

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY  
SUPPLEMENT

No. 57.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1902.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### SEVERN SALMON FISHING.

(By J. MERRIN).

With the termination of the close time upon us (from August 31st to February 1st) we present our readers with two illustrations showing the method of catching salmon in what may be called the middle reaches of the Severn, where the river is of a width which allows the net to be drawn along from both banks. Lower down the river, as our readers are aware, the river spreads out over sandbanks to a considerable width, and instead of nets only basket-work "putchers" and other appliances can be employed for detaining the fish in their upward journey to their spawning grounds. The instinct of the fish to ascend the river is so strong that weirs present no insurmountable obstruction to them, as with a sudden twist of the tail they spring upwards into the higher water running over the weir, and continue their journey after their sojourn from last season in the brackish waters of the estuary. The Severn has a few "salmon passes" or fish ladders in the upper waters, and these are easily surmounted, and then the fish find themselves in the clearer and purer waters which have come down from the Welsh mountains, through numberless streams. Selecting a comparatively shallow stream running over a clean gravelly bed, the fish here deposit their spawn; and close observers can detect in favourable seasons hundreds of small fish which have hatched out of the eggs. These are not unfrequently collected, and transferred from small tanks into feeding ponds, often at a considerable distance from their birthplace. In this stage of infantile fish life the greatest loss is liable to occur, owing to the artificial food supplied them and their strange surroundings. The numerous coarser fish and other enemies also account for much destruction as the samlets make their way down the stream to the feeding grounds, where the river or the stream to which they have been transferred joins the sea in a wide estuary of varying depth. Here the feeding is continued, and here prowl about sometimes numerous porpoises, sturgeon, pike, and other ravenous cannibals. Some seasons, from this and other causes more obscure, the season's catch of fish offers but a poor reward to the toiling fisherman.

The Severn Board of Conservators does its utmost to preserve the fish from night and other poachers, but it is not always successful, in spite of occasional prosecutions. Doubtless the catch of fish would be largely increased if the pollutions poured into the river by man could be materially reduced or abolished. The sewage from Stourbridge, Worcester, Tewkesbury, and Gloucester must have a serious effect on the fish harvest each year. And the more the stream is tossed about by steamers towing long lines of barges and other craft, and the stream otherwise disturbed, the more likely are the fish to be frightened or injured. But in spite of these drawbacks, we are often able to enjoy our savoury cut of salmon obtained at a reasonable price.

(See page 8.)



MR. LEONARD SPOHR TUTE,

Director of Music at the Opera House, Cheltenham.

MR. TUTE came to Cheltenham two years ago, and has done much to improve the Musical department of the Opera House both in the personnel of the orchestra and the class of music played there. He is an excellent conductor, violinist, and pianist, whilst his pupils hold him in high esteem as a teacher.

### A RARE GOAT.

The San Clemente goat, named after the Island of San Clemente, off the coast of California, is a species of goat which, it would appear, is unknown elsewhere and without history. Whether it was imported on to the island at some distant date or whether it is indigenous to the island or not is unascertained. The island, no doubt, at some remote period formed part of the mainland, and possibly these goats may have roamed in vast numbers; but if so, the island goats are the last of their race, for nothing is now met with like them on the mainland. The goats are reddish in colour, somewhat after the colour of the red deer, the front of the face black, with a pale reddish stripe down each side of nose and enclosing the eye; the cheeks are black, the chin a lightish colour, ears somewhat blackish above, the neck and anterior part of the body strongly suffused with black. They have, of course, never been crossed, and retain their original colour and characteristics.

Portsmouth has decided to celebrate Coronation year by erecting a bronze statue of Queen Victoria.

### DEATH OF COL. MAXWELL.

Col. Robert James Maxwell, late of the 80th Regiment, and of Islandmore, county Limerick, died at The Walls, Hampton Court, on Saturday, at the age of 64. Col. Maxwell, who entered the Army in 1854, served with the 80th Regiment in the Indian Mutiny and the campaign in Oude in 1858-59, and was present at the capture of the fort of Simree and the actions of Bera and Doondeakera. He obtained his company in 1859, and was promoted major in 1872, lieutenant-colonel in 1881, and colonel in 1885.

### COMPOSER, POSTMASTER, AND BAKER.

An interesting link with the past has been severed by the death of a well-known Buckinghamshire composer, Mr. George Griffin, of Wingrave, who has just passed away at the age of 85. He was best known as the author of "Samuel," an oratorio of some merit. Many other musical works were composed by him. In his earlier years he was the musical leader at the Wingrave Independent Chapel, and often assisted at harmonic gatherings in adjacent towns and villages. He also held the position of assistant overseer, and for many years managed the affairs of the local post-office, while at the same time carrying on the business of a baker.





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## SOCIETY SINS.

V.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS:

FATHERS AND SONS,—

A CONTRAST IN GENERATIONS.

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Pretty frequently nowadays we hear complaints of the selfishness displayed by girls towards their mothers, sons towards their fathers, but, in point of fact, they are not one bit more selfish than their parents and grandparents were before then; only the latter were coerced into silence, and, thereby, became little sneaks and liars; while the young people of to-day are above board, and don't pretend to a respect they see no reason to give, if undeserved. Looking closely into the limitations of youth, we find it contrary to the whole scheme of Nature to try and put old heads on young shoulders, and to expect from young people those qualities that their elders have only most unwillingly learned from painful experience. And if you make clamorous demands on their duty, their time, and their company, what do you get? Little old, old men and women who have been cheated out of their glorious kingdom of youth, cheated out of their illusions, their irresponsibility, all the happy, casual joys in which youth is so rich, and to which they can never bring the same keen appetite again. A healthy child does not know what the word selfishness means: it fulfils itself, it joys in life, and when a hundred reasons are advanced to prove as premeditated a mere childish fault, it can only, with bursting heart, feel the injustice of its elders, who expect in the child a divination of duty that they themselves in childhood never possessed.

"THE BOUNDING IMPULSES OF YOUTH."

Nature teaches us no such painful adaptation of youth to age; she throws out her warm, living children, and leaves them to fend for themselves after but brief tenderness on the part of their parents; and though, of course, the adventurous youngsters make terrible mistakes, and get badly knocked about, sometimes even are gobbled up altogether, at any rate they don't carry a hateful pack of experience that weighs them down, and effectually prevents them from reaching their full meridian of mental and physical strength. Be for ever putting a drag on the bounding impulses of youth, discourage all its noble, ridiculous flights to the sublime, invent base reasons for thoughtless actions committed out of sheer light-heartedness and frolic; and what do you get but leadened hearts, puzzled, saddened looks from young, eager eyes?

And I will say unhesitatingly, that the attitude of children nowadays to their parents has much to recommend it in its frankness, and outspokenness, in the far greater comprehension existing between them than formerly, when we were continually taught our duty towards our parents, but never

heard expounded theirs towards us, for when they had clothed, overfed, smacked, and Bibled us (probably the overfeeding came from our mothers, and the smackings from our fathers) they mostly regarded their duty as ended, and "Shut the door after you; lo as you're told" extended with most of us from childhood well on into youth. But is it not better for the young to be suffered to grow unhindered to the full maturity of their powers, than to be the product of other people's minds and views, their individuality plucked up in childhood as a weed? and the "New" home in which father and mother, sons and daughters, are all real good pals, working and playing in unison, can give points to the "Old," where respect indeed flourished, but often hidden seeds of revolt sprang to full grown rebellion, and there resulted a bitterness between parent and child very seldom to be met with now. The wise make comrades of their grown and growing-up children, and perhaps the relationship stands on a franker, saner basis than that of autocrat or one side and slave on the other. Thus in home life, as in love, the Old Order has given way to the New. And undoubtedly this drawing together of youth and middle age is good for the elders, and conduces to freshness of spirit; the high wall between father and son, mother and daughter is down, and they do not shout different and strange languages to each other across it. When a boy is able to say, "Dad, I've got into a mess, and I want your advice," there is shown a delightful camaraderie between them infinitely preferable to the former terror of the impulsive youngster lest the "Governor" should turn him out of the house for some indiscretion perfectly natural to youth.

PARENTS—AND FRIENDS.

Many a daughter is saved from a life-long blunder in marriage, and a son from shipwreck, because they have made "pals" of their parents, and loved and trusted them, without that exaggerated and unnatural respect which was carefully instilled into the last generation, and with such totally inadequate results. Thus it happens that when the present-day fathers or mothers show themselves human, and liable to err, the children do not judge them harshly, as we should have done ours. If the veil between us and our parents had been rent, not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men, could have put them together again in our estimation, but our children, in a spirit of much greater humanity, will say, "Silly old mater, she really mustn't do so and so," or "Poor old dad, he has been a bit of a duffer, but we must buck him up," and this camaraderie is a very delightful thing, and must bring much warm, human comfort to the parents. To see a family of grown-up sons and daughters on the happiest terms with their parents, is a sight to gladden the heart, but it is one that by its very frankness of exchange of thought and opinions is absolutely impossible to a generation. The personal bias and wishes of past children were not even consulted in their education, much less the choice of a profession.

Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, what are they after all but rational human beings, with equal rights as citizens of the world, and must not the levelling up process inevitably begin when the period of helpless childhood is passed, and the powers of reason develop?

Where will you find more painful object-lessons than in the "coddled" ones of 'he earth, when they break away from their mothers' apron strings and their fathers' arm-chairs? But be sure of this, that to stamp our own worn images on the virgin palimpsest of youth is one of those crimes against innocence which will assuredly never be forgiven us.

And, as I have said before, Nature preaches independence, freedom, and self-reliance to every creature in which the breath of life is, "Live your life," she says. "Live my life" was the cry of the old order of parent, so that with all its faults, its mistakes, its brutalities even, the New Order has more vitality and *raison d'être* than the old.

For now the claims of a human being, who not having elected to come into the world, being here, demands the right of fulfilling itself on the lines Nature intended, obtain a hearing from parents who unquestionably have a much greater sense of the higher duty towards their children than our parents had towards us. We make more sacrifices for them, more allowance, we throw ourselves back again into our own youth to understand how they feel, and are not so unreasonable as to expect them to take the long steps to us that only age and experience can bridge. We strive to give them their "chance" in life, and if they do not take it, we have done our best, though the children who have been after life return four fold the care we have brought up on love mostly do take it, and in spent upon them.

THE QUESTION OF MANNERS.

It is a constant complaint nowadays that boys and girls are impertinent to their parents; but usually it is the elders who have set the tune of manners, and the young people do but dance to it. The fault lies in themselves, inasmuch as love and charity have not come sufficiently into their own lives to make them practise and teach the true courtesy whose source is the heart. To make real comrades of your children is to let them feel that you have gone with them step for step all the way—that you have not lived your own selfish life apart, then grabbed at them when they had grown away from you. And one day you will realise that they are falling into your step, that they are going back to their childhood, and blaming themselves for their failure towards you, even as you failed towards your parents; and you will never again have to complain of their selfishness and ingratitude, as careless and worthless parents constantly do to-day.

Therefore I regard in many respects the New Order as superior to the Old, inasmuch as it inaugurates comradeship between mother and daughter, father and son, because under it children are ruled by love, not by authority, and that while the old abject attitude of enforced respect on the one hand, and condescension on the other, did not make for truth and sincerity in the filial relation, the Order of the New emphatically does.

True, not all the sown weeds come to flower, but where all are planted in a fair soil with room to grow, some, at least, must bear golden fruit at last.

Next Week:

"FAMOUS STUDIOS—AND THEIR OCCUPANTS."

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VALUABLE GIFT TO BRISTOL MUSEUM.  
Lady Smyth, widow of Sir Greville Smyth, Bart., of Ashton Court, Bristol, who died recently at his shooting box in Scotland, has presented to Bristol Museum the valuable natural history collection formed by Sir Greville. The gift includes a great auk's egg and other rare eggs, nests, and birds. There are only about seventy auks' eggs known to exist, more than half being privately owned. The last two sold for 315 and 240 guineas respectively.



# Gloucestershire Gossip.

So our new Archdeacon, Canon Bowers, will not, after all, retain the office of diocesan missionary, as this is voided by his acceptance of this more dignified but less remunerated appointment. I regret this severing of his connection with a religious organisation which he has worked up to such a high standard of excellence, but, as I do not believe in the indispensability of any man, I have no doubt that its beneficent work will be continued under a suitable successor. I understand that Canon Bowers would have had the living of SS. Philip and James, Cheltenham, after Canon Hutchinson died if the Archdeaconship could have been arranged for him as well. Everybody is doubtless glad that Canon Bowers has succeeded Archdeacon Sheringham, but I am sure they would not wish him to be a loser pecuniarily in taking the office, and will therefore be glad to hear he is marked out for a living to compensate him for the loss of income. If he has to leave Gloucester I hope he will come in or near Cheltenham.

To-day the list closes for Volunteers from the 2nd V.B. Gloucestershire Regiment to the fresh companies to replace those serving in South Africa, and I hope that at least the minimum strength of one subaltern, one sergeant, one corporal, one bugler, and 18 privates will be forthcoming. Still recruiting is handicapped by the fact that a rifleman will only get about a quarter of the pay of an Imperial Yeoman. It does not appear ten months ago that the last detachment from our battalion, under Lieut. E. F. B. Witts, sailed from Southampton in the Saxon, but it is so. I was only thinking the other day that we have heard but little of these in the Press, as compared with the doings of their comrades who went before them, and whether this is due to a severer censorship of soldiers' letters or to some other restrictive cause I don't know. But I was glad to read in the "Chronicle" last week a nice and sympathetic letter which Lieut. Witts wrote to the parent, in Bristol, of one of his men who had died of enteric at Springfontein in the Orange River Colony, and intimating that he had arranged for a tombstone to be put up over his grave.

The strange case of the adventuress, described as "a woman of fascinating appearance," who at the recent Suffolk Assizes was convicted and sentenced to 15 months' imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretences, reminds me that the late Prince Alexis Soltykoff, whom, at the trial, she alleged she married at Gretna Green in 1891 and lived with him in Cheltenham, was a brilliant meteor in the Garden Town and in the neighbourhood of Bourton-on-the-Water in the early part of the last decade, and that some of the financial responsibilities that he incurred for jewellery and on bills gave much work for the lawyers here and in London. I see that an important witness against the prisoner at the Suffolk Assizes was the present Prince Soltykoff, who had to be subpoenaed, and denied that she was his niece and that he allowed her £400 a year, the false pretences whereby she had been enabled to obtain the money charged against her. Truth, we are told, is very often stranger than fiction, and if the history of prisoner's career as she gave at the trial be but true even in a measure it exemplifies the force of the adage.

The advantages of a light railway are spreading in this county, and the latest folk to realise them are the Fairford people, who I observe, after having presented Mr. James Joicey with an illuminated address of thanks for the active part he took in trying to get the Bill passed for a railway between that town and Cirencester, have now got their eyes fixed upon the cheaper form of communication, and look to Mr. Nevins to work out their salvation. This missing link between the

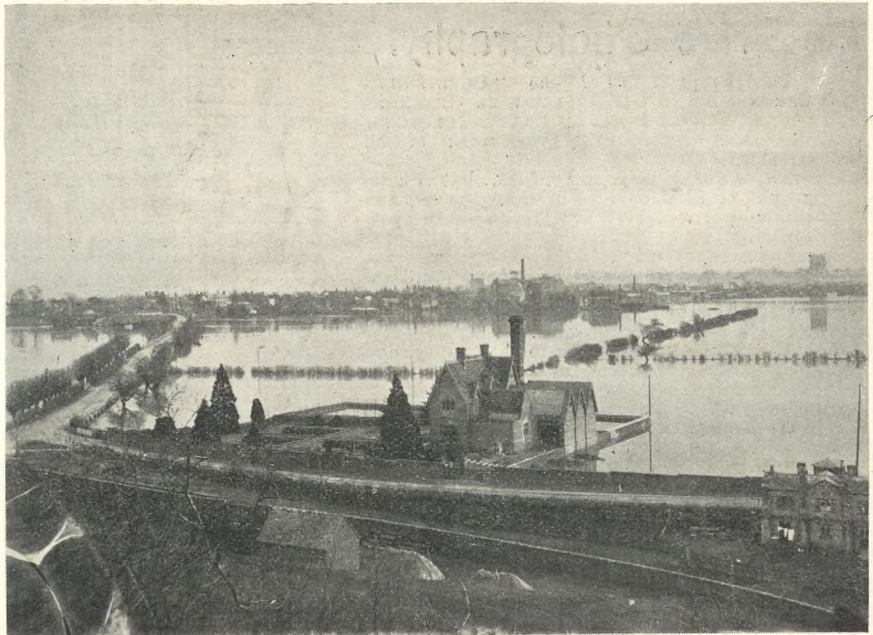


Photo by J. Willis.

Prince Edward House, Tewkesbury.

## THE RECENT FLOODS AT TEWKESBURY.

two towns is badly wanted, for it would open up a new route, via Witney, to Oxford. I am one who believes that the supply greatly creates the demand for railway traveling, as the greater the facilities are the greater will the B.P. avail themselves of them. Fancy a half-day trip to London from Cheltenham and Gloucester for the low fare of 4s. 3d. return. Well, it fetched a good number of casual passengers last week.

The further honouring of Lord Coventry by burghers of Tewkesbury, in conferring upon him last Monday the honorary freedom of the borough, is a fitting complement to the position of Lord High Steward, to which they appointed this popular nobleman some months ago. Tewkesbury and Cheltenham can now beat in this respect the sister and older and historic borough of Gloucester. While the Cathedral city has no hon. freemen, she possesses some four hundred freemen who, by birthright, are entitled to vote for a member of Parliament if they reside within six miles of its boundaries, and, now that their rights of pasturage on the common meadows are gone, are eligible to participate in the income arising from nearly £8,000 paid by the Corporation for the commutation of these rights. I see that Lord Macaulay said, in regard to the Charter of King James II., by which the liberty of choosing Parliamentary representatives was transferred from the freemen to the Corporation:—"It was rumoured that the new constituent body of Tewkesbury was animated by the same sentiment which was general throughout the nation, and would, when the decisive day should arrive, send true Protestants to Parliament. The regulators, in great wrath, threatened to reduce the number of electors to three." For nearly 300 years Tewkesbury, I read, sent representatives, many of whom belonged to the families of Dowdeswell, Codrington, Lechmere, Tracy, Martin, Lygon, or Yorke, to Parliament, but since 1885 the borough has been merged in the Tewkesbury Division.

Lord Coventry is the seventh member of his noble house who has been Lord High Steward of the borough at the confluence of the Severn and Avon. In accepting the hon. freedom his lordship last Monday took an oath, of which this is the part:—"I will be obey-

sant and obedient to the mayor and other officers. The franchises, customs, and privileges I will defend and maintain. I will be a contributory according to my ability to all manner of charges within this town, as summons watches contributions, taxes, tollages, lot and scot, and all other payments, bearing a proportionable part as a freeman ought to do. I will colour no stranger's goods or cattle wherefore the town or inhabitants thereof may lose their customs and advantage. I will know of no conspiracy but will disclose the same to the mayor for the time being."

In proposing Lord Coventry's health, the learned Recorder referred to the fact that an ancestor of his lordship, who was Lord Mayor of London, was an intimate of Dick Whittington. Lord Coventry, in reply, confirmed this interesting announcement, and added that the ancestor alluded to was an executor of Whittington's will, and said that in the strong-room at Croome Court there were some old papers which might throw an interesting light on that worthy. They were, however, too old for him to attempt to decipher. The name of Whittington and his connection with Gloucester having thus been introduced, Sir John Dorington, the genial squire of Bisley, had something to say about Whittington's association with the Lypiatt estate. His coat of arms was on the walls of one of the rooms of his house. When in London, continued the speaker, he had great difficulty in persuading some of his friends that Whittington was not a myth, and that he did really exist, and was a Gloucestershire man.

GLENER.

The expedition for exploration in Central Asia under Captain Kosloff, which was sent out by the Russian Geographical Society, has returned to St. Petersburg, with numerous objects of interest.

The Viceroy of India has appointed a commission to visit the university centres and colleges of India to enquire into their prospects, report on their working, and recommend measures for the improvement of the teaching and the standard of learning.



OUR PRIZE PICTURES.

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.

Entries for the 57th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Feb. 1st, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

The winner of the 56th competition is Mr. A. Bamber, of 'Netherby,' Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham, with his

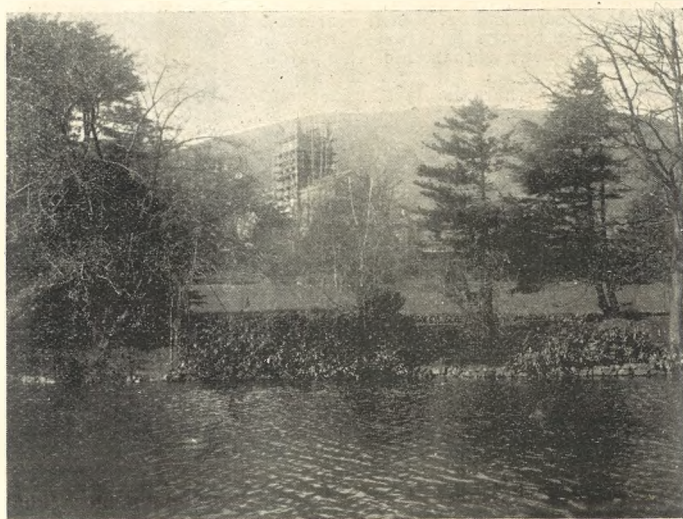
VIEWS OF MALVERN.



LEDBURY HOUNDS IN BELLEVUE TERRACE.



IVY SCAR. NORTH HILL.



THE PRIORY CHURCH.



TOP OF CHURCH STREET.



"SLOW BUT SURE."



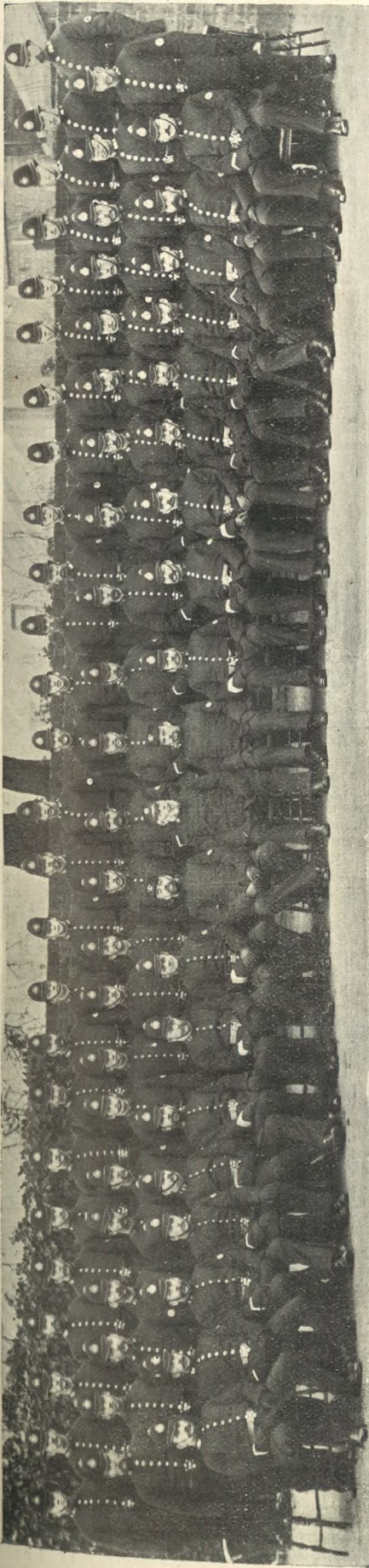


Photo by H. W. Watson]

[Gloucester and Cheltenham.

## Gloucester Division Constabulary.

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*Sixty-nine out of the Seventy-six Officers in the Division assembled in the Station Yard. Mr. Nehemiah Philpott (the centre figure) has been presented by them, on his retirement from the Deputy Chief Constableness, with his Portrait, painted by Mr. Walter J. Lifton, of Gloucester.*

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KEY FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

- Back Row—P.C.'s Brooke, Ponter, Moulton, Thomas, Mallard, Lane, Price, Rickards, E. J. Smith, Bent, T. Bartlett, J. Bartlett, W. Bartlett, Davis, Powell, Windsor, Luker, Lewis, Wellington, Lacey, W. Newman, Woodhouse, Jordan, Meade, Dinwoodie, Timms.  
 Second Row—P.C.'s Holmes, J. Newman, Sharrock, Barnes, Ruguan, R. Newman, Castle, Yeatman, Painter, Drill-Instructor Delaney, Harding, Morgan, Millard, Green, Carter, Fleetwood, Corbett, G. Clutterbuck, May, Douglas, Pullen, Hayden, Frappe.  
 Third Row—P.C.'s Birt, Welchman, Taylor, Treasurer, Eames, Sergts. Bravbrooks, Wilson, and Williams, Inspector Elliott, Deputy Chief Constable Philpott, Inspector Dennis, Sergts. Currie, Collier, and Richardson, Acting-Sergts. Yeates and Smith, P.C.'s Hunt, Detectives Whyton and Allen, and P.C. Gardner.

## Quaint Leckhampton Cottages



IN THE MEADOWS.



Photos by J. Elliott, 36 Upper Norwood-street, Cheltenham.



The Pekin officials have found intact treasure to the value of over £17,000,000 in gold and silver, which was buried in the women's quarters of the palace before the flight of the Court. Several days have been spent in digging it up.

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### IN MEMORY OF GORDON.

On Sunday morning, before attending service at Chatham Garrison Church, the training battalion, the service battalion, and the submarine miners' battalion of the Royal Engineers marched to the Gordon statue, in front of the Royal Engineers' Institute, and Major-General Sir Thomas Fraser, commandant of the School of Military Engineering, placed a beautiful wreath on the statue. The troops then sang the hymn, "For ever with the Lord," accompanied by the Royal Engineers' Band. The service at the Garrison Church was of an "In Memoriam" character, and reference was made to the anniversary and to Gordon's heroism. The wreath was a tribute from the Royal Engineer officers, and bore a suitable inscription.



## CASH PAYMENTS.

[BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER].

When this subject was suggested to me my first impression was that there was nothing in it; that the truths it did suggest were so self-evident as neither to admit of illustration nor to require enforcement. I was not long in recognising the fertility of the subject which had at first struck me as sterile and repelling. I remembered some time ago, in going along a street in Islington, London, I observed a notice-board upon a shop, the building of which was approaching completion. The notice was to this effect: "This shop will be opened shortly on the new principle." Being curious as to what could be meant by the "new principle" I made enquiry, and found that this thrilling novelty was that hard cash was to be paid for everything immediately on its purchase. "Money down," was the brief translation of the whole idea. In another quarter of London I was struck with the legend, on an important-looking window, in enamelled letters: "The Cash Tailor." I wondered if there could be any other kind of tailor, when I suddenly remembered that tailors were the most forbearing and considerate set of tradesmen in the world. It is, I believe, something like a proverb that the bulk of people never dream of paying a tailor. I have never been able myself to see the pleasure—I will not say the fun, for that is a hackneyed expression—of paying for a coat as soon as you have worn it out. There is something like irony, if not cruelty, in the idea of paying for a garment which you can no longer wear. It is just as easy—so, at least, I as a ready-money man suppose—to pay for a thing when you get it as to pay for it after you have lost it. But some man may argue that he must of necessity have a coat, and live in the hope of one day being able to pay the tailor a trifle. For my own part, I do not admit the necessity. Never wear clothes that you have not paid for. I notice on my tailor's bill which accompanies any few clothes I am infatuated enough to order that 15 per cent. is allowed for cash—which means, I suppose, that I have only to pay 17s. in the £. Now, why subject me to the great puzzle and inconvenience of making an arithmetical calculation over a suit of clothes? I may not be great at arithmetic; why should I, therefore, be stunned and mystified by having a most intricate problem to solve before I can pay a tailor's bill? It is the same also with my shoemaker—"15 per cent. for cash." Is this not the same as saying that the tailor and the shoemaker lend me money at the rate of 15 per cent.? Is not this a usurious rate? But the tailor tells me, and the shoemaker confirms him, that there are many customers who never think of paying them until after the lapse of two or three years. This brings down the rate to a very moderate sum, for it is not 15 per cent. year by year, it is 15 per cent. upon the whole amount. One would think that every time the customer put on the boots he would see 15 per cent. written upon the upper leathers; but somehow he regards that threatening figure as little more than a dream or a fancy.

The butcher at the West End of London explains this mystery to me in a very frank manner. He is a most respectable and flourishing butcher. In the guilelessness of his heart he assures me that he has to put on the discount before he takes it off. He says: The countess will have her 5 per cent., the butler will insist upon having his 5 per cent., and the cook refuses to put a joint on the spit until he or she had also had 5 per cent. This is the way the 15 per cent. is put on, and knowing the peculiarities of these various grades of human nature the butcher puts on the 15 per cent., and afterwards generously presents it to his clamorous clients. The countess knows all this, and winks at the knavery, and says she would not deal with a butcher who did not allow her 5 per cent. Some butchers are not as honest as this. I know one who went to a cook and secretly offered her 5 per cent., which I understand

is 1s. in the £, upon all butcher meat supplied to the house. The cook happened to be an honest woman, and said: "That is the butcher we shall not deal with." But what a temptation to a working-woman! Suppose the butcher's bill was 30s. a week, there is a bribe of 1s. 6d., and 1s. 6d. multiplied by fifty-two weeks presents a strong temptation to a saving woman. All this trickery ought to be exposed and denounced, and every customer should insist upon cash payments and no discounts. But where is there a man strong enough to insist upon paying for a thing the moment he gets it? Why is the butcher so fond of his weekly book? Why does the grocer spurn the man who attempts to pay over the counter? I simply put the questions, and I leave inventive minds to suggest possible replies.

There are two or three things to which I would take the liberty of drawing the attention of all whom it may concern:

The ready-money customer gets the best of everything. I was told by one of the most remarkable men in London that ready money accounted for all his success in life, because it enabled him to make the best bargains in the market. "Once," said he, "I had to ask for a little credit, and in this way I forfeited nearly all my profit; now I can go into the market and buy large quantities of all sorts of commodities and pay for them instantly; this enables the seller to cut down his profits to the very smallest amount, and practically to divide them with me." I learnt a good deal from that practical man. In effect he said: Go with the money in your hand if you wish to make the best of the market; if the man who stands behind you is going to ask for credit he puts himself to a great disadvantage. I felt that my commercial friend was right, and that if his plan prevailed over the whole market business would be simplified, and would be made satisfactory and workable at every point. Besides this, the ready-money customer gets the best attention. At the livery stable his orders are attended to promptly. At the shoemaker's he is welcomed with a smile, whilst the other man is regarded with a frown. It is the way of the world; to have money is to have a key that opens all gates and makes the rough places plain. Of course, the man who contracts for deferred payments deludes himself with the notion that something will happen before the payment becomes due—the tailor may die! the butcher may run away! the grocer may fall down in a fit! anyhow, in some form or other, the fickle chapter of accidents may afford a loophole of escape. He cannot seriously persuade himself of these possibilities; still, there lurks in his mind the infatuation that things will so shape themselves to turn out in his favour. It is a gambler's dream; it is the madman's hope. All this is very like the discipline of getting up early in the morning. You know as a matter of fact that you have to get up; why not make a desperate effort and land yourself on your bare feet, even when the temperature is chilly and discouraging? There is nothing like bringing your determination up to the heroic point. You never regret it; you face the day with a fine courage, and when it slows down towards eventide you can comfort yourself with the memory of what you did in the morning. With a ruthless severity, therefore, I would say again and again: "Owe no man anything," but pay as you go. The man who is in debt has a continual sense of being hunted. He dare not open his own front door; he feels now and again that behind every tree, or around every corner, there awaits him the terrible face of a forbearing, yet ultimately relentless, creditor.

The man who should be held up as a warning to all beginners in responsible life is what I may call the romantic debtor. He is an amiable man, a hopeful man, a man who laughs at difficulties and cheerfully declares that instead of being difficulties they are advantages in the problem of life. Such men are called optimists. A good deal of frivolity, independence of facts, or defiance of results, may be hidden under this glittering name. A man whom I have in my view at this moment was the most cheerful optimist I ever

knew. He was always exactly £50 behind his obligations; but he had a wonderful way of always paying one man by borrowing the £50 of another man, and then declare he was "in smooth water," and could contemplate the mysteries of life from a serene elevation. "Now," said he to his friends, "I feel inclined to have a burst, just to signalise my relief from the crippling debt." His "burst" was a very unambitious matter; it was simply attending a Church soiree where tickets were ninepence each, and children admitted at half-price. I may pause here to say, in my opinion admitting children at half-price where currant cake is on the table is the greatest mistake the Church ever committed—heresies are the merest trifles compared with this egregious blunder. My friend was fond of hearing speeches, and fonder still of making them, and whenever he eased his shoulder by borrowing £50 off another man he always made a speech on some such subject as the Regeneration of Society, or upon Christianity, the True Solution of the Social Problem. It is astonishing how many cheerful theories that poor soul adopted and proclaimed as soon as he had found another generous scapegoat. Another man whom I have in view at present simply despises gold, silver, and copper in what he calls small and contemptible sums. He never gets into a cab without paying the cabman half-a-crown, however short the journey may be; but when you come to analyse the case you find he is living on borrowed money, and that it is some other man who has unknowingly advanced the half-crown. It is always "to-morrow"—deceitful time!—that he is going to be rich and free and hilarious. He does not talk about mean hundreds and thousands, he talks about millions, and has even been heard to say billions in the fever of some delirious excitement. Talk to him of cash payments—they are simply vulgar, sordid, and socially detestable. Take him in a bill for thousands and he may look at it; ask him for hundreds and he will laugh in your face. He is a romantic man, a poetic gambler, and an ideal brigand. He does not know this. He would absolutely repel the insinuation. He carries off the whole occasion as with a flourish of trumpets, and a "burst" of simple but pious jollity. The worst of it is that his example has a deadly influence upon young minds. They say, Look at Mr. Jordan; what jollity, what Royal carelessness, what a magnificent trust in Providence.

I have often asked myself what can be the cause of encouraging deferred payments? It must be to tempt needy people to buy more than they really require. Now here is a coat—a top coat, a velvet-collared top coat; the price is only ten guineas, and pay when you like. This is a great temptation. Who does not some time or other need a coat of this very kind, with either a fur lining or a velvet collar? The price is a mere bagatelle, it is only a "tenner," and the longer I keep the tailor waiting the more he will be pleased. Why does the grocer insist upon his weekly book? I wonder if it is because he can, as it were by accident, charge you with another pound of sugar or another half-ounce of tea. I do not suggest this as a fact, I merely throw it out as the possible answer to a riddle. If you will insist in dealing with men in fine shops and with a great staff of assistants you must remember that you have to pay for the whole of this *entourage*. You have to pay the rent, you have to pay all the men who get high salaries, you have to pay the carmen, and you have to pay something to the youngest shop-boy. This is nothing but right. The price is calculated upon this basis, and you, guileless man, have to find the money. If you have got it I have no fault to find with you; but if you have to ask some other man to find it I earnestly exhort you to think out the case in all its practical bearings, and see if you cannot get exactly the same result at a far less extravagant outlay. You know that, as a matter of fact, you have got to pay; you may put off the evil day a long time, but the summons will be issued, the "man" will come into "possession," and your children's cot may be sold to make up the amount! I hold



these tragedies before you in order that you may be warned, and may be made thoughtful.

Debt makes both parties uncomfortable. The creditor plainly says in every lineament of his face when looking at the debtor: "You know how I hold the whip-hand over you." The debtor says in every crouch and lurch of his body when looking at the creditor: "You hard-hearted wretch, if people only knew what you are they would hate the ground you walk upon." Debt gives one party the advantage over the other. The debtor is tempted meanly to think that if he agrees with the creditor, or votes on his side of the case, the creditor will probably make some abatement or modification in his "bond." The debtor cannot frankly speak his mind in the presence of the creditor. Debt takes the heart out of the debtor. He feels that he cannot possibly make up the leeway. He owns to himself that there is no way for it but for him to get deeper and deeper into the mire. He goes plunging on in his muddling way until living becomes a kind of thieving. He obtains goods almost on false pretences. His bread nearly chokes him, because he knows that he cannot reasonably hope to pay for it. A

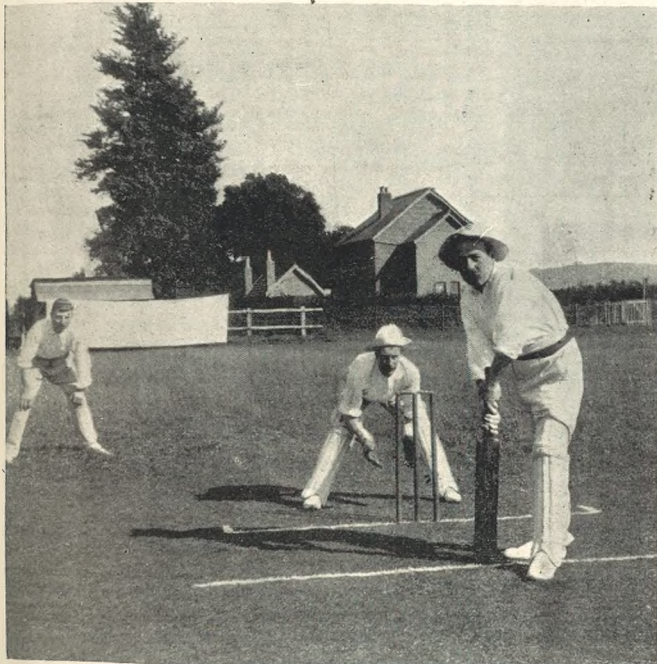
young couple entering life on "the three-years' system" is almost certain to come to grief. The young people think they will furnish the drawing-room, and once getting behind in their furniture bill it is impossible for them, in the ordinary course of circumstances, to overtake their debt. Better sit in an empty room without a coal in the grate, and without a loaf in the cupboard, than give any man a pecuniary advantage over you. When young people accept this policy as the basis of their lives, they are truly and wisely independent. They accept no patronage; they endure no humiliating obligation. Many a man is tempted to give an undue preference to one creditor over another, and in this way to do wrong to the weaker creditor. Some creditors push their debtors more than others do. In some countries I understand it is the practice of men who carry collection boxes round the churches to nudge a man who would shirk his responsibilities. One case is reported actually to have occurred, and the following conversation took place in a vigorous whisper:

"I cannot give anything, I am so much in debt."  
 "You are in debt to Almighty God."

"I know that; but He ain't pushing me like my other creditors."

So it is. The watchword seems to be, pay the pushing creditor and neglect the patient one. What does all this mean but degradation and weakness and shame? The only way of being truly independent is to hate debt, and to keep out of it in every possible degree. If you cannot pay for a thing, do not have it. You would like a carriage and pair? Very possibly; but can you keep a carriage and pair? If you say, No, then your policy is clear. What is the good of having a carriage and pair merely to keep up appearances? Always remember that the horse is continually making the attempt to eat off his head, and if you have not oats enough for him the simple meaning is degradation, utter weakness, and final bankruptcy. The remedy is in your own hands. Never wear a hat until you can pay for it. Never ask a pecuniary favour of any man. Never deceive yourself by fine words and phrases. Debt is debt, and debt is degradation, whatever euphemistic and self-deceiving phrases you are tempted to employ.

JOSEPH PARKER.



MR. G. W. MARSH,

Founder of Hatherley Cricket Club, presented last week, on retiring from the captaincy, with a testimonial by the members in recognition of his valued services to the club. A snapshot last summer by Mr. C. T. Deane, of Mr. Marsh at the wicket, in company with Messrs. Frank Tibbits and R. Butt, two other well-known cricketers.



Photo by W. J. Gardner.

7 Barton-street, Tewkesbury.

VILLAGE CROSS AT ECKINGTON.



WHAT THE SEA GAVE UP.

A curious find has just been made at Samrishama, in Sweden. At low water a sailor discovered among the stones, on the beach of Messakasbay there, a tea-spoon of brass. After cleaning it he found engraved on the inside the picture of a man-of-war, with the words "Maine" and "6,600 tons." The spoon would, therefore, appear to have belonged to the ill-fated Maine, sunk in Havana Harbour in the spring of 1898, and it needed four years for the ocean-currents to wash this tiny object ashore on the coast of Southern Sweden.—"Vossische Zeitung," Berlin.

HUNTING BY TELEGRAPH.

The other day Sir John Amory's hounds were observed by the intelligent driver of a goods train to be at fault near a certain junction as he passed along the line. Three miles further down the railway he saw the hunted find a short distance from a signal box, whereupon, pulling up his train he besought the signalman to telegraph the news back to the junction. And as Mr. Amory, thinking his deer had laid down, was still close to the station, the tidings came to hand satisfactorily.—"Land and Water."

M. Ballay, Governor-General of French West Africa, died on Sunday.

A PENSION FOR MR. CHAPLIN.

It is announced that Mr. Chaplin has received one of the second-class political pensions of £1,200 a year. This is the pension which fell vacant by the death of Mr. Villiers. It was, no doubt, conferred upon Mr. Chaplin at the time, but it did not become operative until Lord Salisbury dismissed Mr. Chaplin from office at the end of 1901. The late Mr. Walpole's pension has no doubt also been conferred upon one of the existing Ministers, whose name is not yet published.—"Westminster Gazette."

Considerable damage has been done at Lagos by exceptionally high tides.



# Salmon Fishing at the Upper Parting, above Gloucester.



(See article on page 1.)

Cardinal Vaughan returned to London on Saturday from Courtfield, where he had been on a visit to his brother, Colonel Vaughan, in order to officiate at the marriage of Miss Vaughan (his niece) to Mr. Lindsay, of Deer Park, Honiton, Devon.

The consecration of bishops can only take place on holy days or saints' days, so that it is unlikely that Canon Gore will be consecrated now until Ash Wednesday, 12th of February, or St. Matthias's Day, 24th February. The latter is the more probable date.

Sunday was the tenth anniversary of the death of the late Charles H. Spurgeon. A stained glass window to the memories of the Emperor and Empress Frederick in the Berlin Museum was unveiled on Saturday by the Kaiser.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 58.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1902.

## Tour of our Churches.



### ST. JAMES'S, POSTLIP.



Some persons will have it that Ritualists are nothing but Roman Catholics, but if such would attend a celebration of Mass at a Roman Catholic Church, they would see a marked difference. I have no brief for the High Church folk—indeed, my sympathies are entirely against them—but such a recital of Latin prayers (and that, too, at a very rapid rate) as I heard at St. James's, Postlip, on Sunday morning last, is never heard in a Protestant place of worship, be it ever so "high."

Postlip Church does not secure large congregations—on Sunday morning the number of persons present was just half-a-dozen, in addition to the officiating priest. The reverend gentleman was waited upon by the lady of the mansion near, who acted as acolyte; there was no music, and the priest and this lady had it pretty nearly to themselves in the Latin prayers and responses. Towards the close the whole of the congregation joined in a few prayers in English. To one unaccustomed to incense, the "sweet savour" at one point of the service was rather overpowering. At a certain stage in the proceedings all members of the congregation went to the altar rails, and the priest gave each a candle, which later on was lighted, and burnt night for a time, and then extinguished. A little boy hardly knew what to do and was told to go to the priest for a candle, which this he did at the proper time lighted for him. The Epistle and Gospel for Sexagesima Sunday were read in English. There were the usual changes of vestments noticed at all Romish services. No sermon or address was given.

The church consists of nave, chancel (or sanctuary), and a sacristy, added at the restoration about ten years ago. There is a small organ loft or gallery, and a bell cot, with one bell. The Norman altar, of Seton stone, was erected for the re-opening of the church, and on one side is a statue of the Blessed Virgin and on the other one of the Sacred Heart. There are numerous other examples of statuary, and set into the wall on either side the nave are sacred emblems enclosed with glass. There is some good colouring in the 14th century east window.

The building is a characteristic example of Norman architecture of about the middle of the 12th century, and was built by William de Solers. The Norman doorway and low chancel arch are well worthy the attention of antiquaries. A small niche in the side of one of the walls has been the subject of some discussion. This kind of niche is said to have been not uncommon in English churches at one time; but its use died out rather early.



Photo by J. W. A. Roylance,

Tivoli, Cheltenham.

### Hempstead Church, near Gloucester.

It was for holding what was called the Poor Soul Lamp—a lamp lighted every night to invite passers-by to pray for the souls of the dead. Some will have it, however, that this niche was really nothing more than the basin of the piscina.

The church is on rising ground, and on the south side is supported by an interesting flying buttress.

In close proximity is the interesting demesne of Postlip Hall, with its many gables and grey walls, said to have been held by Godrie, a powerful Thane, in the reign of Edward the Confessor. At one time the tithes of the Manor of Postlip were enjoyed by the Abbey of Winchcombe, but later they would appear to have gone to Tewkesbury Abbey.

CHURCHMAN.

### "SPICE" FROM CEYLON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC."

Dere Edeter,—I was just thinkin' as how you'd like to know how the bwoys be lookin' yer in Ceylon. I suppaouse these know we 'a' got our Chocklut Boxes now, and thay d' say as how we be to get thay medles in a few dayes. By what thay d' tell I, we be a-gettin' on um for church prade nex' Sondey. A course, we d' think a gret dele on um, an' I dussay as how we shall look main grand we um on our chestes.

Dere Sur, this be a funnee plase, and all the fauks be queer yer too, ya knaow. Some on um can't abur a sauldier a-walkin' aside on um. Not but w'at thay likes to see us a-goit' to church we our buguls and band, wich, I may say yer, as thay d' sound main grand.

Then, aguin, ther' is a lot of flies which worrits the life out on yer. Thay da call um slave highland flys; and thee shou'st see thay tramcars a-tryin' to kut drew um, and then thee ust say as how the fauks in thay tramcars as be the slaves and not that highland.

We a' got a lot a bloomin' prisoners yere wot do 'ave a fine time on't in the kamps. Fauks da soy as how Bowers be gotten' better grub nor Tommy (that's us). Some on um be on puraole, dust knaw, and they d' drive about in kerridges, and thee hust think thay be the gentree what da run this place; but thay buent, never they fere, we a got um all right, thee bet.

Naw, tell that thur Mother Jenkins w'at da rite in yer "Graffick" that I da like 'er plawn way a talkin' and I d' rede her letter every wick. 'Cos our old man da send the paper to I all the way from St. Pawl's.

Now, I mite send thee some mower shurtly, so luk out.

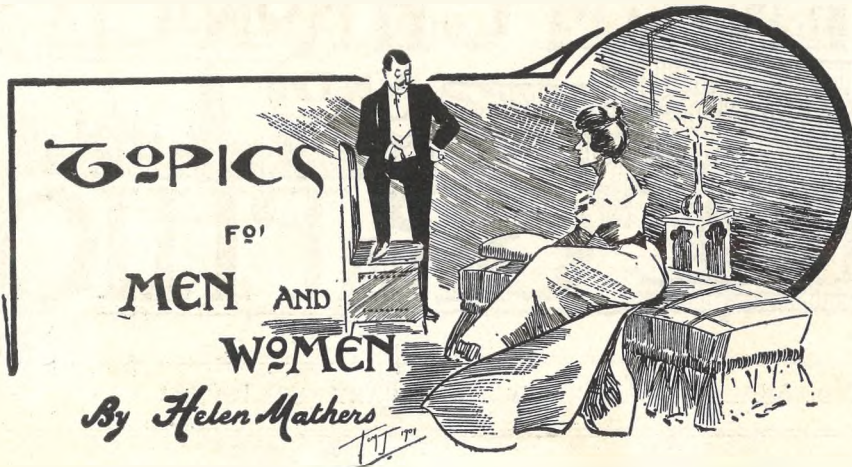
I remain,

Yer 'umble

FODGER A THER GLAUSTERS,

Colombo, Ceylon.





[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]\*  
**SOCIETY SINS.**

\*  
 VI.

**FAMOUS STUDIOS—AND THEIR OCCUPANTS.**

The two men who form the subjects of this brief sketch are as utterly unlike in person and character as in their art, yet in this they resemble each other, that the one has made Egypt, the other Japan, essentially his own; the elder is known the world over for his vivid pictures of the Egyptian Desert, the other for those exquisite harmonies of colour that brought before us that hitherto unknown country, Japan.

**INTERPRETER OF THE VOLUPTUOUS EAST.**

To look at Mr. Frederick Goodall through a fretted screen of mulberry work as he stands below, is to realise how this man, fresh, *debonnaire*, carrying his seventy years as lightly as if they were thirty, has been able to get through the enormous amount of work he has done, for those pictures on wall and easel, breathing as they do all the mystery, the fascination, the drowsy warmth and colour of the East, represent but a very small portion of his art, since he is equally brilliant as a portrait and animal painter, and has also succeeded in such widely different subjects as "Raising the Maypole at the Restoration," "Alms on the Lagoon," "Susannah and the Elders," and many others.

Happy in a father who gave him a most varied art education, sending him as a lad to the Zoological Gardens to study animals in motion, Mr. Goodall was sent at sixteen on a sketching trip to Rouen, where he made many drawings that greatly delighted his father. The same year he exhibited a picture, "A Frosty Morning," at the British Institution, and subsequently made other trips to Normandy, where he laid the foundations for many pictures, one of which, entitled "The Tired Soldier at the Well," painted in his twentieth year, was bought by Mr. Vernon, and is now in the National Gallery.

In this connection it may be mentioned that when Mr. Goodall was painting "The Village Holiday," Mr. Vernon, who was dying, asked for the picture to be brought to him, and purchased it there and then; and this also is in the National Gallery.

Mr. Goodall then went to Brittany, where he saw a *fête de mariage* that made the subject of one of his most successful pictures, which he completed at the age of twenty-one, and sold for four hundred guineas to Sir Charles Courtt—a very remarkable record for so young a man, and greatly to his honour.

**BY TIRELESS INDUSTRY.**

The tireless industry that went hand in hand with his gift, and that has never for a moment throughout his long life slackened, took him later to Ireland, where he made many studies for pictures, and in the succeeding years that he remained in

England, he painted "Raising the Maypole at the Restoration," "Happier Days of Charles I.," and "Cranmer at the Traitors' Gate." He then went to Venice, and made studies for two big pictures "Reciting Mass to the people of Chioggia," and "Alms on the Lagoon." But it was not until he paid his first visit to the East, the following year, that he might be said to have "found himself," for, on landing at Alexandria, the feast of colour, light, movement, gorgeous costumes, and the immense bunches of dates, against the intensely blue sky, so vividly, even passionately impressed him, that from that moment the East took him, absorbed him, and of all her worshippers he became her truest and most successful interpreter.

To stand before one of his pictures is to live, to move in the atmosphere of the burning desert; the four walls of the studio recede, and all the glamour, the languor, and the beauty of the East holds you in its spell, for admirable as Mr. Goodall may be as portrait and animal painter, the desert is his *metier*: he can never get away from it for long, and he seems to have painted it in every hour of the day and night, and to make you familiar with it also.

When he left Alexandria, he went up to Cairo, then the most picturesque city in the world, and made excursions to the Red Sea, stopping at the Wells of Moses, camping with Bedouins of Sahara, and making innumerable studies of men, women, and children, desert and pastoral scenes, most of which are now in his studio.

On his return, his first pictures painted revealed the deep impression Africa had made on him, for "An Arab encampment at the Wells of Moses," the "Rising of the Nile," "Palm offering," and the "Return of Pilgrims from Mecca," followed each other in rapid succession. To enumerate even a title of Mr. Goodall's work would fill more space than I have here at my disposal, and the successes and honours, that culminated in his becoming a Royal Academician, would take too long to enumerate.

Suffice that his work is now better than it has ever been, and that the principal picture in his last private show was sent for by the King to Marlborough House, for private inspection. Bright, genial, alert of bearing, Mr. Goodall's is a typical golden summer passed in a most beautiful home, and long may we have from him those ever-fresh, ever-youthful pictures of the kind we love, pictures that have brought all the voluptuous glory of the East to us poor sojourners under grey skies, who cannot go out there.

**ABOUT ALFRED EAST.**

Such sunny memories, such happy encouragement of his youthful strivings after art, do not belong to Alfred East, though from his looks you would never guess it, for he suggests one of George du Maurier's typical artists, graceful, gay, boyishly eager, as he shakes back a heavy lock of hair—one of those happy men who have kept their enthusiasm burning brightly through all the discouragements and misery of being forced into one vocation when he felt himself imperatively called to another. He could draw

almost before he could walk, accepted his first commission at ten, yet for years he was tied to work intensely repugnant to him, and only after severe opposition obtained the art training that was so absolutely necessary, and by which he has profited so richly, that now to acquire an "East" is to be possessed of a property that almost doubles and trebles its value with every year. And when you stand before one of his pictures you know that he is well named the Poet-Painter of landscape, for you realise that you are gazing on poetry made manifest in colour, in feeling, in intensity, and that the landscape is a definite expression of the painter himself. In a word, he has painted from the heart outwards, not from a mere impression mechanically conveyed from the eye to the hand: in his landscapes there is a soul, and that a very beautiful one. They are very simple, these pictures, but his treatment of the sky and atmosphere is so masterly, the exquisite, almost evanescent colours appeal to you with so vibrating a note of music, of memory, that you cannot bear to leave the canvas: if you are rich you buy it, if you are poor you never forget it, and nature is all the dearer to you ever after, because you have seen this man's inspired interpretation of it. His eye sees frankly, his hand is governed by the conditions under which he works, his studies are as full of truth as they are of that order of modulation that leads up to beauty, and in his famous "Dawn" is embodied the Claudesque notions of design, and a symmetry that is almost human. Between you and his pictures there would almost seem to be a delicate, scarcely perceptible vapour like the diaphanous but softening robe provided by Nature at her best, and we know (at least those of us who are at home with nature) that we have seen something like this, but that the artist has brought to his creation more than we are able to bring, which his genius has enabled him not only to see but to render, and we are grateful for this new revelation, as the partly dumb must be to those who speak with perfect lucidity and thought. To quote Sir Walter Armstrong in his criticism of Alfred East and his work, "Claude was the true father of all those who overlay the material with the spiritual element in landscape. He it is who insisted upon, and gave a legitimate exaggeration to the exquisite, mysterious, intellectually stimulative constituents of natural beauty." And yet it is Corot with his "feathery twilights," Corot who is Claude etherealised and sublimated, that Alfred East most resembles; between the "Claude's Mill" of the Dorian Gallery, and "Dawn" there is much in common, and Mr. East says that his first true starting point in the art he follows, was the example set by this, the most romantic of the French Romanticists.

His first exhibited picture was painted at Barbizon, and "The Dark Island," "The Land between the Locks," and "Tranquil Waters" may be selected at haphazard out of his many works as typical of him as a landscape painter; while his pictures of Venice, one in particular, "At Sunset," are positively luminous in atmosphere and colour, recalling Turner in some respects, but with a stamp of individuality that is on every one of Alfred East's pictures, great and small.

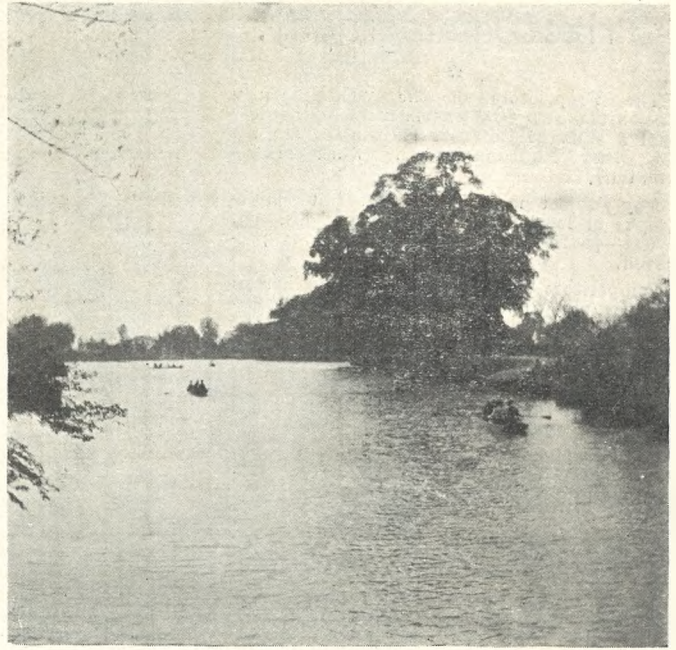
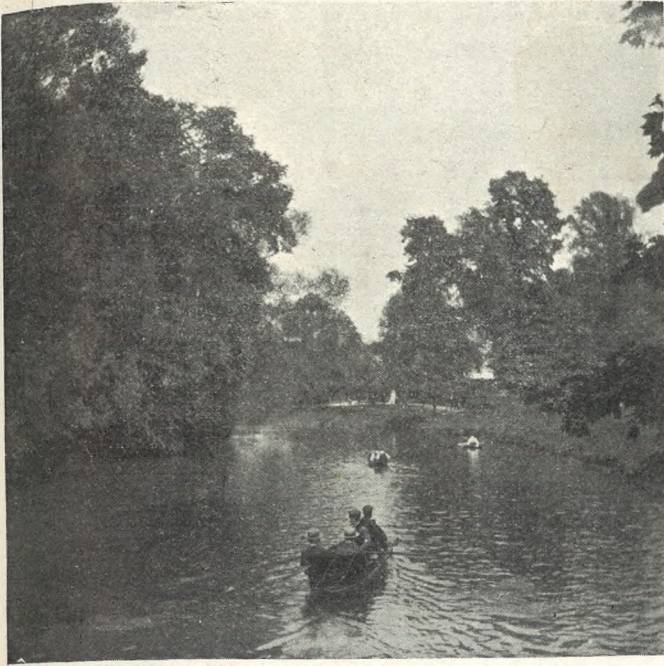
The National Gallery of Hungary contains "A Haunt of Ancient Peace," painted by him, and purchased by the Government. "A Passing Storm" is in the French National Gallery; while the City of Venice has placed in its permanent gallery a large picture of Mr. East's native country, entitled "The Nene Valley."

**JAPAN AND HOKUSAI.**

It was not until after he had migrated to town, and spent some years there, that he made that visit to Japan, which had such far-reaching influence on his scheme of colouring and work, and in his London studio to-day you breathe the very atmosphere of that country, each bronze, each curio, its every object serving to remind him and us of the happy and fruitful six months he spent there. There is no doubt that the influence of that great leader and genius, Hokusai, over the mind of Alfred East was



## Views in Pittville Park from Bridge.



Photos by C. T. Deane,

Cheltenham.

a profound one, and that the latter produced more tender, exquisite, and fragile effects of colour in his landscapes after his visit to Japan, than before; while his water-colour drawing of Fuji, the Sacred Mountain of Japan, and the other "studies" that he exhibited at the Fine Art Gallery in Bond-street, after his return, made a great sensation by their marvellous transparency of tint, and the perfectly frank way in which all he had seen had been set down.

In the lecture Alfred East delivered before the Japan Society in London upon "Some aspects of the art of Hokusai," he quoted the great master's words, "In Japan we render form and colour without aiming at relief; in the European painting, they seek relief and ocular illusion." And yet this man, whose unerring brush limned all things on earth, and of Bhudda, of the life of men and women, giving you the most perfect sense of their movement, of birds and beasts, herbs and trees, who scorned the pleasures of the world, despised wealth, and ignored all things for the sake of his art, never desiring to be rich, was so simple-minded and humble that he wrote for inscription over his tomb, "The Old Man mad with painting," and on the reverse side, "My soul turned Will-o'-the-Wisp can come and go at ease over the summer fields."

It is pleasant to know that his native town of Kettering, which has already given one great man to the world, is proud of its Alfred East, and gave him a great reception when he had made his career, achieving fame in the teeth of the almost insuperable obstacles thrown in his way.

And looking for the secret of the success of Mr. Goodall and Mr. East, in what do we find it? Not in their versatility, not in their ability and personal charm, not even in the gift of form with which they were dowered, but in the dogged grit and industry that they never once let go, that they will continue to hold till, like the gentle Hokusai, their souls

"Can come and go at ease over the summer fields."

Next Week: "Some Drawing-room Tragedies."

## BY THE WAY.

### SELINA JENKINS ON "PATENT MEDICINES AND THE PROTESTANT LEAGUE."

I won't say as I considers Patent Medicines has very much to do with Protestantism, although it do look a bit like it from the tittle of me letter this week; but, of course, that's a haccident as can't be helped, seem' as 'ow 'twern't my fault as the circulars was put into my letter-box together, was it now?

Owver, I'll tell you hall about it. You must know as I've a-bin down amongst Wales this last week to visit a sister-in-law of mine, as 'rote and said she would be that glad to see me down for the day, knowin' very well as I never goes away from me hearth and 'ome for less than a week, not to please nobody, unless they pays me rail fare, wich I will say you'd ave to get up very early in the morning (long before that there hearly bird, as they talks about, were hout heating the hearly worm) to get a Pontpool Welsher to pay for a ha'penny bun, let alone yer rail fare.

Well, as I was a-sayin', I'd been away for very nigh a week, and when I come back and onlocked the front door, if you believe me, I couldn't push it open nohow, and I'm a pretty fair weight, too, when I sets me shoulder to the wheel, as the sayin' is. Well, 'ere was a nice 'ow-de-do—me, a lone widder, shut out of 'er own 'ouse; and, of course, I didn't know, it mite a been burglars or sperrits, or anythink superstitious, wich, as luck would 'ave it, fer a wonder, a policeman were passin', wich I calls 'im over and asks him to 'elp shove a bit.

But, for the life of us, we couldn't budge that there door, not a blessed hinch, and, to make it worse, there was a lot of Gordon boys and bother aristocracy gathered around the gate, and keeps shouting away for all the world like a football match—"Play hup, Cheltenham. Scrum hup, there. All together, forwards"—until there was a regler riot a-going on, not to say nothin' of me, as is liable to the asthmas, bein' shet out in the cold wind, as was fit to bite a helephant's trunk off.

'Owver, at last, a postman comes hup, and 'e says, says 'e, "'Ere, wot are you a-doing to that door? You'll be 'aving it hoff its 'inges in a minute!'"

Well," says I, "'ere's me, a delicate field-male, shet out of 'er own 'ouse by burglars, or somethink; wot are we to do?" Says he, "You leave go pushing a minute, and let me 'ave a go; I think I knows wot's the matter with this 'ere dore. It's jammed, that's wot it is, and the more you shoves the obstinater it'll stick. You want's to give and take a bit with this 'ere door," and, so saying, we stops shoving, me and my policeman, and this 'ere postman 'e just lets the dore 'ave its way a bit, as you might say—humoured it—and, you believe me, if it didn't open as easy as shelling peas!

And wot do you think it were as caused all this disturbance to the neighbourhood, and well-nigh frightened me into the delirium streamers. Why, it were nothing in the world but some of these 'ere Patent Pills as 'ad been dropped into me letter-box during me habsence, and 'ad got jammed into the works of my door some'ow, and there they was, all over the place, just as if a sack of peas 'ad been and bursted all over my 'all floor.

The impurence of the people, you can't think, nowadays! 'Ere, you can't go hout-side the door without havin' literatoor thrown in by the bushel-full, as isn't fit for any respectable fieldmale to read a lot of it, as goes into details about vesicles and ventricles and debilities and ducts and things as makes me blush to think about 'em meself, much less to soil me 'ands by readin' about 'em, not to speak of strawing hogsheads of liver pills and sich rubbishage hall hover your clean floor, and jamming up the 'inges of a body's front door so as she can't get in, no, not with the 'elp of a perliceman, as we all knows is a limb of the law! And, then, these 'ere testimonies. Well, I'll tell you summat: My uncle's sister-in-law's cousin's nephew, 'e give one of these 'ere people a testimony as 'e were cured of 'is rhumatics. The name of the firm were called Bingle's Bottled Bitters; but no sooner did his photygraph (as weren't a bit like him) and his testimony come out in all the papers and millions of little books, as was thrown into letter-boxes and down areas by the cwt., but the rhumatics come on again worse nor ever, and 'ere was he a-readin'



## The Prize Picture.

### 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.

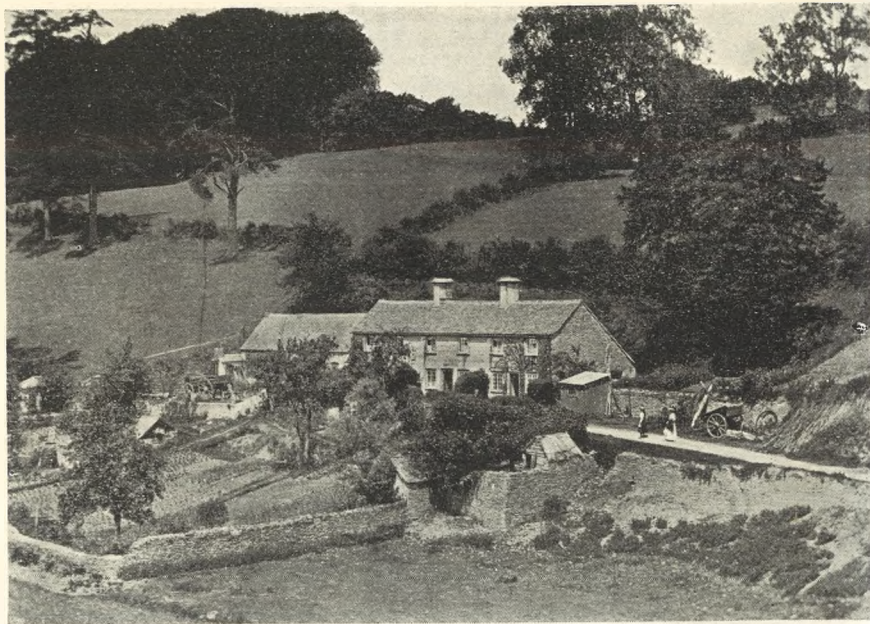
Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

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 57th competition is Mr. John A. Probert, 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, with his photo of Caudle Green.

Entries for the 58th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Feb. 8th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.



Caudle Green, near Birdlip.

everywhere 'ow 'e'd been miraculously cured all the while he were laid up with the same thing! You see, he halloed atore 'e were out of the wood, and they printed the hallooes, too, and that's where the awkward part come in! Not but wot I considers sich advertisements is very useful to light the fire of a morning with, when there aint no newspapers 'andy. But I expect you be a beginnin' to wonder where the Protestantism comes in, as were like this. In amongst the untidy mess of Patent Pills and things, as was all over the place, were another letter from what they do call the National Protestant League, sayin' would I join the same thing; if so, would I please to tear off a piece of paper wich was enclosed and put in a henvelope, with a shilling, to be called for in a few days hence. There was two very hinteresting pictures, I will say that, enclosed, to advertise the N.P.L., and some testimonies from a "Non-conformist" and a "Loyal Churchman," sayin' as 'ow they'd paid their shillings and found much benefit from it. The pictures was of a "Mass" in the Church of England, and a Church professional in working order with a very good-lookin' young woman a-twisting of 'er wedding ring and trying to think 'ow she shall put it to a young gentleman in a pinafore and other 'andsome raiments, so as not to give 'erself away, as the sayin' is, wich this is done "by kind permission of Francis Peek, Esq.," and very kind of 'im it is, too, I will say that! Well, you know, I've never seed a professional a-goin' on in a church, nor a mass, not meself, that I 'aven't; but you never knows, does you, now? Wot with these 'ere screens and sich like, a-shetting off the clergy from them as keeps them up, you never know wot's goin' on. They might me doing all sorts of hidoltry and 'eathen practices behind them screens, and you'd never know, 'cept by the smell of the hinsects they burns. And I will say I never agreed with this 'ere burnin' hinsects in churches, as smells like a Dutch-oven full of rags, with the dampers pushed in, and can't be no good to no one, ceps it's a disinfectant, as we all knows it isn't supposed to be took that way. I wonders meself wot hinsects it is they burns as makes such a terr'bia smeech; I suppose it must be ants, seein' as 'ow they be mentioned in the Scriptures, and so wouldn't be onclean things, as the sayin' is.

'Owsomedever, I don't agree with that there Kensit a-goin' into the churches and smashing hup everythink 'e can lay his hands acrost. If anybody was to come to threaten to break my winders becoss I didn't agree with them about things in general I should say "Break away! you'll 'ave to pay for them"; but if they was to come along very easy and wheedly-like, and stroke me down the right way, as the sayin' is, why, bless yer 'art, I'd go to the hends of the G.W.R. and turn Ottenot to please 'em, that I would!

And so I writes this to the Protestant League, instead of breaking off that there piece of paper and putting of it in a henvelope, and wot I say is this: I agrees with yer aims, but I don't agree with the ways you as of kicking up snindies regardless of people's feelin's, and sayin' as everythink and everybody but yerselves is bound to be —(no, I didn't say it, becoss I don't agree with ladies sayin' such words; but you knows wot I do mean). I knows I've met many a Christian amongst the Ritualistest of the Ritualists, and there is even several as is considered to be Christians amongst the Romin Catholics. If you want 'em to come to your way of thinking you must humour 'em a bit, like the postman did my door!

In konklusion, I considers as it's just as serviceable for me, as a Protestant widder and a fieldmale, to keep away from church services as I don't like, and it's a powerful site cheaper than payin' 1s. to be rote down as a Protestant in a book by the Protestant League. I 'ave 'eard tell in that there Luther's times you didn't have to pay 1s. to be a Protestant. 'Owever, that I can't tell, not being very well hup in 'istory, not meself!

SELINA MARY JENKINS.

Sir John Braddick Monckton; Town Clerk of the City of London since 1873, died on Monday night. He was a son of the late Mr. John Monckton, a solicitor, of Maidstone, and was born in 1832. Deceased, who was Grand Warden of Freemasons of England, was the recipient of several foreign decorations, including the Orders of the Redeemer of Greece and Leopold of Belgium, Knight of the Golden Lion of Nassau, and of the Lion and Sun of Persia. He was also the holder of the late Queen's Jubilee Commemoration medal and clasp.

#### THE OLD CLERK.

[See Photograph Page 6.]

St. Martin's Chimes!  
Oh! many times  
I've rung its bell—

The marriage bell,  
The funeral knell—  
And laid the dead  
Beneath the sod

Within the acre of their God.  
To whom their souls have fled.

I've seen the bride,  
With looks so ooy  
Of new-born joy  
All hopes and fears,  
All smiles and tears,  
For that new life  
Of peace or strife,  
As God decide.

I've seen the tiny babe caress't  
Nestling upon its mother's breast,  
That haven of maternal rest,  
And then with sacred words so blessed  
To be enrolled  
Among Christ's fold.

For three-score years and ten—nay more—  
I've passed the threshold of the old church door  
Sundays and week-days,  
And I always says

"I strive so earnestly with all my might,  
To do my duty in my Master's sight.

"But when life's fitful fever's o'er,  
Once more they'll take me through the door  
To lay me in my narrow grave,  
A sinner whom Christ died to save."

My eyes oft-times are dim and weary,  
And sometimes I'm a little dreary  
With the hourly work of life,  
And daily strife  
Of troubles rife.

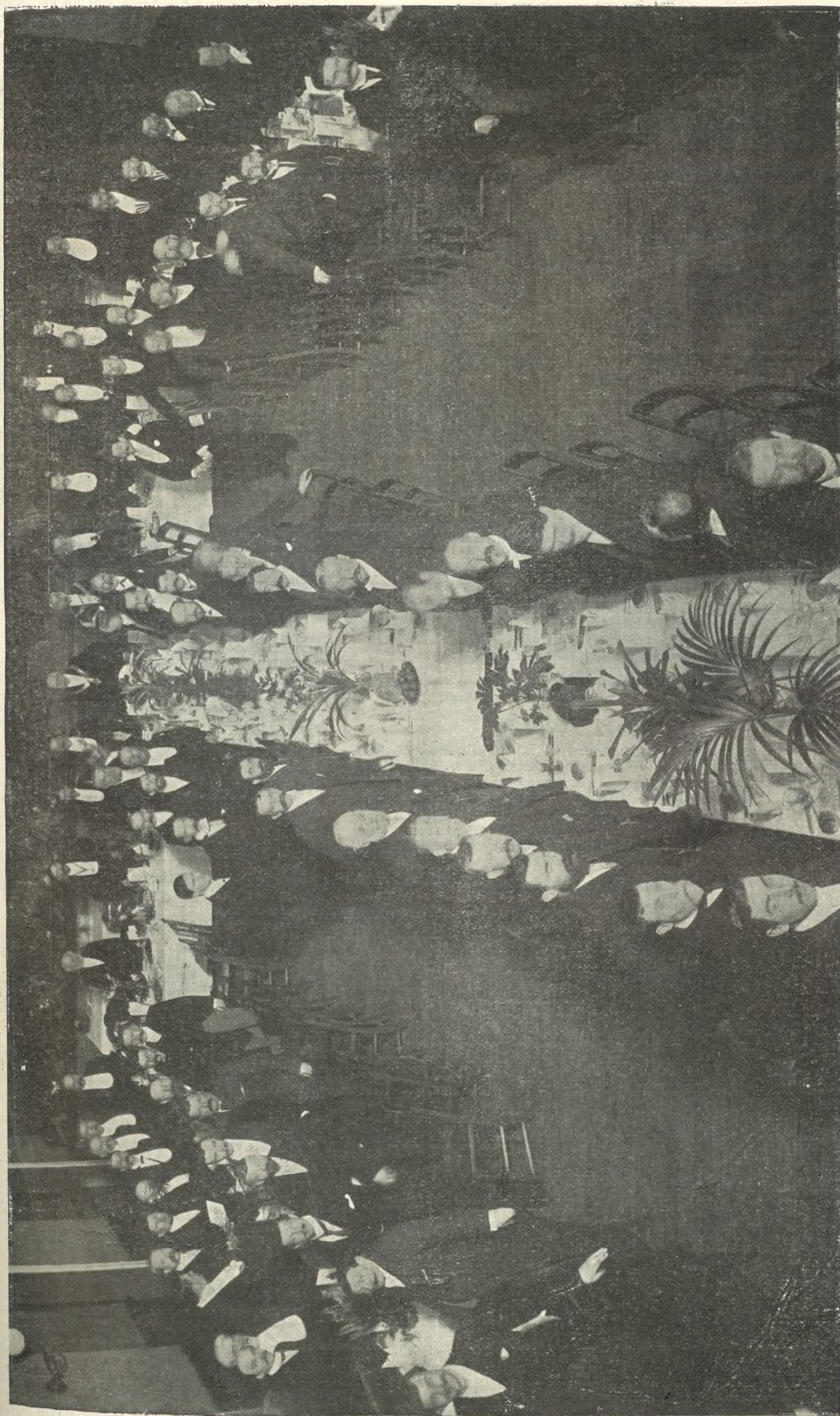
Thank God! as yet my limbs are steady,  
But when my Master calls I'm ready,  
Willing to do His bidding; 'tis then—farewell,  
And other hands will ring my dear old bell.

EDITH ALICE MAITLAND.

Colonel Sir Edward Hill, K.C.B., the late member for South Bristol, is spending the winter with Lady Hill at Taormina, Sicily, where they have a residence.

Capt. F. J. H. Bell, Royal Irish Rifles, who was severely wounded at Stormberg, has been appointed aide-de-camp to Major-General Leach, commanding the Belfast District.





Flashlight Photo by H. E. Jones,

Northgate Studio, Gloucester.

## Banquet and Presentations at Gloucester Guildhall on January 30th, 1902, to Bro. R. J. Vallender, Grand Master of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows.

The Grand Master was supported by the Mayor, Sheriff, D.G.M. R. W. Moffrey, D.G.M. R. Rushton, Directors E. F. Hind and T. Walton, Rev. C. E. Dighton, J.P., &c., while at the table on the extreme right are Bros. E. E. Bourne, C. T. Bastin and W. T. Knee, of Cheltenham.





Photo by Mrs. Maitland,

Cheltenham.

**John Washburn, Aged 87 Years,**

who is at present, and has been for over Seventy years, Clerk of Saint Martin's Church, Woolstone, Gloucestershire. He is said to be the oldest working Parish Clerk in England

**Chaffing Papers.**

No. IV.

[BY JOSEPH MERRIN.]

\*

**THE OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.**

Occasional correspondents of our typical country newspaper vary a good deal in their education and the resulting spelling and grammar compared with the duly authorised correspondent. The colloquial style is freely indulged in in the requests he makes for the insertion of his copy, the ordering of his advertisements, or the grievances he may be airing. One or two samples may be first given of editor's teasers by a class whose position and education ought to make them shrink from disturbing the editor worried in mind with their petty grievances or impracticable suggestions. Materfamilias writes with impressive dignity that she hopes for the sake of maintaining peace in her home circle the editor will cause no more tales of vampires to appear, as they prevent her daughters from sleeping at night. "A gentleman" writes in authoritative style that he has made inquiries, and he begs emphatically to state that the subject matter of an article the editor published some months ago is clearly fictitious. A "School Girl," anxious to show how well she has got on with books, who wrote to head-quarters whenever she could detect a printer's error, of course past rectification, has not been recently heard of; but it is hoped, for her husband's sake, that she will settle down into an un censorious matron.

"Writing to the papers," indeed, is a favourite occupation with some who have little or nothing to do, and who wish to let their friends see how they can figure in print. Local grievances needing exposure are,

of course, constantly cropping up, and these are often seized upon with avidity. Some of these communications coming from quiet country corners, which have been rescued from the waste basket, will speak for themselves.

**VILLAGE ANNOYANCES.**

Mr. Editor—Sir, I wish to pen a few lines to you without in any way drawing public attention on me, in hope of some great annoyances here being stopped. Videlicet 1. Rowdy boys making dreadful noises after dark, and running against quiet people from round corners, and pretending to beg pardon. 2. Gossiping women standing at opposite cottage doors, and shouting their wishes for mutual injury or destruction in their constant wrangles, instead of attending to their domestic duties. 3. The intolerable frequency of Washing Day, and the obtrusive display of ill-washed garments of most questionable shapes sprawled over the hedges and hung out of the windows, apparently to drive all well-behaved people from walking up the village. Oh, for a Public Wash-house, not to say Baths, for those dirty brats that roll about on the footways, and make one wonder how any such could ever be called the "little dears" some style them, let alone "cherubs aloft." Do, Mr. Editor, suggest some remedy for these dreadful drawbacks to country life. Your admiring reader, Harriet Fitzjones.

**THE GRIEVANCES OF THE POOR.**

Mr. Editor—I'm to put up for Guardian and want you to let all the parish know of it, as I'm determined to oppose that Brown whose agin the poor having any out of doors relief whatsoever, and wants all the poor old shakeyuns to tumble into the Workhouse and as soon as possible into a porpers grave. This is a serious case for the old uns who ca'n't hardly keep body and soul together, to say nothing of having a cheerful hart much

wanted in age & infirmity—to have to go into the workhouse and sacrifice the Life's savings of an humble home and be kep under lock & key and drest up in workhouse corderoy, My old Woman says I shall put up, sheel tell me what to say at their blessed meetings, so here goes, theres been a lot of confabs in our little shop when the women come in to buy their groceries which Ime lisened for, and my Misses tops the Lot for speechifying, and she says thayle have no more nonsense, and Ime to put up at this coming election, and go in and no mistake as a friend of the poor for out relief in necessitus cases where real suffering is stamped on the deserving, and down with the Workhouse. And dont they discuss the affairs of the nation too in our shop since your papers come here. Them women are good uns to talk—Ime nowhere. Dont they tell me lots of old peoples paneful cases as wants relief, but when they have ast for it the Brute of a Board only offered them what they calls the House, and a pretty house it is, a meezly old place with forms to set on and iron spoons to eat with, and them pannicans for basins and cups, with a dead wall all round it, and growing taters in the garden. Lets see some of the cases in question. Theres Old Billy Selse long past work, that Longevity as they calls it aint no good after all, and deaf whove lost his son in Egypt who was a good boy when he was here. And then theres Sally Spangles, poor Old Sally, theres not much shine of spangles about her now with her two sticks—she's got to live on tea and bread and dripping the neighbours give her. But Ime getting tedyus and I must ask you to put it rite and give the announcement as Ime coming forrard agin that Brown whose the enemy of the village, for he deals at the stores 2 mile off and grinds his men down.

Yours pretty Bobbish like, Peter Hyam-right.

Poscrip—Workhouse Reform says I, or shut up shop, and give Relief outside in the Domestic homes now seen.

We have since heard a report that the energetic candidate, finding promises of support at the poll coming in rather slack, has decided that his wife shall put up, as the whole village would support a female candidate for the fun of the thing.

**A VILLAGE ORATOR.**

Can you send anybody to our meeting next week about our Church which our Parson wants repaired—he says a good Report will help it. Wet comes in, and such a wind—Old Jorrocks got the face ache a ringing the bell cos he didn't turn both sides to windurd. Im to be Chairman and will get you to take my Speech full—as I intend to rub it in to them ratepayers as is agin it Hoping your attention Yours —

**A SAD LOOKOUT.**

Dear sir Ive spoken to your correspondent here and he says I had better write to you direct, so I am doing it, and heres a case as you'll feel for—a Widow, her has just lost her forth husband. She's tried hard to keep a housen over her head with all of them. But now its all gone. She cant expect to hear of a Fifth. Contributions respectfully received by yours obediently. —

I wish to arouse a wide sympathy for the object of my letter, and I've therefore took the trouble aided by the Old Lady and her wonderful Ancestral Memory to sketch out an Autobiography of her 4 husbands, etc., etc., and their kind treatment of the amiable Object referred to, which I enclose duly certified in the Hope that you will make it beknown, and thus land her on something like terror firmer in regard to vittals and drink, and be it well remembered shes a teetotaller, which the Lodging is provided for by contributions already Volunteered by many who knew the Lot.

**AN AGGRIEVED COBBLER.**

Honrd. Sir,—As the manager of a powerful organ of the Press, might I ask you the favour of some space to let the world know there are some very sore places in our boasted civilisation? I am an honest shoemaker whom that modern demon, Competition, is crushing. I find those great boot factories are literally sowing me up. With the scamping in tanning the leather, using them steam driven



cutting, sowing, stamping, and polishing machines, and sweating the poor fellows who work them, the death knell is being sounded to good solid leather boots and shoes. Down the long past has come the saying "There's nothing like leather." Let us have no more of this boasting when we know to our cost that boots of badly tanned leather, with scrap-padded heels are turned out by thousands by machinery and low wages. Then there's pegs, and tacks, and brads that they nail down their lies with, and as soon as they're worn a bit a sharp pint coming through makes you holler. I know a few things you know, and Bloomfield the cobbler poet was a sort of ancestor of mine, and in those days boot makers were honoured by the remark by a high authority that sitting down and making boots led to the inspiration of the poet. I should like to see how many poets are turned out of them tall-chimney boot factories, where men hammer all day and often all night at one branch only of their work, and women and girls cut out and put on tongues without using their own from morning to night. These pale faced little females are the progeny of a perishing civilisation, who ought to be engaged in healthy work in the open air, bringing up their daughters to good paying domestic service, and their sons to till the land, and to defend their country against those encroaching foreigners, thus helping to carry forward our glorious traditions, and save us from the downward grade which now threatens us.



TROOPER C. H. LANE  
(Gloucester),

Volunteer Imperial Yeomanry, who died at Bethlehem from enteric on January 24th, 1902

Pope Leo XIII., if spared to see 1903, will keep his Silver Jubilee of Papacy (elected Pope February 20, 1878). The year will also be his Golden Jubilee as Cardinal (proclaimed by Pius IX. in the Consistory of December 19, 1853), and his Diamond Jubilee of Episcopacy (preconised Archbishop of Damietta by Gregory XVI. on January 27, 1843, and consecrated February 19). Such a triple jubilee will probably be unique in history.

A monster blast has been brought off successfully at Banavie quarries, by which a quarter of a million tons of rock have been displaced. The mine was driven for seventy feet into the rock with two arms fifty feet long each. A chamber at either end contained 20,000 tons of gunpowder. When the blast was made a great cloud rose and rolled away over the hills.



**Maize Growing In Cheltenham.**

**S**PECIMEN group of Indian Corn (*Zea May's*) grown in Cheltenham, open air, season 1901. The finest cob shown is 8½ inches in length, and carries 500 grains of maize. Mr. Fred C. Hurn, of 3, Naunton-park-terrace, Cheltenham, who sends in this photograph, has a plantation of it in Georgia, U.S.A., and he is confident that our genial summer climate offers a new opening for our culture, and that is raising green corn for table use—a great luxury in the States and on the Continent. The right to reproduce this photograph is reserved

**William Leach.**



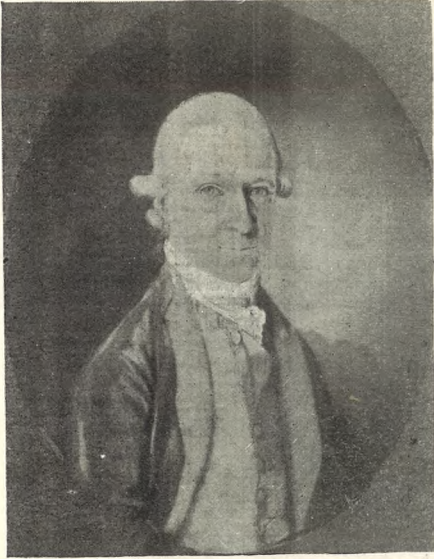
WILLIAM LEACH, died Dec. 23rd, 1901, aged 71 years, and was buried in Whittington Churchyard on Dec. 29th. He had been clerk and sexton for upwards of 21 years. He was a man inuch respected and well known, having for many years the management of that part of the London-road which passes through the parishes of Whittington and Dowdeswell. The picture represents him at his daily work.







Heroes of the One Majority Election in 1789.



JOHN PITT, ESQ., M.P. (TORY).

In connection with the 112th dinner of the Gloucester True Blue Club last Tuesday, we are able, by the kindness of Mr. H. Y. J. Taylor and Mr. Stafford Howard, to give portraits of the two contestants for the representation of the city in Parliament at the famous election in 1789. The vacancy was caused by the death of Sir Charles Barrow, M.P., and Lord Henry Molyneux Howard, Lord of Thornbury Castle, was brought out as a candidate by the close Whig Corporation. Mr. John Pitt, a solicitor and large property owner in Gloucester, at once challenged him, declaring that "the freemen were resolved to show that Gloucester was not part and parcel of the Norfolk inheritance." The polling commenced on January 19th, 1789, and by the 24th Pitt had polled 709 votes and Howard 647. These were chiefly freemen living in or near the city, but the Whigs brought up every out-voter they could from all parts of the kingdom, and on February 3rd each candidate had polled 836 votes. The Whigs were jubilant that the seat would be theirs by the casting vote of their Sheriff, but they reckoned without a certain Gloucester voter-tradition says it was a Mr. Cooke—who at the last moment polled for Pitt. The official de-



LORD HENRY HOWARD (WHIG).

claration was not made till February 4. Thus after a contest lasting 15 days, and costing an immense sum, Pitt, the Tory, won by one vote, and the True Blue Club was formed to commemorate, by a dinner, this victory. At least two lineal descendants of the contestants are Gloucestershire men now—Mr. Wynne Goodrich, J.P., of Wotton-under-Edge, representing John Pitt; and Mr. E. Stafford Howard, J.P., of Thornbury Castle, his grandfather, Lord Henry Howard. The two contestants ultimately became colleagues in the representation, for in those days the city had two members. Pitt died on July 14th, 1805, and a monument in the Cathedral to him states that "he was descended from an ancient family and was for 60 years a resident in this place. His habits in private life were retired and domestic, but his integrity was known and the unbought esteem of his fellow citizens, with the attachment of his tenantry, called him to the representation of the city, where successive re-elections proved that he had fulfilled his duties." Lord Henry Howard, who was very popular in the city, and became its Lord High Steward, died in 1824, and the Duke of Gloucester succeeded him in that office.

all cases be obtained. One of the reasons which induced Mr. Wilson to give up the Mastership of the Ledbury was, I have always understood, because of the harriers frequently clashing or interfering with his meets, and I hope that now the Hunt have spoken out with no uncertain voice, the meets of the harriers in future will be arranged on the true sporting lines—"Foxhounds first, harriers next."



Another February 4th has come and gone. In Gloucester it has special significance, because it is on that day, or as near as possible each year, that the members of the True Blue Club meet and dine and wine together to celebrate the glorious victory in 1789, by a majority of only one vote, of Mr. John Pitt, the Tory, over Lord H. Howard, the Whig, in the fight for the representation of Gloucester in Parliament. The club has seen many vicissitudes, but it has always kept the lamp of Toryism burning brightly in the old city in the darkest times of the party's political prospects. Many a stirring speech has been delivered at these yearly symposia that has infused new life into the Blues, leading to renewed and successful action. It used to be one of the happy hunting grounds of Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Mr. Reginald Yorke in the palmy days of their unchallenged membership for the Eastern Division of Gloucestershire. The club can claim at least two very live undertakings as its children. I allude to the now great and flourishing Gloucester Conservative Benefit Society, founded just before the dinner on Feb. 4th, 1880, with Mr. W. K. Wait, M.P., as Grand Master; and the Gloucester Conservative Club, formed in 1883, with Mr. Vassar-Smith as its chairman. For several years past the True Blue Club dinner has been honoured by the presence of Mr. Wynne Goodrich, J.P., a lineal descendant of John Pitt, but the large material stake which the family once had in the city ceased in 1890, when, under the will of his father, Mr. J. Pitt Goodrich, 83 lots of real property were sold by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles, and Co., realising £30,320 10s., in an hour and 17 minutes, Dean Spence being the largest purchaser, to the extent of £7,990 worth. This was certainly the largest and most remarkable public sale of houses ever held in Gloucester.



The destructive fire at Spillman's Court, a derelict mansion on the road from Stroud to Rodborough, recalls the facts that petty sessions were once held in it; and that George III., Queen Charlotte, and the three eldest Princesses, who had been spending some time in Cheltenham, when on their way to Woodchester, passed in triumphal procession through the grounds of the Court, on August 14th, 1788; and also that there is this reference to the building in "Fisher's Notes and Recollections of Stroud":—"The story of a barbarous murder committed many years ago at Spillman's Court has been preserved by occasional mention of it, with some very revolting details. But these may have been very mere additions to the fact that a servant of the family, the cook, was murdered one Sunday morning, while the rest of the household were at church, and on their return home her body was found lying on the hearth before the kitchen fire."



The widened railway between Charlton and Andoversford will be opened to-morrow, instead of last Sunday, as fixed under a provisional order of the Board of Trade, and the official inspection by that department will not take place until the completion of the widening between Charlton and Lansdown Junction. In marked contrast with its relations with the Cheltenham Corporation, Mr. Nevins is getting on swimmingly with the authorities at Stroud, and I am glad the light railway from there to Cheltenham is now practically assured. The pioneer of electric traction in this county has been in communication with the Gloucester Corporation with the view to connecting his line from the Cross Hands at Brockworth with theirs out from the city. I hope we shall all live to see a line up to Birdlip.

GLEANER.

Gloucestershire Gossip.



January has been, weather permitting, by far the best of the best of the first three months of the hunting season. Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds bear the palm for lengthy runs: on January 2nd they ran from Hardwicke to Froome Mills, 110 minutes, with no kill; on the 7th inst., two runs, one of 45 minutes, from Monk's Hill to Whaddon, with no kill, and the other, 105 minutes, from Hardwicke Gorse and back, with a kill; on the 11th inst., through the town of Thornbury to Crossways, about two hours, with a kill; and on the 28th inst., three runs in the Whitminster—Frampton—Hardwicke district, hounds in each case tasting blood. It is a noteworthy coincidence that on this latter date Lord Bathurst's Hounds also killed three foxes in their country. The longest runs of the Cotswolds were on January 25th, when a fox from Withington gave a run of 105 minutes to Field Barn, in the V.W.H. country, and got to earth; and another fox

nearly an hour, from Chalk Hill to Frog Mill, where he was bowled over. The many times of late that foxes have run to earth in this country give point to the complaint of Mr. Hicks Beach at the annual meeting of the Hunt—that the earth-stopping was not done so well as it might be, although it was well paid for. The best run with the Ledbury was on January 17th, when a fox from Gadbury Bank engaged close attention for two hours and 20 minutes, including the time he was in a drain with two others, and he was ultimately killed in the meadows at Tirlev. The season, happily, so far, has passed without any fatal accident, and the only serious casualty has been to Mrs. Archibald Flower, with the North Cotswolds.



The harriers' question has again cropped up in the Ledbury country, and the Hunt found it necessary, at a general meeting last week, to declare that it is most inexpedient, and will conduce to the destruction of sport if other packs make fixtures in this country without previous leave from the Master of the Ledbury Hounds, and that this must in



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 59. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1902.

## Eton's Contribution to the Empire.

Colonel Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., who has recently returned from South Africa, speaking at Eton College on Saturday night, said there were eighty or ninety Boer commandoes, each of about 200 men, still in the field. Although the British had 200,000 men in South Africa, the fighting strength was only about 140,000. The war, said Sir Howard, had cost 200 millions, and was likely to cost more. He considered it was worth such a sacrifice for the sake of good government and the mineral wealth of South Africa and its position in the Empire. Sir Howard gave a message from Lord Kitchener that delicacies should not be sent out to the troops, as they could get them cheaply at canteens, but friends at home should rather give their generous contributions to the wives and families of reservists still at the front. Perhaps there was no institution, certainly no school, in England or any other country which had ever made such a large contribution to the army forces of the Crown in a great war as Eton had done in this campaign. Eton had sent over 1,300 officers—including Earl Roberts, General Buller, Lord Methuen, and General Lytton, and 17 other generals. Of these, 150 had been rewarded by appointment or promotion in King's Orders of Chivalry or by Distinguished Service Orders; 59 Etonians had fallen in battle or died of wounds, 22 died of fever, 125 were wounded, and the total casualties of Etonians in the field was over 18 per cent. As regards Eton's contributions to the Empire, there were the Prime Minister, the Leader of the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary of State for War, the President of the Board of Trade, the First Commissioner of Works, Governor-Generals and Viceroys of India, Canada, and Australia—to say nothing of Lord Rosebery, several judges, the Lord Mayor of London, twelve Privy Counsellors, and about a hundred members of Parliament. Eton should continue to maintain the Empire by her supply of great statesmen and soldiers. England could produce everything man needed, and England ought to trade, if possible, with its kith and kin rather than with foreigners.

The death is announced of General De Frea, the oldest general in the French Army. He was 95 years of age.

Mr. Robert Derby, J.P., who was Mayor of Northampton in 1880, when the first Bradlaugh bye-election took place, has just died at Windsor at the advanced age of 87. A native of Northampton, deceased was always an ardent Radical.



Medallion in Tewkesbury Abbey in memory of Mrs. Craik (author of "John Halifax, Gentleman").

Photo by J. Willis, Tewkesbury.

Human remains have been discovered during excavations at Sheerness on the supposed site of an ancient graveyard.

Samuel Brazier, 59, labourer, who had been in the habit of sleeping in a barn at Bellman Farm, Mountressing, Essex, was found buried in a quantity of chaff, which had fallen down on him. He was dead, and at the inquest on Monday a verdict of "Accidental suffocation" was returned.

## CONFIRMATION PROCEEDINGS UPHELD.

The Lord Chief Justice on Monday delivered judgment in the rule moved for under the auspices of the Church Association and the Imperial Protestant Federation calling upon the Archbishop of Canterbury and his Vicar-General to show cause why a writ of mandamus should not issue commanding them to hear objections to the confirmation of Canon Gore as Bishop of Worcester.

His Lordship held there was no ground for granting the rule, and therefore it must be discharged. He said that one of the grounds upon which the rule was moved for was that the Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury, presided over by his Vicar-General, was a court of limited jurisdiction, and was bound to exercise the jurisdiction which it possessed. He (the Lord Chief Justice) was of opinion that in order to successfully make out the case for a mandamus, the contention must be absolutely made out. His Lordship, having examined the authorities at great length, decided that the objectors had failed to establish this point, and they failed also on the second ground raised by Mr. Haldane, K.C., namely, that the Archbishop was bound to inform himself as to whether the Bishop-elect was a fit and proper person to fill the office of a Bishop of the Church, and therefore ought not to reject any means of information, but whilst considering the ceremony of confirmation an important and solemn one, the Archbishop did not appear to be in a position to reject the nominee of the Crown. If he were, the position of the Crown would be an extraordinary one, as the Crown (as the Attorney-General had pointed out) would be in a worse position than the patron of an ordinary living. Moreover, he could not find any record that a mandamus had ever been issued on such a ground as this. Having examined the construction of the Act of Henry VIII., and the evidence as to the state of things before the passing of that Act in 1533, his Lordship said it appeared that for some fifty years before the passing of that Act the Crown of England had successfully disputed the right of the Popes to interfere with the choice of bishops by the Crown, and though a different state of things had existed before the passing of the Act, still there was no evidence of any examination by the Archbishop of the Bishop-elect having taken place for two hundred years before, and though there was some evidence of such examination having taken place in the early Church, it was at a time when the Dean and Chapter selected the bishop, and the forms which had existed up to the present time were no doubt framed upon the forms which were in use under different circumstances. His Lordship held there was no grounds for granting a mandamus, and therefore the rule must be discharged.

Justices Wright and Ridley delivered separate judgments and concurred, and the rule was discharged with costs.

It is officially stated that the consecration of Dr. Gore will take place on February 23, and the enthronement at Worcester Cathedral on February 25.





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VII.

## Some Drawing Room Tragedies.

BY U U

It is, to the young wife, quite an awful tragedy when, on her first introduction to town life and her husband's friends, she wears an unbecoming frock, or has her hair dressed in the wrong way. If the man is sufficiently petty to rate her by the opinion of strangers and not his own personal knowledge of her value, every atom of charm and beauty will desert her, and she will sit in a pillory, quivering under his disapproval and the women's pitying glances.

Now if that woman possesses character, this first lesson will be her last; she will find out exactly where she has failed to come up to his standard of elegance; she will feel some contempt for the man if he fails her, and will warmly recognise his loyalty if he stands by her; and, finally, she will take care not to give his friends an opportunity of laughing at her again.

Even if she revolts at the artificiality of a standard that values one, not for what one is, but what one wears, and the quality of the roof that shelters one, she will be wise if she goes with the tide, not dissipating her strength and happiness by trying to swim against it. She will find out that only great genius, great position or incalculable wealth give permission to be one's true self in society, though it is an easy enough matter to be simple, sincere, and happy away from cities.

TO AVOID A TRAGEDY.

It is a drawing-room tragedy when a man who has carried off his wife from a persistent rival, comes face to face with the man he has beaten, and the young wife, a little wearied, a little doubting if she has chosen the right lover, looks eagerly at the unsuccessful one, comparing the two, and possibly not to the husband's credit, for the unknown must always possess greater attractions for us than the thing visible, and as the husband watches the ease, the perfect detachment with which his wife and her former lover converse, each at his best, is it not irresistibly brought home to him that our strongest claims on people are often honoured because we make no claims on them at all?

And so he endures his bad quarter of an hour; but if the woman is as sound at the core as he believed her to be when he married her, he needs to have no fears for her; as she loved him first, so she will love him last, especially if he is manly and kind, and lets her know that he trusts her.

In this incident are only the possible beginnings of a tragedy, happily averted by loyalty and good sense. A more serious one is when a man who has most passionately loved one woman and been thrown over by her, meets her with the girl beside him whom he has married in a furious fit of pique. The girl, though his wife, is almost a stranger, the other had his best years, knows every turn

in his disposition and character, and even now will display a perfect comprehension of his taste and mood, that will presently give his wife an illuminating sense of disaster.

What will happen? Precisely what the other woman's honour, or lack of honour may dictate, for the man is a pawn, and it is she, not the wife, who is playing the game.

In any case there are bad times ahead for the girl who jumped greedily at what was offered her, without examining the quality of its worth, and having thus precipitately thrown themselves as lumpish unwelcome burdens on each other, there will always be a danger that the marriage chain will gall and irritate them.

HUMILIATION ABOVE ALL.

But perhaps the worst drawing-room tragedy of all, and certainly the most humiliating, is when some social aspirant has bidden to her house not only all the people she does know, but those she does not know, and only the lame, the halt, and the blind respond to her invitation.

There is a story told of a woman, now one of society's greatest hostesses, who bade all the best people in town to her home, and a small fortune was spent in her magnificent home to entertain them royally. The poor lady stood ready to receive, the regiments of servants stood ready to announce the guests—the musicians, the mummies, were in their places—but not one soul came. After hours of waiting (as no second-best had been invited) the hostess sat down and burst into floods of tears.

Many a party she gave afterwards, to guests all invited by one of the smartest women in town, and in time she became strong enough to edit her own visiting list—but can anything ever wipe out that interval of bitter shame in her life?

It is, in a way, a drawing-room tragedy when a hostess noted for bringing the right people together, discovers at the last moment that two persons who have just quarrelled violently have, in the usual malevolence of chance, been selected to pair for dinner.

If she be clever, she will instantly substitute her own cavalier for the unwelcome one, sublimely indifferent to the laws of precedence and courtesy, but will she ever forgive herself that she allowed such a contretemps to have a chance of ruining her subtly thought-out dinner campaign?

It is a genuine tragedy when some callous, gold-bitten man insists on his wife's taking the head of her table, and receiving her guests, when one of her children lies sick upstairs, and she is denied the right of the poorest woman to watch by its pillow and tend it.

LAUGHTER AND RUIN!

Also (to a man) it is almost as terrible when he stands beside his ignorant wife, receiving a greedy, indifferent crowd, and knows that it is for the last time, that to-morrow his bankruptcy will be shouted from the house-tops. Suicide is before him, or a painful reconstruction of his life that will require every atom of tenacity, industry, and pluck that he possesses or can borrow? If the woman beside him is true mate, and not fair-weather partner, he may win through,

and even succeed again—but which is she? That is probably the question he is asking himself, as he searches the crowd in vain for one sign that a single unit in it reads the pallor of his face aright.

And perhaps one of the worst drawing-room tragedies is when a woman, perfectly at home in the kitchen, clever, capable, and an excellent manager, suddenly finds herself, through the commercial ability of her husband, transferred to the drawing-room, expected to entertain women of a completely different class from her own. If she dared to be herself, and frankly *pot au feu* in her conversation, she might give the other women many useful wrinkles by which to improve their husbands' tempers, but the poor soul must needs try and talk, from the outside, of matters intimately known to others: the husband hears and condemns, and ten to one but he ends by paying the milliner's bills of one of his wife's smart new acquaintances.

THE TRAGEDY OF A SPOKEN WORD.

Most of us have been guilty of the unconscious brutality of announcing one person's death to another, supposing that the latter knew of it, we being unaware of a deep and hidden tie between them. Dead! The stammering lips, the glazed eye tell their own tale; we feel as if we had done murder unawares, and instinctively place ourselves between the lookers-on and the victim—and silently we beg his forgiveness, and swear never to pass on evil news again.

It is the villain's sordid tragedy when, at a house into which he has wormed himself with intentions on one of the daughters or it, he comes face to face with a man who knows him and his career perfectly, and he realises that the game is up.

A grim tragedy is when some helpless girl (who through ignorance, or neglect in extreme youth, has fallen into the hands of a bad man), having painfully retrieved her position, and been received among good women who do not know her history (and may God forgive the half-heartedness of even the best women towards women!), is recognised either by the man himself, or someone who knows her story, and lest the spotless girls of the family should be contaminated by association with that lost sheep, the man tells the truth, and his victim is cast out, while he goes scot free. And after all, are not men harder on women than women on women? But they are never hard on one another, and in this their real strength consists, that, rarely aiming high, never have far to fall: for a woman there is no betwixt and between of vice and virtue.

Tragedy there is, in the meeting of two friends, once devoted to each other, who had built of their mutual comprehension and love a bulwark for themselves against the sorrows and disappointments of life, and such a tie of friendship is more binding, and lasts longer, than between near relations, for the love is a free gift, it is not exacted by duty or interest, and that old beautiful affection of David and Jonathan has its prototype among many men and many women, bringing a new zest and solace to existence. But often there comes a time when, whether that one friend has outgrown the other, or from long absence, or misunderstanding, the friendship wears itself out, the two meet who once spoke and thought as with one heart, one voice, and, looking on each other's faces, their hearts fail them, for something worse than actual death has come between them: they are dead to each other spiritually, and only empty husk addresses husk in words and glances devoid of meaning.

In fine, are not most of the tragedies of our lives enacted in the drawing-room, not in the private room, is it not the presence of the on-lookers at the worst moments of our lives that turn to tragedy what might in secret be only our sorrow—possibly the cause of our ennoblement?

In the simple course of Nature there are no tragedies, but merely cause and effect; it is only when we attempt to pose, to be untrue to our real selves, that the opportunities of drawing-room tragedies come in.

Next Week: "The New and the Old Humour."  
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# Chaffing Papers.

No. V.

[BY JOSEPH MERRIN.]

\* \* \*

## Teetotalism Triumphant.

(Abridged from the "Herald of Happiness.")

\* \* \*

A grand demonstration of the Total Abstainers of the United Kingdom, for which preparations had been made for several weeks previously, has come off this week in Father Matthews's Meadows with a success beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. These Meadows, as our Teetotal readers know, are bordered by a beautiful stream, furnishing an affluent supply of pure water. The demonstration began at dawn, several hundreds of persons having been travelling all night.

The proceedings commenced with a tremendous onslaught on the tea and bread and butter. To prepare the latter two steam engines had been occupied the previous day driving a Patent Teetotal Bread and Butter Machine, which has been recently invented by Rivers, Wetwhistle, and Co.; while the Improved Pneumatic Tea Infuser of the Brothers Flood had its extraordinary powers most severely, but successfully tested. The tinkling of the tea tackle we are assured was heard for a great distance, sounding like the sweet music of a Temperance Melody. So large was the number of persons present that those who first completed their refreshing repast became again hungry by the time the others had finished theirs; thus causing a continual round of this humble feasting, in the midst of which the great and eminent men who had come to address their humbler brothers and sisters, commenced their arduous labours by singing twenty-four verses from the "Sacred Songs of the Sons of Sobriety," extra long meter.

Dr. Praisethewell, Superintendent of the Niagara World Bathing College, was called upon to preside; and in his opening speech he justified the name he has received at his college of "the talking mer-man." We confess we never heard so much eloquence expended on the Water Question. He said the great Regenerator of Man, Water, was as much a necessary of the exterior as of the interior Man; and the only possible means of keeping healthy, pure, vigorous, and virtuous was to douche and drink alternately at the flowing fountains of Nature. The floodgates of Temperance were now fully open; and as the Torrents of Teetotal Truth poured through the pestiferous streets of a beer-besoddened world, the Demon of Intemperance would be swept from his lair into the ocean of annihilation. The Sun of Abstinence was now shining upon the dark and wretched victims of delirium tremens, which freely translated meant tremendous delirium; and they were beginning to see in what a cloud of tobacco-smoke and degradation they had been groping through life. The heavens were opening their rain-clouds, and eloquently pleading for the triumph of Water (a shower had just begun to fall); the hills answered by their gushing streams, and the earth replied—"Hear, hear," "Hats off to front," "Umbrellas up," etc.—The remainder of the speaker's sentence was lost amidst the unbounded enthusiasm of his auditory.)

Mr. Baptiste Butt said he had come five thousand miles to assist in this great demonstration; and in crossing the Atlantic it certainly did his heart good to see such a stock of the pure element at Man's disposal. (Cheers, and a voice "Who wants his in'ards salted?") This impertinent individual was at once bonnetted and ducked in the neighbouring stream.) They were not half determined enough in disseminating their principles. There was nothing like energy and determination in a good cause; and, so perverse was the world, that some of them almost felt that their drunken opponents deserved to be drowned in the fluid they spurned. The time had come for them to insist upon all members of Parliament being

abstainers; that *pledge*, at least, they must exact at the hustings. Many members, like bad beer, were always in a ferment, and by their habitual draughts from the hogshead might be said to have turned their own heads into something almost as stupid. The man who had invented gunpowder was known and honoured, although millions had been killed by its means; but the man who first erected that glorious sign of enlightenment, a pump, was unknown to his fellow men, and no doubt filled a pauper's grave. (Sensation.) The House had kept late hours, and passed more *measures* than any other assembly in the world. Lawyers, too, who were so suspiciously given to drawing *drafts*, and taking *refreshers*, could not be expected to cut a proper figure at the bar, when perhaps they had just left a *bar* of another kind, with their breath reeking with alcoholic fumes. (Cries of "Bah!" in which the neighbouring sheep joined.) Some people had no more sense in relation to this question than those sheep. (A voice: "How about No. 1?" This person could not be discovered, or he would have been bonnetted, etc.) He would like to pass an Act compelling all such to become waiters at tea meetings; they might then, in time, become enlightened and converted, and be instrumental in flooding the earth with their delicious doctrines. (Cheers and tears.)

Waters V. Waters, Esq., next spoke. He exhorted them to do honour to their principles on every possible occasion. The ceremony of baptism had long been in use among Christians, and he was glad to say there was a probability of a similar ceremony being super-added to the marriage rite. (Cheers). Many sacrifices were of course required in their aspirations after the true, the good, and the pure; but a man who was not willing to die for his principles, deserved to be killed for them. (A shudder and a scream.) How delightful it was to see their principles spreading! France was grubbing up her vineyards, and Germany was ceasing to brew her villainous beer; while the *Germanic Diet*, which was formerly almost confined to *Worms*, had ceased to feed penny-a-liners, who were now *fee'd*, though he feared very inadequately, for reporting temperance meetings. Holland was becoming content with her *water-ways*. It was quite time the still really was *still*. While beer often made men frothy in speech, the ferment that intoxicating drinks had caused in the world was, in the eloquent words of an American friend, enough to "bust the vat of creation." (Cheers.) He could pursue this subject further, but he was afraid of tiring them. [Cries of "Go on," and "Go off" (Gough?).] There was, however, one aspect of the question to which he should like to refer, and that was the poetical aspect. (A voice "What's that?" and "Name, name.") When the sun would visit the earth in the most poetical guise he steps down to it on a rainbow, whose origin was water. (Faint cheers.) As the rain-drop hangs on the flower, so does the star in heaven. (Fainter cheers.) Teetotalers were always loyal, for they knew there must be something of a watery origin in a *reigning* sovereign; while a republican government evidently had a smack of the public-house. The brain was stupefied by "heavy wet," but Teetotalism, though a *whetter* (to the appetite) left the brain (A voice: Where there was any) quite untouched. Progress in Abstinence principles was happily not confined to the human race. He knew of a recent instance where a pig which had previously been fed upon brewer's grains, had obstinately refused, on Temperance Principles, to partake of them; and he was happy to say a subscription was being raised to save the enlightened animal from the hands of the butcher, and preserve him to his admiring country. (Loud cheers.) Brother Cadgehard would now go round with the hat, and solicit their aid for this and other objects. (No cheers at all.)

Rev. Augustus Drinkwater, a returned missionary, next addressed the company. He said he had been engaged during the last twelve years in propagating Teetotal Truth to the uttermost ends of the earth, and his labours had been abundantly blest. When he started on this noble work, having left a shipload of testimonials he could not carry with him, on the coast, he proceeded inland; and having secured the services of that model

Teetotaler, a camel, who, they knew, keeps a reserve supply of water in his stomach, he boldly penetrated the desert. Crossing the mountains, he came upon a country never before trodden by the white man. As a prudential measure, he therefore blacked his skin; and having mastered the dialects of the country he commenced his work. He found the natives were in the habit of intoxicating themselves with *Bhe he*, which like our own vile spirits, was an alcoholic extract from *bread fruit*. (Joke only dimly seen.) But little success, however, attended his labours, and his departure was hastened by his camel getting tarred and feathered, and he himself only escaped the same fate by pretending to get drunk. (Suppressed murmurs). His next operations were chiefly confined to slave dealing, and bartering for jewels. (Increased murmurs.) It was, however, necessary for him to replenish his exchequer. He might have rested here in inglorious ease, but the calls of duty were omnipotent; and he went to other lands, where he might triumph over the dragon of drunkenness. His ministrations had a tremendous effect. He brought thousands to a proper sense of self-mortification, and, in the words of a witty friend, brought them all to *whine* and water. (This joke could not be understood for several minutes, but when it *was* seen, the mob so swayed with excitement, that the platform was compressed into a wreck, and the speaker fell into the arms of his admirers.) Having observed the telling effect of this joke, he tried some others, in which allusions were made to the abolition of the funeral *bier*, and to the evil *spirits* of a dark-minded race being *tapped on the head*; but nothing appeared to give way except the patience of his hearers. At length a paltry dispute about a squaw (Surprise)—caused him "to have a call" from a neighbouring race, who were in fact running a *race* with the rest of that province, making a *grand stand* on the teetotal course, many "old 'osses" not only saving their *steak*, but in the language of a black toper, winning with *de-canter*. (Amazement and amusement.) Here he laboured among all classes and sexes; was adored of women, and worshipped by the sterner sex. He left this happy country, and went to an American settlement near the coast, where, he was sorry to say, he was only chaffed and insulted, and was unable to dispose of the many valuable presents he had received from ladies of colour he had converted. Time would fail him to record his subsequent travels, until he sped homewards, and now appeared before such an assembly of Abstainers as never before were collected in one spot, and who were enough to consecrate the earth on which they stood. (Cheers, hysterics, and general phrenzy.)

[Our enthusiastic contemporary promises to continue his report in subsequent editions, which he calculates will continue to appear weekly for some time.]

\* \* \*

## "I and my Sweetheart."

I and my sweetheart spelt together,  
Our ages were together ten,  
How sad to waste the sweet spring weather  
In the old Dame's fuss-den!  
White lilac, fragrant, graceful, cool,  
Tapped at the window of the school;  
Alas! too well our doom we knew—  
There was a tremulous birch-tree, too.  
I and my sweetheart dwell together;  
Many tens are our ages now;  
Vanished is youth's gay violet weather,  
Stays the old Dame's frowning brow.  
Dame Nature keeps the eternal school,  
And grows keen twigs to flog the fool;  
But looks away with pardoning eye,  
When we play truant, my love and I.

—Mortimer Collins.

\* \* \*

Enormous catches of herrings are being made in the English Channel.

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A claim for \$55,000 damages has been made by an Englishman against the authorities of the State of Colorado for damage to his ranch by a mob.



Gloucestershire Gossip.

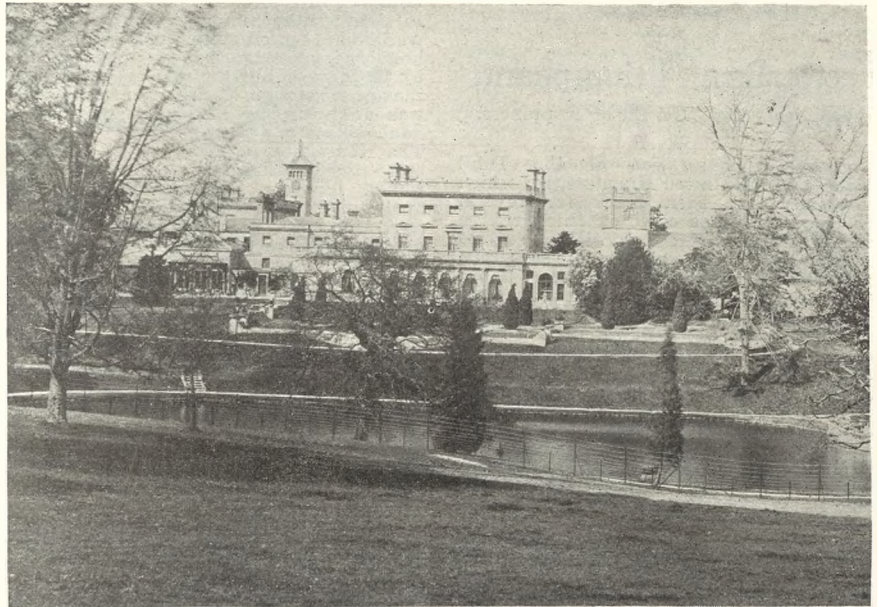
The Prize Pictures.

\*  
When I read last week in a London newspaper a special telegram from Vienna, stating that the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, with their son, had been seriously injured in a collision between their carriage and an electric car, I had my doubts about the identity, for I could hardly fancy their Graces going on the Continent during the height of the hunting season, except that it was in despair at the interference of the spell or frost with their favourite sport. Therefore, I was not surprised, but considerably relieved, to read in the "Echo" on the following day an explanation that it was the Duke and Duchess of "Beaufort-Spontin" who had met with the accident. We are supposed to live and learn; well, it is certainly news to me, as it must be to very many others in this county, to learn that there are in Austria grandees bearing one of the titles of their Graces of Badminton.

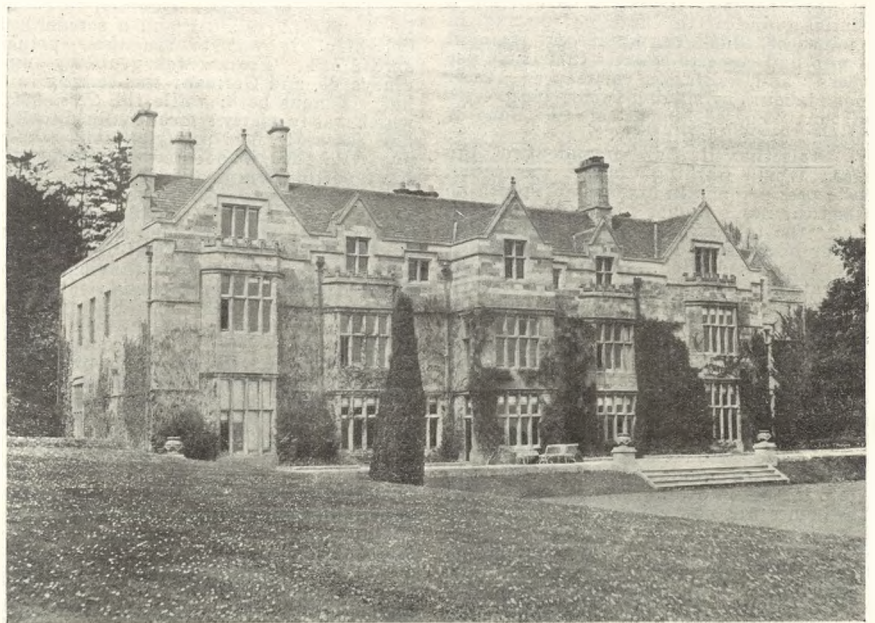
\* \* \*  
Talking of Badminton reminds me that the annual and extended training of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Imperial Yeomanry is again fixed to take place in the Duke of Beaufort's park, from May 6th to 23rd, and that nothing has yet been done by the authorities of Cheltenham with the view of getting the regiment back to the Garden town. Last spring, in a note, I urged the necessity of their taking action forthwith by securing a camping ground, for which there were several eligible sites in the vicinity, but a fatal apathy has reigned, and I am very much afraid that the valuable time lost has put the chances of ever getting the Yeomanry back here again to vanishing point. Those who don't try to secure a thing certainly deserve to lose. In a few years time, no doubt, it will be the same kind of lament with many Cheltonians that happened at Gloucester after the Royal South Gloucester Militia were allowed to slide away from there to Morneia, because nobody took the trouble to seek out a camping ground near the city for the regiment. Cirencester was wise in its generation, and with the assistance of Earl Bathurst, who lent a camping ground in his park, the Cotswold capital retained the advantages accruing from the training of the Royal North Gloucester Militia.

\* \* \*  
The accidental death of Major the Earl of Munster, of the 3rd Royal Scots, in South Africa, on Sunday, February 2nd, recalls the fact that he was one of the few noblemen connected, by name at least, with this county, as a title of his was Baron Tewkesbury. His grandfather, who was a natural son of King William IV., and bore the name of Fitz-Clarence, was ennobled by his Majesty in the year 1831, when many peers were created in order to carry the Reform Bill through the House of Lords. The late peer had served his country well in the Afghan campaign and on the Dark Continent, both in the campaigns of 1881 and the present one.

\* \* \*  
Vaccination is vexation to some people wise in their own conceit, and who, like the Bourbons, will learn nothing. I have been lately thrown in the company of a few of these wiseacres, and I find their only arguments are epithets against those disagreeing with them. Then I also gather that most of them have been vaccinated themselves. The case of small-pox imported into Gloucester by an American tramp shows that the Local Government Board were well advised in issuing timely warnings of the danger from nomads of this class. I hope the sanitary authorities and medical officers of workhouses will keep a sharp eye on these birds of passage. Gloucester has just solved the difficulty of obtaining a suitable site for an isolation hospital by leasing a field at Down Hatherley, far from the madding crowd and close to the southern limits of Cheltenham Union. A neighbourly act, no doubt, but if the intention is that the building may at some time be also useful to Cheltenham, I hope the time is very far deferred. At all events, the Garden



COWLEY MANOR, NEAR CHELTENHAM.



MISARDEN MANOR, NEAR CIRENCESTER.

Town is well prepared for emergencies. Mr. Justice Phillimore mentioned the interesting fact at Gloucester Assizes this week that his sister was a nurse during the epidemic of small-pox in the city.

Parry, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Gambier Parry, of Highnam Court. The latter lady is especially well known in the county as an accomplished and charming amateur vocalist.

GLEANER.

\* \* \*  
Two exceedingly interesting engagements are reported from Cirencester way. They are of the youngest sons of two of the oldest and most esteemed leading families of the town, and each has paid the best compliment possible to the fair sex of Gloucestershire by selecting his bride from the county. I allude to Mr. Ben Bathurst, M.P., who is going to marry Miss Ruby Spencer Churchill, a grand-daughter of Lady Northwick, of Moreton-in-Marsh; and Mr. Egerton Tyme-well Cripps, of Ampney Park, who is the fiancé of Miss Hilda Katherine Gambier

Mary Atley, of Clitheroe, was boiling some beeswax and turpentine to make furniture cream. It caught alight and set her clothing on fire, and her death is now reported.

\*  
A veterinary surgeon named Ward, of Henham, near Saffron Walden, left his home on Saturday, saying he was going to attend some horses. He was found dead in a wood at Widdington on Monday.





CIRENCESTER BARRACKS.

Photos by J. A. Probert,

Cheltenham.

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

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

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

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

The competition is open to the county, and the name of the successful competitor will be

announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

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

The winner of the 58th competition is Mr. John A. Probert, 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, with his photos of Cowley, Cirencester, and Misarden.

Entries for the 59th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Feb. 15th, 1902, and subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

Beet growers in Austria are urging the Government to protect their interests, which they consider are seriously threatened by England's action on the sugar bounty question.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF PRETORIA.

The Capetown correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company states that Dr. Henry Brougham Bousfield, Bishop of Pretoria, died suddenly on Monday. The deceased prelate was an exhibitor of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and took his B.A. degree in 1855, proceeding to M.A. in 1858. He was formerly curate of All Saints, Braishfield, Hants, 1855-6, and priest-in-charge in 1856-61. He became rector of St. Maurice with St. Mary, Winchester, in the latter year, and remained in that position until 1870, in that year being appointed chaplain to the Royal Hants County Hospital. From 1870 to 1878 the deceased was vicar of Andover with Foxcote, and rural dean of West Andover from 1873 to 1878. His consecration as Bishop of Pretoria took place on February 2, 1878, at St. Paul's Cathedral, the prelate officiating being the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London, Winchester, Salisbury, Grahamstown, Edinburgh, and Bishop Piers Claughton. Bishop Bousfield was the author of "Notes on the Catechism" and "Six Years in South Africa."

Government securities to the value of £2,750 have been found in the clothing of a miserly Greek subject named George Skaramango, who died suddenly at the age of sixty in the Oboukhoff Hospital at St. Petersburg.

At Lisbon the celebrated Convent of Santo Thyrso has been burned to the ground. The general loss is very great, as it includes several priceless works of art, which were destroyed by the flames, telegraphs a correspondent.

CORONATION ANOINTING SPOON.

Probably the only existing relic of the old regalia which will be used at the Coronation of Edward VII, is the anointing spoon. It is of pure gold, with four pearls in the broadest part of the handle, the bowl is finely chased, and of very curious antique workmanship. Into this spoon the consecrated oil is poured from the ampulla, which is in the form of an eagle with extended wings upon a pedestal of pure gold finely chased. The head screws off at the middle of the neck, for the convenience of putting in the oil, which is poured out through the beak. This golden vessel is capable of containing six ounces of oil; its height is nine inches; its breadth, from the points of the wings, seven inches; and the weight about nine ounces.

Future historians (says the "Spectator"), it seems probable, may have to record that the masterful personality of Mr. Chamberlain exercised a not less potent influence, at a critical period, on the course of development of higher education in England than upon that of the British Empire beyond the seas. For to him primarily, much more than to any other man, or group of men, is due what seems likely to prove the determination of the course of University growth, for the most part, within concentrated and civic rather than upon federal lines. Those who imagined that they might see a Midland University seated at Birmingham, as the Victoria University is seated in Manchester, but with constituent and participant colleges sooner or later at Nottingham, Bristol, and elsewhere, reckoned without Mr. Chamberlain. The vision was not in harmony with the ideal which, in the midst of one of the most strenuous political careers in our history, he had been cherishing for Birmingham. To his mind, that city, whose municipal activities he aided so powerfully in reforming and reinforcing, would not attain her full stature unless she had not only, as she had had for 20 years, an important University College, founded by the enlightened generosity of Sir Josiah Mason, but a University of her own, all complete. In the late "nineties" he held that the time had come for the realisation of this ideal. He told Birmingham so, and he told his colleagues in the Cabinet so; and so it is. There is a Birmingham University, civic, not federal, and Mr. Chamberlain, as is right, is its first Chancellor, in which capacity he presided, not only with characteristic energy, but with dignity and a wise regard for academic state and precedent, at its first great function a few months ago. It is a picturesque and striking episode, this, in the life of a great fighting statesman. But it could not stand alone, could not fail to exercise an influence beyond the sphere which it immediately affected. The Midlands are not a watertight compartment of the country; and as soon as Birmingham had got her University, or was seen to be sure to get it, all to herself, there arose, not apparently, or not to any considerable extent to begin with, in Manchester, but in Liverpool, a feeling that partnership in a merely federal University was no longer a sufficiently dignified role for the academic life of a provincial city of the first rank. It is possible to wish that it had been otherwise, but there is no use in blinking facts, and the fact in this case clearly is that in Liverpool the idea of having a University which they can call their own has taken a powerful hold upon the mind of the citizens. It is not in any sense limited to academic circles. Without a dissentient voice, the Liverpool Corporation some weeks ago passed a resolution supporting the movement for the establishment of a Liverpool University. And not only so, but, again by a unanimous vote, as we understand, the Corporation agreed to include in a Bill which they are promoting in the present session a provision empowering them to make a large capital, or a considerable annual grant to the proposed civic University out of municipal funds.

A Lascar was arrested at Goven, Glasgow, on Saturday, charged with the murder of a Portuguese by shooting him during a quarrel on the steamer Ava.

News was received at Yarmouth on Saturday from Stalham that Miss H. L. Bilby, a well-known resident of Yarmouth, had committed suicide by hanging herself from some banisters.

A set of burglar's tools has just been presented to Mr. Colin F. Campbell, honorary social secretary of the Church Army, by an ex-burglar, who thinks they will be "in better hands."



BY THE WAY.

Selina Jenkins on  
"Wales and the Welsh  
Langwidge."

Of course, I 'aven't told you nothink about my adventures in furrin parts, wich is to say down Merthyr way, as they do say is so-called because of them ancient Romins 'aving said "Murther, let's fly," so soon as they came in site of all they 100's of chimnies belching out smoke and fire for all the world like Mount Vesuvians, as is very much troubled with eruptions in the spring, and can't be cured no-how, so I 'ave 'eard!

You must know that I'm a bit Welsh meself on me Mother's side, wich, as I've said before, 'er maiden name was Evans, as is a name you meets lying about pretty frequent down Wales way. There's severel Evans's in Merthyr, and one or two Davies's, and a power of Thomas's, and the job is really to sort 'em out, as you mite say, there being only about 6 names atween the hole Welsh nation. They do tell a story of a man as were more higgerant than most lawyers says they be, as advertised in the Welsher papers for someone of the name of Evans to come to his office in Bristol for "to 'ear somethink to 'is advantage," and the tale runs that they 'ad to put on spesshul trains to carry all the Evans's as turned up expecting a bit, and the steamers from Swansea acrost the English Bristol Channel was so overstocked with Evans's as they got stuck in the Westin mud on the way over, and 'ad to be landed in rocket-apparatusses, while the roads from South Wales to Bristol was well-nigh wored hout wot with them as preferred to walk for exercise, and the cycyclists and other things. When this 'ere lawyer chap looked hout of 'is winder, and hinspected the crowds as was assembled, 'e took to 'is hat and fled, as was considered to be a fire by the perlice, and there was millions of gallons of water pumped into the place before it was hunderstood as it were only a famby gathering of Evans's from South Wales.

'Owever, this I do know, through a long and reglar existence of over a week amongst the Welshers, that they'm a very tidy lot if 'twasn't for their langwidge, as is something awful, and I consider as it didn't ought to be allowed, not meself. F'rinstance, 'eres me, a-going down to Merthyr by train, as respectable and decent a body as you could find anywhere, and a man gets into the carridge with me at one of the stations, as was called Pontrhdywndyrum—I think that were all the letters—howsomdever—I knows there were rum at the end of it—and this 'ere man 'e begins a-gurgling and a-snorthing like a good 'un, till I were fair frightened to death for fear 'e'd a-swallowed 'is Hadam's Happle or summat, so I offers 'im a sip hout of my cold tea bottle, with a dash of summat warmin' in it; but so soon as hever 'e gets 'is lips off the bottle 'e begins again worse nor ever. We drewed up to the end of a field with a coal-heap just then, 'owever (wich it were called on the board Ynysdddu), and another man gets in, and, if you believe me, both of them men got gurgling and throthling and getting black in the face at each other, wich I wasn't going to pass my bottle round to every man as come into the carridge choking, not me, seein' as 'ow the first one 'ad pretty nigh polished off the lot, and Selina J. isn't a benevolent intistooction to rescue the perishing, as the sayin' is! Well, wot do you think them men was up to? Why, talking Welsh, to be sure; and 'ere I'd a-thought they was hill or going to 'ave the happileptics, wich is worse! I soon come to get used to the legcitement of the langwidge, altho' I don't 'old with sich goings on meself, as is contrary to wot's right, wich we all knows the Scriptures was rote in good plain English, and I can't for the life of me see why wots good

enough for the Scriptures isn't good enough for the Whales. It's hall very well for yer Parley Voo Frenchies and yer Portugeese not to say Hightalians, as we all knows isn't heddicated enough to speak English, to gabble furrin tongs, but even wen I were amongst the Wales if hennyone said to me "Sut yr ydych," I used to turn round and say I'd 'ave the law on 'em for speakin' in unknown tongs, haltho' I ham told as it only means "Ow are you," but it don't sound like it at all, to me—it don't even sound friendly like, let alone as being anxious to find out wot's yer present state of 'ealth, and whether the asthmas is a-troubling you this season or not.

But, as I was a-sayin', if 'twern't for their bad langwidge them Welsh would be a very tidy lot of folk. They be very open-'earted, and would go some yards down the street to put a helderly fieldmale rite as 'ad lost 'er way, wich is a very valleyble consideration. And they knows a bit or 2 about business, that they does! Wot I says is this, that if there's the faintest smell of money about anywhere, Taffy's all there. He knows the value of the "root of all evil," and 'e don't wait for it to come above ground, but 'e hups with 'is spade and 'e digs up the root (wich, of course, is a little hallegory of mine, as refers to the coal and tin and smelting and others as is rooted hup from the bowels of the earth in South Wales).

I never sits with me knees over the fire at 'ome now, but wot I thinks of them Welsh miners working well-nigh naked down in the sweltery heat, liable to be blowed up any minute, and 'aving to speak the Welsh langwidge, too, as must sound outdacious in the dark. But that only goes to show wot money makin' bodies they be, wich I'll lay wile the average Englishman would be lookin' about for his living on terror firmer, as the French do say, them there knowing Welshers is down below makin' millions out of the hinterior of the hearth.

Since I been down to Merthyr I've been a-studying the jography of Wales, but I don't get no forrader. Them names on the station-boards was nothin-at-all to some as s to be found up Hanglesea way.

On the map as was in the book when I bought it (with English money, wich they takes yer money if they don't speak yer langwidge down Wales), there was a village called Tre'rgeifrgywyltton clost to a lake called Llynlle rilynygwyrdd and a mountain wich were named Nanterchyclogwyncoch, and these 'ere 3 names tooked up so much room that there wasn't no more space to put the names of any other towns inside about 25 miles on the map! And this 'ere Tre' and settery, so it turned out, were only a little 'amlet with fewer inhabitants than letters to the name. I should think they 'ad special envelopes up round them parts, unless they 'rites the address like a corkscrew across the front and round the back.

But ther's another little place as fairly takes the Shrewsbury cake (as is very nice eatin'), the name bein' that long as they say they uses it for a fence to put round some of the fields up there, and I 'ave 'eard tell that it takes you 'alf-an-hour to say the name properly, and another 15 minutes to hunderstand it! Anyhow, 'ere is some of it, Mr. Editor: Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwl-ltysiliogogoch.

I don't know, but I think now I've left out more'n 1/2 of it in me 'aste, but if I find any more bits of it about I'll send them on.

Ydwyf, Syr, eich flyddlon gyffail.

SELINA MARY (AP) JENKYN.

(wich is Welsh).

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A Bill is to be introduced in the Prussian Diet authorising a credit of about 58,000,000 marks for the purchase of Westphalian coal-fields.

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A novel claim arising out of the Lloyd-George riots is to be heard at the Birmingham County Court. A ticket purchaser named Friend was unable to get into the hall owing to the pressure of the mob, and is suing the Liberal Association for 5s., the value of the ticket.

Poet's Corner.

EXIT TOMMY.

"But hush! the voice from the little bed,  
And the watchful mother bent her head.  
'Mammy, I know that I'm soon to die,  
And I want to wish them all good-bye.

'I shouldn't like anything here to say,  
'He didn't shake hands when he went away;  
He was glad to be off to his harp and wings,  
And couldn't remember his poor old things."

'In Heaven I should never feel content  
If I hadn't been kind before I went;  
So let me take leave of them, great and small,  
Animals, people, and toys, and all.'

So the word went forth, and in no great while  
The servants entered in solemn file,  
The stout old cook, and the housemaid Rose,  
And the aproned boy with his smutted nose.

So each of the women, with streaming cheek,  
Bent over and kissed him and could not speak;  
But he said that they must not grieve and cry  
For they'd meet him again in the happy sky.

'Twas longer and harder to deal with Jim—  
The child grew grave as he looked at him,  
For he thought to himself, 'He bets and swears,  
And I hardly believe that he says his prayers.

'Oh, Jim, dear Jim, if you do such things  
You'll never be dressed in a harp and wings.'  
He talked to the boy as a father should,  
And begged him hard to be grave and good.

The lad lounged out with a brazen air  
And whistled derisively down the stair,  
But they found him hid in the hole for coal,  
Sobbing and praying in grief of soul.

Old 'Rover' came next, sedate and good,  
And gazed at his master and understood,  
Then up we carried, in order due,  
'Maria' the cat, and her kittens two.

Proud purred the mother, and arched her back,  
And vaunted her kittens, one white, one black;  
And the sweet white kitten was good and still,  
But the black one played with his nightgown's frill.

He stroked them all with his poor weak hand,  
But he felt that they could not understand.  
He smiled, however, and was not vexed,  
And bade us bring him the rabbit next.

He welcomed 'Punch' with a loving smile,  
And hugged him close in his arms awhile,  
And we knew (for the dear child's eyes grew dim)  
How grievous it was to part with him.

His mother he bade, with tearful cheek,  
Give 'Punch' his carrot three days a week,  
With lettuce-leaves on a cautious plain,  
And only just moisten his daily bran.

Then next we brought to him, one by one,  
His drum and his trumpet, his sword and gun;  
And we lifted up for his fondling hand  
His good grey steed on the rocking stand.

Then close to his feet we placed a tray,  
And we set his armies in array;  
And his eyes were bright with fire and dew  
As we propped him up for his last review.

His ark came next, and pair by pair  
Passed beasts of the earth and fowls of the air;  
He kissed good Japheth, and Ham, and Shem,  
And waved his hands to the rest of them.

But we saw that his eyes had lost their fire,  
And his dear little voice began to tire;  
He lay quite still for a little while,  
With eyes half closed and a peaceful smile.

Then 'Mammy,' he said, and never stirred,  
And his mother bent for the whispered word;  
'Give him his carrot each second day,'  
Our Tommy murmured, and passed away."

F. LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

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All the European professors at the Pekin Imperial University have been dismissed, the Chinese director stating that what the country needed more was elementary schools.

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An ancient Viking cup, beautifully formed out of the vertebrae of a whale, and in perfect preservation, is being exhibited at Kirkwall. It was discovered at Harroldswick, in Shetland, the very place where Harold the Fair-headed is said to have landed on those islands.

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An Ottawa couple have been legally married in the absence of the bride. She had spoken her "I will" into a phonograph. Herbert Hayes, nine years of age, was sliding at Farnworth, near Bolton, on Saturday, when the ice broke, and he was drowned.



Wilts and Dorset Banking Company.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The 66th annual meeting of the shareholders of the Wilts and Dorset Banking Company, Limited, was held at the Head Office, Salisbury, on the 5th February. Major Cam Sykes, Chairman of the Board of Directors, presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and balance sheet, said that during the past year the summations of the balance sheet showed an increase of £272,802, and there were increases of £273,319 in deposits and current accounts, £77,824 in investments, and £20,977 in bank premises, while the discounts and loans had gone down £29,172, and the profit and loss showed a gross decrease of £3,014. The expenditure had been increased by £4,671, which was due to the development of new business and the heavy increase in taxation, whilst the balance carried forward to profit and loss new account, after making an addition to the Officers' Pension Fund, writing down the cost of bank premises, and making due provision for doubtful debts, was £14,309, being £4,574 less than last year. After an experience of 40 years as a banker, he felt justified in saying that their balance sheet must be considered satisfactory in every respect, with the exception of the slight decrease in profit and the amount carried forward; but as the returns of other banks generally showed a reduction in both these items, he thought that he might congratulate the shareholders on the dividend being the same as usual. The business generally showed a satisfactory increase, and the bad debts had been exceptionally small. This was a source of congratulation, as trade generally during the past year had not been altogether satisfactory. The value of securities had fallen considerably during the same period, Consols at one time touching 91, the lowest price for many years past. There had, however, been a recovery since, and it would be seen that the Auditors had certified the market value of the investments to be in excess of the amount at which they were taken in the balance sheet. New branches had been opened during the present year at Teignmouth, Royal Promenade, Clifton, and Cheltenham-road, Bristol, and agencies at Lower Weston, Bath, Westbury-on-Trym, Ludgershall, Purton, Chagford, and Charminster-road, Bournemouth, while the Lansdowne agency had been converted into a branch, and the agencies at Amesbury and St. Mary Church were now sub-branches. The total number of shareholders was now about 4,200. Referring to the war in South Africa, the Chairman said that sixteen members of their staff had volunteered for service at the front, of whom two had now returned home, and he regretted to say that two had died. He had also to announce, with deep regret, the death of their valued friend, Mr. Nelson Foster, who joined the Board in 1894. His health broke down during his year of office as chairman, and he died at sea whilst on a voyage taken under medical advice.

Other speakers followed. The report was adopted unanimously. Messrs. Sykes, Williams, and Lawrence were elected as directors, the auditors were re-appointed, and the proceedings closed with the usual votes of thanks to the Directors, General Manager, Staff, and the Chairman.

The report and balance sheet are advertised in another part of this issue.

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Lord Osborne Beauclerk, who has been in England recuperating from his wounds received in South Africa, leaves for the Cape again in three weeks' time. His lordship is the half-brother of the present Duke of St. Albans and the present heir to the title. He is twenty-eight years of age, and an officer in the 17th Lancers.



"THE WAY ACROSS THE FIELDS," SWINDON, NEAR CHELTENHAM.

Photo by Miss Gertrude Humpidge,

Swindon.

THE KING'S FIRST LEVEE.

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King Edward held his first Levee at St. James's Palace on Tuesday morning. The function, which was a particularly well-attended and brilliant one, attracted a great concourse of people to Pall Mall and the Mall. His Majesty drove from Marlborough House in a dress carriage at noon under an escort of the Household Cavalry. He was loudly cheered as he passed into the Mall. Two other carriages of similar description conveyed members of the suite. The Prince of Wales, in the uniform of a rear-admiral, accompanied by Prince Francis of Teck, walked across from York House, attended by a number of members of his suite. Among those who reached the Palace by the ambassadors' entrance were practically the whole of the foreign diplomatists, with the principal officials of their legations and embassies, nearly all the Cabinet Ministers, a large number of ex-Cabinet Ministers, officers of the Household, and naval and military officers. Those present included Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, Lord Rosebery, Lord Carrington, Sir Henry Fowler, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. John Morley, Sir Wm. Harcourt, the Lord Chief Justice, the Attorney-General, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Londonderry, Lord Ripon, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, the Speaker, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Earl Spencer, Lord Tweedmouth, Lord George Hamilton, Sir Wm. Broadbent, Lord Goschen, Lord Peel, Lord James of Hereford, Sir Francis Jeune, the Duke of Northampton, Messrs. Arthur and Gerald Balfour, and Sir Francis Laking. The King was received at the main entrance by the Great Officers of State, who conducted him to the Throne Room, where the reception was held. The Levee lasted until 1.40, and the King was again cheered on returning to Marlborough House. His Majesty, who was attired in the uniform of a British Field Marshal, was accompanied by Prince Charles of Denmark.

In addition to those already mentioned there were present General Buller and Mr. Chamberlain, with Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Chesham (who has recently returned from South Africa) was in the Prince of Wales's suite.

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General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., was sixty-four on Sunday.

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A Philadelphia jeweller has received an order for six electric bell buttons for the mansion of a millionaire. They are to be of silver, studded with opals, and are to be set on a plate of onyx in a silver frame.

DAUGHTERS' HONOURABLE CONDUCT.

Mrs. Martha Allott, baker and confectioner, of Monson-street and High-street, Lincoln, died in 1890, and her executors found the estate would only realise 6s. 7d. in the pound, and that amount was paid. Her daughters—the Misses S. S., Edith, and Annie Allott—determined to set to work and pay every creditor in full. Notwithstanding a further bereavement, they have succeeded in their self-imposed task, and last week the creditors received cheques for the balance of their accounts.

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THE HERMIT OF SANS SOUCI.

According to the "Moniteur du Puy-de-Dome," "Pere Georget," the hermit of Sans Souci, has just died, in the ninety-second year of his age. On the road from Saint Hippolyte to Maurat the traveller might see a modest red roof, which covered the dwelling (constructed by himself) of the hermit of Sans Souci. He passed most of his time (says the "Temps") in reading the classics, Virgil, Homer, and Horace holding foremost places in his little library. During the season he was an object of interest to the bathers of Chatel Guyon, who appreciated the hermit's conversational powers.

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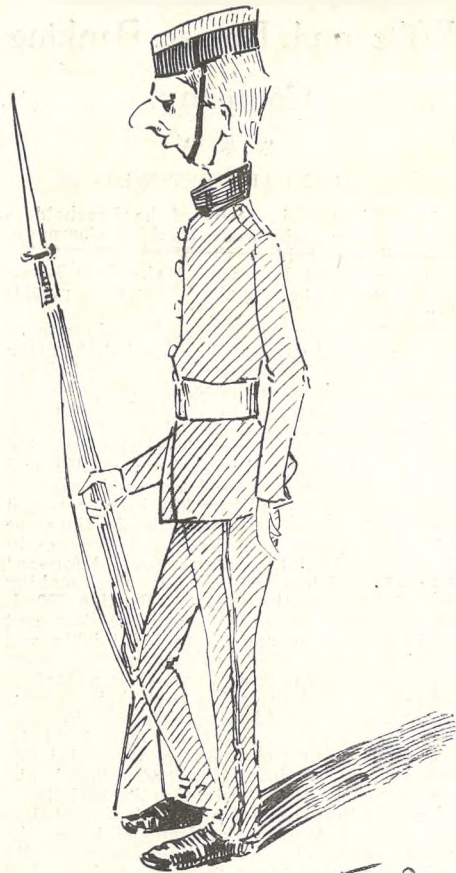
THE VICTORIA CROSS.

TWO MORE COLONIALS DECORATED.

The "London Gazette" on Tuesday night notified that the King has been pleased to confer the Victoria Cross upon Surgeon-Capt. T. J. Crean, 1st Imperial Light Horse, and Lieutenant L. C. Maygar, 5th Victorian Mounted Rifles, for conspicuous gallantry in South Africa. Captain Crean, during the action with De Wet at Tygerskloof on Dec. 18 last, continued to attend to the wounded in the firing line under a heavy fire at only 150 yards range, after he had himself been wounded, and only desisted when he was hit a second time, and, as it was at first thought, mortally wounded.

Lieutenant Maygar, at Geelhoutboom on the 23rd November last, galloped out and ordered the men of a detached post which was being outflanked to retire. The horse of one of them being shot under him when the enemy were within two hundred yards, Lieut. Maygar dismounted and lifted him to his own horse, which bolted into boggy ground, causing both of them to dismount. On extricating the horse and finding that it could not carry both, Lieutenant Maygar again put the man on its back and told him to gallop for cover at once, he himself proceeding on foot. All this took place under a very heavy fire.





Rece Volunteer O.  
RGR

CARICATURED BY A COMRADE.

Death of Lord Dufferin.

AN EMINENT PUBLIC SERVANT.

SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

A Clondeboye correspondent telegraphs that after a night of complete unconsciousness Lord Dufferin passed away peacefully at 6.25 on Wednesday morning.

The last public act of his lordship was to direct to the Official Receiver in the London and Globe case a letter, which was read at the proceedings on January 27th, in which the Marquis of Dufferin disclaimed certain allegations made during the examination of Mr. Whitaker-Wright, and declared that if he recovered from his illness he intended to offer himself before the Court for examination. In that communication his lordship referred to the "extreme physical prostration" he was then suffering, and to which he attributed any want of lucidity or inappropriateness of expression in the document. Since that time his condition has caused considerable concern. A relapse occurred a few days after the above letter was written. On the last day of January the weakness was more perceptible, and the patient was very restless. His family were assembled at Clondeboye, and Sir William Broadbent had been summoned to the distinguished patient. Sir Wm. Broadbent, who arrived during the day, declared Lord Dufferin's condition to be one of extreme gravity, stating that "the weakness, emaciation, and anæmia have been progressive for some weeks, and have reached a

serious degree," a condition of suffering that it has been impossible to alleviate since.

Frederick Temple Hamilton-Temple-Blackwood, P.C., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., first Earl of Ava and Marquis of Dufferin, and a Baronet, was the eldest son of Price, fourth Baron Dufferin, a captain in the Royal Navy, by a daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Sheridan, and was born on June 21st, 1826, and was consequently in his 76th year. From Eton School his lordship was sent to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree. He succeeded to his father's title July 21st, 1841, while still in his minority; and for some years he was a Lord-in-Waiting on the Queen under Lord John Russell's first administration, and again in 1854-58. Accompanied by a friend he went from Oxford to Ireland at the time of the famine in 1846-47, and on his return published an account of his experiences under the title of "Narrative of a Journey from Oxford to Skibbereen during the year of the Irish famine." In February, 1855, he was specially attached to the Mission undertaken by Lord John Russell to Vienna. In 1859 he made a yacht voyage to Iceland, a well-known narrative of which expedition he published in the following year under the title of "Letters from High Latitudes." He was sent to the East by Lord Palmerston in 1860, as British Commissioner in Syria, for the purpose of prosecuting inquiries into the massacres of Christians there. For his services on that occasion he was nominated on his return a K.C.B. (civil division). He was Under-Secretary of State for India from 1864 to the early part of 1866, and Under-Secretary for War from the latter date to the following June. On the advent of Mr. Gladstone to power in December, 1868, he was nominated Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Paymaster-General, and he held that office till April, 1872, when he was appointed Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. In the summer of 1876 his lordship, who was accompanied by Lady Dufferin, made a very successful tour through British Columbia, where much discontent had prevailed in consequence of a belief that the conditions had been broken on which that remote province had joined the Dominion of Canada. He held the post of Governor-General of Canada till October, 1879, when he was succeeded by the Marquis of Lorne. In May, 1878, he was elected President of the Royal Geographical Society, and in the following month he attended the Harvard University commemoration, when the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Dublin also, January 22nd, 1879, that of D.C.L. by the University of Oxford in the following June, and that of LL.D. by the University of Cambridge on June 16th, 1891. In February, 1879, he was appointed Ambassador at St. Petersburg, in succession to Lord Augustus Loftus. He was transferred to Constantinople as Ambassador to the Ottoman Porte in May, 1881. On October 30th, 1882, he was directed by her Majesty's Government to proceed from Constantinople to Cairo, there to assume the control of the whole body of our relations with Egypt, and the settlement of all questions growing out of Arabi's rebellion. He left Egypt in April, 1883, and in November, 1884, proceeded to India as Viceroy. In 1888 he was appointed British Ambassador at Rome, from whence he was transferred to the Embassy of Paris in December, 1891. His success among the Parisians was notable, but he retired from his post in 1896. His lordship was created an English Baron in 1850; nominated a Knight of St. Patrick in 1863; appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Down in 1864; sworn a Privy Councillor, December, 1868; was made an Earl of the United Kingdom in November, 1871; and created a G.C.B. in 1883. In the same year he became Vice-Admiral of Ulster, and G.C.S.I. and G.C.I.E. in 1884. In 1888 he was created Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. From 1889 till 1892 he was Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University. He was appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle in 1891, which office he held

until 1895. In addition to the works already mentioned, Lord Dufferin was the author of "Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland," "Mr. Mill's Plan for the Pacification of Ireland examined," and "Contributions to an Inquiry into the State of Ireland," and he also edited a sumptuous collection of poems, 1894, many of which had long been separately popular. A collection of his "Speeches and Addresses" was published in 1882 under the editorship of Mr. Henry Milton, and his "Speeches in India," edited by Sir Donald Wallace, in 1890. In the autumn of 1894 he delivered the inaugural address to the Library Association Congress at Belfast. He was Hon. Colonel 3rd Batt. Royal Irish Rifles, and a J.P. for Middlesex and Westminster. In 1862 he married Harriet, V.A., C.I. (who has the Grand Cross of Orders of the Shekat and of the Lion and Sun), eldest daughter of the late Mr. Archibald Rowan Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, county Down. He was a member of Brooks's, Travellers', Athenæum, Marlborough, and Ulster Clubs.

Lord Dufferin's eldest son, the Earl of Ava, a lieutenant of the 17th Lancers, died in Ladysmith in January, 1900, from wounds sustained in the final attack by the Boers. Lord Frederick Temple, Lord Dufferin's youngest son, an officer of the 9th Lancers, has also been wounded at the front, and has been twice mentioned in despatches. Viscount Clondeboye, the eldest surviving son, who will succeed to the title, is in the Diplomatic Service. He was born in 1866, and married an American lady, a daughter of Mr. John H. Davis, of New York. There are two daughters.

DEATH OF SIR H. CROFT.

A Hereford correspondent telegraphs: Sir Herbert Croft, ninth baronet, died on Tuesday morning at his residence, Lugwardine Court, Hereford, after a long illness. Deceased, who was born in 1838, was Conservative member for Herefordshire from 1868 to 1874. He was a Revising Barrister on the Oxford Circuit from 1878 to 1892, when he was appointed H.M.'s Inspector of Constabulary. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Mr. Herbert Croft, formerly Lieutenant in the Shropshire Light Infantry

A BRITISH MERCANTILE NAVY.

At the annual meeting of the North of England Steamship Owners' Association, Newcastle, on Monday, the yearly report referred to the question of carrying apprentices with the object of augmenting a supply of competent British seamen and to the effort to induce every firm to take at least two apprentices in each steamer or sailing ship. The Shipping Federation had taken the matter up, and initiated a canvass of country districts throughout the country to obtain a better class of lads than could be obtained in seaport and large towns. This departure was proving very satisfactory, and many owners were availing themselves of the advantages offered by the Federation. A register was kept in the central office in London, containing the names of boys applying at various districts throughout the country, and the Shipping Federation assumed all initial responsibility with respect to supplying apprentices' outfits, and supplied facilities for having boys escorted on board their ships. This was an admirable method of facilitating the growth and advancement of the mercantile marine.

Mr. James Henry Mussen Campbell, K.C., Solicitor-General for Ireland, has been elected a Bencher of Gray's Inn. Few men so young have received such high promotion as Mr. Campbell. Although only in his 30th year he was last year appointed to the Solicitor-Generalship of Ireland.

Mr. Thos. Burt, M.P. for Morpeth Division of Northumberland, is very ill with pleurisy at his residence in Newcastle.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 60. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1902.

Cossens and Knight's

GREAT

Stocktaking

SALE

- 3/- Fountain Pen .. for 2/1½
- 1/- Stephens's Ink .. ,, 8d
- 1/- Star of India Note .. ,, 9d
- 1/- Charta Libraria Note .. ,, 9d
- 9d. Vellum Note .. ,, 7½d
- 6½d. 1-lb. Packets Note (Vellum, Silurian & White) 4½d

\*

Bibles & Prayer Books all reduced.

\*

Toys and Fancy Goods at Clearing Prices.

\*\*\*

ROAH'S ARK,

353, HIGH ST.,

NEAR TOWN CLOCK,

CHELTENHAM.



Mr. CHAS. ROBERTS,  
Gloucester.

\*

Mr. Charles Roberts is probably one of the best known and most respected tradesmen in the city of Gloucester, and senior partner of the firm Messrs. Roberts and Starr, floral contractors, Northgate-street. He is the fifth son of the late Mr. William Roberts, of the Oxstalls Farm, Wotton. He commenced business in the premises the firm still occupy on September 8th, 1867, and is, therefore, now in the thirty-fifth year of a successful trading career. He is a typical Churchman and churchwarden, a very ardent Freemason, and a Conservative of the staunchest school, and, it can be very truly said of him that he carries into daily life the creed he faithfully believes in, viz. "To fear God, honour the King, and love the Brotherhood." As a Freemason he is a Past Master of the Craft and Mark degrees and Past Provincial Grand Standard Bearer. He is and has been Preceptor of the Zetland Lodge of Instruction for the past six years, and at the annual festival of this lodge, held at the Bell Hotel on Friday, the 14th February, the brethren, anxious to show their esteem and regard for him, and appreciation of the services he had rendered them, presented him with a very

handsome marble clock and two marble and bronze ornaments to match, all being suitably supported with carved Corinthian columns, the clock bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Wor. Bro. Charles Roberts, P.P.G. Std. B., by the members of the Zetland Lodge of Instruction, to mark their appreciation of his services as Preceptor, February, 1902."—Wor. Bro. H. T. Jew made the presentation on behalf of the members, and in doing so eloquently referred to the genuine good qualities of Wor. Bro. Roberts, and assured him that the brethren would ever value the constant attention and kind instruction he had so faithfully endeavoured to inculcate.—The Preceptor feelingly acknowledged the presentation, and remarked that what he had done was purely out of love for the Order, of which he was devotedly fond, and not for any hope of reward; but for all that, he was more gratified than he could find words to express to think his services were so much appreciated as to merit the very handsome and useful presents.

\*\*\*

WHO SHALL SUCCEED MENELIK?

Letters arriving at Cairo from Adis Abeba state that the Emperor Menelik will shortly preside at an assembly of exceptional importance of the great nobles of Abyssinia. All the high vassals of the Empire have been summoned. Menelik and his Empress have no sons, and the Negus having reached an age which renders it imperative that the succession to the throne should be finally settled, this grave question will be submitted to the assembly. Among those attending, says a Cairo correspondent, will be Ras Waldegeorgis, the Emperor's nephew; Ras Makonnen, Governor of the Galla country; Ras Arousis Tessama, Governor of the Western Provinces; Ras Magutchka Apikane, Governor of Godjam; and Ras Michael.

\*\*\*

Dr. Astley, ex-Mavor of Dover, has presented the town with a magnificent electric organ of value, £3,000.

\*\*\*\*\*

Winter Garden, Cheltenham.

Thursday Afternoon, March 6th,  
AT 3 O'CLOCK.

Oratorio: "THE ELIJAH."

Mr. Chas. Santley & Miss Agnes Nicholls.

"THE ELIJAH."

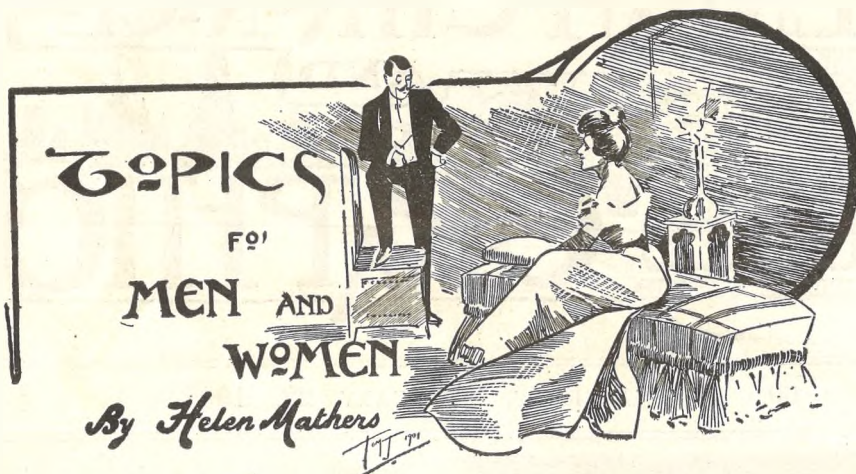
Miss Hilda Wilson & Mr. Charles Saunders.

300 PERFORMERS.

Conductor: Mr. J. A. Matthews.

Tickets: 1/-, 2/6, 3/-, 4/-, 6/-, at Westley & Co.





[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]\*  
**SOCIETY SINS.**  
 VIII.

**THE NEW AND THE OLD HUMOUR.**

I suppose that not one person in a hundred, if asked, would give the same definition of humour, for each class has an entirely different one, just as what was dubbed humour in our great grandfathers' days would be called horse-play in these. When great grandpapa, having filled his house with guests, detained them on every possible pretext, finally locking the front and back doors that weary ones might not escape his persecuting hospitality, no doubt he regarded his conduct in the light of a humorous jest, and felt annoyed when his captives did not fall in with the spirit of it. Indeed, in "She Stoops to Conquer" we get even more boisterous instances of this rough jocularity, and there is evidence to show that our ancestors thought it extremely funny to get drunk, and, when in that condition, insult ladies with their too obvious galantries.

**CONSPICUOUS BY ITS ABSENCE.**

Forcible abductions of unwilling maidens were pulled off with a rollicking air of high spirits not a little confounding to strict virtue, and yet there was a heartiness and brio about these very warm-blooded persons that we may look for in vain among the lovers of to-day. Probably the lower classes alter least in their idea of humorous enjoyment, for they slap, and pound, and hustle each other when happy, or in love, in much the same degree in all ages. But the humour of the present day, if we look for it in the likeliest places, viz., among the well-bred and the cultivated, what do we find? That no one has time for it, no one wants it; it is only beyond the outermost ripples of society that you may track it to some happy hearth, observe it shine out of the eyes of people who have time and inclination to look from afar off on the world, and as with a single eye see the absurdity and the tragedy of life.

Our age goes too fast for humour, which is never in a hurry, and does not hit you with zigzags of lightning, but rather plays gently about you, lambent and frolicsome, warming you through and through with satisfaction, and turning to pure delight the unhurried hour in which friends take converse together, or a man who is on good terms with his ego, exchanges with it his confidential impressions.

Nowadays we may be witty, or mordant, or rude (usually we only succeed in being the latter), even snatch a moment to throw off a spiteful thumb-nail sketch of a friend, but we do not stand sufficiently far back from the hurly-burly to see the pathos and the absurdity of human nature, as the great humorists did, who, out of their tears and laughter, insight and pity, compounded for us a magic draught to which we are yet able to turn for refreshment when driven mad by the stupidity of the fools around us.

What is it, this rare quality, this precious gift, possessed of the gods, that throws so fas-

cinating a light on life and life's little ironies that whatever may be their misfortunes, those who possess it can never be wholly unhappy or unamused?

**WHAT HUMOUR REALLY IS.**

Hudibras, Rabelais, Cervantes, Dickens, Thackeray and Swift, Smollett and Fielding (the two latter in the coarser sense) had it, and if its exact elements escape us, at least we know that it shows us life in its true proportions, teaches us Nature's lesson of alternate shade and shine, and guiding us through many pleasant byways of wisdom, brings home to us, among other things, that the prizes of this world are not so unequally distributed as is supposed, and so introduces us to his younger and soberer brother true philosophy. For humour is of a sturdy, independent spirit, and rarely takes up his abode with the rich, who are mostly sick of body and sad of soul. Health he must have, or his laughter does not ring true; only give him congenial company, and a crust of bread under God's sky, and he is content; cage him, however, among the self-indulgent, and he is as unable to rise above their clogged souls and bodies, as the upspringing song of the lark can escape from a cage, vaulted and floored with cotton wool. For all his desires are moderate, he likes not too much of anything, even the ripe fruits of ambition incommode and weary him; he slips himself clear of all the lumber of riches; the reckless joy of the vagabond—"homeless, ragged, bare!"—strikes humour's own careless, exultant note, the note of lustiness, of freedom, his utter scorn of the ties that bind men down to mere sensual delights.

**TO CAPTURE HUMOUR.**

How then shall we capture him, this boon companion, this delightful fellow who makes us in love with our own lot, however humble, extracting from us that sting of envy which our neighbour's prosperity (often unmerited) is only too apt to implant in us? For he says, "Do not envy that poor devil—life is made up of compensations—and you get more real enjoyment out of your life than he does! Set your health against his possessions—your 'seeing eye' against his colour blindness to all but the yellow shine of gold—your power of extracting fun out of trifles against his heavy cares of administration; see how mostly it is his friends who enjoy his money, not himself (for he has no time), and thank God that when a bit of luck comes your way, it is yours, and you can sit down and enjoy it at your leisure." And humour is found in the most unlikely places, among the poor, and especially among the agricultural classes, though perhaps theirs comes, like proverbs, under the heading of "The wisdom of many and the wit of one." Still, as regards books, the world is one huge, almost untouched, gold mine for humorous writers, but where are they—could we not name on the fingers of one hand those who are genuinely funny, and who warm us with heart-whole laughter? Alas! books of tragedy, books of psychological analysis, books of slaughter, of travels, of intricate plot we get by the million, but the books that make us laugh are so rare that we pass them eagerly on to our friends, more

precious than gold and silver.

But the gold mine remains unexplored. Although we long to laugh, there are few to make us, and if ever a great humorist was badly wanted in the world, he is wanted at this moment.

The more strenuous men's lives, the more they want the recreation of amusing books, everywhere we hear the clamorous outcry for fun, see the greedy hand stretched out, but they are never filled, even a "Many Cargoes" is but a snippet thrown to a famished multitude, and the conclusion forced upon us is that present day life does not conduce to humour in our writers, and that, one and all, they laugh less, and gloom more, than their more robust forerunners found at all necessary.

Or is it success that takes the spontaneity and zest out of those authors who, starting brilliantly, and keen on giving their very best to the world, have fallen away into laziness, and giving their second-best, once a prize ticket is attached to their names? Alas, that it should be so, but the hungry man, eager for bread, puts his back into his work as he never does when the larder is full, and one can call to mind recent instances, where young writers, with a really humorous gift of expression, have degenerated into mere vulgar caricaturists because their heads are turned by praise. In short, humour may be termed the saving herb in the salad of life, or to use a more elegant simile, the violet that, while essentially modest, dominates by its scent all the other flowers in the bouquet.

For wherever you find it, there is no mistaking the pleasure its presence gives, and by the sparkling eye, the merry glance, the softening heart, when he sits among us, and we love the man or woman with whom he has made his home. For bigotry, intolerance, narrow-mindedness of every kind flee before humour, he has a great tolerance for the failings of human nature, perhaps realises that the Great Protagonist who set man going, has long ago realised that His work has got beyond Him, and that man's own laws, not his Maker's, have been the ruin of the happiness of the human race.

Therefore, lest we lose altogether this precious presence, let us cultivate in our hearts and abroad the faculty of laughter, together with a kindly observation of our own and our neighbours' humours; thus will life's inevitable penalties and vicissitudes have the less power to hurt us, inasmuch as we smile even while we weep over them.

[THE END.]

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**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 59th competition is Mr. G. V. Bright, of Woburn House, Cheltenham, with the first five of the skating series; the other three are the work of Mr. John Davis, of Christ Church-villas.

Entries for the 60th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Feb. 22nd, 1902, and subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.



# Four of our Churches.

## ST. MICHAEL'S, GUITING POWER.

I attended service at the Parish Church of Guiting Power, or Lower Guiting, as it is often called, on Sunday evening last.

One cannot help thinking that some Church work is urgently needed there. The building is Norman, with a very handsome entrance doorway, and is one of the most perfect of the cruciform variety in the neighbourhood—perfect, that is, because all four arms of the cross are of equal size; but now the chancel is, unfortunately, boarded off, and gives but three arms of the cross for use, quite spoiling the appearance of the interior. The chancel is in a ruinous state—so bad that it was recently indicted by the local Sanitary Inspector. I asked one of the churchwardens if they had done anything towards cleansing the chancel. "No!" he said, "neither do we intend to do anything. The Sanitary Inspector did not give the names of the persons complaining to him of the smell, did he?" "No!" I said, "I think not." "No!" of course he didn't," answered Mr. Churchwarden, "there was nothing in it; any place shut up in the damp winter time would smell a little on being suddenly entered without previous airing." "How do these lay rectors stand as regards the ruinous state of the east end?" I asked. "Aye! that's a question that is very difficult to answer," replied the official. It would seem that at one time some land was left in charge of lay rectors for the purpose of keeping in repair the chancel; but a few affirm that this was not quite so, and say that the land was left in lieu of certain tithes. There is a flaw somewhere, and the lay rectors seem to deny that they can legally be made to do anything. "They will do it when they feel disposed." From information gathered, it would seem that if there had not been so much of this "making" and the lay rectors had been more smoothly dealt with—stroked the right way—something might have been done. Plans were prepared, and the work, which was to have cost some £1,200 or £1,400, was actually put in hand twenty or more years ago. A dispute arose, the workmen were withdrawn, and the scaffolding has been standing around the chancel ever since.

It cannot be denied that Church life at Lower Guiting has been troublesome. One vicar was non-resident for many years, and the unsatisfactory arrangement of a succession of curates-in-charge was the result. Then came a vicar who, through disregard of the parish in favour of an isolated hamlet three miles away, the turning of the vicarage into a sort of amateur monastery, and the showing off of other vagaries, ultimately withdrew from the parish. But he has never resigned, and a series of curates-in-charge is again the order of things. The vicarage is not fit for habitation, and the present curate, I believe, actually lives outside the parish.

Oh! ye Church people of Guiting, when will ye arise and demand some amendment?

I have not left much space in which to describe the service on Sunday evening. First came hymn 541, A. and M. The long Psalms for the evening were chanted, and chanted well, but the choir, in all the singing, did not trouble much about harmony, and sang, apparently, in unison. Hymns 12 and 243 were sung, and the preacher ascended the pulpit, and took for his text Revelation iii.

"Be zealous, therefore, and repent." He said the very best things in this world—gold, silver, and so forth—were imitated until it was almost impossible to tell the false from the true. Many people made a show of repentance, but it was like a tree in a picture, brought forth no fruit—there was no real repentance. They drew near to God with their mouths, but were far from Him in their hearts. There were two kinds of repentance. Saul and David both fell into sin, and both were said to have repented. But Saul was accused because his motives were worldly; he was afraid of losing his kingdom. David's repentance was real; he had displeased God and openly acknowledged it, and meant it. He was zealous, and repented, and was accepted of God. Judas and Peter both fell into grievous sin, and both repented; and yet



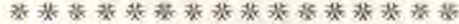
TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP,  
THE BOYS ARE MARCHING!



only St. Peter was restored to Christ's favour. The repentance of Judas was merely the outcome of remorse. If the season of Lent was anything to the preacher's hearers, it must be a time of repentance and of turning to Christ. If they loved Him as He had loved them, could they do otherwise than repent of their sins? Could they be else than zealous? Let them pray to God to give them His grace that their repentance might be a true repentance.

Another hymn followed, and the fairly large congregation dispersed. A young lady ably manipulated the harmonium.

CHURCHMAN.



## Gloucestershire Gossip.

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The most interesting to Cheltonians of the several wills that have recently appeared in the "Echo" was undoubtedly that of the late Mrs. Hay, of Ashfield, the text of which document was given last Saturday. Speculation had been rife in regard to its contents, especially as to who the fortunate persons were whose names had found a corner in it, and it appears that some 55 individuals have got £9,545 between them. Personally I was only concerned as to whether this estimable lady had exercised the power of appointment given her in her late husband's will over his residuary estate or had confirmed his bequests, amounting to some £15,000, to various charitable and benevolent institutions in the country. And I was not surprised to find that this good lady had not only confirmed them, but had left an additional £5,000 for local charities and also given her trustees absolute discretion to apply the residue of her estate to charitable purposes in Cheltenham. I reckon that, including the £5,000 to the Ladies' College to fund Hay exhibitions at St. Hilda's Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Hay have already publicly given and willed to Cheltenham institutions alone some £17,800. The name of Hay, of Ashfield, should always be "meadow sweet" in Cheltenham, and, indeed, in some of the other places in the country, to which their munificence has extended, their memory ought to be kept green. I hope the live "Echo" will be able to give us a few other such wills in which public institutions are beneficiaries.

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A week or two ago I ventured to remark that volunteering of the local Rifles for the front was handicapped by the fact that a man would only get in pay about a quarter of that given to an Imperial Yeoman with no previous training. No wonder then that the response to the call to arms has fallen very flat, and that it was not assisted by knowledge of the shabby way in which two returned Rifles were treated on arrival at Portsmouth, where they were at once discharged

without even being granted a month's furlough, with the attendant pay. So far as I can hear Stow-on-the-Wold, "where the wind blows cold," has the most martial ardour in it, for three men have sent in their names for service and have been medically passed, including one gallant Rifleman who has been to the war before; but whether the small contingent from this county will be accepted by the authorities at Horfield depot I cannot say.

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With reference to the statement of Justice Phillimore that his sister was a nurse in Gloucester during the epidemic, a friend of mine informs me that Lady Hermione Blackwood was for several months past a nurse at the District Nursing establishment in that city, and that she went home to the death bed of her father, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. It seems that his lordship had visited his daughter during the term she was performing her mission of mercy, and that her ladyship was always known, as she wished to be, as "Miss" Blackwood. This lady is only one of many women of noble or gentle birth who belong to the band of "ministering angels" who scorn delights and live laborious days. What Army man does not know the high esteem and regard in which the nursing sisters are held in the service?

\*\*\*

Earl Cawdor, at the recent half-yearly meeting of the Great Western Railway shareholders, gave information on a point in which I have been somewhat interested, namely, the cost of a prolonged fog to railway companies. It appears that the heavy and long-lasting fogs last December cost the company £3,200! What then must it have totalled up to all the railways? An inspector has told me that he never hears a fog signal explode but what he thinks, "There goes a penny farthing." Perhaps the most important point brought to light by Lord Cawdor was that the company's rates and taxes had increased 100 per cent. in ten years, and the necessity for shareholders using their influence to curb municipal extravagance and trading with the rates at their back. But I hope the G.W.R. will lengthen Churchdown platform, for their trains are rapidly overlapping it.

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The mock breach of promise trial got up by the Cheltenham Free Lances on Tuesday was very much more funny and entertaining than I imagine the real suit that "went off" at Gloucester Assizes last week would have been if it had gone into court. This, I understand, was settled with one unusual consideration in such cases—that the parties should be wed. I should certainly have liked to have heard some "Trial by Jury" music introduced into the make-believe affair. But perhaps this might have led to an action for damages or penalties.

GLENER.



FREE LANCE ASSOCIATION MOCK TRIAL, BY THE WAY.

February 18th and 19th, at Cheltenham and Brockhampton.

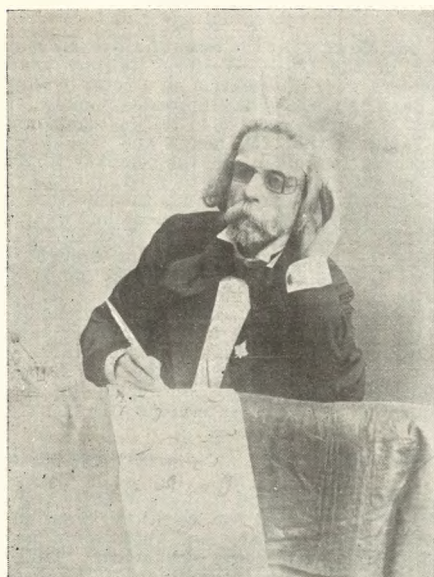


Photo by Pinnock,]

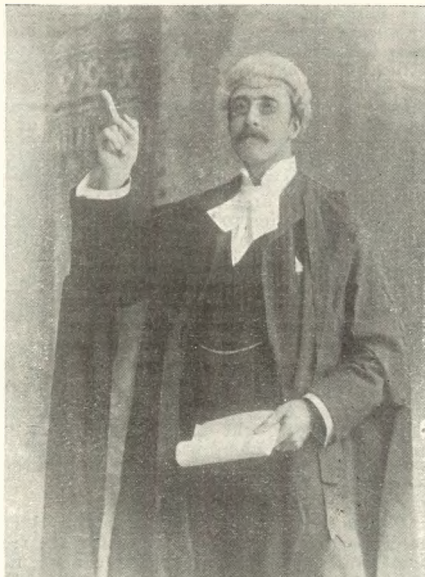
[High Street, Cheltenham.

"SELINA JENKINS"

As impersonated by Mr. George S. Stephens.



Mr. F. J. CHAMBERS as Foreman of the Jury (Algernon Veri Sopht).



Mr. A. R. PIGOTT as the Hon. A. Search light, K.C.

Captain William T. Mainprise, R.N., C.B., who has died at Fareham, Hants, aged 85, was the senior officer among the retired staff captains in the Royal Navy List.

It is stated that Sir A. L. Jones has promised a contribution of £10,000 in aid of the funds of the Liverpool School of Tropical Diseases.

SELINA JENKINS ON A MOCK BREACH OF PROMISE TRIAL, AT ST. PETER'S SCHOOLS.

'Pon my word, I never 'eard such goings on in my born days, that I 'aven't! I thought I should 'ave dropped down when I hopened me "Echo" last Monday evening, wich I never considers as I've finished the day proper like not till I've a-read down the births, marriages, and deaths and glanced through the local news, wich, took side by side, shows you pretty well how the world's a-waggin', as the sayin' is.

But, there! you never couldn't think wot a shock I didn't 'ave w'en I opened the paper and sees there staring me in the face as 'ow I were to be one of the witnesses into a breech of promise case, as some of these 'ere Free Lancers was going to prosecute in aid of the roof of St. Peter's Schools, or summat. Well, you see, that's just 'ow tis, the more you gets on in life the more you be tooked off, wich I call it fair owdacious the way them Free Lancers reticules people, as only the other day they very severely reticuled the Mare and Corporation, wich we all knows that w'en I goes to such entertainments as a Council Chamber I never don't think about being sarkastic, but I reports wot 'appens, so good as one of these 'ere short hand chaps, and never puts in a hobservashun of me own, 'ardly, as I don't consider sich goings on ought to be allowed, a-taking my name in vane, as 'aven't never took nobody else off, not in all I've a-wrote, much less making of 'em appear as a witness a-stuck up in a box before everybody and everythink, and the worse of it all, that the Free Lancers as took me off was so much like meself as I couldn't tell which was meself not until I pulled meself together a bit; and I will say 'e were a fair cough-drop, as the sayin' goes, that 'e were, with my old umberella, as Aunt Jane left me in her testament, and my Paisley shawl, for all the world like one of these 'ere animated phonographs!

Howsomdever, although I don't 'old with the imprence of them Free Lancers a-putting me, a respectable fieldmale, into a breeches of promise case, I thought I must go down and see the performants, if it's only to per-test against taking sich liberties.

When I gets into the room, as it weren't a very easy job through the exit being too narrer for them as was a-squeezing inwards, there was about 2ce so many people present as the place would 'old, so you can tell it were a bit of a crush.

'Owever, on rising me eyes, I sees hup on a platform everythink like a coort of justice, with a real jedge and lawyers, with wigs and gownds, and all manner, and there was a 'ospital nurse, as it seemed, hup in the witness-box a-givin' hevidence away free of charge, and a very good-looking young party she were, too. One of these 'ere make-believe lawyer fellers, as were really one of them artful Free Lancers in disguise, 'e kept a-trying to solicit various pints of hevidence wich was to go for to show as 'ow the young woman 'ad been jilted by a captain, wich his name was White Heart—as she 'ad nursed out to Africa after 'is 'aving been severely wounded in severall places by the explosion of a Christmas pudding as were fired by the Bores under De Wet at our gallant troops because of the hammonition running short, wich a piece of lemon-peel 'ad gone clean thro' his chest, causing "lemon-cholly." 'Owever, 'e were sent home on something as nobody seemed to know wot it were; some said it were on furloe, others on his convalescents, while I'm sure somebody said it was on the "Special Offer" male packet steamer. Any'ow, 'e did come 'ome, and the nurse with 'im, as I considers showed the good taste of the millingtary, and it comes out that this 'ere captain proposes to Miss Victoria De Lancey (being the nurse's name) at a sacred concert in the Winter Gardin, and soon afterwards throws 'er off in favor of Lady Something-or-other Smith (at wich affecting noose hall the lawyers and the jedge and the jury was moved to tears). Well,



there was a lot of other witnesses as corroborated or contradicted wot 'ad been said, wich I consider the most laffable was Patrick Comin Home O'Gane, as belonged to the Swindon Shoveliers, and were a fair site to look upon, that 'e were, with 'is chest a-covered with gold meddles as big as dinner plates. Wile 'e were talking, De Wet's name was brought in, and you mark my words, that blessed old jedge 'e never 'adn't 'eard the name before, so 'e said, and wanted to know who it were! Wot iggerance, to be sure! Then there was a barmaid from the Setting Moor and a tram conductor, who was to be the choicest evidence of the 'hole evening; but, if you believe me, w'en it come to the pint, not one word could 'e utter, being a trifle nervous and a bit took with the stutters, as the sayin' is. As 'e didn't say anythink, 'e didn't tell no falsehoods, moreover. so that's something, as one of the lawyer chaps remarked.

All the way thro', that there 4man of the jury, as they do call 'im, were goin' on summat awful—a-quarrelling with the policeman and a-hinterring his worship, and hasking the witnesses such a lot of questions, as they got reglar confuzed, and spoke against their own side often and often. 'E were a lovely get-up, that I will say, and, as the jedge remarked to 'im, for one so young 'e showed remarkable intelligence in hunderstanding wot all the case were about, wich was more than I could do! There was a song dropped in here, permiskus-like, all about the electric trams, and sung very well to a hold hair by someone as 'ad been 'idden amongst the audience, and was called to the front, like the gallant capt'in.

Half-time followed, and then the other side 'ad their look in. That there Capt'in White Heart, who were well enclosed in a 'igh collar, said that everythink were ontrue, that wot 'e 'ad said 'e 'adn't meant, and sich like and so forth, just like them bass deceivers always does; and after 'e 'ad denied all as could be placed before 'im, the name of Selina Jenkins were hannounced, and I thought me 'art would 'ave stood still as the very himmage of me walked up the isle into the witness-box. And, do you know, it was that there George Stephens as took the part, wich 'e did it very well for a man, not having been brought hup to the refinements and delicacy of a lady like me. But, you know, if I'd been hup in that there box, and I'd a-been bully-ragged by them sham lawyers like 'e was, well—I couldn't 'ave done nothink as wasn't beneath a lady's dignity, not me, but I'd 'ave slapped their painted faces for them; and as for that there 4man of the trial by jury, 'e'd 'ave 'ad 'is nose pulled, that 'e would! The houtadacious himperence of the questions as were asked, you can't think! But I won't sile me 'ands by repeating of them.

But a very dreadful thing 'appened, for wot with the 'eat of the room and laffing so much, I were took faint, and wile I were gapping for breath that there other Selina J. come to my existence and 'elped me out into the hante-room, or helse I don't know wot would 'ave 'appened, so I missed the hend of it hall.

'Owver, altho' I were hindignant when I went to this 'ere trial at me being took hoff by the Free Lancers, I will say I feel a bit kinder to 'um now, seeing as 'ow I 'ears they givros very liberal to the poor, both in coin and entertainments, and, wot's more, they sent me 'ome in a cab at their own expense, being struck with the 'onner of 'aving the real Mrs. J. to see the sham one.

So "hall's well as ends well," as Rusking says.

SELINA JENKINS.

The following speaks for itself:—"My dear Selina,—Do you think the next time you write your interesting notes, you or the Editor could do something towards getting one or two PUBLIC grievances removed? First—Could you stir up those who are in power to have the footpaths kept cleaner, in wet weather especially? About six weeks ago I heard many ladies and other visitors say it was the dirtiest town they had ever been in. Why can't our Corporation do as other decent towns do, and have the footpaths swilled down when they are an inch thick with



Photo by Mr. G. V. Bright,

Cheltenham.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWER EXHIBITION IN CHELTENHAM.

Group of Chrysanthemums on Platform. Mr. Maslin (Manager) in foreground.



greasy mud? Next—Can you say anything in your excellent notes to induce the proprietors of the theatre to have the place warmer, also do away with a barbarous cruelty by stopping the horrible draughts which make the stalls almost unbearable? It is a common thing to see ladies and gentlemen sitting in their thick jackets and their collars turned up. No one seems to take the trouble to see to these things and make the visitors comfortable.—Yours truly, A VISITOR. I do hope, my dear Selina, you will do your best."



Chaffing Papers.

No. VI.

[BY JOSEPH MERRIN.]



Favoured with a ticket for the first summer excursion of the Darkeological Association in the promising district of Castlehills, we ("The Nimble Newsman") sent our representative in the hope of gratifying our readers with a sketch of the day's proceedings.

At the starting point, an out-of-the-world railway station, we found Mr. Harry N'importe, as certified to by a card he presents to our representative, and they commence marching up and down the platform. Presently the active secretary, Mr. Bumptious, comes bustling into the station, and asks everybody he meets whether Lord and Lady Lovetape have arrived, to enjoy what he hopes will be

A CHARMING DAY.

"Ain't er seen any party of that name," says Jowler, a lymphatic railway porter. "I say, I must take this fellow," says N'importe, "he's a link between the past and the present. You've heard of tips, I reckon?" he sliely asks Jowler.

"Rather; what do you please to want to know?"

"Whether you will do as you're told for a few minutes."

"As far as duty allows, certainly."

THE "CAMERA FIEND" AT WORK.

Produsing a small carmera, N. directs the porter to look towards the railway signal, and takes a snapshot of him. He then puts him through a number of other positions, each alike incomprehensible to him, and, handing him a small coin, whispers "Your fee," and a touch of the forelock is given in acknowledgment.

"His lordship is late," the secretary ventures to remark, "but no doubt the train will be later." A rattle of wheels announces the arrival of the titled ones, and they amble on to the platform, followed by a footman bearing a camp stool for his lordship when fatigued, and by Dr. Rhumboi, an eminent "all-round man," and several other learned members of the party.

MUTUAL GREETINGS.

Coming forward, the secretary introduces himself, and expresses a hope that his lordship and Lady Lovetape will not be overcome by the fatigues of the day. "But your lordship knows science is science, and that it involves thought and work; and the exigencies of modern times have no mercy on we students of the Past."

"Ah, well," replies his lordship, "Here comes our man John, with the camp stool, should the tramping tire us."

"Admirable foresight," replies the secretary, as the train comes crawling into the station. The remainder of the party seem to spring out of the ground, including Miss Tabitha Goggles, with well-balanced nozers, and a pencil dangling from a memorandum book. Some other learned pundits, male and female, complete the party. They take their seats in the corridor carriage reserved for them, and the train bears them onward.

Arrived at the alighting station, the engine driver and his fireman grin at the group as "a lot of aristocratic noodles," as they assemble in a circle.



A GRAND PICTURE.

The secretary now assumes the directorship of the party, and putting on his gold-rimmed spectacles, he blows a pocket whistle, which he begs to explain is to be the summons for rallying the party during the day. N'importe manages to take a snapshot of the group, with the lord and lady in the centre, and Miss Goggles whispers (so that all can hear) "What a grand picture this would make for the Royal Academy, with the title 'Students of the Present doing homage to the greatness of the Past.'"

"Right you are," says N'importe, "and please add—And graced by the Learned Fair."

"How nice," softly whispers Miss G., "to find sympathy between human souls."

A LOST CHANCE.

The secretary, having button-holed the station-master, suggests "that the long mound adjoining the station indicated the site of an ancient barrow, or burying-place of Early Man of the iron or stone age, and how grand it would be to be allowed to dig the bones out,"; the station-master, however, replies "that no doubt barrows had been at work heaping the earth up from the adjoining cutting, but as to any early or late men being buried there was all nonsense, and the ground could not, of course, be touched."

"What a pity," exclaims Miss G., "that theory and practice don't agree in a matter of this kind."

"John, the camp stool," shouts his lordship, "I can't stand here looking at nothing," and he subsides upon it into a semi-doze, and asks "Now where are you going to next?" The guide replies, "Oh, my lord, there's a most interesting ruin not far off, which we propose to explore, and describe and figure for publication; and next we shall take luncheon at the old Unicorn Inn near."

"Very good," says N., "I shall soon be getting thirsty. Taking pictures involves strain of body and mind to hard-working students."

MEDIEVAL WORSHIP.

On reaching the inn the secretary stops, and introduces it in courtly fashion to the audience. "Most ancient of signs," he soliloquises, "we come to do homage to your archaic origin. Your single horn, unique in creation, has been appropriately gilded to indicate your royal prowess. Conjoined with the noble lion, the type of England's courage and nobility, what can be grander for a coat of arms?"

"Now, let's get on," says his lordship. "Where's this ruin? I shall want my stool soon."

AN UNEXPECTED OBSTACLE.

On nearing the ruin one of the party is seen coming from it, and announces that the janitor in charge is only just getting up, and the appearance of his night-capped head at an adjoining cottage window confirmed this; and he shouts "I shall have to be paid before you can go in."

"Stop a bit, old man," shouts N'importe, "won't you make a reduction on a quantity? I can see you are jolly well wrinkled. Wrinkles come up fine in the camera. I want to take you." "Take me, where?" asks the old man. "I've got you," whispers N., as he closes his camera.

Having got downstairs, the old man brings out a round table, with a book and pen and ink to enter the names of the visitors. By pretended accident N. upsets the table, and tells the old man he must give the party trust, as they belong to an eminent society. "Don't smash my table," begs the old man, "it was my grandfather's 80 years ago."

UNEXPECTED DISCOVERIES.

"You don't say so," edges in the secretary, "here must be a curiosity, just in our line, of solid oak, with three sprawling legs, doubtless a relic left by the Knights of the Round Table." "Hear, hear," shouts several of the party, who now scatter under the charge of Dr. Rhumboi, some bent on eyeing the ruins from an artistic point of view, others entering dark passages, or descending broken steps. A small audience following the doctor gave him encouragement for remarks. "It is clear," he continued, "this fine ruin is

doubtless a great prize. It must have been erected between the tenth and eleventh centuries, for here is a peculiar bit of work about this window." "Yes," said a young urchin, "I done it with my knife." Miss G. silenced this intruder with a tap from her parasol. Examination was made of a number of underground apartments, the walls of which were shining with moisture, and the roofs with stalactites.

"Here, you perceive," observed Mr. A. Finito, "the astounding effects of time and water, the result of percolations from the strata overhead, the salifiable bases of the silicious earths having united through the medium of the universal menstruum, water, into an interesting lixivium, with the characteristics of friability and deliquescence."

Professor Dratisjaw thought the deposit of these caves was an archeologic-geological, and not a chemico-analytical one, and he therefore drew attention to the osseous remains of a once-living creature at their feet.

Time thus passed rapidly, and N., sticking to the secretary, on reaching the outside, suggests that he sound his whistle to rally the party to luncheon.

PRISONER IN A DUNGEON.

On the way to the inn it was discovered that Dr. Rhumboi was missing, and Miss G. "flew" back to the ruin, followed by some others, to join in the search. At length a walking stick was seen waving about from an old grating, indicating that someone in the depths of a dungeon was signalling for assistance to be rescued. "This way out, old man," shouted N., "I can never take a snapshot in that dark hole, you know," and the doctor was ultimately pulled by main force back through sundry openings he had struggled through. With the dignified smile of a martyr he joins the party hastening to the inn, hungry, thirsty, and covered with dust. Mutual congratulations and "brush-downs" followed. "I want to satisfy myself," the doctor explained, "as to the palaeological debris I found, but there seemed to be nothing beyond the mediæval age." "How tragic," exclaims Miss G., "to think of a poor human creature dying in such a hole, and leaving his bones only to tell the tale."

AN INTERESTING AUDIENCE.

The luncheon over, a discussion ensued as to the traditions associated with the unicorn, which gave its sign to the inn.

Mr. Orr Shield was eloquent on the beauty and novelty of the single horned creature, and the fine field it afforded the pedigreist and the student of romance. We found the unicorn associated with the lion, often rampant regardant, or couchant, sometimes passant, or sejant, and still rarer salient, and supporting shields emblazoned with insignia of worth, valour, or eminence. This he took to be a type of attack and defence—of running at your foe, and running from your foe. The lion was fierce, and the unicorn was fleet. Arms and arts alike demanded their apotheosis in image and in picture; on front and flag, in castle and camp. And the lion and unicorn leaped from scroll to book and badge, and from banner to battlement until they reached the summit of earthly glory in the emblazonment of the Royal Arms of Old England. A rich mine of wisdom and noble activity is enshrined in the heraldry of the past. Allow me to recite a few of the

NOBLE MEDIEVAL MOTTOES,

and please imagine them to be duly emblazoned in gold and colour:—  
 Light is the shadow of God.  
 The death of the wolf is life to the lamb.  
 Nothing is great unless good.  
 Virtue, not lineage, is the mark of nobility.  
 He that envies is inferior.  
 Faithful to the end.  
 Seek higher things.  
 Anchor fast.  
 Justice is more powerful than arms.  
 We increase by concord.  
 In labour is rest.  
 May we follow heavenly inspiration.  
 Be wealth to him who knows how to use it.  
 Social interchanges render men pliant.  
 Let arms yield to the gown.  
 More illustrious by service.  
 Hope well, and love well.  
 A clean heart, and a cheerful spirit.  
 We sing of heavenly things.  
 I receive to distribute.

I long for day.  
 Law and equity united.  
 Diligence with prudence.  
 They become illustrious by study.  
 Both for our ancestors and our posterity.  
 By faith and works.  
 By courage and fidelity.  
 With hand and heart.  
 Hope to the last.  
 I will spend and be spent.  
 Light is a laurel to me.  
 Consider the end.  
 The righteous shine as the stars.  
 I rise by industry.  
 Nothing without labour.  
 Industry the means, plenty the result.  
 To the goal.  
 Justly and diligently.  
 Speak, do.

Concerned in many things, in great things, in good things.  
 Mean, speak, and do well.  
 Neither obscure, nor low.  
 Not the quill, but its use.  
 Not the cross, but its light.  
 Virtue reaches to heaven.  
 It is sufficient to have well deserved.  
 Bright days will come.  
 Just and forward.  
 Giving and forgiving.  
 Love as you find.  
 Be self-possessed.  
 Listen and rise.  
 Trust, but take care.  
 Think well.  
 More beyond.  
 Subdue evil by good.  
 Not wealth, but mind.  
 Let that vex which shames.  
 The stars show the way.

Enthusiastic applause followed this eloquent exposition of mediæval policy and principle looked at through the glamour of romance and chivalry.

The landlord, attending to his taps downstairs, could not, however, understand what "those swells upstairs were kicking up such a row about," his estimate of them being measured by the liquor they consumed, and he summed them up as "a shabby lot."

Dr. Dreamy rose to read a promised paper on "Depth and Distance"; but the time for departure having arrived the party hastened to the railway station, where the gazing rustics were left, looking with wonderment at the retreating train containing the illustrious members of the Darkeological Association, with all their capital letters duly appended of M.A.K.; F.U.S.S., etc., etc., etc., in the book recording the "eminent visitors to the Unicorn Inn."

PLEASANT REMINISCENCES.

Lively was the homeward journey in the recounting of observations made, of rare specimens secured, of pictures sketched or photoed in the "grand day" which had been enjoyed. We are sure the diaries of the devotees will mark the journey as a memorable one, and that science cannot fail to be benefited, if not the human race immensely advanced, by this inroad of genius into the district, whose treasures have so long been allowed to lie unregarded in the lap of rural beauty.

Hull municipal trams made a profit of £40,000 last year. Of this amount £10,000 has been devoted to the relief of the rates.



The Emperor of China has decorated Mr. Foley, the traffic manager of the Chinese Railways, with the Order of the Double Dragon for his services in connection with the special train used by the Court on its return journey to Peking.



Sir Arthur Bigge, private secretary to the Prince of Wales, visited Bristol and Avonmouth on Monday, and expressed approval of the arrangements made for the ceremony of cutting the first sod of the new dock by his Royal Highness on March 5th.



An English visitor has been robbed of £300 while travelling from Monaco to Nice. He unwittingly accepted a drugged cigar from an affable English-speaking fellow passenger, and after a few puffs became unconscious. When he awoke his money and the giver of the cigar had both disappeared.



CHELTHENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, FEBRUARY 22, 1902  
**Skating on Pittville Lake, Saturday Afternoon, Feb. 15, 1902.**



Well-known Footballer in Foreground.



Taken just after the three Collegians had fallen in. Onlookers pointing at Ice Bending as Skaters pass over the Dangerous Spots.



Scene from Bridge when Ice was Crowded.



The Boathouse (turned into a Refreshment Room for the occasion).



"A Rest."



A Figure Skater.



Skating on Pittville Lake, Saturday Afternoon, February 15, 1902.



A Local Amateur Photographer.



College Boys' Jolly Holiday



A Gloucester's Snapshots at Bloemfontein.



Brand's Monument.



Monument to the Brigade of Guards.

\* \* \*



Graves of Officers who died in Bloemfontein.

We are indebted for the three Bloemfontein views to Pte. Rhymer, 2nd Gloucester Regiment, who writes:—"Bloemfontein, Orange River Colony, Jan. 24th, 1902. Sir,—Having taken great interest in your very interesting paper, I have sent three snapshots that I took in Bloemfontein, and hope they will be of interest to the subscribers of your paper—*The Gloucestershire Graphic*. They are as follows:—Brand's Monument in front of Government House; graves of the officers who died in Bloemfontein; Monument erected in memory of the men of the Brigade of Guards, with a wreath placed on it by the ladies of the Loyal Women's Guild.—Yours sincerely, F. H. RHYMER, 2nd Gloucester Regiment, S.A."