

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 44.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

VICTORIA ROOMS, CHELTENHAM.

ON WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY
EVENINGS AT 8, AND
SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT 3.
November 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 1901.

FOUR DRAMATIC, VOCAL, AND PIANOFORTE RECITALS

By the following celebrated Artistes: Madame
ADEY BRUNEL (the Renowned Reciter),
Mr. HENRY PLEVY (Tenor), Mr. ROBT.
RADFORD (the Celebrated Basso). Solo
Pianoforte, Mr. CUTHBERT WHITEMORE.

Tickets, 3s., 2s., 1s., admission 6d. (limited).
Tickets, Plans, and Programmes at Westley's
Library.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
CHELTENHAM CENTRE.

LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.—Last Days of
Entrance:—
Practical, November 4th.
Theory (M.K.), November 14th.
Address:—J. A. MATTHEWS,
Local Secretary, Cheltenham.

MEMORIAL TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

On a high cliff, called Dun Dubh, over-
looking the sea, at Macharrioch, Argyllshire,
the Dowager Duchess of Argyll has erected a
beautiful cross to the memory of her husband,
the late Duke. The cross is a prominent
mark on the coastline, and can be sighted for
many miles from the ocean, and from long
distances on land it attracts attention. The
cross is 21 feet in height, is massive and
simple in form, and the deep red colour of
the stone stands out vividly against the back-
ground of blue sea and sky. The pedestal of
the cross is square, and bears an inscription
on each of the four sides.

* * *

SWEDISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The well-known exploring vessel Antarctic
sailed from Falmouth on Sunday afternoon
with members of the Swedish Polar expedi-
tion, which is a private enterprise in charge
of Dr. Nordenskjöld, who will endeavour to
get as far as possible to the South Pole. The
party will then return to the Falkland
Islands, where scientific investigation will
be carried out by the geologists, botanists,
and meteorologists on board. The expedition
will not return until 1903. Captain Larsen
is in command of the Antarctic. The King
of Sweden has telegraphed his best wishes
for the expedition.

* * *

Sec.-Lieut. C. E. Lembecke, of the 4th Batt.
the Gloucestershire Regt., is promoted lieu-
tenant.



Photo by G. H. Martyn,]

[Cheltenham.

MISS BEALE,

CHELTENHAM'S FIRST "FREEWOMAN."

The marriage arranged between Major F. J.
Moberly, D.S.O (O.C.), 37th Dogras, and Miss
May Johns, eldest daughter of the Rev. T.
Johns, of Manor Owen, Pembrokeshire, will
take place at Manor Owen Church, on Dec. 5
next.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who had promised
to attend the annual dinner of the Horfield
and Bishopston Unionist Club in Bristol
North, on Monday, has written to say that
a Cabinet Council on that day will prevent
him visiting Bristol.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

An intensely interesting chapter of Cheltenham history was made at the Art Gallery on Monday afternoon, and I hope that its corollary, in the shape of pictorial representation placed on its walls, will soon be there to be handed down to posterity. I allude to the conferment of the honorary freedom of the borough upon Miss Dorothea Beale, the local Minerva. Our new borough has an advantage over its ancient neighbour at Gloucester, in that it has honorary freemen as distinguished from freemen by birthright. But it cannot be said that the right which Cheltenham possesses, in common with other boroughs, to confer honorary freedom upon persons of distinction or who have rendered special services to the place, has been exercised lavishly, for during the 15 years this right has existed it has only been exercised thrice. And no one will gainsay the fact that honour has been done to whom honour is due in placing the names of Mr. Agg-Gardner, M.P., the Baron de Ferrieres, and Miss Beale upon the honorary scroll of fame for Cheltenham. The occasion certainly enables one with propriety to say those good and nice things of the living that might otherwise be reserved for posthumous tribute. May each successive five years yield in the Garden Town at least one equally deserving person as this trio of "freemen" upon whom to confer the coveted honour.

While the "Graphic" was being machined the machinery of the ballot was also at work throwing out or turning in, as the case may be, Town Councillors for the boroughs of Cheltenham and Gloucester. I think the pendulum will have swung in the direction of Conservatism this time, as the Blues had the advantage over the Yellows of having more seats to win and less to lose, and the latter had to defend their municipal administration. Certain it is that in two out of the six wards of Cheltenham the Liberals allowed, and wisely, too, two seats to go by default. In fighting Gloucester there was, as per usual, a battle all along the line in the ten wards. We must wait to see if the old tactics of "win, tie, or wrangle" are to prevail this time, as it is an open secret that the Liberals have up their sleeves the cards of technicalities to play against at least two of the Conservatives in the event of their obtaining the confidence of the citizens. There is much philosophy in this remark of a Gloucesterian to me—"A man, to get safely elected here, ought only to have a carpet bag to his name." By-the-bye, the unsalaried City Sheriff has done the proper thing in dispensing with the customary banquet and giving £50 to the Infirmary instead. He leads; will someone else apply his salary similarly?

By the death, at the Castle, Stroud, of Mr. Charles Hawkins Fisher, better known as the "Major," a very interesting personality has been removed from this earthly scene. The son of a leading Stroud solicitor, also historian of that town, he was himself brought up to the practice of the law; but it was not to his taste, and, having private means, he led the life of a country gentleman. At one time he was an officer of the North Gloucester Militia, while the old-world sport of falconry and the ancient practice of archery had for him an engrossing charm, and his other hobbies were field sports and astronomy. Some years ago he was a prominent figure in the toxophilite world, being champion archer for England, and Cheltenham occasionally saw much of him.

The material advantages accruing from hunting, in the circulation of millions of money throughout the country, and more particularly in the rural districts, where cash is much needed, are undeniable, and I was very glad to hear the other day in a railway carriage some appreciative testimony to the fact as it affects a village about four miles from Cheltenham. Said one passenger to another: "Mr. _____ has seven hunters in his stable, and the Major has four and two carriage horses and a pony, and they want plenty of food and looking after and shoeing,

too." "Yes," replied the other, "it means a sight of money spent in our parish, and I wish we had a few more hunting gents in our neighbourhood."

For a week or two past the vanishing letters on the big black board at Lansdown junction have attracted my attention, and I have taken long lingering looks at the struggles of the final E to retain its position against wind and weather, and wonder what legend will go up next; but I suppose I must wait and see. We could, however, do with some words other than sentimental in character to cheer us up in the dreary November days. The reference to vagaries of letters reminds me that a few days ago I observed that the window of one of the Great Western carriages was labelled "King." I, however, quickly discovered it was not reserved for his Majesty, but that a wag had cut off the "Smo" from the label.

GLEANER.



MISS BEALE IN 1859,
a year after her appointment to Cheltenham.

POACHING BY MOTOR CAR.

French poachers are credited with the most novel use of the motor car. The poachers do not trespass, but draw the birds from the preserves to the high road. They there set up on a swift motor car, which one gang now owns, an acetylene lamp with a net so arranged that it can be easily made to close round it. The birds are attracted by the brilliant light. When they get close to the lamp the net is drawn, and they are caught. As soon as the poachers have a good bag they drive off as fast as they can. Great hauls of game are said to have been made by this means in the department of the Oise.



BURFORD PRIORY.
Interesting as the residence of Speaker Lenthall.

NOVEMBER MAGAZINES.

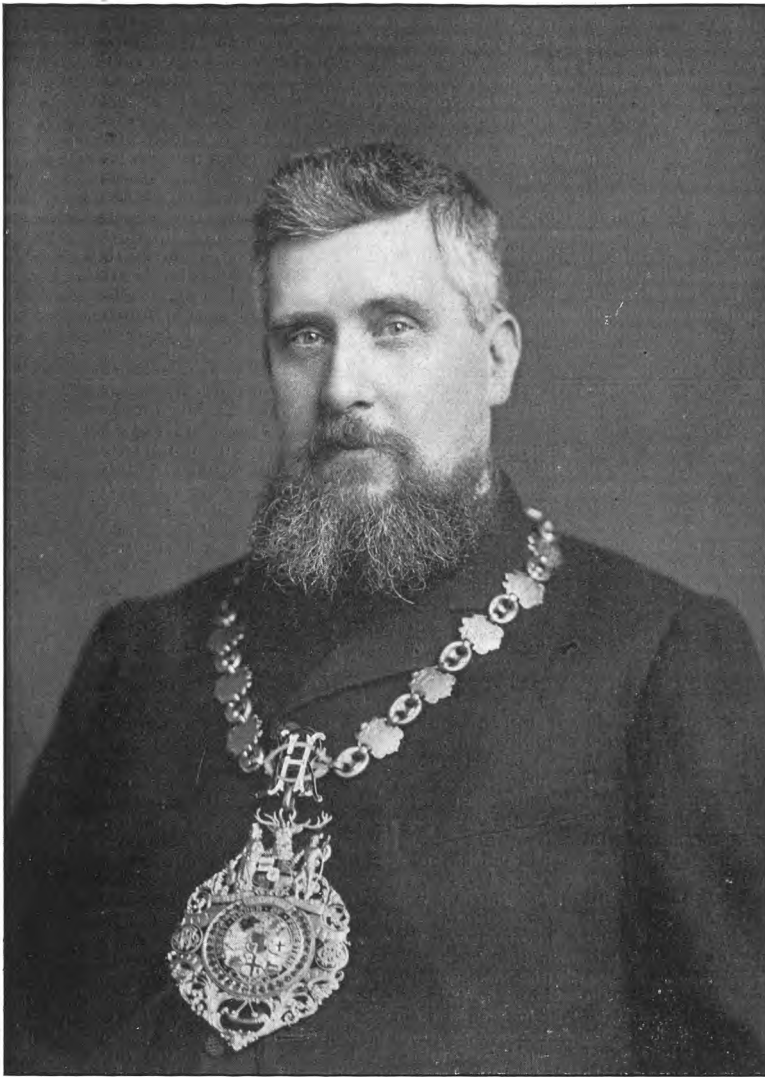
"Linesman's" picturesque articles in "Blackwood" on the war have attracted wide attention, and one of the most realistic of the series is that in the present number, called "Night," in which a surprise attack on a Boer laager is described. "Musings Without Method," in the same magazine, deals with the Buller question, and condemns the General from the despatches, but also blames the War Office for having given him so high a post. "With the Fleet at Delagoa Bay" details some stirring adventures in the work of preventing the landing of contraband of war; but the purely literary interest of the number is well maintained, amongst the contributors being Quiller-Couch, L. Lockheart Lang ("A Drawing-room Comedy"), and others. Three recent "Biographies," including Graham Balfour's "Stevenson," are sympathetically reviewed.

The able editorials in "The Monthly Review" include discriminating criticism of contemporary literature and a timely article on "Humiliation, Real and Imaginary." Politics at home and abroad are dealt with by well-known writers. Under the former head we have Mr. William Archer on "A Plain Man's Politics," a thoughtful and moderate article on the war and things in general, and under the latter Mr. Sydney Brooks on "Tammany Hall," showing the good as well as the bad side of that remarkable organisation, and Signor L. Vilari on "Wealth, Poverty, and Socialism in Italy," to say nothing of several others. Mr. T. A. Cook writes with the copiousness of an expert on "The Modern Thoroughbred" (illustrated). Amongst literary papers we find Mr. R. N. Bain on "Maksim Gorky," a new Russian novelist, and a typical example of the latter's work done into English.

Gloucestershire readers will find in "The Cornhill Magazine" for November an article of special interest for them by that pleasant writer, "Urbanus Sylvan," entitled "A Meditation Among the Tombs," being the sixth of his "Provincial Letters," and describing visits to the churchyards of Fairford, Cirencester, Bourton-on-the-Water, and other Cotswold towns. The magazine also contains a noteworthy article by Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, Bart., on his "Recollections of Cardinal Newman," throwing fresh light on his attitude towards modern science and the emancipation of Italy. The serial features of the magazine are of strong interest; and the present number contains several admirable papers on literary and social subjects.

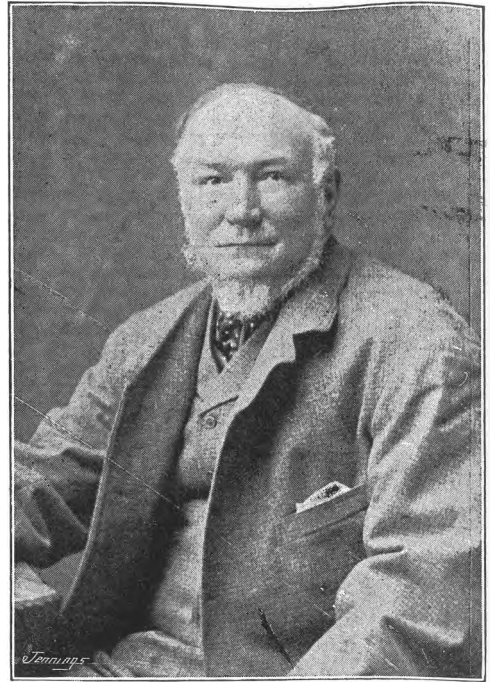
Isbister's "Good Words" and "The Sunday Magazine," with their attractive frontispieces and numerous illustrations, are good examples of popular home circle literature. In the former the Dean of Hereford describes "Hereford Cathedral," illustrated by Hedley Fitton; and writers of repute, including Mr. Neil Munro, contribute fiction and a variety of articles on subjects of general interest. The same may be said of the companion magazine, whose features include "Taking the Gospel from Block-house to Block-house," by Arthur Mercer; "Noble Women of our Time," "Curiosities of the Camera," etc. "The Quiver" starts a new volume with serial stories by Baring-Gould and David Lyall, and the Dean of Gloucester contributes the first instalment of "What I saw in the Catacombs." The Ven. Archdeacon Wynne has a stirring historical paper on "The Siege of Derry," and a special feature of the magazine is brightly written accounts of philanthropic, social, and religious work. "Between the Tides," after Walter Langby, makes an artistic frontispiece. "The Windsor" teems with exciting fiction, good pictures, and popular instructive articles, the latter including "The Royal Institution," "Flowers and Photography" (beautifully illustrated), "The British Officer at Play," "Workhouses for Animals," throwing light on the care of the pious Hindoo for his sacred beasts, etc. "Pearson's" is also extremely bright, attractive features being "The Art of the Age," "The Sport of Racing Motors," "Burnham, the Scout," and "With a Camera in the Bush," the last illustrated by unique photographs. Loyal readers will also turn with interest to "With the Royal Globe Trotters" and "Our New Prince of Wales." There is also plenty of fiction, humorous and tragic.

TWO LATE LEADERS OF GLOUCESTER WORKING MEN.



THE LATE BRO. F. C. WORKMAN,

High Chief Ranger of the Ancient Order of Foresters, 1900-1, President of the High Court at Gloucester, August, 1901.



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH CLAY, J.P.,

Member of Gloucester School Board, Pioneer of Co-operation in Gloucestershire, President of the Gloucester Co-operative Society, 1878-1901, and a Director of the Co-operative Wholesale Society.

SERMON BY ELECTROPHONE.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury preached at St. James's Church, Tunbridge Wells, the manager of the municipal telephones, recognising that many would be unable to obtain admission, installed an electrophone in the church. Subscribers who desired were connected with the instrument, and hundreds sat at home and listened to the Archbishop's discourse. Residents at Crowborough and Wadhurst, ten miles off, heard as perfectly as though they were actually present, and in one case a gentleman took shorthand notes of the Primate's utterances.

* * *

CATHOLICS AND EDUCATION.

CONFERENCE BY BISHOPS.

A meeting of Roman Catholic Bishops was held on Tuesday, at Westminster, to consider the future Catholic policy in reference to the question of education. Cardinal Vaughan presided. The proceedings were of a private nature. It is understood that a decision which should be arrived at with reference to the attitude which should be assumed by the Catholic hierarchy in the presence of a Government measure dealing with the control of elementary schools.

* * *

PROOF POSITIVE.

The newly-appointed minister to a Scotch parish had made a round of visits to his people. He had hardly left one house before its dwellers began vigorously to discuss his merits. "He's a rare fine, edicated man, the new meenister," said the enthusiastic wife. "Ay, he's a' that," returned the husband. "Ye dinna ken the meaning o' the hauf o' the words he uses."

* * *

The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of Mr. J. A. Rentoul, K.C., as a Judge of the City of London Court.

*

Captain and Mrs. Arthur Somers set are staying at Chieveley Park with Colonel and Mrs. McCalmont.

THE PRESS AND GENERAL BULLER.

The Press, in censuring the appointment of Sir Redvers Buller, did not criticise him. It merely accepted the criticisms of the Commander-in-Chief, which are beyond cavil, and declared that, in the face of these criticisms, Sir Redvers was not fit to command an army corps. The facts, in brief, are not disputed; but the conclusion, which the Government refused to draw, was perforce drawn by the journalists, with a restraint and dignity highly creditable to their profession. It should not have been left to them to perform this arduous and delicate duty. But no sooner had Sir Redvers been appointed than a public protest was necessary, unless the professions of the War Office were rashly made and idly understood.—From "Musings without Method," in "Blackwood's Magazine" for November, 1901.

* * *

Archdeacon Diggle, canon residentiary of Carlisle, has accepted the rectory of St. Martin's, Birmingham, in succession to the late Canon Robinson.

*

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Brighton, is spoken of as a possible successor to Dr. Hunter, at Trinity Church, Glasgow. Mr. Campbell is well known in Scotland.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON THE WAR.

Mr. Chamberlain, who passed through Cupar on Tuesday on his way to Edinburgh, delivered a speech at the railway station in reply to a welcome from the Town Council at Cupar, and the heads of the Unionist Associations of East Fife and Cupar burgh. Referring to the war, Mr. Chamberlain said no war in the history of the world had ever been conducted with greater humanity. When they were told it was a quarrel that had been forced upon the Boers by the Colonial Secretary, he asked them to remember that again and again, at a time when he was not personally responsible, we had been on the eve of a struggle with the Boers, and always for the same issue, whether Boer or British should be predominant in South Africa. He believed the war would have been over long before now but for the action of misguided persons in this country, who led the Boers to believe this country would grow tired of the struggle, and would give them what they asked. We would not, however, abate one jot of our resolution, and would not lay down our arms until there was no doubt of the future of South Africa under the British flag. Later in the day Mr. Chamberlain spoke at a meeting held at Edinburgh to inaugurate a Scottish branch of the Colonial Nursing Association.

THE LOCAL SERVICE VOLUNTEERS.

BOROUGH OF CHELTENHAM.

The South African War.



At a Meeting of the Cheltenham Town Council,

held on Monday, 1st July, 1901.

It was Unanimously Resolved that this Council desires to place on record its appreciation of the gallant and patriotic services rendered by the Members of the Local Volunteer Forces who have served in South Africa, its congratulation and welcome to those who have had the happiness to return to their homes, and its sincere condolence with the relatives and friends of those who have lost their lives in the service of their country.

That this Resolution be entered on the Minutes, and that a Copy of it under Seal, and suitably inscribed, be presented to each returned Volunteer and to the parents or other near relatives of those who have died abroad during the War.

In accordance with the Terms of the above Resolution, this Copy of it is presented to

Mayor

Town Clerk



who served as a Volunteer in the War in South Africa, 1900-1.

Designed by E. J. Burrow.]

CHELTENHAM CIVIC CERTIFICATE.

[Cheltenham.

INVESTITURE BY THE KING.

The King held an investiture at St. James's Palace on Tuesday, when he conferred the insignia of various Orders, including the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Distinguished Service Order upon between 250 and 300 recipients. There was a great assemblage of people to witness the arrival of the officers, and some among them were recognised and cheered. This was notably the case with Lord Roberts, who attended in full uniform. His Majesty, who left Marlborough House at a few minutes to twelve, was accompanied by Prince Charles of Denmark, attired as a British naval lieutenant, and out of compliment to his son-in-law the King also was in naval uniform. The members of the suite included Lord Howe, the Hon. Sidney Greville, and Captain Seymour Fortescue. The party made the journey to the Palace in three dress carriages, usually known as semi-state landaus. The carriages were closed, but as his Majesty was seen seated in the rear vehicle the crowd waved their hats and handkerchiefs and cheered heartily. An escort of the 2nd Life Guards was supplied. On arriving at the garden entrance to the Palace in the Mall, the King was saluted by the guard of honour, and the National Anthem was played. At the Palace doors officers of State met him and conducted him to the Throne Room, where the ceremonial took place. The investiture lasted till nearly half-past one, and there was a renewal of the popular demonstration as the King drove back to Marlborough House. The following were among the more prominent recipients of orders:—General Sir A. Gaselee was made a Knight Grand Cross of the Indian Empire, and Major-General Hildyard and Brigadier-General Reid were made Knight Commanders of the Bath. Among the Knight Commanders of St. Michael and St. George were Major-General Pretzman, Royal

Artillery, and Mr. C. B. Elliott, General Manager of the Cape of Good Hope Railways, and Mr. J. D. Pendor. Those who received the C.B. included Lords Valentia, Cranborne, and Albemarle. A great number of the recipients received the Distinguished Service Order for service in South Africa. Lord Gerald was among them. There were also a few cases in which naval men received the Conspicuous Service Order.

Several rare Roman coins have been discovered in the progress of the excavations in the Finsbury property of the London Corporation at London Wall. These include a coin dated A.D. 161. They have been added to the Guildhall collection.

Mr. G. Bettsworth Piggott has been appointed to the senior Judgeship of his Britannic Majesty's Court at Zanzibar, vacant on the retirement of his honour Judge Crocknoll. Mr. Piggott was called to the Bar in 1888 at the Middle Temple, and five or six years ago became Chief Judicial Officer and Vice-Consul of the British Central African Protectorate, where he organised a successful judicial system.

Captain Rowland Forestier-Walker, nephew of Lord Tredegar, who took out a section of the Royal Monmouthshire Royal Engineer Militia to South Africa, and was away twenty months, returned to his ancestral home at Castleton on Saturday, when he had an enthusiastic reception. In the evening he was entertained to dinner at the Coach and Horses Hotel, when Mr. J. Beynon presided over a gathering of 250, including Lord Tredegar and Sir George Forestier-Walker.

THE "UNDESIRABLES" COMMISSION.

The work of the Royal Commission on claims against the British Government for deportation in South Africa has been suddenly brought to a practical conclusion by a diplomatic arrangement at Monday's sitting. Sir John Ardagh announced that the total amount arranged with representatives of friendly Powers in final settlement of the claims of their respective subjects was £69,550. Austria gets £15,000, Germany £30,000, United States £6,000, Belgium £800, Denmark £250, Russia £4,100, Italy £12,000, Spain £150, Norway and Sweden £1,000, and Switzerland £250. It is expected that the outstanding claims of France and the Netherlands will also be settled by diplomatic arrangement before next Monday, when the Commission meets again.

BARRISTERS AS JURORS.

In King's Bench on Monday, when special jurors were called to serve in the court over which Justice Wills presided, a gentleman asked to be excused on the ground that he was a member of the English bar. Questioned by his lordship, applicant said he had practised in a British Colony. The Judge said the exemption applied only to practising barristers, and refused the application.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, K.C., contradicts the rumour that he will stand for the city of York in the event of a Parliamentary vacancy. "I am not a candidate," he says, "for York, nor, if I read my destiny aright, shall I ever be."



ST. PHILIP'S QUOIT CLUB, CHELTENHAM.

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FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE.

I.—INSECTS AND FLOWERS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.L.S., ETC.
(Author of "Leaves from a Naturalist's Notebook," etc.)

The scriptural axiom to consider the lilies has nowhere received a more practical application, or one of a more interesting kind, than in recent years through the enquiries which botanists have made regarding the relations which exist between the world of insects and the world of plant life. The researches of Darwin and others have displayed before our eyes an entirely new phase of plant existence, especially on that side of the life of the plant which relates to its fertilization.

THE BEGINNING OF A FAIRY TALE.

In order to lay the foundation of a brief study of this most interesting topic, such as may induce my readers to make observations for themselves, observations which can be carried out in any garden, it will be necessary that they should understand the ordinary structure of a common flower. If, taking a buttercup in hand, we look at the flower, we discover that it is composed of four kinds of organs which the botanist will tell us are arranged one within the other in four whorls or circles. Thus the green leaves outside form what we call the calyx, these leaves being named sepals. The yellow leaves, which are the conspicuous parts of the flower, form the corolla, and are called petals. Inside the flower we see a great many little stamens, each of which resembles a pin in that it consists of a stalk and a head. Finally, in the very centre of the flower on the top of the flower stalk, we see the pistil which in the buttercup consists of a number of little parts closely packed together, called the carpel. Most people know that the duty of the stamens is to produce the yellow dust called pollen, which may be called the fertilising material of the plant. The pistil on the other hand is the seed-producing organ, and when ripe constitutes the "fruit." In the unripe flower we find within the carpels of the pistil one or more little bodies which at first sight we might be tempted to call

seeds. If, however, these were planted in the ground we should fail to get any growth from them in the shape of new plants. They are not seeds, but are called "ovules." In order to convert them into seeds the plant has to apply the yellow dust or pollen from the stamens to the ovules, and when this contact takes place the ovules are said to be fertilized. They become "seeds," each of which when planted in the ground will grow into a new plant.

Looking once more at our buttercup, or indeed at any other common flower, we find

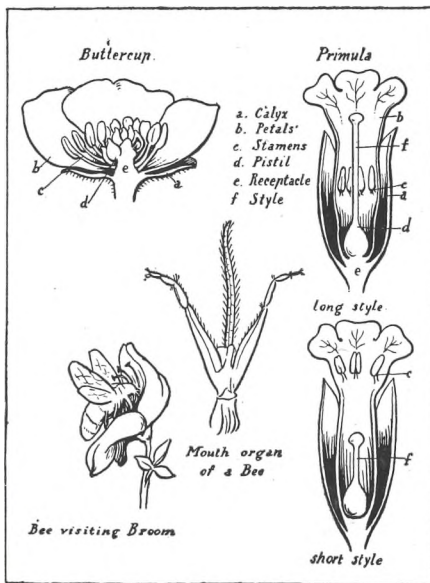
of its flowers fertilized not by pollen from its own stamens, but by pollen brought to the pistils from another flower of the same kind or, it might be, a nearly related species. This process we may appropriately call *cross fertilization*. So convinced was Sprengel that cross fertilization was the rule of nature and self fertilization the exception, that he summed up his belief in the words, "Nature does not desire that any complete flower should be fertilized by its own pollen." The great Darwin later on announced the result of his own observations in different words but bearing much the same meaning as those of Sprengel. Darwin's expression was that "nature abhors perpetual self fertilization."

It is not denied that some flowers fertilize themselves, and I shall give a very interesting example of a case in which, if a plant cannot be cross fertilized, it contrives to its own pollen, and so saves its ovules from being wasted. But we may take it for granted that both Sprengel and Darwin enunciated a great truth when they declared cross fertilization to be the rule of plant life in the production of seeds. Later on I shall show the advantages to the plant universe which arise from this proceeding. Meanwhile we may turn our attention to the means which nature employs to carry out this end and aim.

NATURE'S "DODGES."

Nature is very full of interesting expedients, or what a schoolboy might very well call "dodges," in the way of ensuring that flowers shall be fertilized by other pollen than their own. Thus it is an extremely common occurrence in plants to find that the stamens of the flowers ripen before the pistils. An examination of a great many common flowers will show this to be the case, and it is a much more frequent thing to find the stamens ripening first than the pistils. For example, among geraniums, the Canterbury bells and like flowers, we see the stamens ripening and discharging their pollen, all the while the pistils being unripe. If in such a case pollen came in contact with the pistil it could not gain access to the ovules, and only after the pollen has been carried away to fertilize other plants of like kind whose pistils are ripe, do the pistils of the first named plants in their turn ripen and get ready to be fertilized.

I have said that the pistils are not found so frequently to ripen first. In the common arum, or Cuckoo Pint, which has its well-



that flower to contain within itself both stamens and pistil. Therefore we might at first suppose that, as indeed old botanists believed, each flower fertilized its own ovules by means of its own pollen. This process of course we should call *self fertilization*, the flower in other ways fertilizing itself.

But towards the close of the eighteenth century a learned botanist called Sprengel, making a more careful study of the process of fertilization than had before been carried out, came to the conclusion that in the vast majority of cases each plant had the pistils

known green leaf enclosing a central pillar carrying the flowers, we find the pistils low down and the stamens higher up on the pillar. Here one might think the pollen would fall from the stamens upon the pistil. The latter, however, ripens before the pollen is shed, and therefore self fertilization is rendered impossible. The flower of which we are speaking can only be fertilized later on when its pistil ripens by pollen brought from another flower whose stamens by that time are coming to full fruition. There are many other contrivances for thus securing that the flower will not fertilize itself. In some flowers we find the stamens and pistils growing on different blooms in the same plant. Thus in the lesser nettle we find flowers bearing stamens and others bearing pistils on the same plant, but in the greater nettle the stamen flowers are found on one plant and the pistil flowers on another and different plant. In the case of the willow the latter condition is also represented, each tree bearing either stamen flowers or pistil flowers, but not both. It is the same with the palm, and when the French occupied Egypt, the Arabs had no dates because they could not go out into the desert to obtain the stamen-bearing branches from the male palms which were required in order to fertilize the pistil or date-bearing palms at home.

These expedients reveal to us the great law of plant nature that cross fertilization is not only aimed at but is carried out by devices of the most ingenious character. Hitherto I have said nothing about the actual means whereby this cross fertilization is effected, and therefore we have now to turn our attention to certain other aspects of this interesting operation. Many plants are cross fertilized by the agency of the wind which carries the pollen from one plant or tree to another. In the pine and fir tribe the wind is a fertilizing agent. Clouds of yellow pollen, caught up by the breeze, are blown from one forest to another, and are showered down upon the cones bearing the pistils. In some cases tons of this pollen are lost if blown out of the proper direction by contrary winds. In wind fertilizing plants we generally find an absence of conspicuous flowers, and we also know that the pollen is produced in far greater quantities than in other plants, while it is of a very light and powdery description. The pistils of such plants are either exposed in such a way that the pollen shall be readily caught, or they possess means, in the shape of feathery tufts or sticky projections, for causing its adherence when caught.

COLOUR AND SHAPE OF FLOWERS.

If, however, we turn our attention to ordinary plants possessing conspicuous flowers, we begin to question whether the flowers should be coloured at all. In a word, the colour of the flower serves to attract insects which may be considered here to be the veritable ministers of the plant kingdom. I might go further and say with truth that everything about a flower—its colour, its size, its shape or form, the arrangement of the flowers on the stalk, the periods of opening and shutting and other characteristics—is intended to facilitate the work of fertilization by insects. If we glance at certain flowers which have peculiar shapes, such as those of the pea tribe, the orchids, the dead nettles and the like, possessing as they do very irregularly shaped flowers, we may predict that they are all fertilized by insects. The very peculiarities of shape in such flowers have been evolved through the visits of insects, and, what is more to the point, by the visits of particular kinds of insects. The insects are attracted to the flowers by colour, but they obtain a special reward for their unconscious service to the plant world. In other words the real attraction for the insect is the honey which the flower has to offer it, and we find the honey placed in flowers in such situations that in the act of obtaining it the insect has to rub its body, one part or the other, against the stamens to obtain the pollen, and in turn also to come in contact with the pistil of another flower by way of fertilizing it with the pollen so obtained. In the case of the primrose we find a most

excellent example, first investigated by Darwin, of the manner in which cross fertilization is brought about. There are two kinds of primroses, long-styled and short-styled. These grow on different roots; in other words in each primrose the plant has its flowers either all long-styled or all short-styled. Now if an insect visits a short-styled primrose first it will have its tongue dusted with pollen near the base of the tongue or the part next the head. If now it visits a long-styled flower the pollen on the tongue will come exactly in contact with the pistil of this latter plant. At the same time the tongue will be dusted lower down by the stamens of the long-styled variety which are situated low down within the tube of the flower. If next it visits a short-styled flower, the pollen from the long-styled species will be conveyed to the pistil of the short-styled variety. Thus in the primrose we see how, by placing the stamens and pistil at different levels in the two kinds of flowers, cross fertilization is secured.

In addition to wind and to insects, plants may utilise certain birds, such as humming birds, and sometimes currents of running water, as in the case of aquatic plants, to convey the pollen from one flower to another, and so bring about cross fertilization. It is conceivable of course that some flowers which lay themselves out for the purpose of cross fertilization by insects might escape the attentions they desire.

Here comes into play the principle I have already noted, namely, that if the flower is not successful in obtaining cross fertilization it is forced to be content with the other process—that of using its own pollen to fertilize its own ovellos. One of the best examples of this is found in a species of *Myosotis*, popularly known as the Forget-me-Not. In this case the pistil projects right out of the flower, and therefore offers a likely object which an insect will touch and fertilize with pollen obtained from another plant of the same species. If it is thus fertilized, the work of the flower has been accomplished, but if the pistil does not receive the pollen brought from another flower then nature, on the principle of half a loaf being better than no bread, ensures that the seeds shall not be wasted. For the flower gradually elongates and the stamens, which were at first low down, are brought on a level with the pistil, so that when the stamens shed their pollen the flower if not already fertilized by insects will fertilize itself.

EXTRAORDINARY ILLUSTRATIONS.

The dependence of certain plants on certain insects is well known. Some insects will visit a variety of flowers; others confine their attentions to certain species, or it may be to one species. Clover cannot be fertilized, and therefore will produce no seeds unless visited by humble bees. If these insects do not exist in a particular locality no clover seeds will be found. This was the case in New Zealand when clover was first introduced into the islands. The importation of humble bees, however, resulted in the perfection of the clover crop. Still more extraordinary was the case of a certain Madagascar orchid. This flower was noted to possess a structure, the main feature of which was the presence of the honey at the end of a nectary, so long that when examined the manner of its fertilization constituted a puzzle to botanists, for no insect was known with a proboscis sufficiently long to reach the honey store. Years after its discovery a specimen was found with a large moth upon it engaged in the work of fertilization. This moth was found to possess a tongue of the required length. It can therefore be seen that the extinction of the insect in this particular case would probably mean the extinction of the plant itself.

From this brief sketch of a very wide and interesting subject it may be imagined that nature has some definite object in view in thus favouring cross fertilization. That object, briefly stated, is the production by cross fertilization of more seeds and healthier offspring than are obtainable when flowers fertilize themselves. This is the general conclusion to which botanists have come, and

the experiments of Darwin and others undoubtedly show, in the case of primrose particularly, that when self-fertilized the seeds are smaller and less numerous than when cross fertilization has taken place. This latter process has the effect of infusing new blood as it were into the plant species. And there is yet another point of which we must not lose sight, namely, that with more numerous seeds and stronger offspring a greater tendency to variation will be found amongst plants. Variation in its turn is the life and soul of evolution, for it is through variations that new species of animals and plants are produced. Therefore the cross fertilization of a simple garden flower teaches us a great lesson regarding the manner in which the wonderful variety and complexity of the plant world has been produced.

Next Week: "The Invisible Universe," by Sir Robert Ball, F.R.S., LL.D.

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MR. W. L. MORTLOCK,
Cheltenham Police-Court Missioner.

A BISHOP'S ATTACK ON BAZAARS.

The Bishop of Liverpool, speaking at the Diocesan Conference on Tuesday, said that he believed that at the bottom of their present difficulties as a Church lay the spirit of materialism. Their churches were run in some cases on the same lines as those upon which men ran their businesses. Money was raised by the inevitable bazaar, at which methods were used which would not bear investigation. Sales of work were, no doubt, an admirable method for enabling many who could not afford to give much money to give their time and their labour and for raising money for parochial objects. It was their accompaniments which turned them into a Vanity Fair calculated to displease God and grieve men.

* * *

The Central News learns that Mr. Barton has accepted an invitation to represent the Australian Commonwealth at the Coronation next year. New Zealand will be represented by its Premier, Mr. Seddon.

*

On Wednesday the Liberal Imperialist League Committee elected Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P., president, in succession to Lord Brassey, who was cordially thanked for his services during the early period of the League's existence.

By the Way.

*

MRS. JENKINS RECORDS HER VOTE!

Yes, Mr. Editor, Selina Jenkins 'as 'ad 'er vote, but my! wot a fuss it were wot with one thing and another! Talk about women's rights and sich like—give me a nice cup of tea over your own bit of fire-side, and you can keep all your votes. Wot do a fieldmale like me want a gallivanting about to polling shambles on motor cars as feels as if they wos going to blow up every minute; but there, I'll tell you all about it, not but what I considers as fieldmales is better out of such things myself, wich I knowed a lady as used to go about lecturing on women's rights and having votes for Parleyment, and ended up with being a martyr to the indigestions caused by taking extra strong coffee to give 'er the nerve to speake before the British public; and you mark my words, you'll find that 'tisn't us ladies as wonts votes, but its the men folk, as considers we shall all go down on our bended knees and thank them for giving us votes, and is always aggerating to give "Fieldmale Suffrage," as they do call it, wich I considers fieldmales 'as a sight too much sufferage as it is, meself, and I ought to know, 'aving been a 'ardworking woman all me life, and left a lone widdler at the early age of 53.

But I was a-going to tell you about this 'ere vote. A day or two before the "fat'l day," as the sayin' 'is, wich it were a Friday, as I don't know what the candidates can 'ave been thinking about to 'ave picked out such a unlucky day, wich we all know as anybody elected on a Friday is sure to come—like "don't care"—to a bad end. But as I was a-sayin', a day or two before the voting day I receives through the 'd. post two cards as gives me a good deal of useful reformation about wot I'd got to do, and 'ow to "record" my vote, as they called it, wich it said as 'ow I were to make me mark against the man I loved best—I beg your pardon, Mr. Editor, I mean the man as promised most.

Well, now, just think of the impurence! A-asking me, Selina Jenkins, as 'ave always paid me way like a gentle-folk, and writes to the papers reg'lar—asking me to make me mark! Such foolishness! as if I couldn't rite me name at my age, wich I considers I 'rites and spells better'n most folks, altho' I says it as oughtn't, not like that there Mary Ann Tompkins, wich she always will 'ave it as I drops me "itches," but hall I can say is if she picked some of 'em hup she wouldn't 'urt, not by no manner of means! But, there, as I was a-sayin', look there's impurence, askin' me to make me mark: Not I, indeed! If I votes, I 'rites me name, "Selina Mary Jenkins," as is a name any 'onest woman might be proud of, and I 'ave 'ear tell there was some Jenkinases came over in the Conquest, from furrin parts, and settled in Wales, were they was called "Ap-Jenkins" because of their 'Appy manners.

Well, wen the morning come along for voting, bless yer 'art, you might 'ave thought I were the Duchess of Wales, or the Princess of York, for there were 2 carriages and 1 motor car out at the gate awaiting to take me hup to the shambles; so I keeps 'em waiting a bit outside the front garding gate, for 'tisn't every day as you gets such a show out there, and I could see as my nextdoor neighbours was as cross as a crooked sixpence to see me made such a fuss over.

So I puts on me things, and at last I sallies 4th with me glasses in me pocket, and I gets on the motor car thing as was all of a tremble in the inward parts and a pump'ing and rattling away like a good 'un. But the engine driver said as it were hall right, so I gets up, and there were a lot of blowin' off steam, and a terrible smell of benzoline lamps, and we moved forward at a pretty considerable pace. I can't say as I likes the motion meself, wich it's like sitting on a box of earthquakes, as you might say, but there, bless your soul, its hall a hegsperience, and wot's life without hegsperiences, I should like to know? Why, no better than a hegz without a yolk, or potatoes without salt, wich I always puts a

extra pinch in the water I boils 'em in, seeing as it comes out of the Severn, and you never knows. Salt's a good thing to kill these 'ere "germans" as you catches hepidemics from!

Well, when we gets up to the voting-shambles, I gets down off the motor-car thing, and I walks in like any gentlefolk; there were a constable at the dore as made it look very haw-inspiring, and wen I gets into the room there was 2 or 3 men a-sitting at a table very 'awty-like, and looking at great bundles of paper with names and figgers on; so I hups and I says, "Good morning, gentlemen, and wich of you is Mr. —?" (wich was the candidate I were going to vote for). 1 of them laughed, and the others looked quite insulted, and they says, "You're hunder a misapprehension (or summat) wot is you're number? Says I, Do you mean the number of the 'ouse, or my age, sir? Wich they laughed again, very rude like, and they egsplains that I 'as a number in the voters' list, wich it were on the cards as were sent me. Well, after a bit of conversation, we finds hout that number, and they says "that's hall right," and 'ands me a little bit of paper with something 'rote on it, and told me to walk inside a sort of sentry-box as stood out in the midd'le of the room, and to fill it up.

Now, perhaps you won't believe me, but I'd a-sat down on my glasses, as I'd only just 'ad new pebbles put in at 4s. 6d. the pair, and there they was, nothing but a wreck of their former selves, as the sayin' 'is, and I couldn't see a scrap. But I says to myself, "Come, Selina, pull yourself together, now you've got so far you must went through with this business; so I 'rites me name in me best Roman fist across the paper from one corner to the other!

Catch me making me mark! indeed! I leavs marks and noughts and crosses and things to them as 'asn't 'ad any eddication.

So I takes the paper out to the committee at the table, and they tells me to fold it hup and drop it into a great big money-box as stood afore them. But I noticed they was laughing again, wich I spose they wasn't used to lady voters, and per'aps 'tis as well, for 'tis a power of fuss for very little profit.

As I passed hout through the hanti-chamber there was fellows with pocket-books and pencils as pounced on me like sparrow-'awks to know my number and who I'd voted for, wich were like their impurence, seeing as 'ow the 'ole thing's supposed to be a secret.

But I see by the papers to-day as the man I voted for didn't get in, as I consider its a crying shame after me taking all the trouble I did; but sometimes I wonders whether mine wasn't one of them spoilt papers as is spoken of, altho' I will say I rote my name as clear as anybody would 'ave done without their glasses, only I 'aint at all sure as I didn't rite it against the name of the other man as well as the one I wanted to get in; but there, you know, wot does it matter, for they all does the same wen they gets on the Council, wich it takes them half their time to get out of them promises they made so free wen they was putting up at the voting shambles.

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—Make me mark, indeed!

Five Indian princes will proceed to England to attend the Coronation.

The Duchess of Manchester was on Sunday morning delivered of a daughter. Both mother and child are doing well.

Captain A. S. Vanrenen, the Lincolnshire Regt., is granted the local rank of major in the army while employed as second in command of the Malay States Guides.

The total casualties of the French force during the China expedition were 433 men, including 53 killed and eight died from wounds.

Two thousand of Mr. F. B. Meyer's Westminster Bridge congregation have presented to him a petition asking him to withdraw his resignation.

A Tour of our Churches

*

FARMCOTE CHURCH.

Dropped in a very sparsely populated district, on the top of a hill, on the Cotswolds, not far from Guiting Power, is the little church at Farmcote. It has always been held in conjunction with the living of Guiting, and was brought into prominence three or four years ago by a certain ritualistic vicar, who met with such antagonism in the larger village that he sought to make Farmcote the principal church of his incumbency, and arranged a formidable list of daily and other services on the top of the hill, which were out of reach—I mean in point of mileage—of most of his parishioners. I attended at Farmcote occasionally in Dr. Green's time, and I thought I would pay the little place another visit on Sunday afternoon last.

The congregation was a small one, but quite as numerous as one could have expected, looking around on the few houses in sight of the sacred edifice. The minister went through the evening service, the congregation assisting in the reading of the Psalms, canticles, and responses. The church possesses a harmonium, but has no one to play it at present, the lady organist having left the neighbourhood.

Instead of a sermon there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, about eight persons communicating, others of the congregation remaining kneeling in their seats.

After the service the clergyman explained to me that he gives "early celebration" on Sunday mornings in the summer months; but in the winter time people from a distance cannot be got together at an early hour, and as he has service at Guiting at middle day he can only arrange a celebration at Farmcote in the afternoon.

Over the pulpit is a sounding board, and I have noticed the same in several small churches I have visited in the neighbourhood; whereas in the larger churches, where one would think there was more need for helping the sound, no overhead board is to be seen. The pulpit, reading desk, and sounding board are of the time of James I. In one corner, near the altar, is a rather peculiar stone monument, with no name attached. It bears the carved figures of a man and woman, and 's supposed to have been put there in memory of Henry Stratford (Lord of the Manor in 1608) and his wife. The font is of stone and of the Norman period, but does not contain the interesting work of many old fonts in country churches.

The fabric is a very plain Norman structure, with sitting accommodation for 40 persons, and was erected certainly not later than 1100, probably by a member of the De Lacy family, then owners of Hailes, and given by them to a preceptory of Knights Templars, which they founded at Quenington, near Northleach. At the dissolution of the Knights Templars, about 1305, it was given to the Knights Hospitallers, who continued to present until the dissolution of Monasteries in 1536. Since then, in consequence of the poverty of the living, it appears to have been continuously held with Guiting Power, formerly in the gift of the Abbot and Monks of Bruern, in Oxfordshire.

A curious thing is that the chancel appears to have been done away with. The present east wall is the old stone chancel screen, the blocked up arch behind the altar being the ancient chancel arch. A ledge running along the east wall is the sub-structure of the old rood loft. Some years back excavations were made on the site of the chancel, and some curious old tiles were found. The work, however, does not seem to have gone far enough to have unearthed the foundations of the chancel; but a chancel here is mentioned in Sir Thomas Atkyns' "History of Gloucestershire"; and that one existed there can be no doubt.

CHURCHMAN.

The will of the late Col. George Davidson Campbell Gastrell (O.C.), of the Indian Staff Corps, who died recently at Scarborough, has been proved at £531 7s. 1d.

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 43rd competition is Mr. Jesse Price, of Bank House, Tewkesbury, and the prize pictures are the scenes at the October fair, given on this page.

Entries for the 44th competition close this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 2nd, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

A STAR OF HOPE.

*

A star above the steeple-top,

In twilight but a feeble spark,

Is hanging as the shadows drop,

And brighter burns as comes the dark.

Let not your courage from you go

When common troubles drag you down,

Your face that now is white for woe,

With sunny joy may yet be brown.

Be pure in heart, in peace or pain;

Obey the still small voice that calls:

The star above the steeple-vane

Shines stronger as the darkness falls.

Hope, like a diamond in the coal,

Shall shine, however black the night;

Keep well your eyes unto the goal,

And do not tire, but trust and fight.

Because the path has led your feet

To places bleak and bare with blight,

Seek not for safety in retreat;

Still forward go, and look for light.

And if in vain you seek a ray

Of sun to break the clouds of sorrow,

Still fight it out—work well to-day,

And do not fear about to-morrow.

* * *

TRULY A KNOCK-DOWN BLOW.

SIR WILFRID'S JOKE.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson says he never received a knock-down blow till espying a labourer walking along with the old familiar black bottle protruding from his pocket, he entered into conversation with him, and pointed out the misery that had resulted from the bottle, and earnestly exhorted the man to flee from its contents. The man was so overcome that he emptied the bottle in the road, and Sir Wilfrid, beaming with pleasure, handed him sixpence, saying, "Take that; it will buy you something better." The man took it, and straightway entered a public-house and spent it in beer. His bottle had contained cold tea!

* * *

LORD ROBERTS.

Earl Roberts arrived at Dover on Monday morning on a visit of inspection of the South-Eastern District Garrisons. His Lordship was welcomed by Major-General Hallam Parr (commanding the South-East District) and staff officers, the Mayors of Dover and Canterbury, and members of the Dover Corporation. The Commander-in-Chief was given very hearty cheers by the inhabitants of Dover.

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THE PRIZE PICTURES.



TEWKESBURY OCTOBER FAIR.
HELD IN THE STREETS AND AT THE CROSS, SIGHTSEERS FROM THE "COUNTRY"



THE SHOOTING STALLS.



THE TOY STALLS.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 45.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE MARRIED.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., and Miss Dorothy Paget, the youngest daughter of Sir Richard Paget, Bart., P.C., were on Saturday afternoon married at St. Andrew's Church, Wells-street, London, where the bridegroom worshipped as a boy with his father. The wedding was very popular, and a great crowd of people assembled to welcome the happy couple. The bride was attended by seven maids and two tiny pages dressed as heralds. The presents were very beautiful, including one from the King, a massive silver inkstand with the inscription: "To the Right Hon. Herbert John Gladstone, M.P., on the occasion of his marriage, from Edward R. and L., November, 1901." Hosts of friends were present in the church, which was beautifully decorated with choice flowers. The bride's presents included jewellery left to the bridegroom by his mother should he marry.

* * *

BATH'S GIFT TO LORD ROBERTS.

Lord Roberts, writing to the Mayor of Bath to acknowledge the gift by the citizens of Bath of the silver equestrian statuette of his son, the late Lieut. Roberts, who fell at Colenso, says:—"I now write to offer you and the many kind friends in Bath and its neighbourhood who subscribed for this beautiful memorial of our dear son our most grateful thanks for this tribute of their sympathy and regard. The kind thoughts which have thus found expression touched Lady Roberts and me most deeply, and I need hardly say that this beautifully-executed statuette will ever be one of our most highly valued possessions." The statuette is the work of Mr. Onslow Ford.

* * *

THE DURATION OF THE WAR.

*

SIR MICHAEL'S LAMENT.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach, speaking on Monday night at the Horfield and Bishopston Unionist Club dinner, Bristol, said he wished he could have told his hearers that the time had arrived when the terrible war in South Africa had come to a conclusion, and when he might hope to afford the taxpayers some relief. He was not able to make such a statement. The war dragged on, and it might be that when next year came he might have to ask the people of this country to bear even greater burdens and to make even greater sacrifices.

* * *

On the last day of the month, at St. George's, Hanover-square, the wedding takes place of the Hon. Dudley Marjoribanks, of the Royal Horse Guards, only son of Lord Tweedmouth and cousin of the Duke of Marlborough, and Miss Muriel Brodrick, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. St. John Brodrick, M.P., Secretary of State for War, and granddaughter of the Earl of Wemyss.

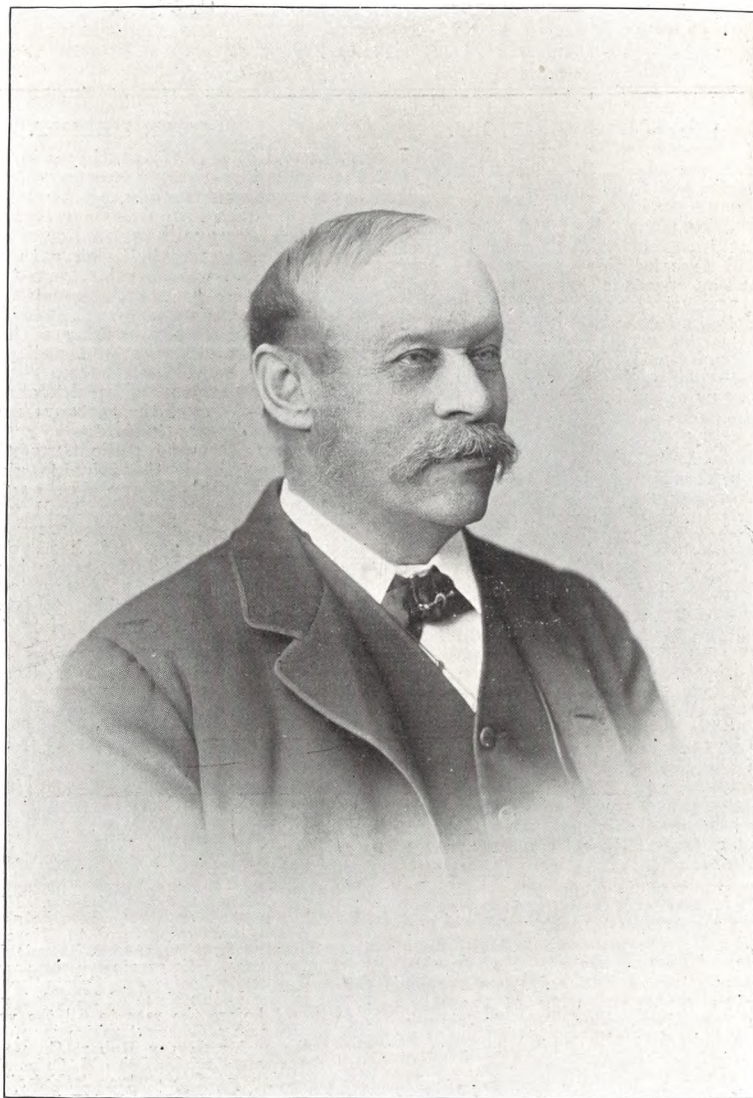


Photo by Norman May & Co., Ltd.]

[Cheltenham.

MR. JAMES CYPHER,

Died Nov. 1, 1901.

The Earl and Countess of Coventry have returned to Croome Court, where they are surrounded by a family party.

The Duchess of Hamilton, and Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton, and Mr. Carnaby Forster have arrived at the Upper Hall, Ledbury, for the hunting season.

Mrs. G. Byng Morris has taken Ablington Manor, near Fairford.

The appointment to the staff in South Africa of Capt. H. B. F. Baker-Carr, of the Princess Louise's (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), to be a Staff Captain for Intelligence, is confirmed.

A CHELTENHAM ELECTION INCIDENT.



MOTOR AND VOTER.

STILL GREATER SACRIFICES.

MR. AKERS DOUGLAS ON THE PROLONGATION OF THE WAR.

The Right Hon. A. Akers Douglas, M.P., speaking at the Dover, Deal, and District Agricultural Association's annual dinner at Dover on Wednesday night, said the Government felt there was a natural feeling of very great anxiety in the country with regard to the present war. They knew perfectly well that everyone desired its speedy conclusion, and certainly none more so than his Majesty's Government themselves. There could only be one end to this war, and that was an end which was satisfactory to the nation and in which Great Britain secured all the advantage she sought. This was the Government's determination. No stone would be left unturned to secure this end, and they had no hesitation whatever in asking the people of the country to make even still further sacrifices in order to accomplish it. He declared the Government had certainly endeavoured to do its utmost to follow what they thought were the proper paths to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion, and placed implicit confidence in Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener from the very first. Like them and everybody else, the Government had been disappointed at the prolonged resistance of the few Boers in those vast territories, but the enemies of the country must not for a moment think that, however long the war might last, the Government would turn from their purpose or cease to insist upon an ending to the war honourable and satisfactory to the British nation.

GUY FAWKES DAY INCIDENTS.

A sensational occurrence marred the celebration of Guy Fawkes Day in Manchester. Late in the evening a quarrel arose over a bonfire in the Deansgate slums of the city, and a labourer named John Elliott was struck on the head with a sword which inflicted a terrible wound, 4in. long. He was conveyed to the Royal Infirmary, and detained there as an inmate. Four young men were arrested, and remanded on Wednesday on charges of wounding Elliott with a sword and poker, kicking him in the mouth, and throwing a brick at him. The same evening a firework entered an open window of a Heaton Moor photographic studio and set the building on fire. Considerable damage was done.

The Exchange Telegraph Company's Chirnside correspondent says it is stated that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, previous to his leaving Scotland, was offered a baronetcy, but declined the honour.

THE OBAN HERMIT.

The veil of mystery continues to hang over the conduct of a young woman who made her appearance at Armadly, about sixteen miles from Oban, and who has for several weeks past been living without shelter of any kind, and subsisting on shell fish gathered from the shore and wild berries from the neighbouring higher grounds. She absolutely refuses assistance of any sort, and the local authorities can make nothing of her. She reads a great deal, knits beautifully, and carries on a voluminous correspondence. Mentally she appears all right, and she has a good knowledge of the surrounding district and of well-known individuals. There are all manner of rumours afloat regarding her. One is that she is the granddaughter of a prominent Highland clergyman, another that she is the daughter of a Mull gentleman named Macmaster, who has expressed himself as having little hope of her voluntarily giving up this strange life, as she has always been of a wandering disposition. Her romantic manner of life has attracted many visitors to the district, among whom the other day was Lady Breadalbane.

In sporting circles generally, and among rowing men particularly, the news of the death of the famous Oxford stroke and secretary of the O.U.B.C., Mr. R. H. Culme-Seymour, which took place on Tuesday evening at his residence in Hampshire, will be received with great regret. He contracted a chill in August, which developed into pleurisy, whilst shooting in Scotland. Early last month he was sufficiently recovered to return home, but a fortnight since the serious symptoms again appeared. Nevertheless the news of his death came as an unexpected blow. His rowing career commenced at Eton, where he stroked the second eight, and going up to New College, Oxford, in the Lent term, 1900, he quickly sprang into prominence. His greatest success was in this year's University boat race. Culme-Seymour also rowed in the losing eight of 1900, being sent for a fortnight before the race to fill the vacancy at No. 2. He was a Gloucestershire man, being the eldest son of Mr. Henry Hobart Culme-Ceymour (son of the late Rev. Sir John H. Culme-Seymour, Bart., Canon of Gloucester Cathedral), by his marriage with Miss Kate Lucy, a daughter of the late Mr. William C. Lucy, J.P., of the Wynnstones, near Gloucester.

The King has taken five prizes with seven exhibits at the Royal Southampton Horticultural Society's Autumn Show, which was opened on Wednesday.

The death, at the early age of forty-one, is announced of Lillian, the wife of Mr. George Henschel, known as two of the best artists on the concert stage.

A Tour of our Churches

ST. PETER'S, DUMBLETON.

I had the honour of worshipping in a church with one of our favourite South African warriors on Sunday morning last. General Baden-Powell was staying at Dumbleton Hall, and, understanding that he would be at morning service at the local parish church, I cycled over, and had a good sight of the hero of Mafeking. In a black frock-coat, neat bowler hat, and with his slight figure, he did not look the warrior as he walked from the Hall to the Church, the centre of a small group of ladies and gentlemen; and one would not have credited him with having gone through his experiences, which are now a matter of history.

Dumbleton boasts a rather sweet peal of six bells, and they cheerfully rang out to summon us to Divine Service. A numerous, but not quite full, congregation gathered together. The minister was a stranger, doing duty for the rector, who was away on holiday. Candles were burning on the altar, which made one think we were in for a Ritualistic display; but there was little more evidence of it. The service took rather an unusual form. The Litany was first gone through in a solemn manner without any music, the minister kneeling at the altar steps. A hymn followed, and then the Communion Service was entered upon, the harmonium and choir being in evidence in the Kyrie and other responses. "Let your light so shine before men" was the signal for the churchwardens to hand round the offertory bags; after which came the prayer for the whole state of Christ's Church Militant, and the exhortation "Ye that mind to come to the Holy Communion." "Hark! the sound of Holy Voices" was then sung to the tune Deerhurst, and during the singing of the last verse of this hymn those in the congregation not partaking of the bread and wine quietly left their seats and the church. No sermon was given.

The fabric of Dumbleton Church is rather disappointing. It has been added to at various periods, and the architecture is decidedly mixed. Half way up the North wall is a row of projecting corbel heads, which evidently formerly helped to support the roof, but the walls have been raised, and the roof with them; but the increase is built in the Perpendicular style, on the top of Norman work. The same may be said of the tower, which has also been raised in much the same manner. Over the North door is a rather curious Norman tympanum—a human head with strange scroll-work underneath. The heightening of the walls has enabled a Clerestory to be added to the Nave. There is a rather fine chancel, with a stained East window. The added North and South aisles strike one as being not quite satisfactory—especially the South one. Certainly the work has not been carried out so well as has some additions to churches in the neighbourhood. There are a great many monuments and mural tablets on the walls, several of them to the memory of members of the Cocks family, who died in the 17th and 18th centuries. Three or four of this family were baronets. On the chancel wall is a curious old monument, in figures of two persons kneeling, and of a child asleep on a cushion, erected to Sir Charles Percy, Knight, third son of Henry VIII., Earl of Northumberland, his wife, Ann Dorothy, and child—1628.

The "Yorkshire Herald" is authorised by the Archbishop of York to state that there is no truth whatever in the report of his intended resignation, which appeared in Wednesday's issue of "Truth."

An Army Order issued on Wednesday evening announces the appointment of Lieut-Gen. Kelly-Kenny to be Adjutant-General to the Forces, vice Gen. Sir E. Wood, appointed to the command of the Second Army Corps.

DEATH OF LI HUNG CHANG.

SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

A Reuter telegram from Peking, timed noon Thursday, states that Li Hung Chang died at 11 o'clock.

Until a fortnight ago the veteran Chinese statesman was in his usual health, transacting affairs of State at the capital with his wonted vigour. At the end of last month, when Prince Ching left Peking, Li Hung Chang remained in charge of foreign affairs, and it was then reported that he was suffering from an access of extreme weakness. He was in his seventy-ninth year, and a certain feebleness at such an advanced age occasioned little surprise, especially in view of the events of the past two years, in which the Viceroy has taken so prominent a part. A few days ago, however, it was stated by a Peking correspondent that for two days there had been severe hemorrhage, which caused the physicians to regard his condition as serious.

Gen. Li Hung Chang, and ex-Prime Minister of China, was born at Ho Fei Shieun, in the Anu-Huei province, on February 16, 1823. In 1860 he co-operated with General (then Colonel) Gordon in suppressing the Taeping Rebellion, being then Governor of the Thiang-sin province. The other Thiang province being added to his rule, he was created Viceroy of the united countries in May, 1865. The following year he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary, in 1867 Viceroy of Hong-Kuang, and in 1868 Grand Chancellor. After the Tientsin massacre in 1870 he was despoiled of his titles and otherwise punished on the charge of not assisting the General in command, but in 1872 the reigning Emperor restored him to favour and to the office of Grand Chancellor. He negotiated important treaties with Peru and with Japan, and until a few years ago was the Viceroy of the metropolitan provinces of Pe-Chi-Li, and as such was the actual ruler or chief administrator of the Chinese Empire. He was a man of liberal views, permitted coal-mining and coast-steamers traffic to be carried on by English companies, and was thought to be favourable to English railways. He was the originator of the Chinese navy. During the recent war with Japan General Li Hung Chang, though an old man, and more than once discouraged and disgraced by the Emperor, carried up to 1895 the whole burden of responsibility which in a constitutional country would be divided between various ministers. He performed the functions of a War Ministry, Marine Ministry, and Finance Ministry, and that without any staff or civil service to assist him. The Emperor issued edicts, but did not provide the means for carrying them out. On Li Hung Chang devolved the task of providing means, whether in gross or in detail. Indeed, he was fitly described as the Atlas on whose shoulders the whole rotten fabric of Chinese administration had rested for thirty years.

At the beginning of the war with Japan he was invested by the Emperor with the supreme charge of the naval and military forces sent to Corea, but early in the war was deprived of the Yellow Jacket and the Peacock's Feather, and was afterwards superseded in the chief command. He, however, still continued Prime Minister. In December it was rumoured that influential Chinese merchants and others at Canton were anxious that he should be impeached on the charge of being under Japanese, and even German, influences. Later it was reported that he had been definitely superseded in all his offices, and then again restored to complete favour (February, 1895) in view of the peace negotiations with Japan, which he is said to have undertaken.

On March 28, 1896, Li Hung Chang left Shanghai for Europe to represent the Emperor of China at the Czar's Coronation, thus beginning his famous journey round the civilised world, which is thought to have critically influenced the European situation. He declared that the object of his trip was to see Europe for himself, in order to study it, and to report to the Emperor as to feasible

reforms for China. Indeed, he said the Emperor had expressly ordered him to make the trip, and he affirmed that his business in Europe was not at all that of concluding treaties of any sort, but solely to observe and to carry back useful information. He visited Germany, the Hague, Brussels, and Paris, arriving in England in August, 1896. While here Li Hung Chang, naturally as an honoured guest, paid visits to almost everything worth visiting, doing homage in particular to Gordon's statue in Trafalgar-square, and receiving an invitation to Hawarden from the late Mr. Gladstone. After paying his respects to Queen Victoria, Li left England on August 20, 1896, expressing his thanks to the English nation and assuring them of his goodwill and gratification. He crossed to the United States and visited the Dominion, returning by way of Yokohama to Tientsin and Peking.

A few days after his return he was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs, and, curiously enough, an Imperial edict was issued at the same time ordering him to be punished "for presuming to enter the precincts of the ruined Summer Palace while visiting the Empress Dowager." The Emperor suspected Li of going behind his back, and marked his disapproval in no uncertain way. Disgusted at this treatment, Li declared his intention of retiring into private life, but remained at his post in order to support the Empress Dowager and her party against the Emperor, but more particularly, it has since been stated, to secure by his influence the long series of concessions which Russia has received from China and to checkmate any inconvenient ascendancy which Britain might acquire at Peking. In March, 1898, China acknowledged that the mission of her envoy, Li Hung Chang, to St. Petersburg had been unsuccessful, and that she had no alternative but to agree to the Russian demands. It is impossible to trace here all the influences, direct and indirect, which Li Hung Chang exerted over the course of events. He evidently gave some measure of satisfaction to his Imperial master, for in June, 1898, the Emperor conferred upon him the Chinese Order of the Double Dragon (third degree first-class), a distinction never before bestowed on a Chinese subject. Rumours became current in China concerning Li's integrity, and in September of the same year he was again dismissed from the Tsung-li-Yamen by an Imperial decree—an occurrence which was regarded at the time as a distinct success for British diplomacy. Towards the end of the same month, however, rumours reached England that the Empress-Dowager had recovered her ascendancy over the Emperor, and that consequently the return to power of her lieutenant, Li Hung Chang, was imminent. His recent career during the trouble with the European Powers is too well-known to need repetition here. Suffice it to say that by continual coquetting with one or another he created universal mistrust. His death is sure to have a great effect upon the future of China.

A recent writer has given the following portrait of this potent politician:—"Gifted with no mean intelligence and with a double dose of Chinese cunning, he is too much of a sceptic to allow prejudices or principles of any kind to stand in his way. Brought more often than most of his fellow countrymen into contact with Europeans, especially during his 25 years' residence at Tientsin, he has rubbed up acquaintance with Western modes of thought, and he has learned with some success the art of turning towards every European whom he meets that facet of his character which is most likely to impress his visitor. On proper occasions he will shed crocodiles' tears over the iniquity of the opium trade; yet nowhere does the cultivation of the native poppy receive more encouragement than in the province which he rules or on his own vast estates. He will deplore the lamentable periodicity of famines and yet allow his subordinates to engineer a gigantic corner in grain. It is difficult to believe that his own hands are clean when he is known to have amassed, in the course of a long official career, a colossal fortune, reputed by many to be the largest possessed by any single individual in the world, and certainly in China."

WILL OF CAPTAIN DE WINTON.

Captain Thomas de Winton, of Wallsworth Hall, Sandhurst, Gloucester, J.P., late of the Royal Artillery, High Sheriff of Brecknockshire in 1863, who died on the 15th Sept. last, aged 36 years, son of the Rev. Walter de Winton, of Hay Castle, Brecon, appointed as executrix and executors of his will of the 30th April, 1895, with codicils of the 6th August, 1897, and 11th August, 1900, his wife, Mrs. Barbara de Winton, daughter of Mr. W. H. Peel, of Aylesmore, Gloucestershire, and his sons, Henry Peel de Winton and Ernest Haywood de Winton. The testator bequeathed to his servant, Thomas Herring, a life annuity of £20, and to Mrs. de Winton the use and enjoyment of his household effects, which, subject to her use, are left to the testator's son, Ernest, but his daughters, Margaret and Maud, and Frances Edith are to have the option of choice of furniture to the value of £500. They are also to have, whilst unmarried, the use and enjoyment of Twigworth Lodge. Captain de Winton bequeathed to Mrs. de Winton £500 a year during her life, and the income during her widowhood of his residuary estate, which, subject to her life interest, he left in trust for all his children. The late Captain de Winton's estate has been valued at £27,976 gross, including personalty of the net value of £3,061.

A CHELTENHAM ELECTION INCIDENT.



"DO YOU THINK YOU'LL WIN?"

Mr. John Lawrence, J.P., Master of the Llangibby Foxhounds, died at Caerleon, Monmouthshire, on Monday morning. The deceased was born in 1807, and until a few weeks ago took an active part in local affairs.

* * *

Much sympathy will be felt in Cheltenham for the Rev. John Mugliston, late of Cheltenham College, and now rector of Ichen Abbas, whose wife died on Saturday, after a short illness.



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FOUR TIMES MAYOR OF CHELTENHAM.



Photo by H. W. Watson,

Cheltenham.

Alderman Col. Richard Rogers, V.D., J.P.,

THE MAYOR ELECT.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

My prediction that the pendulum would swing towards Conservatism in the Cheltenham Municipal Elections has been realised to the fullest extent, for it went with a bang to that side, and will doubtless remain there for some time. By the election of six Conservative Councillors in place of four Liberals and two Conservatives the balance of power has reverted to the party which was hounded out of office a few years ago on the parrot cry of extravagance. But for the poor rate-payers then it was a case of "out of the frying pan into the fire." I trust, as I have before said, that a man or men of commanding personality will be forthcoming to devote the necessary time, attention, and ability to keeping watch and ward over the great civic spending departments. At Gloucester, with one exception (a voluntary retirement), all the Councillors "alas and alack! went back with a merry twinkle in their eyes." This "no change" and the fact that there was only a difference of 77 votes between the aggregate polls of the rival candidates in the ten wards demonstrate again beyond doubt that the relative strength of the two political

parties in the old city is adjusted to a very fine balance. To kick the beam the Conservative party must have willing candidates in the field earlier, for miracles cannot be worked in a few days against men in possession.

*

There is an old saying that "delays are dangerous," but I don't think this is applicable to the long drawn-out case of the Cheltenham Town Hall. On the other hand, I believe the delay that occurred, through the action of the controlling authority since the date (in August, 1900) that the Corporation decided to go in for a Town Hall on the Imperial-square site and to apply to the Local Government Board for sanction to borrow the required money, has resulted in a distinct material advantage to the town. The architects' estimate of the cost of the building, based on the current prices of materials, was £35,000. Since then and for some time past there has been (as I am credibly informed by friends in the know) a considerable drop in the high prices of several kinds of timber, of lead, and of ironwork. This drop was unmistakably reflected in the amounts of the nineteen tenders sent in on October 30th last for the job. Only one exceeded the architects' estimate, while five were well

under £30,000. The mysteries to the general public of great disparities in the builders' tenders will not, I imagine, be lessened by the fact that the lowest tender was £28,397 and the highest £36,489. There is certainly a very wide margin of profit in the £8,000 difference. I should much prefer that a Cheltenham firm should have the job, even at a slightly larger figure, so as to keep as much money in the town as possible, and at the last moment I am glad to hear that Messrs. Collins and Godfrey are to have it at £29,310.

*

It was "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest" at the opening meet of the North Cotswold Hounds on November 1st. The gathering was at Broadway, that beautiful village beloved by actors, artists, and Americans, and the autumn tints of the foliage on this occasion were enhanced by the genial sun, the charming scene making me wish that the ubiquitous photographer were present to snapshot it for the "Graphic." The presentation of a silver bowl and illuminated address by the Hunt to Capt. Cyril Stacey, who never had a blank day during his five seasons, enabled the retiring Master to ask for a continuance of the support that he had received to Mr. McNeill, his successor. I observed that the address included the name of an insurance company, but this is explained by the fact that they have owned a large and historic estate in the limits of the Hunt.

*

Mr. James Cypher, whose portrait, I am glad to hear, will have a deserved place in the "Graphic," has paid the debt to nature, full of years and honour. It seems strange that he should have passed the Borderland with the fall of the leaves and only a few hours after he had ceased to be one of the civic rulers of the town whose fame he had helped to spread for the greater part of a half century through the medium of the beauties of Flora that he cultivated at the Queen's-road Nurseries, made by him a land of loveliness out of a comparative howling wilderness. What a record of triumphal figures it would have made if Mr. Cypher had only systematically kept tally of his wins all over the country! The deceased was a God-fearing man, and it was not at all unusual for him and his workers to begin the labours of the day by prayer in his house, and occasionally in the "garden."

GLEENER.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE DR. ALLARD.

Extreme simplicity marked the interment of the late Dr. Joseph Higginson Allard (who formerly carried on a medical profession at Tewkesbury) at the Cemetery on Tuesday afternoon. Along the route passed by the cortege there were to be observed many manifestations of respect for the departed. The service was performed by the Vicar of Tewkesbury (the Rev. O. P. Wardell-Yerburgh). Among those at the graveside were representatives from the local lodge of Freemasons, the members of the Town Council, the Town Clerk (Mr. H. Badham), the Clerk of the Peace (Mr. F. J. Brown), Dr. A. F. Turner (Medical Officer), Mr. Geo. Watson (Borough Chamberlain and Accountant), and Mr. W. Ridler (Surveyor and Sanitary Inspector). The coffin was of polished oak, with massive brass fittings, and bore the inscription:—"Joseph Higginson Allard, died 2nd November, 1901, aged 45 years." There were no floral tributes, by request.

A DUCHESS OF CORNWALL STAMP.

A new four-cent stamp bearing the portrait of the Duchess of Cornwall and York has just been issued in Newfoundland in commemoration of the Royal visit to that colony. These new stamps appropriately arrived in this country on Saturday last, the day the Royal travellers also reached home. The stamp, which is very neat in design, completes the Royal portrait series issued in Newfoundland, the others being as follows:—1 cent, Prince Edward of York; 1 cent, Queen Victoria; 2 cents, King Edward; 3 cents, Queen Alexandra; 5 cents, Duke of Cornwall and York.

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 44th competition is Mr. G. V. Bright, of Woburn House, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is that of a farmyard scene near Cheltenham.

Entries for the 45th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 9th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



FARMYARD SCENE NEAR CHELTENHAM.



A MONUMENT WHICH IS A PRACTICAL JOKE.

THE "ECHO" IN GENOA.

That the "Gloucestershire Echo" has a large circulation and is sent by its subscribers to all parts of the world is common knowledge. A curious coincidence in connection with this fact has, however, just come to light. On October 9 the subjoined paragraph appeared in the "Echo." On that date there were staying in Genoa a Cheltenham gentleman and his wife, to whom the "Echo" was being forwarded. They read the paragraph, and in reply they sent to us a photograph of the statue of the subject of the paragraph, which we now have pleasure in reproducing for the benefit of "Graphic" readers. It may be interesting to add that the sum left by the old lady was 300,000 francs (about £10,000), and that the whole amount was expended on the monument.

Everybody has heard of the Campo Santo at Genoa, the most famous cemetery in Europe. It is filled with thousands of marble statues—some good, some bad—for the ambition of every Genoese is to be buried there and have a statue on his tomb, whether he be rich or poor. A statue which always catches the visitor's attention is that of an old woman. It is very well done, down to the smallest detail, and must have cost a very large sum of money (says the "New Penny Magazine"). It represents a very homely dame, garbed in the dress of the lower classes, and carrying a string of nuts. On the pedestal is an inscription in the patois—one might almost say the slang—of the streets. Thereby hangs a tale. This old lady, when

alive, was a familiar figure in one of the thoroughfares of the town. She used to sit and sell nuts from a little stall. This she had done nearly all her life, and it was reported she had amassed a small fortune. When she was seventy years old a young man, having an eye to her money, made up to her, and induced her to marry him. Soon afterwards she died, and the not over regretful husband prepared to have a good time spending his legacy. But the sharp old lady had seen through his devices, and acted accordingly. In her will—a very quaint document—she broadly hinted that she understood the depth of her spouse's affections, and ended by decreeing that every penny of her wealth was to be spent on erecting a statue-portrait of herself on her grave. At it turned out, the sum she left was a big one, and it consequently fell to the lot of a first-class sculptor to execute the work. It stands still as a monument to the shrewdness of the wife and the baulked treachery of the husband.

* * *

ANOTHER NEW JUDGE.

It is officially stated that the King has been pleased to approve the appointment of Mr. C. Swinfen Eddy, K.C., as a Judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, in place of Lord Justice Cozens Hardy. This is the first official intimation of Sir H. Cozens Hardy's promotion to the vacancy caused, it is understood, by the retirement of Lord Justice Rigby.

* * *

CIVIL SERVICE SUCCESS.

Mr. Basil Seaton Boulter, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, youngest son of the Vicar of Norton and Lenchwick, has received an appointment in the War Office on the result of the recent Civil Service competitive examination.

THE CLAIM TO A PEERAGE.

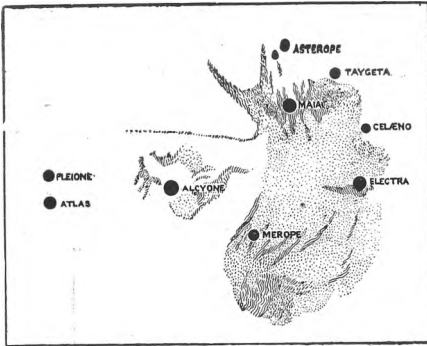
The Sackville case continues to excite much interest in Madrid (says the correspondent of the "Standard.") The judge seems satisfied that the evidence establishes beyond doubt that the register in the parish of San Millan has been tampered with, as both of the experts appointed by him, as well as the vicar and curate of San Millan, are of opinion that the original entries have been erased both in the body and in the margin of the marriage register leaf, and that a new entry has evidently been written over the same place by a person who endeavoured to copy very closely the original handwriting. The judge still detains the register, but the ecclesiastical authorities have claimed that it shall be restored to them. He is still pursuing his investigations in several directions, the chief point being to discover the persons who tampered with the parish register and to trace the abettors and instigators. Next, he wants to find the marriage certificates of Lionel Sackville West and Josepha Duran, of Juan Antonio de la Oliva with Josepha Duran, or of the same with his other alleged wife, Mercedes Gomez. It seems that many people are still living who perfectly remember the existence of two different ballet girls, both pupils of the above-mentioned dancing master Oliva, and both equally styling themselves and well-known as Pepita. Only one of the said Pepitas went on tour in Europe and America with Oliva. The judge found in the same volume of the register other entries and alterations, apparently in the same handwriting as the forgery, and purporting to be the marriage of Josepha Duran with Oliva.

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FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE.

II.—THE INVISIBLE UNIVERSE.

By SIR ROBERT BALL, LL.D., F.R.S.



THE PLEIADES.

On any clear night some few thousand stars will be visible to the eye without any further optical aid. With the assistance of a small telescope an enormous increase in the number of the stars will be at once perceptible, and with every increase in the power of the telescope the number of apparent stars in the heavens waxes greater and greater. No one has ever attempted to enumerate the precise number of stars that might be counted in a celestial survey made with great telescopes under suitable conditions. Estimates have, however, been formed, based on careful counting, of the number of stars to be seen in small selected areas, and it has thus been possible to obtain some notion of the total number of stars that lie within the range of our great instruments. As may naturally be expected the estimates vary a good deal, but the lowest would not be much less than a hundred millions. There are other estimates which place the number of visible stars at two hundred millions, or at numbers even higher still.

THE PROOF OF THE INVISIBLE.

As every increase in the power of the telescope brings more and more stars into view, and as the number of new stars increases in a ratio even more rapid than that of the increase of the power of the telescope, it seems quite certain that there must be stars which lie beyond our reach. The star which looks small even in a large telescope may become a comparatively bright star in a telescope greater still. Through the greatest instrument millions of minute points may be discerned, each of which would doubtless be presented as a bright star, if the powers of observing should ever receive any great enhancement. From considerations of this kind we infer that there must be innumerable stars which up to the present have been quite unperceived. If we further bear in mind that the region of space submitted to the examination of our telescopes can be no more than an inconsiderable point in comparison to the extent of infinite space, it is obvious that the unseen stars must be enormously greater, probably untold millions of times more numerous than the stars which come within our ken.

But there is another line of thought which will also conduct us to the conclusion that the universe we see must be as nothing in comparison to the universe as it actually exists, but of which by far the greater part is totally invisible. We must remember that what we call a star is perceptible only because it is a self-luminous object. It is a body heated to a temperature sufficiently high to cause it to glow with vivid incandescence. The star is indeed a sun, and in many cases those suns, which we call the stars, are quite as lustrous as the sun that shines in our own skies. The star is, however, a million times as distant from us as the sun, and this circumstance makes all the difference in the ap-

parent brightness of the two bodies. If a celestial body situated at a stellar distance is to be visible, it is essential for that body to be bright enough to possess a sunlike glow. A body like our own globe which has no light of its own, or like the moon, or like the planet Jupiter, if placed at the same distance from us as one of the ordinary stars, would be totally invisible to dwellers on the earth. It could never under such circumstances shine by mere reflected light. The sun-light or the star-light that might fall upon it would be wholly insufficient to give the surface of the body a luminosity which would render it visible from such distances as those from which we view it. Hence we are led to the remark that the objects we see in the heavens can be no more than the exceptionally bright points of the universe. We must necessarily remain in ignorance of the parts which are not so bright. Nor can we doubt there are such parts. If we should fancy that the sublime spectacle of the starry heavens offers us any adequate view of the universe, it would be certain that we had fallen into a tremendous error.

HOW THIS MAY BE ILLUSTRATED.

Let us imagine some being who came from some other world with the object of viewing this earth. Let us suppose that he arrived in the neighbourhood of the earth at midnight and, while still far aloft, were to look down on London, how little would he see of the mighty city sleeping beneath him! He would no doubt be able to perceive many of the lights by which the city is illumined, he might notice perhaps by the arrangements of the lights that among the forest of houses some special features distinguished the areas of the parks or the breadth of the river. Careful observations of the arrangement of lights in lines or rows might here and there point out to him the directions of the more important thoroughfares—he might see lights from a banqueting hall, or he might notice the gleam from a chamber where a tender watch was kept at the bedside of the sick. The innumerable lights of London he might indeed discover, but of the city itself he could see nothing. The great buildings and monuments, the wondrous life and activity that make up this great city would be wholly shrouded in the darkness; he would see nothing of them. Now suppose this observer could obtain no further knowledge of London than this distant midnight glimpse, would not his conception of the city be ludicrously inadequate and incomplete? He would indeed have seen the lights, but of what the lights illumine he would have seen nothing. In like manner, when we look up at the heavens the only view of the universe which is vouchsafed in truth to us is as ineffectual as that midnight view of London which I have just described. We see the lights of the universe, but those greatly more numerous objects which are not themselves luminous are completely hidden from our view.

Our knowledge of the universe becomes enormously augmented according as we acquire the means of learning the existence of those objects which are not luminous enough for us to see. To be self-luminous means in general to be hot, and for an object to be hot is, from the nature of the case, a temporary condition. It may remain hot, like the sun, for untold myriads of years, but even in this case such a condition cannot be of infinite duration. The sun has not always been hot; the sun will not ever remain hot. If a celestial globe be so hot as to be capable of light and heat, we must conclude that it has been in some way subjected to exceptional conditions the effect of which has not yet passed away. And for each body that is glowing under exceptional circumstances, there are doubtless a vastly greater number of bodies which are not at the moment hot enough to glow into visibility. If we will but look at the probabilities of the case, it seems obvious that those objects which are not at present in that highly heated condition which would enable them to radiate light must be hundreds of thousands or millions of times more numerous than those bodies which happen to possess a sunlike temperature. The inevitable inference is that, inasmuch as we can see only the intensely heated bodies, we probably see only a

very minute fraction, probably much less than a millionth part, of the actual universe. In this statement it will be noticed that we are referring to those objects alone which, had they been in a sun-like condition, are quite near enough to have been within the reach of our telescopes.

THE MAGIC OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE.

But we are not left merely to surmise in our knowledge of the invisible contents of the heavens. There are, of course, certain differences between the perceptive powers of different eyes: some persons will see easily what others can only see with difficulty, or cannot see at all. But from the astronomical point of view the photographic plate has a perception of faint objects far transcending in delicacy the power of perception of any visual organ. Among the discoveries which photography has enabled us to make in the heavens, the most startling, I think, are those in which the photographic plate discloses objects whose luminosity is so feeble that we have never been able to see them. I do not mean merely objects which are too faint to be seen by the unaided eye; I mean objects which are too faint to be seen with even the most powerful telescope.

Let me give an illustration. I take for this purpose the case of that beautiful group of stars which are known to us as the Pleiades. From the earliest ages this exquisite cluster has attracted the attention of those who love to study the heavens. Ever since the days of telescopic astronomy commenced, the group in the Pleiades has been examined night after night by the most skilful and painstaking observers. But it is no disrespect to the vigilance and skill of all these telescopic astronomers to say that there was a most important feature in the Pleiades which entirely escaped their notice. When a highly sensitive photographic plate, suitably arranged in a telescope, was directed to the cluster, and when that plate received an exposure of an hour or two, all extraneous light being carefully excluded, then a remarkable discovery was made. The numerous bright stars in the Pleiades were of course seen on the photograph just as they are seen with the eye at the telescope. But besides showing these objects which were within the reach of the astronomer's view, the photographic plate also revealed certain features beyond the power of any eye. It showed unmistakably that the cluster of stellar points forming the Pleiades were enveloped with a wondrous fire-cloud, or nebula, as astronomers generally term it. At first, when this nebula as a sort of haziness appeared on the plates, it was natural to conclude that it must have arisen from some accidental defect in the plate, or from some irregularity in the development, or from some stray light that had found admission. Some explanation of this kind would certainly seem to receive confirmation when on further careful scrutiny of the Pleiades, the most experienced astronomer using even the most powerful telescope totally failed to see any trace of the astonishing nebula. But when photograph after photograph was taken of the same object, when the plates were varied, when reflecting telescopes as well as refractors were used in taking the pictures, and when the same result appeared every time, it was no longer possible to doubt its existence. The mighty nebula in the Pleiades has now to be reckoned as a well-established feature in the heavens, even although no one has ever seen it. It belongs emphatically to the invisible universe.

THE STRANGE STORY OF ALGOL.

In some ways also we have been able to confirm by direct evidence the existence of dark but mighty stars, though, as I have already pointed out, it seems to be impossible from the nature of the case ever to bring them within the range of actual vision. But though the dark star is not to be seen, yet its presence can be indirectly manifested in certain cases. The necessary conditions under which alone it is possible to do this are extremely rare, a fact which perhaps makes such cases all the more interesting whenever they do occur. I now refer particularly to the far-famed star named Algol, which lies in the constellation of Perseus. It has been known for centuries that Algol changes its brightness in a some-

what mysterious manner. Under ordinary circumstances it can be seen nightly as a star of the second magnitude. But presently it undergoes a remarkable change. After two or three days of apparent constancy its light begins to decline. From being a star in the second magnitude, Algol declines until it becomes a star of no more than the fourth magnitude. Three or four hours are occupied in this transformation. When the brightness has sunk to the lowest point the star's apparent magnitude remains fixed for twenty minutes, after which it again begins to brighten up, so that in a little more than three hours, that is to say, about seven hours after the cycle of change has commenced, Algol is found restored to its original magnitude. At this brightness it remains for another two or three days, when the same cycle of changes again recurs.

It has been one of the modern triumphs of modern discovery to have provided an explanation of the phenomena of Algol. It now appears that the bright star is a sun-like body, and that round this sun-like body a dark star revolves. It so happens that the plane in which this dark star moves comes very close to the observer's eye, and hence, in the course of each revolution, the dark object comes between the eye and Algol, and intercepts a portion of its light. Even under these circumstances we cannot be strictly said to see the dark star. All we do see is the diminution in light of the bright star, which has been produced by the interposition of the dark one. There are other circumstances which show that in the case of Algol we have demonstrative evidence of the existence of a body totally dark, yet comparable in magnitude and weight with our own sun. It should also be remembered by what a fortunate chance we have been able to learn the existence of the dark body. This invisible star might have been very close to Algol. It might have been revolving around Algol. All this might have happened without our ever having dreamed of its existence. For us to discover this dark star it was further necessary that the plane in which it moves should pass through the eye of the observer. The fact that a body is found to fulfil these conditions suggests that there are in all probability a very much larger number of bodies which do not fulfil them, and consequently remain invisible. Thus Algol provides another illustration of the astonishing proposition that the visible stars and other objects in the heavens, innumerable though they doubtless are, must nevertheless be immensely transcended in number and mass by those objects which form the invisible universe.

Next Week: "Curious Means of Identification," by Dr. McPherson.

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL.

"All honour to him who shall win the prize,
The world has cried for a thousand years,
But to him who tries and who fails and dies,
I give great honour and glory and tears.
Give glory and honour and pitiful tears
To all who fail in their deeds sublime.
Their ghosts are many in van of years,
They were born with Time in advance of Time.
Oh! great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame
And lets God finish the thought sublime.
And great is the man with sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and yet still fights on,
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

As a memorial to the late Queen, a children's ward was on Wednesday opened at Crewe Hospital by Lady Annabel Crewe Milner.

Mr. A. C. Medd, of Balliol College, and the Hon. R. H. Brand, of New College, have been elected to Fellowships at All Souls. Mr. Medd obtained a first class before the Classical Moderators in 1898, and in Literis Humanioribus in 1890. Mr. Brand was placed in the first class in modern history in the summer examinations of this year.

By the Way.

The pendulum has swung back, and the town has decided that the economical Conservative party shall have another try in municipal government, just to see what they make of it. But what an array of lawyers will be ranged round the table! Some of us know how much one lawyer can do in the way of evolving mountains of costs from a microscopic law case, and if one can do this on his own account, what a smother six will be able to raise when it comes to a legal issue in the town's affairs.

My experience of lawyers is that they are excellent fellows most of them, but like pawnbrokers and money-lenders, they can never get over the idea that we, poor creatures, were placed in this vale of tears for them to live upon, by fair means or otherwise. I have a friend who is a lawyer, and I know that he suffers agonies of mind if I casually ask him what he thinks the weather will be to-morrow, or what is a good thing for chilblains—agonies of mind because each time he has given his opinion without being able to enter: "Touchstone, to consultation and advising you on sundry matters, 6s. 8d." He has often told me, too, that he keeps a selection of consciences, which I consider a very useful stock-in-trade, and I should like to discover the trick myself; but I fear it only comes with legal training. (When folk speak of legal acumen they mean this assorted mixture of consciences.) Just see how convenient this faculty is: when a lawyer gets a client who is able to pay, but is hopelessly wrong in the case on which he wants to embark, conscience No. 1 is turned on, which explains that the matter is risky, but can be undertaken at an increased fee; then comes along the client on the other side, who is clearly in the right, but conscience No. 2 turns up conveniently at the awkward moment, and knowing that this man has nothing to pay, advises him to get all he can out of client No. 1, the "all he can" to be paid through the lawyer. A good deal of the money at the instigation of conscience No. 3 remains with the lawyer—finds itself loth to leave his possession, and all that sort of thing—and the bit left is—of course—owing to him for client No. 2's fees. But all this is in the way of business, you know, and out of business hours the lawyer keeps conscience No. 1 to the front, a sterling 19 carat piece of goods, of the highest quality and finish, and to suggest the use of Nos. 1, 2, or 3 conscience when off duty would be the greatest insult you could offer to a legal gentleman. So don't speak of it, I pray you, or you will be fitted with a law suit!

Col. Graham has a very pretty wit! All the candidates are asked if they will plump for Sunday trams (which are already in existence, by the way) and Sunday concerts, and those who answer "Yes" in as straightforward a manner as we can expect from municipal candidates this side of heaven are elected, almost without exception. But

"Upspringeth Colonel Graham," and forthwith writes a long letter to the "Echo" stating that the next thing (just after the electors have recorded their votes for the candidates, mind you)—the next thing is to send round about £30 worth of post-cards asking the burgesses to vote "for" or "against" Sunday concerts and trams. Do I read aright? Can this be he?—the gallant Colonel, whose watchword is "retrenchment" and whose little horizon is bounded with ECONOMY; advocating such gross expenditure on mere public opinion? Alas! but so it is, and the Colonel has enunciated the doctrine that the poll or the "voting shambles," as my landlady, Selina Jenkins, calls it, is a futile and entirely untrustworthy mode of election. Following out the Colonel's brilliant idea, why not send post-cards, also, to the burgesses to enquire if they are satisfied with the results of the municipal elections in the various wards, with a view to going through the whole performance again, if 10 per cent. are dissatisfied!

But I can forgive the Colonel for his wanton extravagance (with the ratepayers' money,

too) when I read that beautiful bull, or series of bulls, he has perpetrated in his letter.

Says he: "When the blind lead the blind they both fall into the ditch; and though, of course, there may be difficulties in the way (of falling into the ditch?) which I have not gauged (guaged what, the ditch or the difficulties in the way of falling in?) they would not be beyond the grasp of perhaps wiser heads (ahem!) with longer hair than my own!" Where are we? Does the gallant Colonel mean to imply that the blind individuals referred to can be grasped more easily when falling into the aforesaid ditch if they have longer hair than his own? Or, reading it straight along, is it possible to grasp anybody or anything with the head; and, supposing it were possible, say, to seize, grasp, and generally detain an individual with one's teeth, which form a part of the head, what advantage would the "seizer" gain by possessing long hair? I give this "problem" up to those better able to fathom its labyrinthine maze of ideas, after seriously injuring my health and using up a week's reserve of brain-power in the impossible attempt to fathom its meaning.

My congratulations to the gallant Colonel! "Turn again, Richard, thrice Mayor of Cheltenham."

"Palman qui meruit ferat," or as Mr. Agg-Gardner so honourably put it, "Let him who has won the palm (or shall we say the chain) carry it."

By the way, that title which generally appears after the prospective Mayor's name. Colonel Rogers, V.D., has induced many a haphazard guess amongst the younger members of the public. I was gravely informed the other day that the magic letters stood for "Victoria's Dead." Another guess was "Veterinary Dentist" (why Veterinary?), and at a recent school examination the title was even rendered as "God willing"!

TOUCHSTONE.

£50,000 IN DISPUTE.

On Wednesday in the King's Bench, Mr. Justice Kennedy gave judgment in the case of Dupont v. The British South Africa Co. Plaintiffs, Messrs. Minvielle, Dupont, and Co., trading at Buenos Ayres, claimed £26,000 balance due under a contract for the sale of cattle and produce for the British Army to be landed at Beira. Plaintiffs said they shipped the supplies in good condition from Buenos Ayres, but when the ships arrived at Beira the defendant company refused to take the delivery on the ground that there had been delay in transit, and that Buenos Ayres was infected. Defendants counter-claimed £24,000 which they had already paid in respect of the cargoes, and said the cattle which arrived were in an infected and dangerous condition and unsaleable. Mr. Justice Kennedy, in giving judgment, said he did not think the evidence supported defendants' contentions except as to 451 bullocks which died on the voyage, and which, of course, defendants ought not to pay for. Judgments was given for plaintiffs on the claim for a sum to be agreed upon, and also for plaintiffs on the counter-claim with costs. Stay of execution was granted in view of an appeal.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman has consented to stop at Bath on Wednesday, November 20, on his return from Plymouth, where he is to address a meeting on the previous evening. It is the intention of the Bath United Liberal Association to offer the Radical leader a luncheon and to demonstrate the existence of unabated confidence in him.

Mr. Edward Hartley, of Bradford, was on Wednesday night accepted by the Trades Council of Dewsbury as their candidate at the approaching election, subject to approval by the Conference of Progressives, which is about to be held. Mr. Runciman is the Liberal nominee, and Mr. Quelch has been adopted by the Socialists.

CHRIST CHURCH BOYS' OUTING.

*
A TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH.
*

The average boy's ideal of a day trip is to start early and stay late, and when this particular excursion was projected the boys speedily discovered a Midland and South-Western trip to Portsmouth which left Cheltenham at the very satisfactory hour (from their point of view) of 3.30 a.m., and did not commence the return journey until 9.50 p.m. After mature consideration they came to the conclusion that it was unreasonable to hope for a much longer day, so to Portsmouth we went. There is certainly an advantage in getting the railway journey over before breakfast, even though one does towards ten o'clock begin to feel a little uncertain as to whether it is yesterday or to-day, and anyone who is accustomed to look upon a long day's sight-seeing as a tiresome and tedious business may be recommended to try the experiment in the company of a dozen intelligent boys of an inquiring turn of mind. Their enthusiasm is so refreshing, their energy so unbounded, that he will find no lack of variety, interest, and amusement in the discoveries they make and the questions they ask.

We had finished breakfast before nine o'clock, and after gazing at the magnificent Town-hall, and wondering if our own would be such an architectural success, we decided to walk to Southsea and return to Portsmouth when it should be a little more awake.

We watched the men laying the track for the electric tramway, and marvelled at the slowness of their methods compared with the laying of that in Cheltenham; but we altogether failed in our efforts to calculate how many C. and D.L.R.'s would be worn out before that at Portsmouth began to show signs of decay.

Southsea and the sunlit Solent looked very bright and pretty in the clear morning air. We refreshed our memories of history in looking at the various mementoes and monuments of past victories scattered along the front—we photographed the Victory's anchor

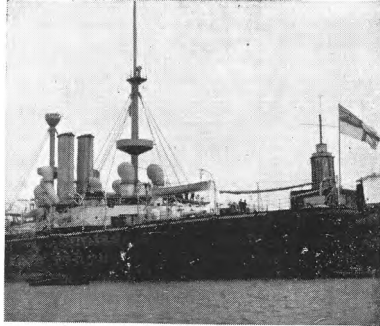
which one was obliging enough to tack near enough to shore to give us a chance of a snapshot, and then made our way back to Portsmouth.

Standing on the landing stage of the historic Sally Port, we saw in imagination the heroes of bygone days embark on their empire-building expeditions. A most obliging boatman rowed us round the harbour in a real "Portsmouth wherry," and pointed out many things the boys had read of and now saw for the first time; the old three-decker St. Vincent, the smart looking American Chicago, a Japanese cruiser with unpronounceable name, the new Royal yacht, upright at last, and the mighty Centurion flag-



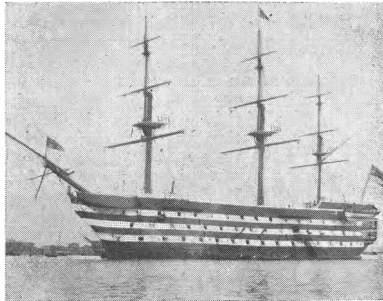
As few of the dozen had ever handled an oar, the enjoyment of the lads was quite equalled by the amusement of the onlookers; but since the water is nowhere more than eighteen inches deep, one had no anxiety as to the consequences of a not improbable upset.

Back to Portsmouth in the evening, with Southsea pier and promenade looking like fairyland with many electric and other coloured lights, an hour spent in discovering the indispensable present for a brother or sister at home, and we were once more in the train. With every intention of having a lively journey home, our youthful party were, nevertheless, all sound asleep within half-an-hour; and after such a day, little wonder!



ship of Admiral Seymour, just home from China.

We boarded the famous Victory, and the



boys looked with wide-open eyes and listened with breathless interest as the spot where Nelson fell was pointed out to them, and the many objects of interest were described. Photography is not looked upon with favour on board, so we set great store on our snapshot of the upper deck.



Back to shore we went and presented ourselves at the dockyard gates. We fully intended to bring away many pictures of destroyers, torpedo-boats, groups of blue-jackets, and other subjects; but alas! while one policeman took charge of us, another took charge of the Kodak, and we had to be content with merely seeing.

The dockyard done, and dinner over, with still an average day before us, we crossed to Ryde by the steamer. Here we found a large sea-water lake, with canoes, boats, and other wondrous craft, and all were soon afloat.

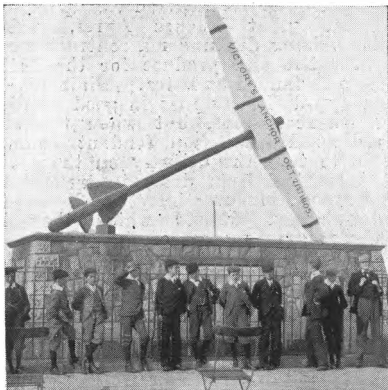
DEATH OF MRS. TOLMIE.

BORN ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

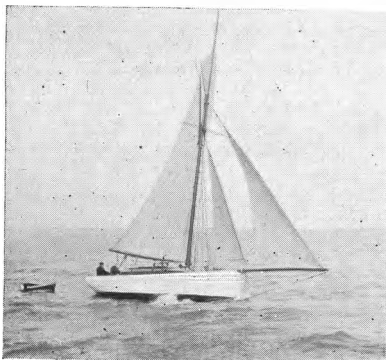
The other day the grave closed over the remains of Margaret Tolmie, at Kirkcaldy, who, dying at the age of eighty-six, had the unique distinction of having been born on the field of Waterloo, the day after the great battle. Margaret's mother was the daughter of a corporal in the 2nd Royal North British Dragoons (Scots Greys), and her father was a trooper in the same regiment. On the day after the battle, the 19th June, 1815, the corporal's daughter and other "daughters of the regiment" sallied out from Brussels to seek for the living amongst the dead. The wounded had already been removed, and naught remained but what were considered heaps of slain. But the devotion of the corporal's daughter rose supreme, and from the mass she extricated the body of her husband, identifying him by the initials on his clothing, which she had worked in worsted with her own hand. She discovered that he still lived, and with the aid of two women she carried him to a place of succour. Overcome by the excitement of the day, she, while still on the field of battle, gave birth to the infant, whose death as an octogenarian is now chronicled. Margaret Tolmie is now the wife of a tradesman in the Midlothian village of Rosewell. Upon his death she removed to the abode of her daughter in Fifeshire, and remained there until her death a few days ago. One of her sons is in prosperous circumstances in America, whilst a grandson is chairman of a large commercial concern in Scotland.—"Scotsman."

GEN. BADEN-POWELL'S "SLIMNESS."

General Baden-Powell was clever enough to avoid a demonstration at the Wolverhampton Station on Saturday, but his "slimness" resulted unfortunately at Evesham on Tuesday. He had been staying at the residence of Mrs. Eyres, Dumbleton Hall, since Saturday, but unluckily the fog marred the pleasures of the shooting and hunting party. He drove with Mrs. Sharpe to Evesham railway station to catch the 3.7 train for London on Tuesday afternoon, and found a small crowd, who had somehow learned that he was coming, waiting to give him an ovation. With the intention of dodging them he drove round to the Worcester-road, and made for the up-platform by way of the newly-constructed coal wharf. It was a cute idea, but it failed because the train entered the station and left before the General could get to the platform. He had to wait twenty-seven minutes for the next train, and that was a slow one. The General then faced the crowd, who cheered him heartily, and he raised his hat and smiled pleasantly, evidently not seriously annoyed by his misfortune.



—admired the graceful white-sailed yachts, of



THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 46.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

DEATH OF MR. R. V. CAMPBELL.

Mr. Richard V. Campbell, Sheriff of Roxburgh, Berwick, and Selkirkshire, died on Sunday in Edinburgh. Deceased had a large practice at the Scottish Bar. At the Home Rule split he unsuccessfully contested the College Division of Glasgow against Sir Charles Cameron.

* * *

DEATH OF SIR F. LUSHINGTON.

Sir Franklin Lushington, Chief Magistrate of the Metropolis, died at his town residence, 55 Norfolk-square, London, early on Sunday morning. The deceased magistrate, who was 78 years of age, had had a most distinguished career when at Cambridge. He was senior classic and first Chancellor's Medallist in 1886, when he took his degree. He was appointed a Metropolitan Police Magistrate in 1899.

The deceased gentleman had been suffering from lumbago and was very ill when he last sat at Bow-street on Thursday. He managed to get through his day's work, however, and then returned home, when he had to take to his bed. Complications ensued, and death took place as stated.

Mr. Marsham presided at Bow-street on Monday, and made sympathetic reference to the sad event.

* * *

QUAINT CUSTOM IN WARWICK.

On the crest of Knightlow Hill, six miles from Coventry, the annual ceremony of collecting wroth silver on behalf of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry was observed on Monday. The charter under which the collection is made warns defaulters that failure to pay means a penalty of a pound for every penny and the production of a red bull with a white nose and white ears. There was a large attendance at Monday morning's ceremony. When the names of the parishes liable were called out there was not a single defaulter. The Duke's agent explained that the custom was kept up not because it brought any benefit to his grace, but because he delighted to maintain old ceremonies.

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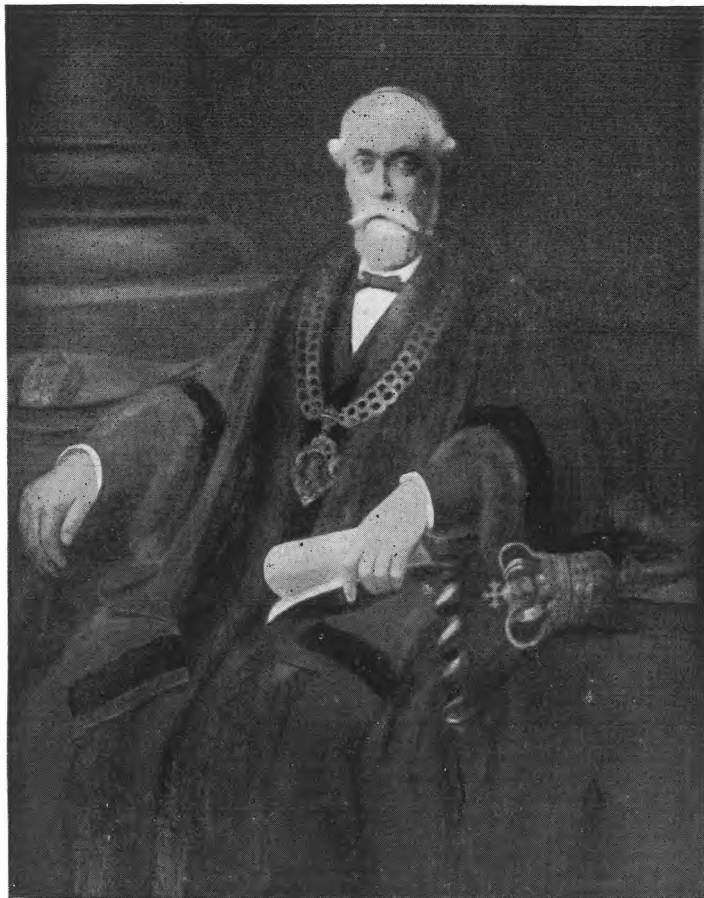
Acting-Chaplain the Rev. W. J. McKain, 3rd V.B.G.R., has resigned his appointment.

*

The Rev. H. Wilson, vicar of Hailey, has been appointed by the Bishop of Oxford Rural Dean of Witney, in succession to Canon Norris, who has resigned.

*

Mr. Richard B. Martin, M.P., has given £500 to the Bishop of Coventry's fund to help to provide "a living wage for each incumbent in the diocese."



MR. ALBERT ESTCOURT, J.P.,

Thrice Mayor of Gloucester.

Photo of a Portrait by Mr. Walter J. Lifton, who has also painted a Replica of Bishop Ellicott's Portrait at the Palace, and one of the late Mr. E. Holland, M.P. for Evesham.

Mr. Charles Jeffries, Broadmoor Farm, Bourton-on-the-Water, has been elected a member of the Shorthorn Society.

*

A marriage has been arranged between Captain E. V. Riddell (O.C.), Royal Artillery, son of Colonel Riddell, late Royal Engineers, of Essex Lodge, Worthing, and Edith Mary, youngest daughter of the late Major-General Bingham Turner and Mrs. Bingham Turner, 21 Castlehill-avenue, Folkestone.

Lord and Lady Leigh and Miss Leigh have arrived at Mentone.

*

Earl and Countess Grey are shortly leaving England on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Minto in Canada.

*

Lady Sudeley on Friday laid the corner stone of a new parish church at Petersham Lodge, to be erected at a cost of £10,000, with seating accommodation for 600 people.



ST. MARK'S CRICKET CLUB, CHELTENHAM.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

November opened with most genial weather, but the month soon lived up to its evil reputation, for on the third day (Sunday) the Fog Fiend made his appearance, and did not vanish for nearly five days. And while the Vale was in his dark and clammy clutches it would scarcely be believed—yet such was the fact—the sun was shining brightly and all was clear upon the higher plateaux of the Cotswold range, to wit, at Cleeve, Andoversford, Rodborough, and Birdlip. People looked down from there on the unseen world, which was covered as with a billow sea. What a roaring trade the electric cars would have done if the Cheltonians had only known that they could have escaped from the hideous embraces of the Fog Fiend by journeying up to Cleeve Hill.

The fog favoured foxes, and brought some of them nearly a week's respite. Those packs of hounds—and they were the majority—that deferred their opening meets till over November 2nd fared badly. The Cotswold, however, found the sun and a fox upon the top of Mill-lane on Wednesday, and had other sport in the neighbourhood. Gen. Baden-Powell was unfortunately done out of his hunting and shooting on the occasion of his visit to Dumbleton Hall, in the North Cotswold country, and on Tuesday he made a strategic movement to the rear in the vain attempt to escape the lionising by a crowd gathered to see him off at the railway station. The fog was responsible for at least two remarkable events, namely, the killing of a stray fox by a train on the Great Western Railway near Churchill, and the slaughter of the unusually large number of fifty wood pigeons in a pheasant shoot at Fairford Park.

The inconvenience of the fog, with its attendant dangers, was most felt on the railways. Very few of the general public know of the elaborate and perfect arrangements of the companies to deal with fogs. I, myself, have been considerably enlightened on the subject. I find that certain officials are told off to go round and call men to repair forthwith to their allotted positions on the lines by the signal-boxes and points, so as to check trains by fog-signals. Each man stays on duty for twelve hours, being paid time and a

quarter for day work and time and a half for night, with an allowance for refreshments; and fires are provided near their posts. At Gloucester 22 men and at Cheltenham a dozen were employed by the Great Western Company on this special work during the recent long fog. It is satisfactory that no accidents occurred, although many of the trains were necessarily very late.

I regret to hear, on the best authority, that the railway from Honeybourne to Cheltenham will not be made yet. The Great Western Company, who have obtained Parliamentary powers to construct it, evidently intend to hang it up for a time, as they have more pressing work, notably that of dealing with the glut of traffic at Birmingham, on hand; and much decreased dividends on their shares consequent on increased working expenses, and the interest now being felt on big outlays charged to capital account in recent years, are potent factors in putting the drag on grants for new works. The company must, however, be on the alert, or Mr. Nevins may reach the "bourne of honey" with a light railway, via Winchcombe, before them.

The visit of Mr. Justice Kennedy to Gloucester next week, to hold the Autumn Assizes, reminds me that he is not a stranger to these parts, for he is a son of the late Rev. W. J. Kennedy, vicar of Barnwood, who lies buried in the parish churchyard. The last time I saw his lordship in Gloucester was one night last spring, when he was sitting in solitary state in a first-class carriage, smoking a pipe, en route for Newport, while Dr. Rutherford Harris, M.P. (whom he unseated on petition), was in the dining-car of the same train. The recent appointment, too, of Mr. Jelf, K.C., to a judgeship recalls to my memory many forensic triumphs of his at Gloucester Assizes, and I am glad that the Corporation of that city have awoken to the fact that his grandfather was an alderman and mayor of the city, and have accordingly sent Mr. Justice Jelf congratulations on his promotion. The aforesaid grandfather was a banker, who received a knighthood, and he belonged to what was known as the old unreformed Whig Corporation. Gloucester, or Gloucestershire, has connexion in some way with many things that happen and prominent personages.

Wild horses shall not drag from me disclosure in these columns of the exact position

of the unhallowed grave given to the Cheltenham murderer and *felo de se* in the Cemetery, and it is much to be regretted that some score of women of low class were successful in their hunt for it and discovered the place before it was entirely filled in. It will be a miracle if they keep it a secret.

*

Boarding-house keepers and the many who have apartments to let in Cheltenham should be on their guard in taking in plausible strangers, who offer from four to five guineas a week for board and lodging and say their luggage has not yet arrived, or they may be taken in themselves. For I hear that a plausible pair, purporting to be a barrister and his wife, have recently successfully rung the changes, in three successive days, at three establishments in the Promenade, Imperial-square, and Montpellier. It should be, as at hotels where one is not known, "no luggage, pay a deposit." GLEANER.

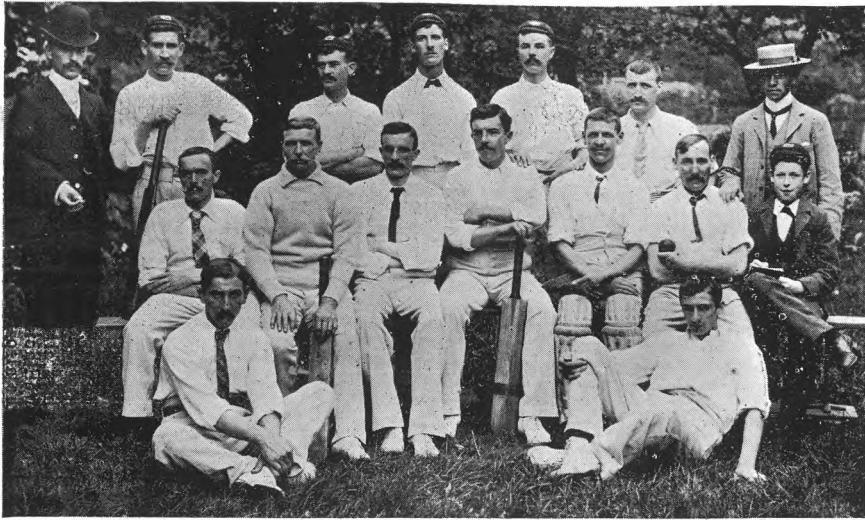
BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Under the title of "From Deal to South Africa," Mrs. H. C. Black has collected and published in book form several of her recent bright sketches and articles contributed to well-known magazines, etc. Her account of a "Visit to Deal and the Deal Boatmen" is inspired by a genuine love of the sea, the storm-girt coast, the quaint fishing villages and old-fashioned watering places, and the simple, honest, brave seafaring folk. The description of the Goodwin's is picturesque, and the authoress also narrates in an interesting manner her conversations with and work amongst the Deal boatmen, to whose devotion to duty and high character she pays an admiring tribute. Her "Autobiographies" of a dog and the horse inculcate the duty of kindness to the lower animals; while a philanthropic motive underlies her accounts of "A Wiltshire Industry" and "A Shetland Industry." Being an enthusiastic swimmer she treats of "Learning to Swim" for the special benefit of her own sex. "The House Beautiful" is a description of the home of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the artist. "Two Women's Tramp in South Africa," which concludes the book, is an account of the pioneer hospital work in Rhodesia by Sister Rose Aimee Blennerhasset and Sister Lucy Sluman. Though the subjects treated in the book are wider apart than Deal from South Africa, yet the same kindly outlook on life and love of what is best and bravest in it will be found throughout its contents. Messrs. F. V. White and Co. are the publishers at 6s.

A notable addition to the armoury of anti-vivisection is "Scientific Research—a View from Within," by Mr. Stephen Smith, M.R.C.S., who gives a terse and realistic description (nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice) of what he saw in Continental and English vivisection laboratories. In the Continental laboratories no attempt is made to administer anaesthetics to animals under experiment, and even in England they are allowed to suffer acute pain, because it is difficult to render them unconscious. The book, illustrated by coloured plates of operations on living frogs, rabbits, and dogs, is published by Elliot Stock for 1s. 6d.

"The Ladies' Magazine" is full of varied reading, naturally of special interest to the fair sex. Mary Spencer Warren contributes a timely character sketch of the new Princess of Wales, and other articles include "Woman and Motoring" and "A Modern Water Witch," the latter giving particulars of the doings of a lady water finder. Marie Belloc treats of "Fashions in Furs," and the part played by girls in the Scotch fishing industry is explained by Milton Brooke. Plenty of stories and good pictures complete the contents.

Stories and verse are the staple fare of "The Idler," which also contains a character sketch of Boss Croker, by William Allen White.



J. Winters (Umpire), G. Page, F. Proctor, C. Verrinder, T. Murdoch, T. Phelps. — Cowley (Hon. Sec.).
A. Powell, W. G. Roberts (Hon. Treas.), H. Jones (Capt.), A. Whiley, F. Artus, G. F. Dere, R. Aston (Scorer).
F. Wood. E. Slim.

Photo by A. H. Pitcher, College Court, Gloucester.

By the Way.

MRS. JENKINS ON "MAYORS AND OTHER ALTERATIONS."

"'Aving been requested by a large and representative body of ratepayers," as the sayin' is, to 'rite a few words on Mares and things, I hereby does so!

Mares is very useful to towns like Cheltenham, wich we shouldn't 'ave nowheres to ang that there gold chain of hoffice, and no 'ead to place the cocked 'at on if it weren't for the Mare.

I 'ave 'eard tell as Mares is a very angcient constitution, wich 'ave descended to us through the dust and cinders of hages wich 'ave long ago went from us; w'en I were at school, wich I only went w'en my mother could spare me from minding the other children (it weren't more than a day or two every month, for they wasn't so mighty pertikler about this 'ere free eddication in them times); w'en I were at school I remember well as I 'eard tell that Mares was very popular in Arabia and this 'ere Sarah Desert, as is nearly all sand-'ills and 'ardly a town in 100 miles, and they did say that these 'ere Harabs was very kind and thoughtful to their Mares, and wouldn't let 'em go out in the rain or the snow without wrapping of them hup, and generally treated them like one of the family, as the sayin' is. But I spose this is because there's less of 'em in them parts than there his in this Hengland of Hours!

Howsomdever, there's several old sayin's as passes remarks about Mares and their doings. F'r instance, that brazen hussy, Godiva, up Coventry way, they do say rode through the city pick-i-back on the Mare's back to reduce the rates 3d. in the lb., as I don't agree with such doings meself, wether you calls it folk-lore or watsomdever. Then there's that angcient sayin', wich do say that "'Tis money makes the Mare to go," wich I spose they means as a Mare without money is a Mare as can't spend money; and my pore man, Jenkins, wen 'e were alive, 'e used to say, "Selina, give me a Mare as got the money, and 'as knows 'ow to make it fly; we don't want any of these 'ere 'igh-principled genelman as spend the RATEPAYERS' money and takes the 'onner for themselves, but wot we want to see is a man who isn't afraid to spend 'is hown money for the good of the town."

Ab, pore Jenkins, 'e knowed, 'e did! 'E were a fair artful one at politics and voting and such like, that 'e were! Of course, there's a good deal in wot 'e said, for there's Mares

AND Mares—there's Mares as is paid, and Mares as pays; wich anything if it be a Mare or a ordinary genelman, as makes the money fly these 'ard times is a public benefit, as the boot-people do say they be.

There's another old rhyme as says, "The grey Mare's the better horse," wich I don't quite understand the meanin' of it meself, but Mr. Touchstone, as 'as a Concordance and one of these "Cyclopedas" in weakly parts, tells me as 'ow it do mean that a "hold Mare is more likely to be a wise Mare" (meanin', I spose, that a hold man with grey 'airs would be more likely a hornament to the Council Chamber than a young man as didn't know 'is own mind).

According to that we should all of us 'ave liked to 'ave seen the Baron, with that 'andsome 'ead and face of 'is, a-presiding; but as 'e wouldn't 'ear of it on no account, well, we've got the next best man, and if 'e ain't a grey Mare 'e soon will be, that's all, wot with that there town-'all scheme and young Lawyer Stroud a-jumping down 'is throat hevery time 'e opens 'is mouth. I think that there Mr. Stroud's a fair caution, 'e is; wot 'e loses in size 'e makes hup in courage, wich it's like the good old days, with Mr. H. G. Margrett a-heckling everyone and everythink.

Owver, I will say it must be very awk'ard for the new Mare, if he is a V.D. (wotever that stands for), to 'ave to 'elp on the Town-'all scheme by being Mare while the money's being spent under his very nose as the saying is, as didn't agree to the 'all being bilt on the Winter Gardings sight at all; howsomdever, Alderman Mr. George Norman must feel very oncomfortable to be a hordinary man again after 'aving 'ad the chain around 'is neck so long, wich I, for one, 'ad got quite used to 'im as Mare, and didn't want no other, altho' we all knows that Mares nor life don't last for ever.

But there is so many halterations just along now, what with that there Mr. General Buller being 'alf-paid off (wich I do say was ought to 'ave paid 'im all as was owing to 'im, and its a crying shame the long credit the War Hoffice expects our gallant soldiers to give for their rightful dew, as the saying is), and there being a new Mare of Cheltenham, and the Duke of "Yornwell and Cork" a getting made into a Prince of Whales.

(I think I made a mistake, Mr. Editor; my eyesight isn't so good as 'twas, but I didn't mean no disrespect, I meant to 'rite the Duke of Corkwell and Yorn—and yet it don't look right some'ow. 'Owsomdever, you know who I do mean!)

These 'ere alterations in royalty is very embracing to poor folks like me, as 'avent

got too much cash to spare. 'Ere 'ave I bought another prayer-book, and spent 1s. 6d. on it, too, with the King's name a-put in the prayers instead of the late Queen's (Bless 'er), and now it's all wrong again, wot with 'aving to leave out the Duke and Dutchess of Yorkwell and Corn (I think I've got it right this time) and putting in the Prince of Wales. All I can say is, it's a good time for them as prints prayer-books, wich I never come across one of 'em myself, or I'd give 'em a piece of my mind about making the readin' so small as a 'onest woman can't say 'er prayers at all onless she've got a heye-sight like a lynx, as can see the smallest print in the dark, wich I don't consider it right to shut away the prayers from a lone widder like me!

All the same I'm very glad as the young couple come 'ome quite safe from their tower in the Offir, wich it must 'ave been a nice change for them a-riding on buffaloes, and chow-chowing, as they do call it, with wild Redskins.

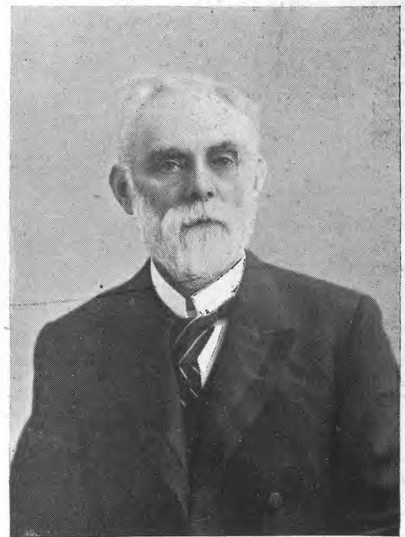
But I should like to know, Mr. Editor, 'ow 'e got on w'en he 'ad to sign these 'ere addresses and things as was made, for why? Because I see in the papers that 'is real name 'as been Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of Cornwall and York, Duke of Rothesay, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and Duke of Saxony, Earl of Carrick and Inverness, Baron of Renfrew and Killarney, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.M.C., G.C.V.O.! Fancy! and me not knowin' it all these years. I always thought 'e were the Duke of Cornwall and York, and see wot I've missed! But I'm glad I didn't know before, howsomdever, or I might 'ave tried to wrote all that there pedigree into my Prayer Book, and I should 'ave blotted out all the rest of the prayers on the page if I 'ad, that's certain.

'Owver, I should think the young genelman is glad as 'e's only the Prince of Wales now, for that there as I've a-copied down were a powerful long name to 'rite on a post-card or a telegraph-form, wich I spose Royalty uses sich.

And, speaking of postcards, my paper's come onto an end, so believe me

To be,

I am yours,
SELINA JENKINS.



COUNCILLOR J. R. POPE,
The new Sheriff of Gloucester.

Capt. H. W. Berthon, 5th Bombay Light Infantry, has passed the examination in the Marathi language according to the Lower Standard.

The Rev. C. J. Reskelly, of Littledean, president of the Forest of Dean Free Church Council, has received a cordial invitation to the pastorate of Silver-street Congregational Church, Malmesbury.

NEWLY-ELECTED ALDERMEN FOR THE BOROUGH OF TEWKESBURY.



MR. W. E. HAYWARD
(in Councillor's robe).

We have pleasure in including amongst our portraits to-day those of the two gentlemen who were re-elected as aldermen of the ancient borough of Tewkesbury on Saturday, the 9th inst.

MR. WILLIAM EVANS HAYWARD, who appears in his portrait attired in a councillor's robe, was first elected a member of the Tewkesbury Town Council on November 1st, 1885. In 1895 he was elected an alderman to fill a vacancy created by the decease of Mr.

Edward Thomas. He is a Justice of the Peace for the borough, and in 1900 filled with great satisfaction the very honourable office of Mayor. Alderman Hayward is principal partner of the old-established concern of Messrs. Hayward and Sons, ironmongers, of Tewkesbury and Upton-on-Severn.

MR. ALFRED BAKER, who is manager of the Old Bank (Lechmere and Co.), is one of Tewkesbury's most prominent and energetic public men. He entered the Town Council



Mr. A. BAKER
(in Alderman's robe).

first on November 9th, 1895, when he succeeded to the aldermanic seat vacant by the resignation of the late Mr. Smart. In the Diamond Jubilee year of Queen Victoria he acted as Deputy Mayor to Mr. Thomas Weaver Moore, and was himself elected Mayor at the expiry of Mr. Moore's first year of office. Both in 1898 and 1899 Alderman Baker filled the civic chair, and won the highest encomiums by the impartial and urbane manner in which he maintained the dignity

of the honourable position. Mr. Baker is a Justice of the Peace for the borough. On Mr. F. J. Brown's retirement as parish churchwarden of the Abbey, Mr. Baker was elected his successor, and still holds office, exercising himself with great zeal in what concerns the well-doing of the Church and its schools, and he also represents the parish on the Diocesan Church Conference.



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 45th competition is Mr G. V. Bright, of Woburn House, Cheltenham, and the prize pictures are those of the Cheltenham produce show (as reproduced on this page) at the Winter Gardens.

Entries for the 46th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 16th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.



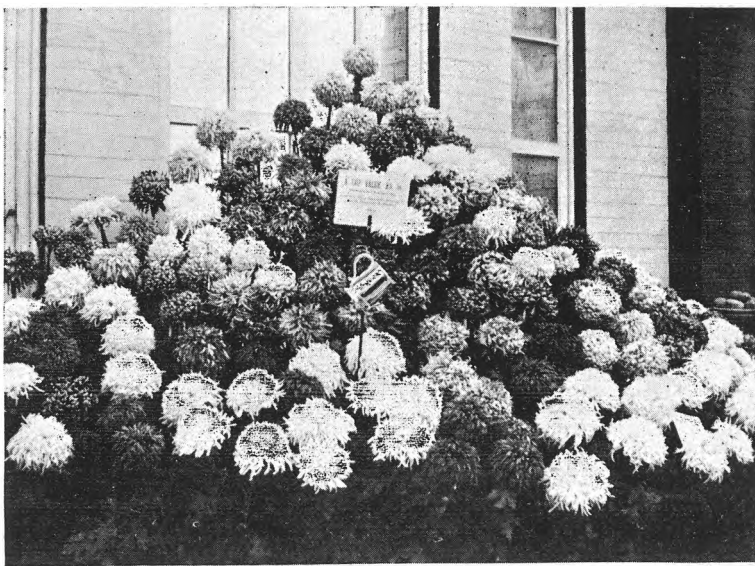
First prize group of Chrysanthemums and Greenhouse Plants, exhibited by Messrs. Pates and Sharpe, of Cheltenham. Mr. Sharpe, one of the Secretaries of the show, and a member of the firm named, is the figure in the foreground.

MR. BRASSEY FOUR TIMES MAYOR OF CHIPPING NORTON.

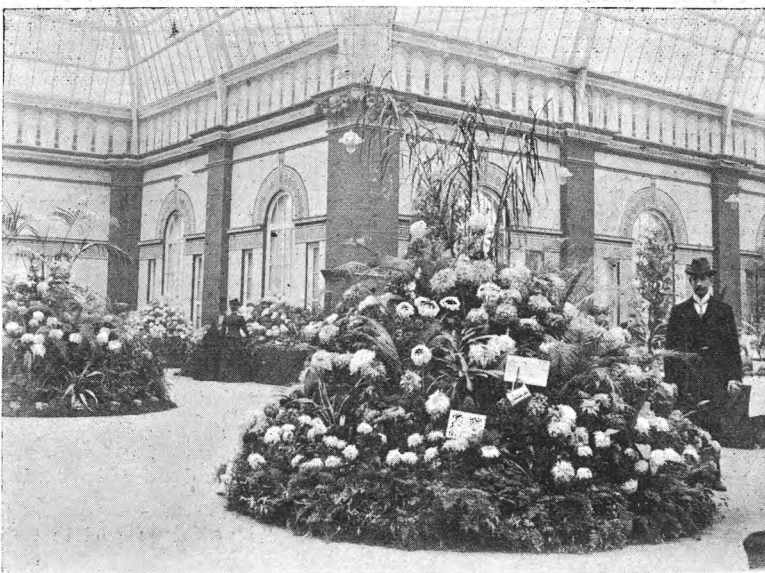
The annual meeting of the Town Council was held on Saturday, when every member was present, and the attendance included the Hon. Mrs. Brassey. The proceedings were enthusiastic, as it was a foregone conclusion that Mr. Albert Brassey, M.P., would be re-elected Mayor and enter upon his fourth successive term of office, and the borough was to some extent decorated. The Deputy Mayor temporarily presided.—Ald. Bowen said they were all aware that it was imperative in the coming year, when the Coronation would take place, that each town should have at its head someone who who could represent it with dignity and shed lustre upon such borough. Therefore, they could not in Chipping Norton have anyone who would so worthily represent them as their retiring Mayor, Mr. Brassey, and they were deeply indebted to him for being willing to again take the Mayoralty, for which he now proposed him.—Mr. Lewis seconded, and the proposition was carried unanimously, with enthusiasm.—Mr. Brassey then entered the room and took the usual oaths. He returned thanks for the honour. He only regretted that he should be unable to devote as much time as he could wish to the duties of the office, but he did not feel quite so much compunction as he otherwise should in accepting the office, because he remembered that he could rely on the able assistance of Dr. Hutchinson as his deputy, and also upon the loyal co-operation and support of the Corporation. He was very pleased if he could render any little help to the town. He was sorry the rates were so exceedingly high, but did not see how it could be avoided. They had entered upon an extensive scheme of drainage for a town of that size, but they had no choice except to carry it out. Although it was a costly undertaking it was a good one, and was being satisfactorily carried out.—On the proposition of Messrs. Reader and Paul, a vote of thanks to the Mayor for his able services was passed, as was one to his deputy.—Messrs. A. A. Webb and C. P. Simms, the retiring aldermen, were re-elected, the Mayor giving his casting vote for the latter, who tied with Councillor Stayt.—Some formal business was transacted. The call for the borough expenses for the year was £100. The borough seal was affixed to a mortgage deed for £298 advanced for works of additional water supply.

* * *

Sir Robert Reid, K.C., M.P., has consented to become president of the Stockton-on-Tees Junior Liberal Association and to address a public meeting in connection with it in the early part of the coming year.



First prize group of Chrysanthemums arranged for effect, shown by Mr Horlick, Cowley Manor.



A general view of the show, with Messrs. Pates and Sharpe's group in the foreground.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By THE HON. MRS. MAXWELL-SCOTT.

I have been asked to gather together a few anecdotes regarding my great-grandfather, Sir Walter Scott, and especially any family traditions which I may have inherited. Owing to the early deaths of my mother and uncle, when I was quite a child, I can claim no direct information of the kind; still less can I claim any personal knowledge of Sir Walter, of course, as I was born just twenty years after his death.

All I can do, therefore, is to offer a few stories culled from papers at Abbotsford, or supplied to me by the kindness of relations and friends.

Only the other day I came across, at Abbotsford, a letter written to my grandfather, Mr. Lockhart, in 1853, which, although largely used by him for the long *Life* of Sir Walter, gives some facts which seemed fresh to me, and may interest my readers.

The writer was Mr. John Irving, of whom Sir Walter says: "He was my greatest intimate from the days of my schooltime." The acquaintance began when young Scott first began to attend Mr. Frazer's class at the High School in Edinburgh, when both boys were about seven years old. For the next nine or ten years they were constant companions.

Sir Walter's memory was early very remarkable, and Mr. Irving says that "when he attended the Rector's class Dr. Adams used generally to apply to him for the dates and other particulars of battles and other remarkable events alluded to in Horace, and in other authors the class were reading, and as I happened to be better acquainted with geography than the rest, Dr. Adams used to call Sir Walter the historian and me the geographer of the class."

Mr. Irving goes on to tell us that the boy Walter Scott used to take out a great number of books from a circulating library, which the two boys would generally read at the same time: "Every Saturday, and more frequently during the college vacation, we used to retire with three or four of these books to Salisbury Craigs, or sometimes to Arthur's Seat or Blackford Hill, and read them together—he read faster than I did, and had, on this account, to wait, finishing each two pages, before turning the leaf. The books we most delighted to read were romances containing adventures of knights errant. 'The Castle of Otranto,' Spenser, Ariosto, &c., were great favourites."

The friends would climb up the rocks in search of places to sit sheltered from the wind, and we are not surprised to find that the more inaccessible these spots were, the more they were pleased; and Mr. Irving remembered that it was several times proposed that he should go for a ladder to extricate Sir Walter, but happily it was never necessary to resort to this extreme measure.

After the boys had continued the practice of reading together for two years, young Scott proposed that they should compose and recite to each other adventures of knights errant, and he used to recite for half an hour or more at a time, while Mr. Irving could not continue for half the time. The stories were endless, for both were averse to killing off any of their favourite knights.

The friends also visited every old castle within eight or ten miles of Edinburgh. In these long expeditions young Scott used generally to walk with one hand on his friend's shoulder, leaning with the other on a strong walking-stick.

The two boys used often to walk together on moonlight nights in the meadows. Mr. Irving specially remembers his friend as repeating over and over again the first verse of "Cumnor Hall," with which he was delighted.

In concluding his interesting letter, Mr. Irving alludes with much feeling to his last

visit to Sir Walter in 1829.

"The last time I saw Sir Walter," he says, "was at Abbotsford. He was not able to walk much, but showed me most of his walks and plantations, and as he rested his hand on my shoulder he reminded me how many miles he had, thus walked with me in his younger days."

In connection with Sir Walter's early interest in history and battles, I have recently seen the following passage in a letter written by Sir Walter to Mr. James Elles, of Otterbourne Castle, in the year 1812. After thanking Mr. Elles for some information regarding the famous battle, in which, as he said, he took a particular interest, as having "a remote connection with some of the heroes of the day," Sir Walter says: "It is many years since I was on the spot, a little boy on a little pony, and with a travelling companion too careful to permit any of the researches which, even then, I had much inclination to make concerning the locality of the battle."

Another story of his childhood Sir Walter used to relate himself: One day he and his brother heard his mother explaining to their old nurse that, after all, the children had begged pardon for some misdemeanours they had been guilty of. "Begged pardon, ma'am!" the old woman replied, scornfully. "Beg pardon winna do; they maun be whuppet."

Of his later years there is a story which Sir Walter himself used to relate and laugh over. On one occasion his mother invited to dinner a gentleman with whose parents she had been formally acquainted. Before dinner she told her sons Walter and Thomas, then youths of little over twenty, that they were not to tempt the guest to drink too much after she left the dining-room. "Remember, bairns, he is an orphan," she added, to the amusement of her sons, the guest being a man over forty.

Sir Walter's goodness of heart was charmingly illustrated when a gentleman, well known for his rather simple understanding, and his blind admiration of an only son, who was also wanting in intellectual gifts, paid a visit to Sir Walter, who, in his usual kindly way, asked his visitor what profession his son intended to adopt.

"Well, Sir Walter," replied the gentleman, "I'm thinking Tam is a poet, like yourself."

After the departure of the guest, Mrs. Thomas Scott, who had been present, remarked, with some sarcasm: "I hope you were flattered at being bracketed with Tam?"

"My dear," replied Sir Walter, with grave kindness, "what higher praise could the man give me than to name me together with the being he loves and admires most in this world?"

Sir Walter's kindness extended also, as we know, to the animal world, and his dogs have become historic. His refusal to dine out on the day of Camp's death is recorded in the *Life*, but the following story has lately been sent to me by the kindness of Lord Woodhouselee's family, and is an excerpt from that nobleman's "Commonplace Book," under date March 4th, 1809:

"4th March, 1809.—This morning, in the Parliament House, while the court was just sitting down, Walter Scott whispered to me from the clerk's table that he had met with a great family misfortune last night. His favourite dog Camp (whom he has recorded in 'Marmion,' and whose portrait, attending his master, may be seen in Raeburn's picture) had died suddenly during the night."

Miss Elizabeth Frazer Tytler, another member of the Woodhouselee family, was sitting one day, when a child, under a tree in the avenue at Woodhouselee, nursing a lame duck, when Sir Walter, passing in his carriage, invited her to come for a drive, which she and the duck accordingly did!

The portrait of Sir Walter's pet cat, Hinsel, hangs at Abbotsford, and his friendship with one of the dogs has been chronicled. I have lately come across a few words about him in a letter from Sir Walter to his eldest son, dated Abbotsford, October 7th, 1822.

"Our house has been a little disturbed," he writes, "by a false report that Puss had

eat up the favourite Robin Redbreast who comes every morning to my few crumbs after breakfast, but the reappearance of Robin exculpated old Hinzle."

The charming account of the pet pig's untimely appearance at the front door at Abbotsford, when a large company was assembled, is well known. ("Life," V. vi. p. 241.) When Lady Louisa Stuart, Sir Walter's great friend, came to read the part of the "Life" in which this scene is described she was much touched by it, and wrote to Lady Montagu that some might laugh at such a trivial thing being recorded, but that it made her cry, it was so like what used to be.

There are, of course, many stories connected with Sir Walter and the Novels before the secret of the authorship was divulged. For instance, soon after the publication of "Kenilworth" Sir Walter was staying with Lord and Lady Montagu at Ditton Park. The children of Charles, Duke of Buccleuch, who, after the death of their parents, resided with their uncle and aunt, the Montagus, were also in the house. One day Lady Harriet Scott, then a mere child, ran into the library where her aunt and Sir Walter were sitting. As she approached, Lady Montagu, to whom the secret had been confided by the late Duke, turned to Sir Walter, saying: "Here comes 'Hibberty Gibbet.'" She perceived by his conscious expression that the shot had gone home.

Another time Sir Walter himself was the culprit. Walking one day with his friend Mr. Mackenzie, of Portmore, after the publication of "The Talisman," they came across a clear and beautiful spring on a bare hillside. "There," said Sir Walter, pointing to it, "there is the Diamond of the Desert." The spring still bears the name.

There is also a tradition that when "Waverley" first appeared Sir Walter took over a copy of the novel in his pocket to Bowhill and offered it to the Duke of Buccleuch, saying: "Here is a new book which may interest you."

Talking of the Novels, I am told that on one occasion Sir Walter found his niece Anne (daughter of his brother Thomas, and to whom he refers in his journal as a "charming girl, ladylike in thought and action, and very pleasant society") poring over the latest *Waverley* Novel. As he approached she looked up and exclaimed: "Oh, Uncle Walter, I am sorry for you, that you cannot have the intense enjoyment of reading your own novels for the first time." He gently patted her shoulder and replied: "Do you think it gave me no pleasure to write them, my dear?"

Last month I had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman who visited Sir Walter about the year 1826, and who very kindly gave me his interesting recollections of the occasion. Mr. Loch, whose mother was one of the family of Blair Adam, so dear to Sir Walter, spent a night at Abbotsford with his parents. At dinner Mr. Loch had the pleasure of sitting opposite Sir Walter, and described the admiration and pleasure with which he gazed at him, as far as good manners permitted.

He observed that Sir Walter drank out of a quaigh, holding it with both hands; this was no doubt at the end of dinner, when it was the custom for a tray of quaighs, including the one belonging to Prince Charlie, to make its appearance. Mr. Loch remembers that Sir Walter's daughter, Anne, took the head of the table, and his son Charles sat at the bottom and carved, Lady Scott being apparently ill and upstairs. Mr. Lockhart came in late and took a vacant chair near Anne, and the youthful guest thought him "dark and silent."

Next morning Mr. Loch rose early, wishing to look at the armour and other curiosities. Sir Walter, being, as we know, also an early riser, came across his young guest in the hall, and was very kind. Placing his arm on his shoulder, he walked him down the hall, singing or repeating verses of songs relating to the history of the various pieces of armour, finally showing him the Waterloo cuirass, with its fatal bullet hole. After this Sir Walter took him to see the bust of Shakespeare, which then occupied

the niche in the library where Sir Walter's own bust now stands. Mr. Loch also saw Hugh John Lockhart on this occasion, and remembers helping the little boy to make a bow from a piece of wood.

I may perhaps be permitted to conclude this slight article, which is, I fear, a thing of "shreds and patches," by a little reminiscence of my own youth which forms a connecting link with the past. In 1872 I had the pleasure of meeting, at the Duke of Buccleuch's house in London, the venerable Count Orloff Davidoff, who had been intimate with Sir Walter in his youth, and of whom Sir Walter speaks warmly in his journal.

Some little time afterwards, when he had returned to Russia, I received from the Count a beautiful brooch, of Moscow work, which I still treasure as a memento of Sir Walter's friend.

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ON BIRD SUPERSTITIONS.

In an article on this subject in "Nature Notes," a writer says that perhaps no family has more superstitions connected with it than the Corvidæ, and foremost among these comes the magpie, who has so many that it is quite difficult to make a fair selection. Generally he is considered as unlucky, and has full powers of ill-wishing, but in Cornwall he is looked upon as decidedly lucky. An odd number of magpies is unlucky, but an even number is lucky. For many years the raven has been considered a bird of ill-omen, and his hoarse croak has conveyed many warnings to those who believe in such things. The cough has also an evil name. The French naturalist, Buffon, discovered that the beak of the cross-bill was "an error of Nature rather than a permanent feature." Perhaps the most amusing of all superstitions is that of Pepys, concerning the skylark. He says that when a snake sees a skylark singing he gets underneath and opens his mouth wide, at the same time fascinating him with his eyes. The skylark gradually circles downward, being so under the fascination apparently as to be unable to stop singing, and, when he gets close, the glare of the snake's eye becomes too much for him, and he drops into the snake's mouth and is devoured, and the snake moves on to the next lark. This, he says, accounts for the sudden ceasing of the lark's song when he gets near the ground—a very interesting explanation. The nightjar has created quite a scandal, as he is supposed to suck the udders of goats, hence the name "goat-sucker." This is about the most absurd of all superstitions, and, unfortunately, it has led to many birds being shot and many eggs destroyed by people who will not take the trouble to enquire as to its accuracy. What the nightjar lives on in districts where there are no goats the superstition does not explain. The owl (usually the barn owl) is another bird of most sinister reputation. He cannot allow people to die in peace, but hoots at the window of the sick room, and taps the window frame. The swan floats down the river to die, singing sweetly.

He must have a very fine sense of humour to sing at his own funeral, so to speak. This is a very poetical idea, but, like some other poetical ideas, its accuracy is not beyond impeachment, but this is easily got over by a pleasant little fiction known as "poetical license." There are many other superstitions, of which a passing glance must suffice. Thus, swallows were formerly supposed to gather together in "lumps" and fall into the water, and there pass the winter in torpidity—a most unhealthy practice. Dippers lay their eggs under water. The eagle is the only bird which can look in the eye of the sun. The cuckoo changes in the winter to a hawk. The hoopoe is unlucky, and in Sweden presages war. The wall creeper only lays its eggs in skulls. The crow, "the great black crow," lives for "a hundred years and no more." Nearly every district has some superstitions peculiar to itself.

The Cotswold Hills were coated with snow early on Thursday morning.



THE LATE MR. FRED HINTON,
OF GLOUCESTER.

Formerly Bandmaster of the Royal South Gloucester Militia, and one of the High Sheriff's Trumpeters at the Proclamation of King Edward in Gloucester and Cheltenham.

The funeral of Mr. Fred Hinton, of Ivy House, Oxford-street, who for the last half-century has been one of the leading lights in the musical life of the city, took place on Monday, at the Gloucester Cemetery. The cortege left deceased's residence shortly after half-past two, being headed by the members of the Civic Military Band, which, under the conductorship of Mr. Frank Dawes, played appropriate marches. On either side of the hearse walked the members of Hinton's Band, of which deceased had been manager for many years. The mourners were:—1st coach, Mr. Harry Hinton and Mr. John Hinton (sons), Mr. E. Hinton (brother), Mr. H. E. Trinder (son-in-law), and Master Fred Hinton (grandson); 2nd, Mr. G. Pike, Mr. J. Thain, Mr. J. Cooke (Newent), Mr. E. Trinder, and Master F. Trinder (grandson).

The Rev. G. Milner, rector of St. Mary de Crypt, officiated, at the request of the deceased. At the graveside the Civic Military Band played "O God, our help in ages past."

The following sent wreaths:—Nell and Harry (daughter and son-in-law), Hinton's Band, Bandmaster Rowland (1st G.R.E.V.), Mr. C. Collier (Birmingham), Committee of the Private Assembly Dances, Nell and Arthur and Mrs. Greening, George and E. Pike and family, Mr. and Mrs. Reardon, Mr. and Mrs. H. Moffatt, Mr. S. S. Starr, Bert Cook, Mrs. Lane, Mr. and the Misses Goddard, Mr. Drew and family, Mr. and Mrs. Butler (Warminster).

SIXTY-THREE YEARS A VICAR.

LIVED UNDER FIVE SOVEREIGNS.

The Rev. George Docker Grundy, M.A., who has been vicar of St. John the Baptist's Church, Hey, near Oldham, for nearly 63 years, died on Saturday. He occupied the pulpit, into which he had to be assisted, for the last time on the 20th ult. The rev. gentleman, who was born on August 2, 1807, was ordained in 1830 by the then Bishop of Lincoln, and was probably the oldest clergyman in the Church of England. He read himself in at Hey Church on December 9, 1838, and it will thus be seen he held the living for close on 63 years. Before that period, however, he held a curacy at High Wycombe, and next took charge of a living five miles from Ulverston. He was afterwards curate of Harewood, where he had the pleasure of reading prayers before Princess (afterwards Queen) Victoria, then a girl of 16 years. Two of his sons are clergymen, the eldest being 70 years old.

Princess Victor Dhuleep Singh has left town for Paris.

Poet's Corner.

THE BRIDE'S PROMISE.

He clasped her in his fond embrace,
And kiss'd her forehead, fair as snow;
He saw light up that angel face
Devotion's pure and radiant glow;
And, oh! if e'er to man was given
An emblem of that faith above,
'Twas when, with eyes upturn'd to heaven,
Her lips pronounced the vow of love.
'Twas thus she spoke:

"When Joy's bright lamp shall cease to shine,
And sorrow marks the wearying day,
Here, on this pillow breast of mine,
Thy heart may ease its cares away.

"My smile shall cheer thine hour of gloom,
And soothe thee when thine ills draw near;
And whatso'er may be our doom
I'll freely yield, without a tear.

"And when grown old, and worn with age,
Such be the will of heaven above,
My hands shall smooth life's tottering stage,
And call to mind our early love.

"And as the last sad hour draws nigh
That parts thee from this sorrowing breast,
I'll point thy hopes to yon blue sky,
And whisper, 'There the soul hath rest.'"

THE LATE MRS. HICKS BEACH.

MEMORIAL WINDOW AT CRANHAM CHURCH.

On Saturday afternoon, at four o'clock, in Cranham Church, a memorial window was dedicated to the memory of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Caroline Hicks Beach, of Witcombe Park. The window was subscribed for by parishioners and friends of Cranham. The service commenced with the singing of Hymn 160 A. and M. Evensong was sung up to the Third Collect, the Rector of Cranham (the Rev. H. R. Hanson) intoning the office. Then followed the Collects for Trinity Sunday and All Saints' Day. The special Psalms were cxxi. and cxxii. The first Lesson was Isaiah xxxv., read by the Rev. J. F. Cornwall, rector of Witcombe, and the second Lesson, Rev. vii., 9, was read by the Rev. Canon Bowers, of Gloucester. Hymn 221 was sung, followed by the recital of the Lord's Prayer. Canon Bowers then intoned two prayers of dedication, after which he gave an impressive address, in the course of which he said this was the third memorial to Mrs. Hicks Beach, a lady who was so well known and beloved by them all. At the conclusion of the service Hymn 428 was sung. There was a large congregation of relatives and friends. The window is by Powell, of Whitefriars, London, under the direction of Mr. Sidney Gambier Parry, and is a great addition to the chancel of this beautiful old village church. The subject is "The Visitation."

The late Sir Samuel Hercules Hayes, Bart., who died at Funchal, Madeira, last week, married a half-sister of Viscount Lifford, of Broadway.

The Sultan of Johore was riding in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, on Sunday, accompanied by a young English lady from London. The latter's horse bolted and came down, breaking its neck. The young lady was thrown heavily, and after being assisted into a carriage was conveyed to the Elysee Palace Hotel, where she is progressing satisfactorily.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman was on Monday entertained at luncheon by Lord Aberdeen at Haddo House, Aberdeenshire, a number of Liberals being invited to meet him. In reference to the war, he said it must be prosecuted to a successful issue, but that was of greatest concern was the settlement after hostilities had ceased. The restoration of Boer independence was out of the question, and he advocated independent self-government under British supremacy.

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FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE.

III.

CURIOUS MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION,
By DR. J. G. McPHERSON, F.R.S.E.
(Author of "The Formation of the Clouds," &c.).

About a dozen years ago, considerable interest was shown in the beautiful and characteristic marks on the fingers and feet. This interest has again revived. We do not refer to the peculiar palm and wrist-lines which give some evidence of the disposition of the person; though that is a capital study. Of course, indicating the probable future of a man by the markings on his hand is fraught with superstition and encourages deception; yet there is some character to be determined by these palm marks. In the same way, though we cannot agree with the details of phrenology, there is character to be determined by the markings in the countenance. Two or three scratches with a pencil one way or another on an outline face-drawing will indicate different temperaments. A glance at our ordinary comic journals will at once convince our readers of this principle.

FINGER MARKINGS.

But our object in discussing the markings on the fingers is not for the purpose of determining character or reading the future; it is to show the individuality of the person in his framework. By these he can be identified; for no two persons have the same markings. As different as are countenances, so are the finger-markings. This seems incredible; but it is true. Close observation will convince all our readers of its truth. Look at your finger-points. If you have a small hand-magnifying glass, you will be able to examine them more distinctly. You will on these first joints find fine lines which take their origin from various centres. They proceed from various centres in spirals and whorls, and distribute themselves in beautiful designs over the whole of the underpart of the first joints. A corresponding surface is on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet.

These varied designs were first studied by Pivkinje in 1822; and their physiological character has been carefully elaborated by many writers since, especially by Kollman, in 1833. You observe that in one individual the markings are very fine, in another the furrows are deep and broad. On the fingers of my right hand the markings are exceptionally fine; the centre is in the centre of the joint, and close elliptic lines spread out from this to the edges. There must be thirty to forty of them. On the left hand, on the contrary, there is scarcely a distinct elliptic line round the centre, but all drag away in a slant towards the little finger, after the arch is formed round the centre. One thing to be observed is that when the markings are not of the whorl order (as in my right hand), the broken elliptic lines take a uniform slant in the one hand and a slant in the opposite direction in the other hand. Yet through life these lines never change their form. Hence the means of identification.

In the XVIIIth century, Bewick, in vignettea in the "History of Birds," gave a woodcut of his own thumb-mark. One of the best means of securing it is to put the thumb upon very thin printer's ink and press it upon clean white paper. Another way is to touch with the thumb a surface which is covered with very thin white paint, and press it upon the bright surface of a mirror. This will give you a diagram of the lines of the formation. To get a drawing of the furrows, smoke a piece of glass, press the finger on it and then remove the finger; the negative will be at once shown. A number of people could put their marks together in this way upon a glass slide, and throw the impressions on a white screen by means of a magic lantern. The effect of the different markings is by this plan brought most prominently out. But let a dozen people put down their thumb-marks on a sheet of paper (with thin printer's ink)—side by side—and they will at once see the characteristics of each—no two are the same in all details. Each person has, therefore, his own finger-mark.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

Moreover, this finger-mark remains the same for life. This has been most carefully studied by Sir William Herschel, an officer in the Bengal Civil Service. In one of his experiments, shown before the members of the Philosophical Institution, London, he showed the markings of his forefinger after an interval of twenty-eight years, one taken in 1860 and the other in 1888. Though a long time intervened between the fixing of these two imprints, the general character of the markings remained the same.

Some years ago Dr. H. Faulds observed in Japan some finger-marks on specimens of prehistoric pottery. These marks had been made on the vessels while the clay was soft. A careful study of the finger-marks of monkeys convinced him of the very close analogy to those of human beings. Though the marks on the hands of the Japanese differ considerably from those of Englishmen, there are some general similar characteristics. Some individuals—men and women—show quite a symmetrical development of the furrows, which may originate in two principal ways; the new furrow may arise in the middle of a ridge, and a single furrow may divide and form a letter Y. When loops occur, the innermost lines may break off and end abruptly; they may end in self-returning loops; or again, they may go on without breaks after turning round upon themselves.

An officer in Arizona used to make his orders for payment on a camp sutler, and used his own thumb-mark to serve the same purpose as the elaborate markings on bank cheques. The thumb-mark has been used in China and elsewhere in attestation of deeds. Sir William Herschel introduced finger-marks for practical purposes in several ways in India. He had heard that Chinese criminals in early times were made to give the impressions of their fingers, just as the criminals of this country are now photographed. In Egypt the criminals were made to seal their confessions with their thumb-nails, as the country servant girls used to seal their letters. Accordingly Sir William adopted the registration of finger-markings for pensioners. He suspected that others personated these officials after the pensioners were dead; he therefore employed this means of identification. This led to the scientific identification of criminals—each prisoner signed a book with his finger. Comparing the signatures of persons made after an interval of twenty years, he proved that time makes no such material difference as to effect the utility of the plan. There is a marked difference between the marks of males and females.

Mr. Francis Galton once made a very convenient little apparatus for examining finger-marks and for recording the position of furrow-heads. It is a slight and small, but well-made wooden pantograph, multiplying five-fold, in which a very low-power microscope, with coarse cross-wires, forms the axis of the short limb, and a pencil-holder the axis of the long limb. A registered book of drawings of this kind would be an easy means of identifying one who had been a prisoner.

IDENTIFYING BY TELEGRAPH.

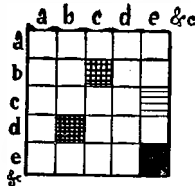


FIG. I.

The other means of identification has the assistance of the telegraph; and is very useful

when criminals bolt in a vessel for a foreign country. Mr. Glen, the inventor of this signalling plan, had the principle suggested to him when he was watching the sewing on canvas. It is suitable for plans as well as portraits. The design to be transmitted is drawn upon ruled paper, divided into small squares by vertical and horizontal lines. For different purposes, different styles of squares are used. If a portrait is to be transmitted, there will be 400 squares in the square inch of ruled paper; if rougher drawings, 100 squares in the square inch, and so on.

At the left-hand corner of the top of the paper, the squares are lettered in order, the top set of squares being a, b, c, etc., in line a (as in figure I.)—which for purposes of illustration contains only 25 squares in the square inch. The second set of squares are lettered a, b, c, etc., in line b; so that the square on the 4th horizontal row, and the 3rd vertical row would be indicated (d,c).

Six different scales of tints are used, indicated by capital letters (as above); A being black, B a shade lighter, up to F, which is white. According to the styles of squares, and the class of tints, if the operator sent a message (b, a, B), the squares would be marked by the receiver, and the shade put in, as on the top line of the figure. The other marked squares in that diagram would be thus transmitted in order downwards (c, b, C), (e, e, E), (b, d, D), (e, e, A).

This system seems likely to be of some utility in military operations, as it is especially suitable for the telegraphic transmission of small maps or plans of a locality. The operator at the transmitting station can indicate by the alphabetical message where the receiver is to put down his pencil. The receiver marks the square as indicated; and as he is directed from square to square, he draws his lines, soon forming a complete outline drawing.

A CRIMINAL'S PORTRAIT.

Portraits of criminals can thus be easily very easily, transmitted by the same process, as here shown,

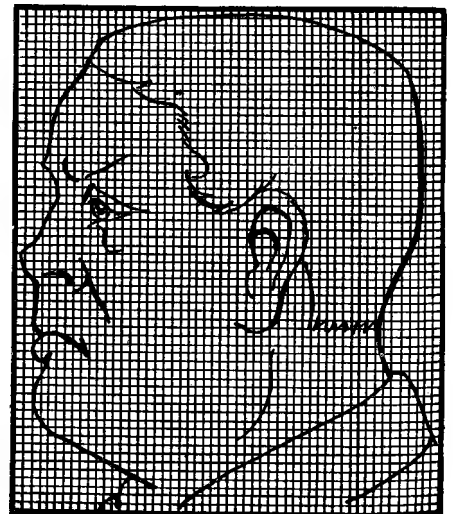


FIG. II.

where the outline of a burglar's head is drawn for signalling. And in many cases this is sufficient, when the usual police directions have been telegraphed.

Of course, if there is sufficient time, the shade of the hair can be signalled according to the scale of tints given above. New York constables could have the very portraits in their hands awaiting the arrival of the "wanted" men from Britain.

Next Week: "The Secret of the Stars," by Edward Clodd.

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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

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A BRAVE SOLDIER.

DEATH OF GEN. MANLEY, C.B., V.C.

SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death from diabetes late on Saturday night of Surgeon-General William George Nicholas Manley, C.B., V.C., who passed away at his residence, 3 Lansdown-terrace, Cheltenham, after an illness of some weeks' duration. For twenty-five years, except when called upon for service in foreign fields, he had resided in Cheltenham, and won the regard and esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

The gallant officer was the second son of the late Rev. William Nicholas Manley, his mother being a daughter of the late Dr. Brown, a member of the Army Medical Staff, held in high repute a century ago. He was born in Dublin on December 17th, 1831, and after being educated at Blackheath Proprietary School, turned his attention to surgery, and became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England in 1851. Four years later he joined the Army Medical Staff, and was at once attached to the Royal Artillery serving in the Crimea, and took part in the siege and fall of Sevastopol, his services during this campaign being rewarded with the medal and clasp, and the Turkish medal. It was in the New Zealand War of 1863-6 that he next saw active service and most distinguished himself. As a Volunteer, he accompanied a storming party at the assault of the Gate Pah, and for conspicuous gallantry in this action he was mentioned in despatches by Sir D. Cameron, K.C.B., and received the Victoria Cross, a very rare honour for medical officers. At this time he held the rank of Assistant-Surgeon, and the extract from the "London Gazette" describing the act of bravery on April 29, 1864, for which he received the Victoria Cross, is as follows:—"For his conduct during the assault on the Rebel Pah, near Tauranga, New Zealand, on the 29th April last, in most

No. 47.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Photo by Waite & Pettitt,

[Cheltenham.]

Surgeon-General Manley, C.B., V.C

Died November 16, 1901.

nobly risking his own life, according to the testimony of Commodore Sir William Wiseman, Bart., C.B., in his endeavour to save that of the late Commander Hay, of the Royal Navy, and others. Having volunteered to accompany the storming party into the Pah, he attended on that officer when he was carried away mortally wounded, and then volunteered to return, in order to see if he

could find any more wounded. It is stated that he was one of the last officers to leave the Pah." He also served in the same war under Sir Trevor Chute, K.C.B., and was present at the assault and capture of the Okotukou, Putahi, Otapawa, and Wadkoko Pahs. For his services on this occasion he was again mentioned in despatches and promoted to the rank of Staff-Surgeon, the noti-

fication by a general order being as follows:—"Horse Guards, S.W., 20th Oct. 1865.—His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief notifies to the Army that her Majesty has approved of the promotion of Assistant-Surgeon Manley, V.C., Royal Artillery, to be Staff-Surgeon in consideration of the distinguished and meritorious services rendered by that officer to the sick and wounded in the field during recent operations in New Zealand.—By command of his Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, William Paulet, Adjutant-General." At about the same time he received the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society for swimming to the assistance of and rescuing from drowning a gunner of the Royal Artillery, who had fallen overboard while disembarking from a steamer in the Waitotara River, New Zealand.

When the Franco-Prussian War broke out in 1870 he proceeded with the British Ambulance Corps, and was attached to the 22nd Division of the Prussian Army. He served with that division during the advance on Orleans, and was present at several engagements, for his services on which occasions he received the German steel war medal, the Bavarian Order of Merit, and, at the request of the Crown Prince, was granted by the Emperor of Germany the 2nd Class of the Iron Cross, on account of "His devoted and excellent conduct in seeking and caring for the wounded of the 22nd Division in the actions of Chateau-neuf and Bretoncelle on the 18th and 21st November, and the battles of Orleans and Cravant on the 10th December, 1870." The letter from the Crown Prince accompanying the gift was as follows:—"His Majesty the Emperor and King has, at my request, to Dr. Manley, Chief Surgeon of an English Ambulance, on account of his devoted and excellent conduct in seeking out and caring for the wounded of the 22nd Prussian Division in the actions of Chateau-neuf and Bretoncelles, on the 18th and 21st November, and in the battles of Orleans and Cravant, on the 10th December, 1870, consented to grant the Iron Cross of the II. Class, with white and black ribbon. In forwarding this decoration, I add the expression of my congratulations.—Wilhelms Hohe, near Cassel, the 13th Oct., 1871, (signed) Friedrich Wilhelm, K.P.—To Dr. Manley, the Chief Surgeon of an English Ambulance." The gallant officer was also present at the siege of Paris, and received the Cross of the French Societe de Secours aux Blesses, for his attention to wounded Frenchmen.

Deceased also took part in the Afghan War of 1878-9 with the Quetta Field Force under Sir M. S. Biddulph, K.C.B., and was present at the occupation of Kandahar, afterwards receiving the thanks of the Viceroy and Governor of India and the medal. He also served in the Egyptian War of 1882 as Principal Medical Officer of the Second Division under Sir Edward Hamley, K.C.B., and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He was again mentioned in despatches, specially promoted to the rank of Deputy-Surgeon-General, and rewarded with the medal and clasp, the 3rd class of the Osmanieh, and the Khedivial Star. He retired from the Army in 1884, and ten years later he received the distinction of a C.B. He was also in receipt of a distinguished service pension. He was a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England.

Deceased in early life married Miss M. E. Darton, the eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Harwood Darton, of Temple Dinsley, Hertfordshire, who survives her husband, and by whom there are five sons and one daughter still living. One son, Lieut. G. E. D. Manley, R.M.L.I., recently died while on service in China.

THE FUNERAL.

SERVICE AT ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, CHELTENHAM.

The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon, the cortege leaving deceased's residence, 2 Lansdown-ter., Cheltenham, for St. James' Church, where the first part of the Burial Service was to be conducted, consisted of an open car and pair and several mourning coaches and private carriages. The family mourners were as follow, viz: First carriage,

Capt. R. H. Manley, R.A. (son), Miss Manley (daughter), Mr. J. C. M. Manley (son), Miss Darton (sister-in-law); second carriage, Major E. W. Briscoe, late R.A. (nephew), Mr. C. Tennant (cousin), Master E. L. Manley (son); third carriage, Major A. V. Briscoe, late R.A. (nephew), Dr. H. Hoffman, M.D. (brother-in-law), Rev. C. A. Baker (brother-in-law), Mr. H. C. Baker (nephew); fourth carriage, Deputy-Surgeon-General Carr.

The coffin was of oak, with brass furniture, and bore the following inscription:—"William George Nicholas Manley, C.B., V.C., died 16 November, 1901, aged 69 years." Both it and the car were covered with beautiful floral tributes from all parts of the country.

Amongst those who had assembled at the church to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of the distinguished officer were: Gen. and Mrs. Jones, Gen. Tayler, Major-Gen. Smith, Brigade-Surg. and Mrs. Symonds, Surg.-Gen. Brook-Smith, Gen. Lewis, Colonel Geddes, Col. D. A. and Mrs. Campbell, Major A. K. Abbott, Capt. Hodgson, Dr. Peatfield, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Jackson, Mr. L. P. Jackson, Mr. Locke Jones, Mr. D. T. Woodward, Mr. Roberts, Mrs. Stanley-Clarke (General Stanley-Clarke was absent through indisposition), Mrs. A. Grimley, Mrs. Littledale, Miss Watson, and Miss Carr. The service, conducted by the Rev. P. Nash, was quite plain in accordance with the deceased's wish, even the services of the organist being dispensed with.

The interment was subsequently made at the Cemetery, and the service was conducted to the end by the Rev. P. Nash (Vicar of St. James's). Surgeon-General Gulland and Dr. Johns joined the mourners at the graveside. There were a number of wreaths, but the family do not wish a list to be published.

The arrangements were carried out by Messrs. Shirer and Haddon.

* * *

The Ranee of Sarawak has left England for Italy. She intends to spend the winter at her villa near Genoa.

*

ARCHBISHOP TO VISIT EVESHAM.

His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury intends visiting Evesham shortly after Christmas, and will stay at the old Vivarage.

*

The marriage of Mr. Ean F. Cecil with Miss Hilda Wemyss will take place at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Thursday, Dec. 12, at 2 o'clock.

OFFICER DIES OF WOUNDS.

We regret to say that Capt. Collins, of the 2nd Cheshire Regiment, died from wounds at Elandsfontein on November 14. Deceased was badly wounded in the leg in the fight at Brakenlaagte, and was for a time confined to hospital. Despite every care and attention, mortification set in, and the limb was amputated last week. Even this failed, and death ensued. Capt. C. W. Collins was a son of Major Collins (formerly of the Cheshire Regiment, and of East View, Bayhill, Cheltenham), and prior to joining the Army served as a second lieutenant in the 1st G.R.E.V. at Cheltenham. He obtained a commission in the Army in 1894, became lieutenant in 1897, and obtained his company last December. He was 29 years of age.

* * *

ROYAL GIFT TO A WELSH TOWN.

Nantymoll, a little mining town which lies buried from the outside world among the Glamorganshire mountains, has just been honoured by a gift from the King. A workman's hall and institute are in course of erection on a suitable site in the town, which in the Duchy of Lancaster, and the residents thought they had special claims to royal favour. The King was accordingly approached through Mr. Arthur Lawrence, of Cardiff, the leading mining engineer for the Duchy, with the happy result that his Majesty has graciously forwarded a donation of £200 towards the institute.

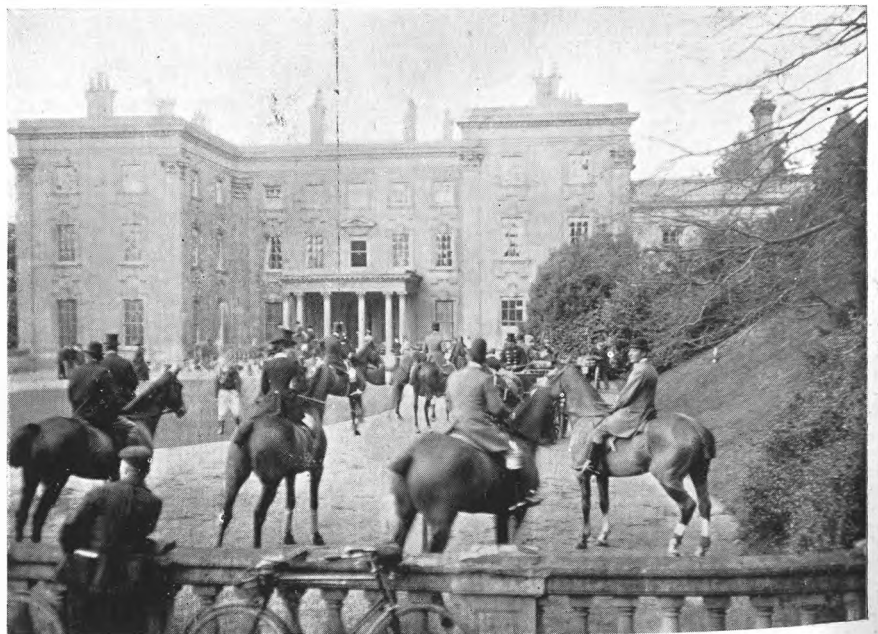
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LORD CURZON'S TOUR.

Lord Curzon, the Viceroy, held a Durbar on Saturday, at Manipur, 3,000 persons being present. His lordship explained that the object of his visit was to learn the local conditions, to impress upon the people in those remote parts the interest which the Government took in their welfare, and to form some idea of the future prospects of the State before the Rajah assumed office a few years hence.

* * *

Has it ever struck you what a grand medium for advertising the "Chronicle and Graphic" is? It circulates in almost every home in Cheltenham, and has a large army of readers in town and county, while its mail list is a very extensive one. Shrewd advertisers should therefore secure space at once. Special terms for positions in the Art Supplement.



MEET OF COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT DOWDESWELL COURT, NOV. 11, 1901.

By the Way.

MRS. JENKINS ON "BAZAARS AND SALES OF WORK."

The other day, Mr. Editor, I 'ad a ticket sent me as said something about a bazaar or a "sale of work," as they do call 'em nowadays, as was to be 'eld in aid of the Cruelty to Children, wich there was hall manner of fan-dangles to 'elp it on, wot with real Japanese preformances and Cheltenham in the Georges, wich I spose it means as Georges has a special "Caffey" there for them as wants to 'ave a bit and a sup between whiles of spending their money; they do say as Mr. Bruce-Pryce were asked to take a stall, but 'e couldn't be persuaded to do it, not on no account; but of course, you know, I don't believe all I hears, not by a long way.

But, as I was a-saying, these 'ere bazaars and sales of work and feets and sich like, it always seems to me that they're a bit 'ard on the struggling shop-folk, as finds times very 'ard, wot with the rent and taxes and the war, and 'aving to superscribe to these 'ere Involuntary Schools or else be 'ostracated' by their Church-going customers; w'en I were a gal I used to think different, as I used to go to a chapel where we 'ad sales of work reglar every 3 or 4 months, and I were only too pleased to knit stockings and make patch-work quilts, wich I often 'ad to buy them meself as well as to make them; but there, you know, I met the man of my choice, and a good many others as didn't turn out to be the 'appy man, at these 'ere bazaars, and often of a evening I sits over the fire w'en I've a-finished reading my "Echo," and thinks of them 'appy times and "love's young dream." Ah! them was 'appy times, to be sure!

But in those time they was *really* sales of work wich nowadays there's a deal too much competition with the shops to please me, seein' as 'ow you can get everythink at a bazaar, from a sausage to a ton of coal as can't be called a sale of work w'en there ain't 'ardly any genu-ine work in the show. Poor Jenkins, 'e used to say, "Selina, you mark my words! Bazaars isn't according to Scripture! If them there church and chapel folk ain't thankful enough to give the Lord half-a-crown without 'aving 2 pairs of socks or 'alf-a-dozen handkerchiefs for their money, then it don't say much for their Christianity!" And Jenkins, 'e knowed a thing or two, 'e did, altho', as I was a-sayin', I did pick 'im up at a sale of work, wich 'e said to me, jokine like (as I were buying a crazy chair-cover off ov 'is stall), "If you like to take the 'alf-dozen, Miss, you can 'ave me 'and and 'eart thrown in, as the sayin' is," from wich moment started a live-long attachment, as were the best bargain I ever made in my born days.

But wot I says is this: W'en they 'olds bazaars and things, it's only fair and moral, let alone Christian, to make a rule that nothin' should be sold at a less price than it is sold for in the shops. Let's 'ave a fair competition and no favour, that's wot I says, and none of these 'ere raffles and sich-like, wich it's all very well to shove them under the wing of the Church, as the sayin' is, and to prate about it's hall being for a good cause, wich even the Bishops, as is asleep or on the "Continong" most of their times, is beginning to say what a outdacious thing it is to make money for the Lord by gambling, as isn't allowed in the streets, not even pitch and toss, and I knows many a one as started by putting a sixpence in a raffle for a cushion and went on till they put their own and somebody else's bits on horses, wich we all knows such goings on allus comes to the lock-up or the workus.

But the hother day, just as a hegsperience, and for to compare it with the hegsperiences of my young days, I so far forgot meself as to went to a sale of work, wich it were 'eld to put new drains and buy some him-books for a Sunday School.

W'en I gets to the door, you believe me, the outdaciousness of it! they wanted to make me **PAY TO GO IN!**

Why, just think of that now; ere's a place as they wants everybody they can to be jostled

into, so as to make 'em all buy something; and so as to make it more popular like, they makes the public *pay to go in!* My word! When I were a gal, we was only too glad to get 'em in and empty their pockets wiot a word of paying at the door.

W'en I gets inside I will say there was a very 'andsome lot of young gels behind kind of sweet stalls (like useter pitch at market times in the streets with fairings on), and they went on to me like mad to buy things, wich, before I knew where I were, I'd got 3 dolls, a piana-cover, a Jappense tea-set, and 6 pairs of 'and-knitted socks on me 'ands, wich I don't know wether I hordered them or not, in me flusterness. Any'ow, I 'ad to pay for 'em, and that thro' the nose, as the sayin' is, wich it were the beginnin' of the show, as everythink's double the price its going to be; wich Sarah Ann Tompkins, she were a bit more hartful, and didn't go in till the last evening, w'en everythink were marked down regardless of cost, as they do say in the shops.

Well, there was a lot of things going on wich they didn't 'ave in my young days: side-shows they called 'em, otherwise ventrilokey, millinery expeditions, spelling B's, afternoon teas, grammaphones, and ping-pong at 2d. a go, all for the drains and the him-books!

I've often thought I should like to be able to trim me own bonnet, so I goes up to the little room (wich it were fair sultry, that it were, with the crush of people), where there was lessons give away. I 'ad to pay again 'ere, before I goes in, and, would you believe it, it was a lot of men up on a platform, and fair gowks they did look, that's certain, each of 'em with a old 'at and a bit of trimmin', as 'ad to see wich could get 'is old 'at trimmed fust. W'en the word was given to "went," wot a sight them men did look, to be sure! Laugh? why, I thought I should 'ave died! Not but wot one of 'em made a very fair job of it. Howsomdever, I shouldn't 'ave cared to 'ave worn the 'at meself, not at my time of life. There were too much red about it to suit my complexion, as is rather fair.

I was so ecigit with laffin so much that I gives me name in for the spelling B, as come after; but I don't consider it were 'eld on fair lines at all, wich the fust word they give me to spell were such a long one as I couldn't remember the last 6 or 7 syllabubs when I were spelling out the beggining of 'im, and I will say I made a fair mess of it. But, of course, I 'aven't 'ad none of this 'ere tecknicle education, as is doin' wonders for fieldmales. 'Owsomedever, I can spell well enough to make meself hunderstood, Mr. Editor, and 'tisn't every lone widdar as can 'rite to the papers *hand* get it put in, too, wich is more!

Well, there was a lot of shouting and bust-

ling about, and the room got that crowded that I felt that I were like that there Miss Lillian Herries (as is on every notice-board in Cheltenham) in a "Fool's Paradise," for I were losing me money 'olesale, as the sayin' is, and to make things worse, wile I were a-squeezing past a chiney-stall so as not to be pushed into no more hentertainments unbeknownst, I swept a 'ole 'eap of little hornaments and stone cats and dogs and things with me shawl on to the floor, where they was smashed to hatoms; wich I 'ad a good warm hargyment with the young woman as howned the stall about leaving such things on the hedge so carelessly; but, willy-nilly, I 'ad to pay 2 'ard-earned shillings for the damage wich they said them drains and 'imbooks 'ad to be thought of, but says I, "And 'ow about Selina J., as is a lone fieldmale, and tries to pay 'er way as well as any Sunday School?" But as fer payin' 'er way, well, the only thing as I didn't have to pay for in that there bl ssed bazaar was to come out of it, and I verily believe I should 'ave 'ad to pay for that, if the young man engaged in guarding the door 'adn't been habsent for a moment talking to a young woman! It's my fair conviction that sales of work isn't wot they was not by no manner of means!

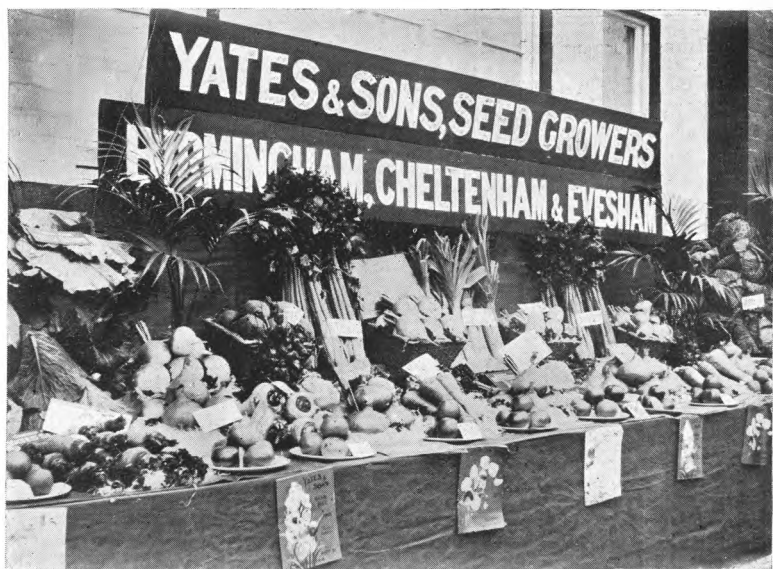
SELINA JENKINS.



Please note this !!

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A Trial Order, Please !



Yates and Sons' Exhibits of Vegetables at the Chrysanthemum Show at the Winter Garden. These fine specimens were grown by their customers from seed supplied by them, and for which they were awarded a special certificate of merit.



GLOUCESTER DOCKS

Showing Llanthony Bridge, which divides the Basin from the Canal.



ON THE SANDS AT BEXHILL-ON-SEA.



ON THE SANDS AT BEXHILL-ON-SEA.



DINING HALL AT DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL, CHELTENHAM.

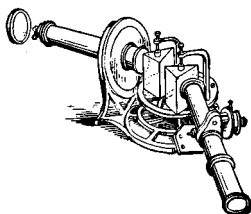
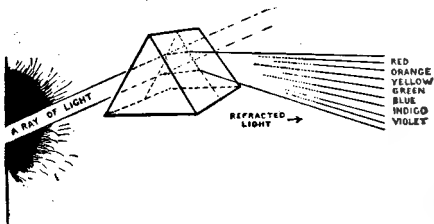
These four Pictures are from photos taken by GILBERT C. MARTIN, a Dean Close scholar, and will be admitted to be very creditable productions by a boy of 14 years with a guinea camera.

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FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE.

IV.—THE SECRET OF THE STARS,
By EDWARD CLODD

(Author of "The Childhood of the World,"
"Story of Creation," etc.).



THE SPECTROSCOPE.

In 1842, when Tennyson sang in "Locksley Hall" of "the fairy tales of science and the long result of time," there had been already many a discovery inciting minds hardened by fact or dulled by tradition to renew their youth and revisit its wonderland. In the domain of the oldest of sciences, the Herschels, father, sister, and son, had swept the heavens with the telescope, resolving a cloud-like cluster into what William Herschel described as "a shining fluid, of a nature totally unknown to us." But, in thus confessing ignorance, he, unlike Auguste Comte, put no limits to the field of possible knowledge. In 1836, the French philosopher declared that the distances of the stars could never be measured and that the matter of which they are composed could never be known. Three years after this prophecy, Bessel, then director of the observatory at Konisberg, measured the distance of a star in the constellation of the Swan, numbered 61 Cygni, which was chosen by him in virtue of its large proper motion, that is, its real, as opposed to its apparent, motion. He found that this star is about 400,000 times the distance of the sun, and, therefore, that its light, travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second of time, takes rather more than six years to reach us. Up to the present, the "parallax," or distance, of some fifty stars has been approximately ascertained, the nearest known example being

Alpha Centauri, the light from which takes about four years to reach us. In 1665, the year of the great plague in London, Newton, then in retirement at Woolsthorpe, formulated the theory of gravitation, the teaching of which, more than a century afterwards, was prohibited by the University of Salamanca as discordant with revealed religion! But the movements of thought, like those of the stars in their courses, cannot be arrested, and the observations of Bessel and his successors increased the volume of evidence, proving that if gravitation operates anywhere it operates everywhere, the remotest star, and the stone that falls on the ground when hurled, being alike within the universal order. The crowning triumph of Newton's discovery was effected three years after "Locksley Hall" was published, when certain irregularities in the movements of Uranus led two astronomers, Adams in England and Leverrier in France, to estimate the place of the disturbing body. Hence the discovery of the planet Neptune.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

Only a few years were to elapse after this memorable success before Comte's second prophecy, that the matter of which the sun and stars are built up can never be known, was to be refuted. Newton had discovered that when a ray of sunlight is refracted, or broken upon a prism, it is resolved into

different colours; red, which is the least refracted, being at one end, and violet, which is the most refracted, being at the other end of the "spectrum" or "appearance." The colours between these two are orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo; each one passing into the other by insensible gradations. Newton conceived light to be due to the emission of luminous particles which affected the eye and caused the sensation of vision. This "corpuscular" theory, as it is called, was displaced in the beginning of the nineteenth century by the "undulatory" or wave theory, which explains light as due to energy radiated from luminous bodies through the ethereal medium which fills all space and interspace. Each colour has its own wave length or refrangibility and speed. The wave-lengths vary between about thirty-two millionths of an inch, which is the measurement of the extreme red, to fifteen-millionths of an inch, which is the measurement of the extreme violet. Their speed equally defies grasp by the imagination, ranging from twenty billions to four hundred billions per second. But as the shorter waves, so to speak, take quicker steps than the longer waves, they all arrive together, combining to affect the eye as white light.

As observed by Newton, the sun's spectrum appeared to be an unbroken band of colours, and it was not until one hundred and thirty years after his observations were published that Wollaston, an eminent chemist, noticed seven dark lines or gaps appearing at intervals across the spectrum. These he regarded as marking the boundaries between the seven colours. But in 1814, Fraunhofer, a German optician, using improved apparatus, examined the spectrum more minutely, and detected the presence of no less than five hundred and seventy-six dark lines; the position of more than one half of which he mapped out, naming the few very conspicuous among them after the letters A to H. These are known as "Fraunhofer's lines," but such is the enormous number discovered since his day, that their wave-lengths are now expressed in figures. It was Fraunhofer's fate to die without having determined their significance, and the secret of the stars lay hidden for another generation. The year 1859 is for ever memorable in the history of science through the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species," the far-reaching influence of which has not even yet been discerned by the many. That year has further distinction through Kirchhoff's discovery of the meaning of the dark, and also the light, lines of spectra both in terrestrial elements and in the light-waves from sun, star, nebula, and comet. For, in the several attempts to interpret these lines, experiments were made by passing light through various coloured substances, when both classes of lines were produced.

Kirchhoff proved that every element in an incandescent state gives out rays, or, as they appear in its spectrum, lines peculiar to itself, and when these rays pass through a gaseous substance of lower temperature, they are absorbed by their fellow element. It is as if we sounded a note near a piano, when, as is well known, the piano at once responds with the same note. Now by watching these absorbed or dark lines, the relative positions of which to one another are constant, with the bright lines of terrestrial elements, burnt, let us say, in the electric arc, so as to ensure the highest state of incandescence, the positions of the dark and light lines are found to be coincident. For example, the lines caused by burning common salt, chemically known as chloride of sodium, were seen to be in the identical position of certain lines in the sun's spectrum; hence the inference that there is salt in the sun. And this same principle, applied to the multitude of lines crossing a single refracted ray, has demonstrated that the vapour of iron (which has a very complicated spectrum of above two thousand lines), copper, magnesium, carbon (which has two hundred lines), hydrogen, in all between thirty and forty elements, are present in the solar atmosphere.

A WONDERFUL STORY.

Of course, the work, pregnant with fascinating significance, thus far accomplished by the

spectroscope, could not stop here, and in 1864, the light analysing apparatus was applied to the stars by Sir William Huggins, now President of the Royal Society, and Professor W. A. Miller. This line of research was infinitely more difficult, because the light from a star of even the first magnitude is only one forty-thousand-millionth of that radiated from the sun, and, when viewed through the telescope, appears as a point. The broadening out of this point was essential for securing the star's spectrum; hence the devising of an apparatus for the dispersion of starlight through a series of prisms whereby, in Sir William Huggins's words, "there was given to the spectrum a breadth sufficient for distinguishing any lines by which it may be crossed." The famous Tulse Hill observatory thus became, as Sir William tells us, in the recently issued superb monograph recording long years of loving toil, a meeting place where terrestrial chemistry was brought into direct touch with celestial chemistry. The light-rays from earthly hydrogen shone side by side with the corresponding radiations from starry hydrogen, or else fell upon the dark lines due to the absorption of hydrogen in Sirius or Vega. Iron from our mines was line-matched, light for dark, with stellar iron from opposite points of the celestial sphere. In brief, the new and important fact was established, that all the stars belonging to the same order of bodies as our sun (himself a star of humble magnitude compared to the giant Sirius or to the lesser Capella and Arcturus), and that every star consists of matter which is identical, at least in great part, with the chemical substances which form the material of the solar system. Is not that a more wonderful tale than any that held us spellbound in childhood?

But more, of which only a part can here be indicated, remains to be told. Thus far we have dealt only with the visible part of the solar spectrum, which, as has been shown, comprises the light between the extreme red and the extreme violet. But science has revealed the invisible. For there are waves extending beyond both red and violet which bring no sensation to our eyes, but the existence of which has been demonstrated, and the equally important and co-operating work played by which has been proved. Beyond the red there are dark heat rays, and beyond the violet there are rays with electrical and photographic properties, and which, moreover, produce certain effects on living things. When we speak of waves radiating light or heat or electricity, he it always remembered that these several modes of motion pass into one another, and that, as throughout the energies of the universe, there is no isolated activity among them. The photographic camera has now been long used for registering the spectra of all the heavenly bodies, and before the present century is out of its teens there will have been completed a photographic chart which, including stars down to the fourteenth magnitude, will contain about twenty millions. And very marvellous results have been secured in celestial photography by the invention of gelatine dry plates, which can be exposed for a long time, and thus left to register, as with an eye that cannot weary, the stars that appear in the field from remotest depths, recording, moreover, the lines which cross the ultra-violet parts of their spectra.

Among the achievements of the astronomer is the classification of stars according to their colours, basing on these an assumption as to whether they are virile, middle-aged, or decaying. Sir William Huggins and the late Padre Secchi, an eminent Italian observer, are in agreement that the white or Sirian stars represent an early adult stage of stellar life; that yellow stars, as our sun, Arcturus and Capella, represent the stage of maturity and incipient old age; and that orange stars, as Alpha Orionis and Mira Ceti, and, finally, red stars, represented by those of the fifth magnitude, presage the approach of old age, and of "blackness of darkness." Hence the inference is warranted that the different spectra of the stars are not due to any original differences in the relative proportions of the elements of which they are alike built-up,

but to their relative ages, since, alike in origin and mode of development, they all "wax old as doth a garment."

THE ONENESS OF THE UNIVERSE.

Briefly noting that to his many brilliant discoveries Sir William Huggins has added that whereby the approach of a star towards, or its recession from, the earth, is ascertained through observing the displacement of the lines in its spectrum in their relation to terrestrial lines, the foregoing observations on star development have the deepest interest for us in their bearing on the celebrated "nebular hypothesis" of Kant and Laplace. The philosopher formulated, and the mathematician strengthened, the theory that the universe was once an infinitely extended expanse of formless, gaseous matter, which, in obedience to the law of gravitation, slowly condensed into suns with their systems—planets, satellites, and vagrant bodies, as comets and meteors. This theory has received support from the doctrine of the indestructibility both of matter and motion, but perhaps its stronger confirmation comes from the revelation of the spectroscope concerning the constitution of what, as noted above, Sir William Herschel called "a shining fluid." For the spectrum of a nebula shows its source of light to be glowing gas, one of the bright lines being due to the presence of hydrogen, thus indicating an early stage of sidereal life. Looking, for example, at the great nebula in Andromeda, "we seem to have presented to us some stage of cosmical evolution on a gigantic scale." Thus do the heavens add, literally, their "cloud of witnesses" to the unity of the cosmos. That unity, as every student of nature's books testifies, is manifest in the kingdom of the infinitely minute as in that of the infinitely vast. All kinds of matter are probably modifications of one primal element; all modes of motion are varied operations of one unknown energy; all differences between living things, from worm to man, are differences of degree, and not of kind; and the only heresy that science knows is denial of the oneness of the Universe.

Next week: "Bird Migration," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P.

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Mr. A. M. Inglis (O.C.) has obtained a commission in the 3rd Batt. the Duke of Edinburgh's (Wiltshire) Regiment.

*

The marriage arranged between Philip Edward Percival, Indian Civil Service, second son of Mr. Edward Hope Percival, of Kimsbury House, Gloucester, and Sylvia, only daughter of Mr. Jervoise Athelstane Baines, C.S.I., of 23 Kensington-park-gardens, will take place at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, on Saturday, the 7th of December.

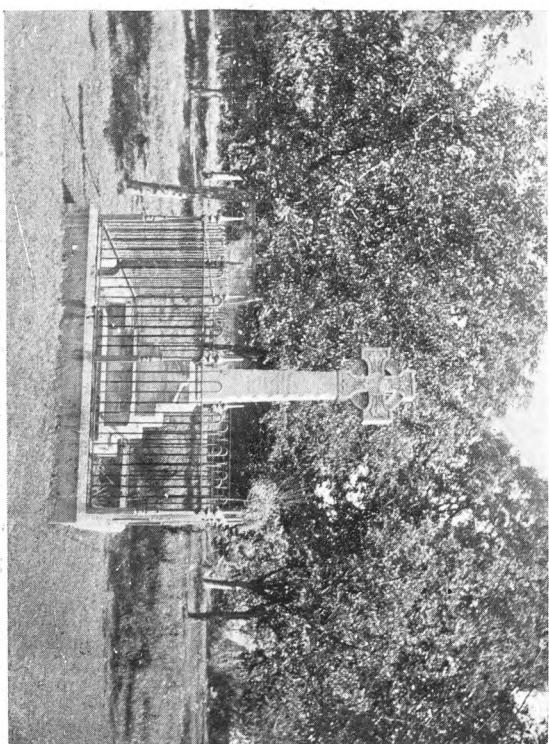
Poet's Corner.

HERO WOMEN.

"The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smiles that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One stray tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone record the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.
"The wife who girds her husband's sword
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.
"The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses;
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honour!"



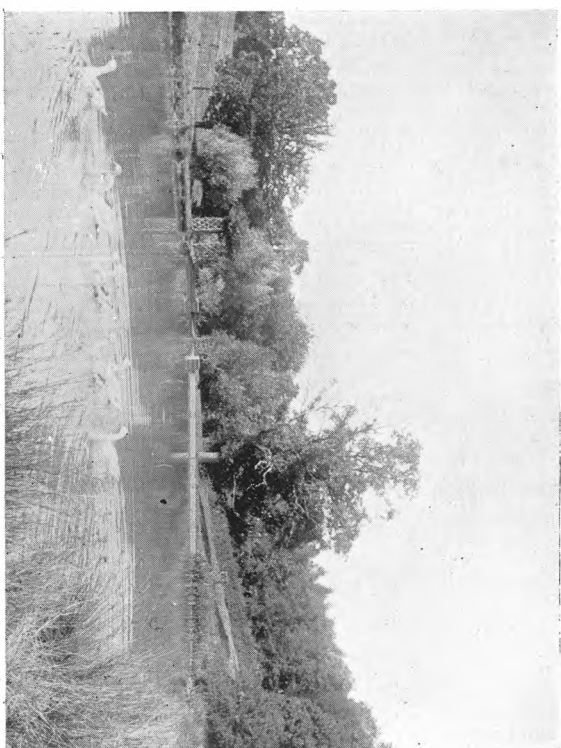
ENTRANCE TO WINCHCOMB.



CROSS ERECTED BY THE LATE MRS. DENT ON SITE OF ABBEY, WINCHCOMB.



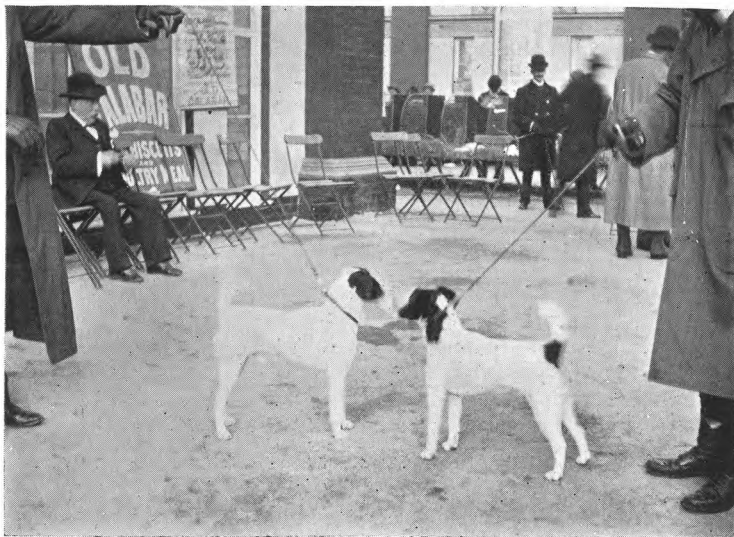
JACOBIN HOUSE AND CHURCH, WINCHCOMB.



GEESE ON POOL NEAR SUDELEY CASTLE.



MR. F. REEK'S "Avon Minstrel" took Championship Certificate for best Smooth Dog, the fifty-guinea grand Challenge Cup for best smooth, and seven other specials, including the Philadelphian Dog Show Association's Silver Medal.



"Avon Minstrel" (right), and MR. POWELL'S "Rowton Knight Marshal" (left), the latter, winner of second prize in open Smooth Dog class, and of twenty-guinea Challenge Cup for best smooth bred by Exhibitor.



CHELTENHAM TERRIER SHOW.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Centenarians are exceedingly interesting personages, especially if they be of the fair sex, as happens in most cases. One need not speak in bated breath of age before them, for, unlike most of the feminine gender out of their teens they and their friends don't seem to object to put on a bit. It is difficult to verify a centenarian's age, for compulsory registration of births was not in existence when the child came into the world, and evidence cannot always be obtained among the baptisms in the parish church registers, and it frequently has to rest upon apocryphal entries in family Bibles. The death, at 7 New-street, Cheltenham, last week of Mrs. Haines, who is reputed to have completed her 104th year last February, and was a native of Newnham, has induced me to look up my record of the deaths of Gloucestershire centenarians for 60 or 70 years past, and I think I can give some interesting details.

The deceased centenarians number fourteen, and of these only two are men. Their names, places, and dates of death, and given ages are as follow:—Elizabeth Yates, died at Leather Bottle-lane, Gloucester, on Nov. 13, 1834, aged 110 years; Elizabeth Hill, United Almshouses, Gloucester, August 22nd, 1864, 103 years; Maria Knight, Gloucester, March 24th, 1875, 101 years; Peggy Siers, Green Bottom, near Mitcheldean, January, 1877, 105 years; Sarah Dash, Berkeley, May 6th, 1879, 101 years; Thos. Young, Tibberton, January 10th, 1881, 104 years; Thos. Smart, Siston, February 10th, 1881, 101 years; Sophia Vowles, Bourton-on-the-Water Workhouse, Nov. 9th, 1882, 100 years; Letitia Smith, accidentally burnt to death at Coleford, March 8th, 1884, 100 years; Mary Broben, Lydney, Nov. 16th, 1885, 103 years; Maria Lane, Huclecote, January 22nd, 1888, 101 years; Sophia Hathaway, Churcham, June 15th, 1889, 100 years, Mrs. Wm. Wintle, Westbury-on-Severn, December 1st, 1893, 101 years; and Ann Cook, Gloucester, December 4th, 1893,

100 years. I do not pretend that this list is exhaustive, and, if anyone can add to it I should be much obliged. There are still one or two women centenarians living in the old city of Gloucester, or rather the new part of it.

I have been struck by the preponderance of males over females who died just before they reached their century, and, curiously enough, the major portion were connected with the church. They were Archdeacon Timbrill, died January 8th, 1865, aged 98 years; Charles Gibbs, for 40 years parish clerk at Matson, on Sept. 30th, 1881, 99 years; Archdeacon Philpot, on May 28th, 1889, 98 years; Giles Mansfield, a famous Stroud bell-ringer, on April 20th, 1889, 97 years; Wm. White, 58 years parish clerk of Bagendon, on Dec. 4th, 1890, 97 years; and the Rev. John Elliott, 72 years vicar of Randwick, on Jan. 4, 1891, in his 100th year. Then the Rev. J. Trowbridge, the senior Congregationalist minister in England, died at Wotton-under-Edge, on February 25th, 1881, aged 95 years. Sergt. Brint, a Peninsular veteran, was in the last rung of the century when he passed away on March 6th, 1881, as was Mary Bick, of Sandhurst, who departed this life on Feb. 26th, 1891. And in Stow-on-the-Wold Workhouse on Sept. 28th, 1890, Jane Odgers passed peacefully away, aged 99. I could give a list of many deceased nonagenarians, more particularly in Cheltenham, but I will conclude by mentioning that the mother of the Baron de Ferrieres died on March 1st, 1898, aged 97 years; and the mother of the Rev. Canon M. F. W. St. John, of Gloucester, on March 23rd in the same year, aged 94 years. May both of these ladies' worthy sons live to at least the same age, say I.

There is a tendency in some quarters to magnify public offices so that the holders of them shall receive a share of the reflected glory. I have been amused to see public announcements of this kind:—"Mr. Alderman (or Councillor or Guardian) —, Esq., J.P., will preside." One of the magnified offices that I have particularly in my mind is the

Shrievalty of Gloucester, which custom of past years has transformed into "High Sheriff," despite the facts that the holder of it is elected as "Sheriff" and is so described on official documents, and that his Honour Judge J. J. Powell, Q.C., settled the question when raised in 1884, by making his award that the proper title was Sheriff, that he was entitled to have two maces carried before him on all occasions of official state and ceremony, and that he was at liberty to adopt such costume as he deemed suitable. The latter was not intended as a joke. I am glad that the "Graphic" did not fall into the common error in respect of the title last week.

I have been much interested in a paper on "The History of the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway," which Mr. Stretton read at the Railway Club a few days ago. It deals with the making of this line and the abandoned intention of utilising for it the ancient tramway between Gloucester and Cheltenham and the ultimate absorption of this railway into the Midland system. It makes clear that the Great Western Co. owns the northern half of the line between Lansdown Junction and Churchdown, and the Midland Co. the southern half between Churchdown and Gloucester, and that the possibility of one company blocking the other out was provided against by a mutual agreement, in which each company appointed the other company trustees of its portion of the line. I should not be surprised if within the course of a few years the Midland Co. did not recognise the necessity of having a set of rails of its own between Lansdown Junction and Gloucester, so that its main line traffic would be no longer interfered with by the Great Western local trains and also by the great addition of traffic that is sure to come when that company opens up Birmingham and district by the new line from Honeybourne to Cheltenham. I noted with pleasure that in Mr. Stretton's paper there was given the account from the "Cheltenham Chronicle" of the running, on June 24th, 1840, of the first train from the Garden Town to Bromsgrove.

GLENER.

Cheltenham Fox Terrier Show.



GENERAL VIEW OF SHOW.

Gentleman on the right is MR. F. REEKS, of Christchurch, Hants, owner of "Avon Minstrel," best Smooth Dog.



P.S. CORBETT in foreground.



Of the Stud Dogs, MR. E. POWELL'S "Champion Rowton Knight" (white) won first and specials two years in succession at these Shows.



MR. REDMOND'S "Don't Go Bang" (white) was awarded champion certificate for best Rough Dog.

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 46th competition is again Mr. G. V. Bright, of Woburn House, Cheltenham, this time with his up-to-date dog show series.

Entries for the 47th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 23rd, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.



FIGHTING MAC'S FOUR R's.

The Sydney correspondent of the "Daily Mail" says that General Hector Macdonald received a triumphal and spontaneous reception on arrival there. The General said that he recommended that Young Australia be taught the "four R's"; the fourth being rifle-shooting. He also suggested compulsory gymnastics for boys and a military college for officers. He praised the fighting of the Australians in South Africa, and said that they would have been more effective if they had been better disciplined.



IN A CHELTENHAM GARDEN
(The dogs are now in America).

Mr. C. E. D. Pennyquick (O.C.), who has retired from his post as treasurer of the island of Ceylon, has been made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 48.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1901.

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

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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 47th competition is Mr. W. H. White, of 3 Hatherley-villas, Cheltenham, with the hoar frost scene at Leckhampton.

Entries for the 48th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 30th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



HOAR FROST SCENE IN A LANE NEAR LECKHAMPTON CHURCH,
SUNDAY, NOV. 17, 1901.

A GLASS PAVEMENT.

Fresh experiments are now being made with glass pavement in the Paris streets. It will be remembered, writes the "Daily Telegraph's" correspondent, that similar trials were commenced about a year ago, notably round the St. Lazare Station. The inventors had been granted leave to lay down their glass pavement in certain thoroughfares of the town on condition that, should the new material not be found to answer at the expiration of a specified time, which I believe was fixed at five years, the streets thus experimented upon should be repaved in the old style at their expense. Since the first trials nothing has been heard of the wonderful glass pavement until two days ago, when workmen commenced mending a street near the Madeleine, not with wooden blocks such as had lain their previously, but with dark-green cubes of a remarkably hard substance. These are the vitreous paving-stones, made of powdered glass which is baked until it becomes almost fluid, then compressed by hydraulic machines, and cut into cubes. From the fact that the new pavement is again being tried in one of the busiest quarters of Paris it may be inferred that the Municipal Council is inclined to adopt the new invention finally. The chief objection made against the glass pavement—namely, that its surface would offer no grip to horses' hoofs and would be extremely slippery—has, it is reported, been disproved by prolonged experiments which have been made in one of the suburbs of Paris.

*

THE HEAT OF LONDON PAVEMENTS.

A careful test was recently made to determine the comparative heat radiation of four kinds of street pavement—wood, asphalt, granite block, and macadam. The average temperature of the macadam was found to be 102 degrees; of asphalt, 113 degrees; of granite, 115 degrees; and of wood, 124 degrees. This shows that the general belief as to the excessive heat of asphalt is erroneous, for wood is the hottest material in use. Further tests seemed to show that the macadam pavement has several advantages over the asphalt particularly. It retains water longer after it has been sprinkled, and it is much easier to keep the dust laid on it. Theoretically asphalt might be thought less dusty than any other kind of pavement, but practically it is worse than macadam in this respect, owing to the difficulty of keeping the surface properly wet. Besides, constant travel has the effect of grinding the asphalt into fine powder, and thus produces dust all the time. The ideal paving material has evidently not yet been found. One is needed that will not retain and radiate heat, the surface of which can be kept clean and wet. While the asphalt has many advantages, it is not exactly what a city wants. Moreover, in winter it is a dangerous footing for horses.—"Family Doctor."

THE LATE COUNT HATZFELDT.

KING EDWARD'S SYMPATHY.

Count Metternich, who has succeeded Count Hatzfeldt as German Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, has received the following sympathetic message in regard to the death of Count Hatzfeldt:—"Deeply grieved to learn of Count Hatzfeldt's death. For him it is a happy release, but Germany loses one of her most distinguished statesmen and diplomats and England a true friend.—Edward Rex."

MANCHESTER'S MILLIONS.

Manchester has twenty million pounds worth of property and sixteen million of debts. This interesting statement was made by Mr. Balfour Brown on Monday morning at the Local Government Board inquiry in regard to the suggestion that Stretford should be brought within the city area. Stretford is opposing the scheme, which involves many interests, and the inquiry, which is expected to last all the week, has aroused extraordinary feeling in the district. About a dozen authorities are represented by counsel.



"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

THE WITCHES IN THE OPERETTA "MIDSUMMER'S EVE" AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

On the left looking at the picture "Viper Oil" (Mr. H. de B. Hogarth); in the centre "Three Warts" (Mr. H. H. Thompson); on the right "Lizard Eye" (Mr. A. S. F. Pruen.)

(Copyright.)

The Original of Capt. Kettle

THE STORY OF HIS DISCOVERY.

By R. W. JOHNSON,
Author of "The Making of the Tyne," etc.

To create a new character in fiction is a rare achievement. In the strenuous life of the present generation how many men of real ability have essayed to do it, and how many have really succeeded? The novelists of the present day who have given to the world a character that has seized the popular imagination and permanently fixed its identity in the memory of the many-headed can, I suppose, be counted on the fingers of one hand. Indeed, it is claimed by critics that in the past twenty years only three such characters have been conceived in English fiction. It were perhaps invidious to name the three here—the reader will have his own ideas on the subject—but one of them, it will excite no contention to assert, is Captain Kettle. In the skilful hands of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne that daring, sharp-tongued, sanguinary, and sentimental little steamboat skipper is a creation so original and so vivid, but withal so human, that the fiction reader at once acknowledged his fascination and took him to his heart. Captain Kettle is a "living" character, and Mr. Hyne has succeeded where many have failed.

Who, or even what, is this fascinating

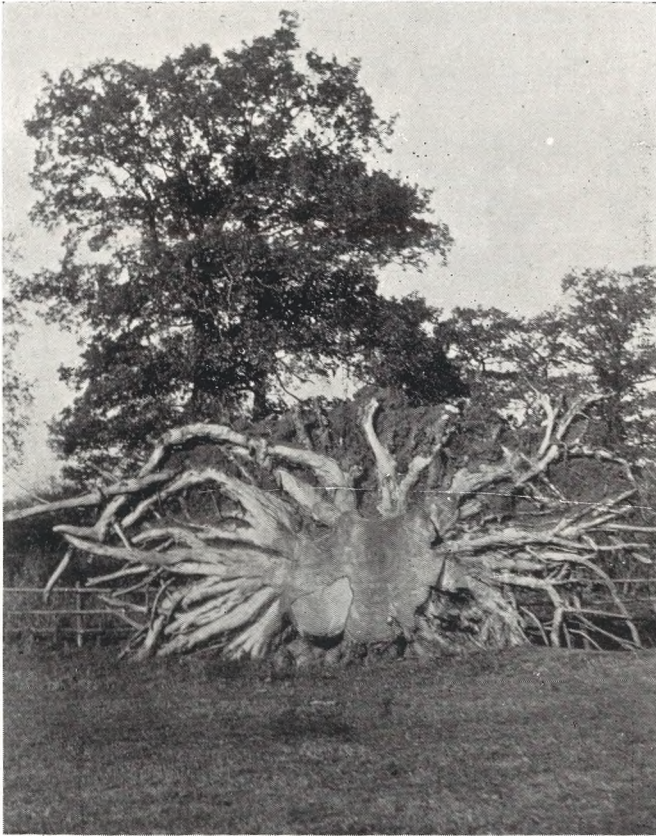
personality in whose adventures the English-speaking people have found such a charmed companionship? Is Captain Kettle a myth or a portrait? Is he an imaginary figure skilfully compounded in the author's mental crucible, or has he a prototype in the flesh? That a few months ago was a question impossible to answer unless the author cared to take us into his confidence. But fate, or coincidence, in a remarkable way and in an unexpected place, has revealed the secret. Captain Kettle has an original, and he has been discovered. I deem myself fortunate in being one of the discoverers. And still more fortunate in having made a friend of one of the most interesting sailor men I have ever met.

The discovery was as simple as it was remarkable. In the northern city of Newcastle-on-Tyne there is a professional club, styled the Pen and Palette Club, which, as its title suggests, is frequented by artists, journalists, musicians, and authors. This club, of which I am a member, makes a practice of entertaining, in simple Bohemian fashion, distinguished strangers who visit the city. Learning that Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne was to lecture to the Tyneside Geographical Society, the club invited him to supper at the conclusion of his lecture. Mr. Hyne kindly accepted the invitation. That, curiously, was the first link in the chain of events which led to the discovery of Captain Kettle. The second was this: On the day before the lecture the Belgian mail steamer *Stanleyville* arrived in the Tyne for a supply of bunker coal prior to making her usual run from

Antwerp to the Congo. Her master, Captain F. W. Tubbs, coming up to Newcastle on business, saw the bills announcing Mr. Hyne's lecture, and immediately proceeded to hunt up the lecturer. They were old friends. They had not met since they had voyaged together on the West Coast of Africa seven or eight years ago. As may be imagined, their meeting was none the less cordial for being a surprise to both. Captain Tubbs attended the lecture, and accompanied his friend to the Pen and Palette Club. He was introduced to us simply as Captain Tubbs, the friend of Mr. Hyne, but a mere glance at him sufficed to suggest Captain Kettle. The word passed round that the stranger with Mr. Hyne was the original of the famous captain. Here was luck. The Pens and Palettes were consumed with a suppressed curiosity. They might be on the verge of a great literary discovery. The toast of the "Guests of the evening" was honoured with a gusto that bespoke expectation, and when Mr. Hyne rose to respond everyone felt that a great moment had arrived. Mr. Hyne was considerate. He got to the point with excellent good humour, and admitted an old acquaintanceship with the captain. He chaffed about his "travel" habit, which he declared to be worse than the whisky habit, and said that it was when travelling on the Congo that he had met his friend, Captain Tubbs, who was suffering from a bad bilious fever, and was living on a weak diet of mustard and water. The captain was a much thinner man than he is now. That night it had been his pleasure to talk with the captain over their old Congo days, and very interesting and very grim were some of the replies which the captain made to his inquiries. In his brief and breezy response, Captain Tubbs said "he understood that he was the original of Captain Kettle, and though he was the victim he felt that he was none the worse for that."

The night that followed will be classic in the annals of the club. The gallant captain essayed another speech, this time of larger proportions, and dealing largely with the dignity and veracity of the English Press as compared with the scurrility of the Continental Press (of which he has had experience); and when everybody thought he was going to propose "The Press," he suddenly shifted his helm, mastheaded his house flag, and with that undying loyalty to his owners which is the most permanent virtue of the capricious Kettle, he gave "Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co.," coupled with the name of "Mr. A. L. Jones." He meant it, too. We fell in with the humour of the situation, and drank the health of that prominent Liverpool shipowner with a heartiness that would have surprised him to see. "A. L. Jones," or the "Inevitable," as it is sometimes styled, is now a standing toast, which is invariably honoured at all formal and informal gatherings of the Pen and Palette Club.

Captain Tubbs is a sociable man, and has all the sailor's facility for making friends. With characteristic hospitality he invited a party from the club to join Mr. Hyne in a visit to his ship the next day. I was fortunate to be one of the number. We found the handsome, well-kept mail boat lying under the spouts in the Albert Edward Dock, smothered in coal dust from the coals which were teeming into her bunkers. After a really excellent luncheon, served in the saloon with Captain Tubbs at the head of the table, and Mr. Hyne on his right hand, we adjourned to the chart-room, where our host produced, in addition to a good brand of cigar and his own merry conversation, an interesting collection of Congo curios and photographs which greatly delighted Mr. Hyne, and called up many a reminiscence of the days when the captain and he voyaged together on the great African waterway. To us this chat about old times was deeply interesting, and, much as it concerned the two friends, it was so frank and so genial that never for a moment were we allowed to feel *de trop*. For myself, I gleaned the main features of the captain's varied sea-faring career, and something about his connection



Upturned Root of Tree in field at Sandywell Park, Andoversford. As seen from the road, it looks like a huge Spider or Crab.

with the Congo mail service. The Stanleyville is one and the latest of four "Villes" employed by Messrs. Dempster and Co. in this service by arrangement with the Belgian Government, whose flag the vessels fly. She is a fine, modern steamer of some 4,000 tons burden, with twin screw engines of large power and extensive passenger accommodation. Her officers and engineers are English, and her crew and saloon staff Belgian. On parting, I received from the captain the only photograph he had, a snap-shot negative showing him on the bridge of the Leopoldville, and a native-wrought, iron-headed, copper-handled battle axe, and an ivory sounding horn, which I now treasure among my household gods.

In personal appearance the master of the Stanleyville to-day must be said to suggest Captain Kettle rather than to be like him. Much must be allowed for the author's evolution of his character, and something also for the striking figure which Mr. Stanley Wood has portrayed for the public eye. The real captain is a short, stout, hearty type of man, in the prime of life, with broad shoulders and a well-filled waistcoat. He is ruddy, and his hair and close-pointed beard are brown. He is the very type of a successful English ship-captain. But that is merely the superficial man. It is in his keen grey eye, his expression of energy and determination, his incisive manner of speech, that we see the true inwardness of the man whom Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, with an artist's insight, has selected as the hero of his thrilling adventures. He is typical of Captain Kettle all through. You can feel the power of the man. You instinctively imagine that under less prosperous conditions, with a stone or two less flesh on his active and sailor-like frame, with the fear of his owners before his eye and the thought of his wife and "kids" in his mind, Captain Tubbs, were he ever so circumstanced, would come very near to being just such a man as Mr. Hyne has drawn in the indomitable Kettle. That is no less a

tribute to Captain's Tubbs's personality than it is a testimony to the subtle character-reading of the author who has evolved Captain Kettle out of it.

But there the resemblance ends. Naturally there are points of difference between the real and fictional captains. To be literal Captain Tubbs is not a "tramp" skipper down on his luck, but the master of a well-appointed mail-boat, in the service of the largest firm of shipowners in Great Britain. He does not hail from South Shields, but from Southampton, and, strangely, he had never been in the Tyne until the occasion on which I met him. He is, perhaps, when not at sea, best known at Antwerp, where he has long been called "Captain Kettle." He is not, I think, a member of the chapel, though Shields people, I hear, profess to have identified the place, and he is not so belligerent as to carry a revolver in his hip pocket. He smiled mysteriously when I asked about his accordion, and on the subject of poetry he was discreetly silent.

R. W. JOHNSON.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

A new church is in the air at Churchdown, but right glad am I to hear that the quaint old one on the top of breezy Chosen Hill, with a history and legend attached thereto, is not to be disestablished. It is to remain a fair weather church, while the proposed new one is to be a chapel of ease situated well at the foot of the hill and in the heart of the parish (it can no longer be called a village) where the Chosen people dwell and also multiply. The necessity for a get-at-able church down in the midst of the people has been talked of, and then let drop, for years past; but now the new vicar has boldly taken up the matter, for he preached in favour of it last Sunday and has called a meeting of the parishioners

for to-day to seriously consider the subject. No time must be lost, or the Wesleyans will have their conventicle up first, as they have already fixed on a site near the Old Elm for it. The psychological moment for the millionaires of the favoured spot has now come to open their purse strings, and a little bird tells me that two or three residents, of practical experience, who have made their piles in the neighbouring towns, are quite willing, if asked, to render very valuable voluntary help in superintending the stone and brick work. Thus a considerable sum might be saved, for time and practical help count as money nowadays. I wish that the very big sum of £1,200 about to be spent by the School Board in enlarging their school to provide accommodation for 70 extra children only could have been applied to the purposes of the new church instead. At all events, the promoters of the second church need not fear that it will in the dead of night be wafted up to the Hill top, like, as the legend says, displeased St. Bartholomew served the present edifice, which the idle and lazy monks of Badgeworth Abbey had built—

"In the fields close by,
"And a passage or cloister through which to pass
"Without soiling one's shoes, and we'll heat it
"With flues,
"And the windows we'll fill with the best stained
"Glass."

I never go to one of the Musical Recitals, held every other Thursday evening during the winter at Gloucester Cathedral, without thinking that Dean Butler was wise in his generation during his short term of office there, in 1885-6, in establishing these recitals for the benefit of "the people." They verily provide "music for the masses," and their enjoyment is by no means confined to citizens, for I regularly see many people there from Cheltenham, Stroud, and the country villages around the city. Gloucester is said to be a dull place by the croakers, but it certainly was not so last Thursday night, for in addition to the Cathedral, which was crammed on the occasion of the first recital, there were two theatres in full swing, and a big concert at the Shirehall, to say nothing of minor affairs. Referring to the recitals, it reminds me that a former lessee of the Theatre Royal complained bitterly in his bankrupt examination that he could see the people flocking in hundreds past his show going to the free entertainments at the Cathedral.

I read that the Association of Free Lances at Cheltenham propose arranging a mock breach of promise trial early in next year. I would venture to suggest that in order to impart as much reality to the case as possible they should hold it in the County Court, provided they can obtain its use without running the risk of penalties for contempt of court. There is, I know, a good deal of fun to be got out of these "make-believes." Even serious Christian young men do not disdain to frivel occasionally, to wit, those of the Y.M.C.A. Debating Society, of Gloucester, who recently held a mock Town Council meeting, at which they elected a Mayor and Sheriff, investing each with a chain composed of curtain rings; and appointed a finance committee to keep members solvent, a watch committee to provide them with watches, a market committee to do the marketing, and an improvement committee to improve the personal appearance and social position of members, all out of the city funds. I imagine that neither of these jokers will be invited to the Mayor's banquet—when it comes off.

An incident showing how small the world is after all and that the "Graphic" plays a part in it has been brought to my knowledge by a Gloucester gentleman, who a few days ago was waited upon at his residence by another citizen on a matter of business. Last week's "Graphic" was lying on his dining-room table, and the visitor, observing it, remarked that he knew the late Surgeon-Gen. Manley, C.B., V.C., whose portrait he saw appeared therein, for he had served in the Colonial Militia in New Zealand when that gallant officer distinguished himself so much, and he also testified that the tribute paid him in the letter-press was richly deserved.

GLEANER.

JAPAN IN CHELTENHAM.

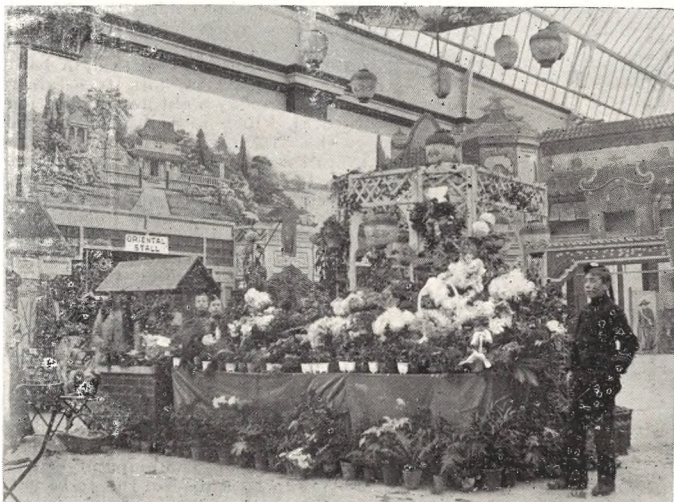
N.S.P.C.C. BAZAAR AT THE WINTER GARDEN.



"BIT OF OLD ENGLAND" Stall
(With Capt. Willoughby Berthon, Hon. Sec., in foreground).



OLD ENGLISH, SWEET, AND LEAGUE OF PITY STALLS.



FLOWER AND ORIENTAL STALLS.



REFRESHMENT STALL.



FLOWER AND ORIENTAL STALLS (another view).



REFRESHMENT STALL (another view).



PART OF SQUARE, STOW-ON-WOLD,
Showing St. Edward's Hall.

A Tour of our Churches

ST. GEORGE'S, DIDBROOK.

In these decadent days of agriculture it is rather refreshing to go to a vilage where no signs of decay are evident—no empty cottages—but all smiling and fairly prosperous. Didbrook is not dependent on farming; it adjoins Toddington and helps in the fruit industry and jam making; and that, I presume, is the reason for its keeping up appearances.

I attended service at the parish church there on Sunday evening last. On the way you pass the little Wesleyan Chapel, which, curiously, is built in a corner of the Vicarage garden.

Didbrook Church was erected by William of Whitchurch, last Abbot of Hailes, in 1475. It is in the Perpendicular style, and consists of a chancel, nave, and embattled western tower, with pinnacles. In the north wall is a tomb, consisting of a stone coffin, with very beautiful cross, chalice, and missal carved thereon. By some this is said to be the tomb of the founder, whilst others say an abbot who fled from the battle of Tewkesbury was overtaken at Didbrook, and there killed and buried, and to his memory was the tomb put. Perhaps these two abbots were one and the same, although dates would seem to indicate that the battle was fought before the church was erected. On the eastern wall is a monument to Judge Tracy, of Goscombe. It has a small oaken reredos, presented by Bishop Greaterex, of Durham, who was formerly a visitor to Didbrook, as the then curate was a college chum of his. A good-looking black oak chair is on either side the altar table. There is a rather handsome modern font, given by a former churchwarden in 1858.

The congregation on Sunday evening was not a numerous one, but the severe and foggy weather doubtless kept some away. The church was well lighted, but one's olfactory senses on entering quickly told that it was by oil, without looking at the lamps; it was also well heated by a coal stove. Up the aisle are seats for the children. The village school-mistress well manipulated a harmonium, and she would appear to have given considerable trouble to training the girls in the choir. The Psalms and Canticles were well chanted, and some favourite hymns nicely sung. The minister had a good voice, and read well.

Ascending the very tall pulpit, under a heavy oak sounding-board, he took his text from the Gospel for the day, drawing particular attention to the words "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." He said God had created nothing to be lost or lightly cast away or destroyed, and for anyone to ruthlessly destroy the smallest insect or the humblest flower was wrong,

because that which God was pleased to call into being could not be regarded as of no account. The care of Jesus in the midst of prodigality taught them the value of even fragments of things; and the gifts of God were to be valued even if they were given in the greatest abundance—health, possessions, talents, length of days, were all to be valued to the utmost. Fragments of time, of days, were all to be used fruitfully—the past to be atoned for by a blessed use of what remained. They had arrived at the last Sunday of the Christian year; next Sunday would be the first in the ecclesiastical year, and it was a very solemn time, because the end of the ecclesiastical year appealed to them as children of the Church with greater force than it did to others. All should consider their position, and ask themselves how they had spent the year about to die. What use had they made of the solemn festivals and fasts during the present year? How were they going to spend the future year, God sparing them? Did they last Advent realise the importance of the season they were in? Were they looking forward to the coming of the Son of Man? And at Christmas did they realise something of the great love of God in sending His Son on the earth? And when Epiphany came did they think what a great thing it was that Christ should be manifested to every human being? And in Lent did they make preparation for a holy Easter-tide,

in order that they might realise to some extent the power of the Resurrection? And at the Ascension did they carry their minds to One on the right hand of the Father? Did they realise at Whitsuntide what it was to be filled with the glory of God? Or at Trinity did they think of the mystery of the Triune God? There was something very solemn in the Church's year, and the speaker, as he grew older, seemed to know that the Almighty had appointed the seasons in order that they might prepare themselves for another world, and realised more the blessedness of the Ecclesiastical year. Had all in that parish, parson and people, done their duty during the past year? Had he, as a minister of God, done his duty as in the sight of God, or had he preached only smooth things? Had the people attended the services in order to gain something for their souls, and worshipped God in sincerity and truth? Let them try in future to know more the meaning of the seasons; let them try and carry their thoughts up to the Throne of Heaven, and learn the lessons each of the Church's seasons taught them. And if they did that they would, indeed, have all they needed—sufficient food for their souls. They must try and come to church and to Communion more regularly, and to make better preparation. Let the singers come there for the sake of doing glory to God. Christ would bless their efforts, and they would become stronger Christians if they only tried to be more faithful to the Church and to Him.

A bright service, an earnest clergyman, an excellent sermon, and a comfortable and interesting place of worship, indicate that the spiritual welfare of Didbrook receives a considerable amount of attention.

CHURCHMAN.

PRINTING ..



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Press. Good . .
Workmanship,
Moderate Prices.



SCHOOL TREAT AT WOODMANCOTE.



"IN CAMP."

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Fairy Tales of Science.

V.

BIRD MIGRATION,

BY

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., M.P.

Early one morning last autumn the attendant charged with the duty of cleaning out of the cars of the Great Wheel at Earl's Court discovered that a certain tramp had taken up lodging for the night in one of the highest of them. He perceived at once that this was no ordinary tramp: the dress of the wanderer was evidence of that; it was beautifully fitted, of the tint known to deer-stalkers as "Loyat mixture"—a delicate ashen green. His boots were brown and carefully varnished, but the most remarkable part of his attire was the cap, which was brilliant flame-colour, turned up with black velvet. Altogether an exceptionally dandy tramp.

Further enquiry revealed other differences between this and the ordinary tramp. All British tramps have their rounds; generally limited to the United Kingdom, or a certain portion thereof. You don't meet tramps on the Channel steamers nor on the Atlantic liners; country lanes, high roads or the thoroughfares of great towns are the best places to look for them by day; and by night—well, you had better not look for them at all, unless in the admirably managed Rowton houses. This tramp, like others, had his special round, but it covered several thousand miles over land and sea, which he was in the habit of traversing twice a year, to and fro.

THE FAIRY "TRAMP."

His name was *Regulus*, the kinglet—*Regulus cristatus* in full. I have forgotten to mention one remarkable peculiarity, that of his stature. He measured less than four inches in height. This, taken in conjunction with his attire of green and gold, convinced the attendant that here, at last, was a veritable fairy—nay, named *Regulus*, was he not King of the Fairies?

If we drop romance and come to sober science, have we not in this incident something more marvellous than any fairy tale? Night draws her curtain over the vast city; the crowd disperses from the pleasure grounds at Earl's Court; the Great Wheel makes its last revolution, and is still. London is asleep, or as near asleep as it can get. At all events, its feathered population are fast asleep—the sparrows on the house-tops, the

pigeons on the clock tower, the thrushes in the park. Yet, far overhead, under the stooping clouds, there flows a stream of life—tows of the air, great and small. If you point your glass at the moon on a clear October night you may chance to see myriads of tiny specks moving southward; the great autumn migration is going on.

The little gold-crest wren—tiniest of all British birds—had been an atom in this mighty movement. Lured down from its lofty course by the light left burning in one of the cars, it lost its citizenship in the great host of which it had been a unit. Had it held on with the others, it might have dashed out its diminutive life against the lantern of some lighthouse; for so tens of thousands of its kindred and of other and greater birds sacrifice themselves, profiting by experience no more than do moths at a candle. Or it might have escaped all the perils of travel—the hostile hordes of gulls which hover off the coast, pouncing on the wing-weary, hungry travellers as they land—the diligent bird-catchers, who know so well to spread their snares upon immemorial resting-places like our Sussex downs or Heligoland—through all these the little Fairy King might have winged a way and spent a happy Christmas among the chestnut woods of the Valtelline or oleanders of Granada, to return to the domestic duties in England when the primroses began to blow. It was fated otherwise. This minute morsel of flesh and feathers lost its way in the busiest of human hives, to remind us that with all our devices of science and industry some of the humblest creatures and the smallest possess faculties which we are unable to realise or define.

The seasonal migration of birds has received much careful attention of late years. Certain well-defined arrivals and departures have been landmarks in the year from the earliest recorded times: "the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming"; but the general character of the movement of nearly all species of British birds was not suspected until systematic observations, conducted over a number of seasons at the lighthouses on the British and Irish coasts, revealed the fact that even some of our most constant feathered fellow citizens despatched innumerable contingents to the south on the approach of winter. The lighthouse keepers are kept supplied with forms by a committee of the British Association. The men are diligent in filling them up, noting the flocks revealed to them at night by the flare of the light, registering the dates of movement, and recording the mortality among birds flying against the lantern. That the species of these last

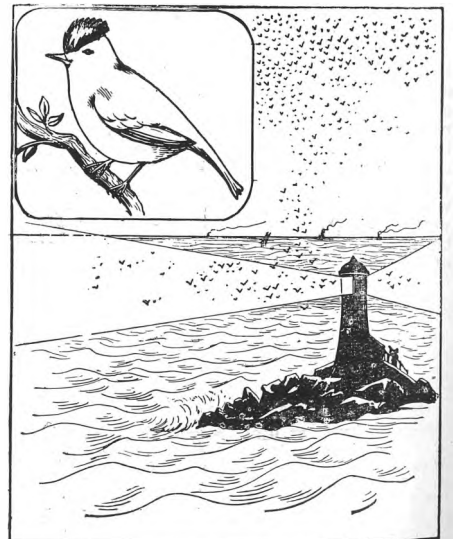
may be verified, the wings of victims are forwarded with the reports. From the mass of information thus accumulated year by year, it may be pronounced that game birds are almost absolutely stationary, although partridge has been recorded from Heligoland; so probably may the house sparrow, demoralised by long acquaintance with the vicissitudes of town life; but rooks, jays, blackbirds, thrushes, chaffinches, even the confiding robin and the contented little brown wren, pass in literally countless numbers from one region to another, moved by a latent, but irresistible impulse.

THE TRAVELS OF THE KNOT.

An extreme instance of this annual migration may be found in the knot (*Tringa canutus*), a twopenny-halfpenny little wader about the size of a common snipe. Breeding so far to the north that no collection in the world contains a specimen of its egg, the knots leave the Arctic circle in the autumn, and move in vast multitudes through Europe, Asia, and America, not shunning the British Isles, and continue their leisurely journey to such prodigious limits that the advanced guard, before it turns north again, has occupied China, Surinam, Brazil, South Africa, and the Australasian group.

It is natural to ask why such an enormous journey should be undertaken, seeing that this little bird, gifted with powers of flight incomparably inferior to the swallow, is just as punctual in traversing thousands of miles as the swallow is in travelling hundreds.

The answer is still in a nebulous phase, but modern research seems to be clearing away some of the mists. Cold is not the direct agent in regulating these mysterious movements for birds belonging to the northern and temperate zones have marvellous power of resisting cold, and a Spanish winter, for example, is often far more severe than an Irish one. But cold may be accounted the indirect cause of the southward autumnal migration, which brings some birds to the British Isles and expels others. Cold affects the food supply, destroying the insects upon which soft-billed birds depend, and burying in snow the seeds which supply the others.



The late Herr Gatzke for more than fifty years kept accurate observation of the passage of birds in his island home of Heligoland. His notes are of incalculable value to ornithologists, throwing, as they do, instructive light on the probable cause of migration. Thus, the first birds to begin moving south are young starlings, in the last ten days of June. It were wonderful enough that old birds, of habits normally diurnal, should find their way through the darkness by a route which they had travelled before; but that young birds, newly fledged, even if guided, as is possible, by a few experienced individuals, should steer straight to unknown winter haunts, transcends anything that we can understand at present. Yet, with most species it seems to be the habit to send off the young birds first. The cuckoo is a notable exception. Having no domestic duties, the

old cuckoos make a start as soon as caterpillars begin to get scarce, and put in an appearance in Heligoland about the middle of July, to be followed by the young flight a month or six weeks later.

PROBLEMS OF MIGRATION.

Two questions suggest themselves—why is bird migration chiefly conducted during the night? and why do the flocks move at such great heights as they are known to do? To the second question no satisfactory answer can be offered at present. It might be conceivable, if the movement took place in daylight, that ground-loving birds like robins, thrushes, and other common objects of the lawn might ascend hundreds of feet in order to obtain a "bird's-eye view" of the landscape. But migrant birds fly chiefly in the darkness, out of which they descend, many of them to their destruction, when attracted by strong lights. Possibly they are obeying an instinct which warns them against hawks, owls, and gulls, chiefly to be encountered in the lower strata of atmosphere, and in this also is to be found the probable explanation why daylight birds choose the night time for their journeys.

But then, it may be asked, why don't birds remain and breed in the regions where food is always to be found? There are always plenty of lapwings in England in winter, and they find abundant provender: why should English-bred lapwings take the trouble to travel all the way to the Danube or Morocco, in order to have their places taken by flights bred in Scandinavia and Iceland? That brings us to one of the most suggestive aspects of the phenomenon of bird migration. Every species of bird in the northern hemisphere, except the sedentary game fowls—grouse, pheasant, partridge, and the like—move to the northern limit of their annual migration to "nest." That limit for the nightingale is south of the Trent; for the knot, as has been shown, it is beyond where man can penetrate, or has as yet penetrated. Take that characteristic in conjunction with the notorious and invincible impulse of every bird to return to its birthplace to rest, and you will incline to the conclusion that bird life had its origin in high latitudes. Adopt that conclusion, and you will be tempted a little further. You will not dismiss with an incredulous smile the opinion of those who perceive in the Polar Circle the cradle of terrestrial life. If the earth, as there is reason to suppose, vast ages ago were a mass of incandescent matter, it would be at the Poles where it would first cool down—at the Poles where an endurable climate would first prevail. A tropical climate at first, of which there is abundant evidence in the fossil plants of Franz Josef land and Spitzbergen, where, if you penetrate the frozen surface layers, you come upon rocks yielding remains of tree ferns and giant mares-tails—plants that could only exist in a hot, steaming atmosphere. As the cooling process went on, the winter cold about the Poles forced these tropical growths into a zone which gradually parted with enough heat to receive them. With the plants moved the animals, further and further towards the equator as the temperature permitted the advance, and in succession behind the tropical zone, the sub-tropical, temperate, sub-arctic and arctic regions developed in the slow succession of ages. But the birds have never forgotten their original home. Year by year they press as far northward as they can find room, as if determined that their offspring should know their true birthland. Perhaps Tennyson, alert and true as he was in observing nature, was not aware of the full significance of the lines in the Princess:

O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying south,
Fly to her and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.
O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the
South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

Next Week: "History Told by Postage Stamps," by Hugh Richardson, M.A.
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A DOG AS CHIEF MOURNER.

PATHETIC SCENE.

At an inquest at Colchester on Monday on the body of a sexagenarian named Thomas Sargent, who lived alone in a house in the centre of the town, it was stated that neighbours, hearing his dog barking continuously for two days, broke into the house, and found Sargent lying on the bed dead, with the dog guarding his body from rats that were running about the room. Deceased was in receipt of an annuity, and was not at all in straitened circumstances. Death was due to cerebral apoplexy.

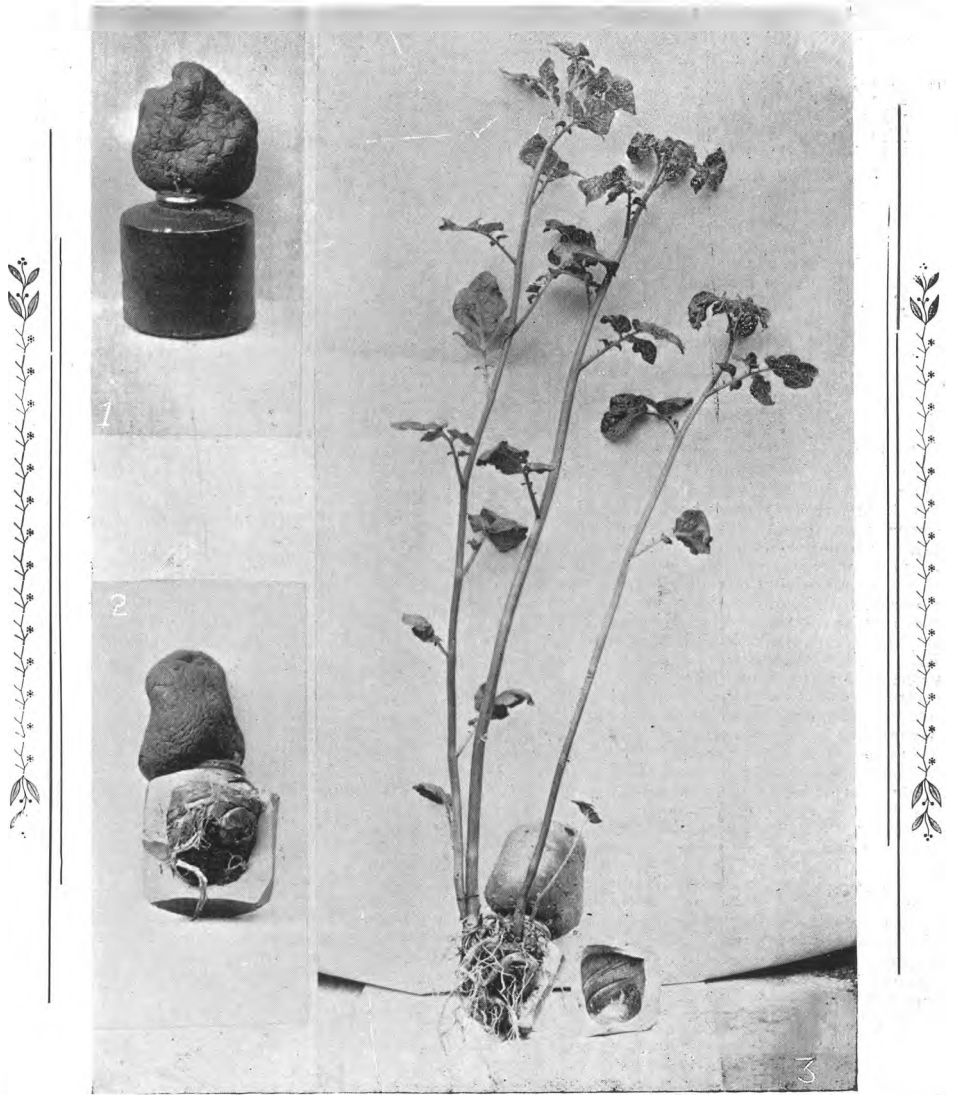
Capt. Vernon E. Russell, of the Gloucestershire Regiment, retires on retired pay.

Capt. T. H. Board, Lieut. G. R. Wreford, and Second Lieut. H. Pentecost, 2nd G.R.E.V., have resigned their commissions.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Warren (O.C.), C.C.M.G., K.C.B., Royal Engineers, has been appointed to the honorary colonelcy of the 1st Gloucestershire Royal Engineers (Volunteers).

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gladstone paid a visit to West Leeds on Monday in connection with their recent wedding. The former was presented with a silver centre piece by his constituents, and Mrs. Gladstone was given a miniature on ivory of her husband.

Miss Maud Valerie White, the well-known composer of music, is, we regret to hear, lying very seriously ill in Paris. Miss White recently gave up her house in Broadway, and owing to ill-health was ordered abroad. She is now suffering from a complication of diseases, and many friends and admirers will be grieved to hear that little hope is given of her recovery.



THIS curious Photograph represents a potato in three different stages. In the first photo the potato is fixed on the top of a penny stone ink bottle. This is as it was dug up in a garden at St Mark's, and given to Mr. Roylance as a curio. He kept it for some time, when he began to notice it was getting soft, also that there were three little shoots by the side. Having taken a photo as it was, he broke the bottle to see what held it so firm, and to his surprise found it full of roots and a little mould. This was done without breaking the neck of the bottle. Having taken another photo in that stage (No. 2), he planted the bottle, leaving the potato out of the mould. It then grew rapidly until he took it up and took photograph No. 3 with the broken piece of the bottle by its side. The potato then got quite hard again.

By the Way.

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TWO BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS. By TOUCHSTONE.

I see some rash individual has been attempting to review Hall Caine's "Eternal City" at the Free Lance Association. The book was lent me to glance through for two days, and it seemed to me that it was about as easy to bisect the universe as to make any coherent series of remarks on such an enormous assortment of words as the "Eternal City" consists of.

Of course, it is generally understood that there are several sorts of "Eternal Cities"; there is the gold-lined variety with plenty of "profits" to the author and a certain portion for the publisher; Hall Caine's book belongs to this class! It has been skilfully advertised! I don't mean in the old-fashioned way, which simply tells you what you knew before, in this style: "Hall Caine's latest and greatest novel will appear shortly, entitled, etc., etc.; price 6s. nett."

"The Daily Bellowgraph" says: "We consider Hall Caine a fair masterpiece."

"The Dyley Myle" says: "We consider Hall Caine will yet make his mark as an author."

"The Protestant Reformer" says: "Hall Caine bids fair to become the Kensit of the pen (Vide 'Secrets of the Confessional,' price 3d., 1s. 6d. per 100)."

And all that sort of thing—the orthodox manner—but the up-to-date method is distinctly cleverer.

The story appears week by week in a magazine for ladies, and week by week the literary atmosphere grows warmer, so that the narrative is so positively sultry that the covers of the magazine cockle with the heat, and the ladies in the corset advertisements turn scarlet with confusion.

The natural result ensues: everybody begs us to talk, and the "Eternal City" is in everybody's thoughts, for a time at least!

But just at the moment when all those who are debarred by the conventions of society are rushing to see what will happen next, appears a notice which drops the curtain on all the love-making and *Roma*-nticising! Horror of horrors! The publishers of the magazine announce with regret that they are compelled to discontinue the publication of the "Eternal City," as differences have arisen between them and the author as to the suitability of the story for a lady's magazine. But the demon of curiosity has done its work, and the old serpent, as in the old story of Eden, whispers in the ear of the fair reader, "Pluck the fruit of the (Hall Caine) tree of knowledge. I assure you no evil will come of it. Leave that to me."

Do you want to know the result of this? I look inside the outer wall—I mean cover—of the "Eternal City" and you will see the inscription there: "This is to certify that we have printed 100,000 copies of the first edition of this novel." Good business, I' faith, and a real 18-carat gold-lined "Eternal City!" No wonder that Hall Caine lives in a castle, and is a member of the House of Keys, whatever that may be, in the Isle of Man.

While I am usurping the post of the Baron de Book-Worms and talking about books, I must really refer to Hall Caine's pet aversion, Miss Marie Corelli, and her latest publication. It is a kind of thick Christmas card, with holly leaves and berries on the front and mistletoe on the back, and lightens one's pocket to the extent of one shilling. The speciality of the production is the fact that it is entirely the work of that lady—Christmas carols, poems, lectures, sermonettes, and even a love song, with words by King Henry VIII. and music by Marie Corelli! Now it worries me "very considerable," as the Yanks would say, how such an unholy alliance could be brought about—between Pluff King Hall, with his very loose ideas of sex relationships, and Marie Corelli, the female Juvenal of the 20th century. I had no idea that old Henry Bluebeard the Tudor

ever descended to such trivialities as composing love songs to his many sweethearts. One of the lines runs thus:

"Above all others praise must I,
And love my sweeting till I die."

Which is to be sung "Puilento e con gran 'x-pressiono"; but I must be excused for thinking there must be a misprint in the last phrase even if it is "Pui lento e," etc., etc., etc. Just fancy Henry VIII. loving his sweeting till he die! I guess it should read "And love my sweeting till she die"; in other words until the fickle monarch could find some excuse for removing the said sweeting from the realm of "practical politics."

But Marie Corelli's Christmas sermon "out-gypsies" even a Gipsy Smith for downright slamming around with epithets such as "Liar" (with a capital L), hypocrite, and the like, after starting out with the express statement that she (the writer) is a real Christian, although some immoral folk have dared to doubt it.

Towards the end of the "address," however, there is a comforting statement that there are thousands of real men, who may be called Jews or Baptists (poor Baptists), Papists, or Buddhists, whom Marie Corelli holds as Christians for their good deeds. This is very interesting reading, to the Jews and Buddhists particularly; and I am sure that any Baptists or Papists to whom the "Christmas Greeting" is sent will appreciate the compliment of sandwiching them together between Jews and Papists.

You know, as a mere man, I often envy the immortal Marie—Bard of Avon No. 2—her profuse vocabulary of adjectives and epithets. I have tried in various ways to become what is known as a strong writer—I have diligently studied the style of a "Reynolds's" paper stop-the-war article, I have endeavoured to catch the oratorical fervour of an Irish M.P., I have thoughtfully digested the sledgehammer verbiage of our local authority on the N.S.P.C.C.; but for knock-me-down-straight-from-the-shoulder denunciation of

everything in general Marie Corelli is unapproachable.

And after you have read some of the delicate satire of the "Laurels of the Brave" in this same "Christmas Greetings," it is quite easy to see that it takes a woman to satirise women-kind, with a pen which is dipped in acid, gall, and wormwood. The Mrs. Arterovd, who is there depicted, "exhales from her person an odour supposed to be 'violets,' but more like the last trail of a musk-rat," and "she skims quickly through the war-list of killed and wounded just to see whether her husband was among them—not that her heart beat one pulse more anxiously during the search—she was only interested in so far as that if he were killed *she would have to go into mourning*." The same lady, in perusing the paper, wherever she discovers anything contrary to her own ideas, ejaculates "What a lie," and similar refined remarks, and altogether is about as bad-hearted a woman as could be imagined even by middle-class respectability, in whose imagination society at large is but a hot-bed of vice and corruption.

Truly, how these women love one another! We poor men are not in it when this kind of scorching vituperation comes along!

If I send any Christmas cards I shall get a few of the old-fashioned sort—with a Bambino and Angels, and a verse from a Christmas carol, but I don't think I should care to pay the postage of the sermon-cum-novelette-cum-poetic scrap book which Miss Corelli has so obligingly placed on the market at this festive season. TOUCHSTONE.

A marriage has been arranged, and will take place in January, between Capt. H. T. Russell (O.C.), Royal Field Artillery, eldest son of Mr. Edmund M. Russell, of Milford, Limerick, and Miss Alicia Studdert, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Richard Studdert, R.N., J.P., and Mrs. Studdert, of Bunrathy Castle, Crathoe, co. Clare.



Photo by H. W. Watson,

Cheltenham & Gloucester.

THE field of Mangold Wurtzel here pictured took First Prize at Cheltenham Root Show for Field Crop for Vale of Gloucestershire, and also Messrs. Sutton & Son's premium at the same Show. Name of Mangold, "Sutton's Prizewinner"; average of Crop, 64 tons per acre. Grown by Mr. F. J. Peacey, the Withyhoit and Rafford Farms, Charlton Kings.