, is to be Captain on probation for service with a Provisional Cavalry Regiment. Capt. C. Speke and Lieut. W. H. D. Cole have relinquished their commissions in the 1st Batt. Imperial Yeomanry, but the former retains his rank as an unattached officer of the regiment. Lieut.-Col. W. H. Wyndham Quin, D.S.O., of the Glamorgan Imperial Yeomanry, is granted the honorary rank of Colonel.