

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY  
SUPPLEMENT

No. 70.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1902

## CHELTENHAM FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

### SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The Public Library Committee have just issued their report for the year ended March 31st, 1902—the seventeenth of its kind—in which they state that during the 279½ days on which the library was open the total number of issues for both departments was 122,873, as compared with 121,064 in the previous year, giving an increase of 1,809 volumes, and a daily average of 440. From the lending library 111,630 volumes were issued, against 103,325, showing an increase for home reading of 2,305 volumes, and giving a daily average of 400. There has been an increase of 318 borrowers upon last year, bringing the number up to 5,303. Much time and consideration have been given to the selection of books for purchase, and many good and useful works have been added during the year, which has resulted in a greater circulation of works of a better character, such as biography and history, geography and travels, poetry and the drama. The books exhibited in the show case are much used and appreciated by many of the readers, and as these books are changed from time to time, the issue in the different classes is regular, although it is clear that the kind of exhibit has an influence upon the issues. Owing to the dirty and unsatisfactory state of many books, through much use, in the classes Fiction and Juvenile, it has been found necessary to expend a considerable sum of money upon replacing a selection (481 volumes) from those withdrawn from circulation. The total stock is now 29,331 volumes, viz. Lending Library, 16,090 Reference Library, 13,241 (inclusive of 766 volumes of Abridgments of Patents). The recorded consultations of works in the Reference Library show a decrease of 496, but this apparent decrease in reality means a substantial increase, for the consultations of directories, year books, calendars, etc., were up to the end of January counted as issues. Since that date the committee have departed from this course and decided to have works of this character placed in an open book case in the Reference Library, for free use, thus doing away with the formality of application at the counter and the filling up of a reader's ticket. For the two months (February and March) in which these books have been displayed, it is estimated that the daily consultations have been 30, or 1,320 for the 44 days, which would raise the total to 12,563, an increase of 824. The very important, laborious, and anxious work of overhauling and examining the stock in the Reference Library for the purpose of eliminating obsolete, imperfect, duplicate, or undesirable books, pamphlets, leaflets, etc., has been completed, and has resulted in the withdrawing of some 1,000 items—things which had accumulated since the library was first established. The stock now is in a satisfactory state, and has been carefully rearranged and classified in the new book-store, where the books are now easy of



A GIPSY CAMP AT GREET, NEAR WINCHCOMBE.

Photo. by J. P. Hawley,

Winchcombe.

access. The committee are pleased at the increased use made of the branch at Leckhampton by the residents of that district; and additional papers have been granted them and others exchanged. The committee are of opinion that the work done in all departments during the past year has been of an encouraging nature, while many alterations and improvements in matters of administration have been for the benefit of those using the institution.

The Art Gallery Sub-Committee, in their report, state that 18,998 visits have been paid to the gallery during the past year, which shows that the public appreciation of it is in no wise diminished.

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Lord Mostyn on Monday opened a handsome art gallery at Llandudno, built by his mother, Lady Augusta Mostyn.

"Research" writes to the "Times" as follows:—"I shall be glad to contribute £5,000 towards the £70,000 required to complete the equipment of the Cancer Research Fund, if 13 other subscribers will do the same before the Coronation."

The Marquis of Waterford, who is leaving England shortly for South Africa, was, when Earl of Tyrone, a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards. He retired from the army soon after his marriage to Lady Beatrix Fitzmaurice.

## IMPERIAL YEOMANRY INSPECTED BY LORD ROBERTS.

Lord Roberts paid an official visit to Aldershot on Tuesday to inspect the ten battalions of Imperial Yeomanry in training prior to their departure for South Africa. His lordship drove direct to the Queen's Parade, where the 32nd and 35th Battalions were drawn up mounted. After being inspected the two battalions moved off in the direction of Laffan's Plain, while the Commander-in-Chief proceeded to Rushmoor Green, where the 27th, 28th, and 33rd Battalions were paraded. These men having been inspected, they were despatched to attempt to seize the position held by the 32nd and 35th Battalions. A brisk fight ensued, the men showing great intelligence in the work, although some proved but indifferent horsemen, several saddles being empty. The defenders were forced back for a time, but when reinforced they drove the attackers eastward, a capital rear fight ensuing over Jubilee and Firs Hills. Lord Roberts watched the operations from Long Hill, and at the conclusion held a conference, which was attended by all the yeomanry officers. He expressed his entire satisfaction with all he had seen, and complimented the battalion on the way in which they looked after their horses. He was glad to say a great improvement had taken place throughout the army in this respect.—After lunch Lord Roberts inspected the 34th, 36th, 37th, 38th, and 39th Battalions.



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THE GOLD KLOOF:

A PROSPECTING IDYLL,

By H. A. BRYDEN

(Author of "Kloof and Karroo," "South African Tales," etc.)

\* \* \*

It was a year before the war. Old Jan Van Blerk sat outside his squat, square, flat-topped farmhouse, smoking his pipe contentedly, watching, as he had watched each evening these thirty years past, the rosy tints of sunset fading from the lone mountain summits, far away in front of him. Now and again he smiled softly to himself, stroked his great grey beard, nodded his head, muttered, and smiled again. And in truth Jan Van Blerk had some reason for smiling, though the stern, rugged old Boer was not always in this pleasant humour. He had an excellent farm. Rhinoster Fontein, on the Oliphants river, was as good as any in the Transvaal, nay, better than most; and in these last few years the rising markets at Johannesburg and Pretoria had done wonders for him. His first family were now grown up and off his hands, all except Katrina, who with her good looks was not likely to be long without a husband. His second family, five strong, if uncouth, youngsters, ranging from the ages of four to eleven, had, it is true, to be schooled; but he had done something for them that day. Katrina and her step-mother had hitherto superintended the very elementary studies which had been thought sufficient for the ragged and sturdy children, but a schoolmaster was to be now employed for the four elder of them, and that afternoon, after huge effort and a great deal of aid from the willing Katrina, who acted as his amanuensis and provided him with ideas, the old fellow has despatched by post-cart a long letter to Pretoria, seeking the needful man of letters. Then, too, Jan had sold five and twenty head of cattle excellently well that morning to a Johannesburg butcher, and, finally, he had, to his own vast satisfaction, got rid of an annoying and dangerous trespasser on his land—one of that wandering tribe of prospectors, whom almost every Transvaal farmer knows so well. Many of the Boers welcome the prospector and the digger, nowadays—or at least they did before the war; but there are still some of the older and severer leaven, who care nothing for gold and its allurements, who prefer to be left in peace to pursue their way in the ancient, isolated manner, and who hate the idea of interlopers, especially of British blood, straying about their wide acres, digging here and searching there for precious metals. Old Jan Van Blerk was one of this primitive type. He had enough, more than enough, for the wants of himself and his family; he wanted to stick to his good farm, that farm upon which he had settled after years of a nomadic, hunting life, three decades before, and he loathed the sight of a stranger prospecting or attempting to prospect the wild kloofs and valleys that constituted mainly his 12,000 acres.

Only that morning he had come across one of these gentry, and roughly warned him off. He knew that gold existed on his land: he had learned that fact years before from an old drunken prospector, who died of bad whisky and Low Country fever at the *winkel* (store), eighteen miles away, and he wanted no man prying about in search of it. And so, as he had done upon other occasions, he had seen the prospector pack up his few traps, saddle up, and betake himself beyond his, Van Blerk's, farm boundary.

"But," said the prospector, a decent, hard-headed, steady-going Scotchman, "I have a legal right to prospect here. There is my license, look for yourself. Your own President, Paul Kruger, makes your laws. You are bound to abide by them!"

"I don't care a *Turk's nagel* for your verdoemed licenses or Briefjes," retorted the old fellow, in his deep guttural growl. "No, not if they were signed by 'Oom Paul' himself!

I will have no digging on my ground, and the first man who attempts it will have a bullet through his body. You may tell that to the President from me, if you please; he knows Jan Van Blerk."

Old Jan tapped his Martini-Henry sporting rifle as he said these words, and the prospector, Angus McCallum, seeing that he meant business, took his advice, saddled up, and rode off for the Pretoria-road, which ran near the homestead. The old Boer rode with him. As they jogged along, the hot feelings that had been kindled between them, presently evaporated; they entered into a more or less friendly exchange of ideas; and by the time they had reached the Rhinoster Fontein, Van Blerk, who had ascertained that the prospector was a *Berg Scot* (highlander) and not an accursed Englishman, invited him up to the house, gave him a not unkindly welcome, set him down to coffee and the mid-day meal, and sent him on his further way, if not rejoicing, at all events somewhat mollified.

"I am always glad to see you or any other Berg Scot at Rhinoster Fontein," he said, as he snook hands finally. "I know you people hate the English, just as a good Boer does. But remember, glad as I am to welcome you, *No prospecting here*. Fare you well!"

McCallum rode off, not altogether ill-pleased with his two days' work on the old fellow's farm. He had ascertained two things. One that alluvial gold existed there. The other, that the Boer was in need of a schoolmaster, and he had, moreover, the address of the agent in Pretoria to whom Van Blerk had despatched his letter that day, stating his requirements.

Two days later, Angus McCallum reached Pretoria, and sought out his partner, Frank Hasted, a sturdy, good-looking young Colonial, with whom he had chummed up at Barberton some years before. To him he told his recent adventures and unfolded his designs. It was absolutely necessary that they should continue their investigations on Rhinoster Fontein, which looked like turning out one of the richest gold mining properties in the South African Republic. Their plan of campaign was now settled. It promised an adventure, having in it just the spice of danger and difficulty which appealed irresistibly to Frank's imagination. He had a strong touch of dare-devil in his nature, and the very element of personal risk added largely to the attraction of the affair before him. Moreover, there was, into the bargain, a good-looking Dutch girl, Katrina Van Blerk, of whom Angus spoke in terms of warm admiration. Angus was particular in this respect; otherwise he was afraid that the prospect he offered might seem a somewhat dull one to his young and ardent partner.

Next morning, then, Frank Hasted, having provided himself with a cheap black coat, exchanging his breeches for a quiet pair of trousers, and thus toning down his appearance somewhat, presented himself at the office of the Dutch law-agent to whom Van Blerk had written requesting a tutor for his children. In the ordinary course, Mr. De Vrees, the agent, would have supplied the vacancy with a young and needy Hollander. But at this time young Hollanders found better employment for their talents in Pretoria and Johannesburg than in teaching stupid Boer children on a melancholy back-country farm. And so, Frank, who represented himself as a Cape Colonist, seeking tutorial work, had no great difficulty in obtaining the situation he had in view. He was newly-arrived and unknown in Pretoria, which was fortunate for the plans of himself and his partner; he had been educated at the South African College, Capetown; he was a sharp, shrewd fellow, and he had small difficulty in convincing De Vrees that he was the very man to schoolmaster his client Van Blerk's children. Two days later, Frank, armed with due credentials, rode off on his good little Basuto pony, "Mick," towards Rhinoster Fontein, where, forty-eight hours later, he arrived towards evening.

The new tutor was received by the Van Blerk family at first with coldness and even suspicion; afterwards, as they began to know him, with modified contentment. Finally, he was adopted by the whole establishment with genuine liking and respect. The old Boer

took to him, because, in addition to teaching the children, he found the young colonist could ride and shoot as well as himself, besides understanding stock and farming, and speaking Dutch with perfect fluency. The vrou and youngsters liked him because, although a firm task-master, he was patient and kindly. As for Katrina, it is to be feared she fell in love with Frank's well set-up figure and handsome face long before the first month of his schoolmastering had come to an end. On his part, Frank Hasted was a good deal attracted by Katrina, with her yellow hair, her blue eyes, and her clear healthy complexion, so vastly different from those of the muddy-skinned Dutch girls he had but too often encountered. Katrina had ideas too. She had stayed at Pretoria with an uncle in Government service, and had noted the ways and methods of the better class Englishwomen there, and had duly profited thereby. She spoke good English, and dressed well for a farmer's daughter with something of English taste and refinement.

As the days went by, and the monotony of his existence pressed more and more heavily upon his soul, Frank Hasted found himself gradually seeking the society of Katrina in preference to all the rest of the household. He had to be civil to the old gentleman, of course, and smoked many a pipe with him on the stoep, discussing farming, and game, and other topics, dear to the heart of the bucolic Boer. But in the evenings, just before sunset, when the flocks were being counted into the kraals, and Jan Van Blerk and his lads were busy, Frank and Katrina found time and opportunity to stroll away into the thorn grove, among the wild shrubbery not far from the farmstead, and enjoyed many a pleasant half-hour together. On Sundays, too, they had plenty of leisure for pleasant rambles away towards the Waterkloof, with its innumerable birds, its acres of wild flowers, and the clear rivulet that ran like a belt of diamonds sparkling among its bush and greenery. Sundays, indeed, were becoming red letter days for these two.

Meanwhile, in spite of that irksome and detestable task of teaching the stupid and uncouth Boer children committed to his care, Frank was by no means neglecting the mission on which he had come. Saturdays were kept as holidays at Rhinoster Fontein, and on these days, from earliest dawn, he was his own master. Usually he went off with his rifle, nominally in search of game, in reality to seek out the truth of that gold mystery, of which his comrade, Angus McCallum had just touched the outer fringe. After some search, Frank found exactly what Angus had supposed he would find, a rich alluvial deposit of the precious metal. It lay in a deep and almost inaccessible kloof, where, in the sandy remnant of an ancient watercourse, Frank unearthed many good nuggets. These patiently collecting he took home with him, and concealed beneath the mud flooring of his bedroom. In three months time he had obtained all the evidence he required of the wealth of gold on Rhinoster Fontein. Besides the alluvial, he had traced three good reefs in different parts of the mountains, and he now only required to make one more journey, to bring back a heavy nugget, weighing some 7lbs., which was the prize and crown of his alluvial labours. This magnificent piece of gold he determined to retrieve secretly while all the rest of the family were asleep.

It was a splendid night, as Frank crept out of his bedroom window and slipped away from the homestead. A noble moon, just at her full, hung like a globe of polished silver far out from the dark heaven, making clear the veldt, and throwing mysterious shadows everywhere. Frank sped along silently in his soft *velschoens* (Boer shoes of home-tanned leather), and in a little over an hour had covered the four and a half miles of veldt that lay between the farmhouse and his alluvial valley. Now descending the sloping cliff side, by a dangerous path which he knew by this time by heart, he stood on the smooth kloof floor near a big rock where he had concealed his monstrous nugget. He stood out there in the open under the clear moonlight, and looked about him. A leopard cried to its mate, its wailing, unpleasant note ringing and echoing weirdly among the rocks. Frank shivered; he had





TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

Photo. by Miss Madge Price,



VIEW ON RED HOUSE FARM, ELMSTONE HARDWICKE.

Tewkesbury.

Photo. by Mr. G. L. Martyn,

Cheltenham.

no weapon, and the sound was not a pleasant one. Just at that instant came a flash of a rifle discharged 60 yards above him. In the same moment the venomous "ping" of a bullet whizzed past his ear; almost simultaneously the loud report of a Martini-Henry broke upon the solemn stillness of the night, and shattered the dense silence. Frank knew instantly what it all meant. He had been followed and shot at. He gave one cry, fell to the earth, as if shot, and lay there upon the soil, as still and mute as the soil itself, apparently stone dead.

It was true enough, he had been followed and shot at. Old Jan Van Blerk had for some weeks suspected his new schoolmaster, and had set a close watch upon him. He guessed what he was after. And upon this calm, clear African night, he had followed the Englishman, determined to take his life in the valley, where, as he now knew, Frank Hasted had found gold. He believed now, at this moment, that he had killed his man and thus preserved the secret of his farm intact. Never should one of these accursed Englishmen turn his land into a gold-field. He lay silent behind his screen of bush, watching the body down there below him, for fifteen long minutes. If the slightest sign of life had been shown, another bullet or two would have settled the matter. But, with wonderful nerve, Frank lay there as still as the very death he was simulating. Presently, not caring the descend the dangerous cliff side, and believing his man to be lifeless, the Boer moved off, and betook himself to his homestead again, intending to return in the morning, and bury his victim.

But he had reckoned too much upon his usual skill with the rifle. Frank presently rose, retrieved his nugget, crept back to the homestead, and made preparations for his own coup. It was now three o'clock in the morning. Frank had got his horse from the barn, saddled and bridled him, fastened up his store of gold and procured and loaded his rifle. He crept round to Katrina's window and tapped gently. She came, her pale face paler in the moonlight. She knew someone was wrong, she had heard unaccountable sounds that night, and she feared many things. Softly her window opened. "My darling," Frank whispered, "I am in danger, and must make a bolt for it. You shall hear from me soon. Don't forget me!" "Never, never, Frank!" she answered tearfully. They exchanged one long, tender kiss, and then Frank crept to the window of the Boer's chamber. It was closed, but, using all his strength, he forced it open. "Jan Van Blerk, you old devil," he roared in Dutch, as the bewildered Boer and his spouse sat up in bed. "That was a bad shot of yours in the klee! I have captured your secret. You shall have no more peace at Rhinoster

Fontein. Good bye, old chap! So long!  
In another ten seconds Frank had sprung to his pony's back, and long before the enraged Boer could collect his scattered wits, seize his rifle, and run out, was speeding for Pretoria.  
Old Jan Van Blerk died in the South African war, shot through the heart at Diamond Hill. Frank Hasted serves with that gallant corps, the Imperial Light Horse. He has seen Katrina more than once in one of the Concentration Camps. And he now only waits for the conclusion of the long and bitter struggle to marry, and make for himself, and his partner, Angus McCallum, what he believes will be a great and splendid fortune.

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The Trustees of Keble College, Oxford, have appointed the Rev. H. H. Leeper, private chaplain to Viscount Halifax, to the vicarage of St. Stephen's, Devonport. Mr. Leeper resigned the curacy of St. Peter's, Plymouth, as a protest against the acquiescence by the Rev. G. R. Pryne, the vicar, in the late Bishop of Exeter's request that the ceremonial use of incense should be abandoned in that church.



## Poetry.



### PRAYER FOR KING EDWARD VII. JUNE 26TH, 1902.

Crown Him, oh Father, with Thy loving arms,  
So great and strong;  
And keep his soul in sweet communion still,  
His whole life long.  
May subtle foes be kept away,  
And ev'ry blessing on this day  
Be his; and send a guiding ray  
To right all wrong.

Crown him, dear Saviour, with Thy heart of love;  
Cov'r him with Thy righteousness, and from above  
Shield him for aye.

Be present, oh Thou King of Kings;  
Then shelter'd by Thy circling wings,  
He'll nothing fear from evil things,  
This joyful day.

Crown him, oh blessed Spirit, Heavenly Dove!  
Come down, as once Thou cam'st; and round his throne

Shed light and love.  
Prompt ev'ry action, ev'ry thought;  
Sprinkle with blood his soul, once bought  
By Jesus, so our King be spirit-taught,  
Crown'd from above.

MRS. G. PHILIPS-PEARCE.  
St. Paul's Vicarage, Cheltenham.

### WHO KNOWS?

Who knows where pins and needles go,  
Where all the buttons stray?  
Who knows where all the pennies go,  
That sometimes get away?  
Who knows how all the china breaks,  
That wasn't touched at all?  
How baby's got so black a bruise,  
And never had a fall?  
Who knows whence all the fashions come,  
And whence they disappear?  
Why one brief month should make a fright  
Or what was "such a dear?"  
Who knows how little bills can swell  
To such prodigious size?  
Who knows, indeed, what's going on  
Beneath his very eyes?  
Who knows just where her husband goes  
When "business" keeps him out?  
Who knows when best to wear a smile  
And when to wear a pout?  
Who knows the time to face the fact  
That she's no longer young?  
Who knows how best to speak her mind,  
And how to hold her tongue?  
Who knows the most convenient day  
To bring a friend to dine?  
Who knows the half of what he spends  
On clubs, cigars, and wine?  
Who knows one bonnet cannot last  
A woman all her life?  
Who knows that woman is the same  
When sweetheart turns to wife?  
Who knows why all the pretty girls  
Are often last to go?  
How all the ugly women wed  
Who never had a beau?  
Why small men marry wives so large,  
And large men fancy small?  
Who knows in fact how half the world  
Was ever matched at all?  
Who knows how far to trust a friend,  
How far to hate a foe?  
Just when to speak a kindly yes,  
And when a sturdy no?  
Who knows—the grim, old Grecian sage  
Says, gravely—save thyself,  
The wisest man in all the world  
Is he who knows himself?

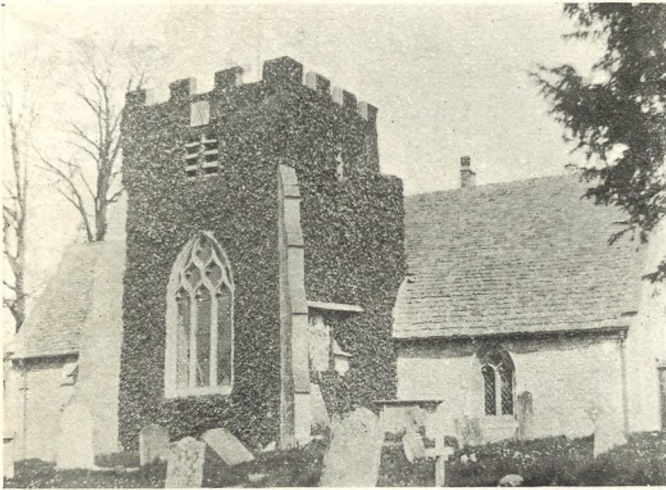


While demolishing an ancient church at Lalinde, near Perigueux, some workmen found an egg, apparently in a perfect state of preservation, embedded in the mortar of a wall that had been standing for fully 800 years.



Probably the youngest peeress who has the right to attend the Coronation is the little Lady Elizabeth Bligh, now Baroness Clifton, and daughter of the seventh Earl of Darnley. She was born in 1900, and her father died in the same year. The child is having a Coronation robe made for her exactly like those of her elders, and will be an attractive little figure in the show.





BODDINGTON CHURCH.



STAVERTON CHURCH.

Cheltenham.

Photos. by E. W. Ride.

## A Tour of the Churches.

### WHITTINGTON PARISH CHURCH.

Whittington, near Andoversford, is an easy run for Cheltenham cyclists. I was there on Sunday morning last, and enjoyed the service in the Parish Church. There is no elaborate ritual there, so that those with High Church views would feel that their principles were not sufficiently studied; but the service was gone through in a manner which savoured of deep devoutness. The Rector is getting on in years—he has held the living since 1868—but he read the prayers, lessons, etc., in an earnest manner, and a small congregation seemed to follow him with deep interest. The choir is mixed—very mixed. On one side of the chancel, surrounding the lady instrumentalist, are lady singers, and on the opposite side, supporting the minister, are a number of men and boys in surplices. They well chanted the Venite, Te Deum, and Jubilate, but did not attempt to sing the Psalms, these being read by the priest and people in the old-fashioned way. The hymns were “Through all the changing scenes of life” and “Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.” The Litany was read, but no Communion service.

The preacher took for his text St. John xvi., 33—“In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” These words, the Rector said, were addressed by our Lord to His disciples not long before their final separation, and dealt with two distinct subjects. Our Lord’s prediction in the first part of the text was actually and literally fulfilled. The disciples had many and grievous tribulations. Tribulation was their lot, as it had been that of those who took their places. As each faithful hand was stretched forth to grasp the banner of the Cross, tribulation, and even the scorn of the world, was heaped upon the heads of the devoted ones. And this conflict between good and evil, between the Gospel and the enemy, would continue until time should be no more. All knew from their own experience that when they strove to do good the evil one raised up difficulties and made their task tedious and arduous. What were they to understand by the second part of the text? Did their Lord mean to say that His great work was actually finished? Was the world subdued when He spoke those words? Or did He mean that after His crucifixion the world would be vanquished? When He said “I have overcome the world” He was contemplating His earthly career. He overcame the world at His temptation, when

He said “Get thee hence, Satan.” He overcame the world when working miracles; by that holiness of character which never forsook Him; and by His death upon the Cross. The expression “Be of good cheer” was said as an encouragement to those who looked upon Him as their Master; but at the same time there was nothing in those words to make anyone over-confident. They must not say to themselves that everything had been done for them: “The world has been subdued, the enemy overcome, we may repose and be at ease without any fear of falling into sin and temptation.” It would be a mistake to argue in that way; and St. Paul saw well the evils of over-confidence and the difficulties of the Christian life when he wrote “See ye walk circumspectly.” The sinner must not say “I am all right; my Master has done all for me.” No! they must be careful, not forgetting what depended upon exercising personal holiness and upon the uses they made of the means of grace given them, mindful that if they pursued the paths of iniquity a terrible price would have to be paid for it. A fanciful amen was sung after the Benediction.

Much could be said about the building. It is not a pleasing structure by any means. It has evidently been erected at three different times. Originally Norman, parts of it are in the Early English, Perpendicular, and Decorated styles of architecture. Some of it appears very ancient. It consists of a chancel, nave of three bays, with a curious, very narrow south aisle running three-parts the length of the nave into an added south transept. The entrance porch is on the north side, and there is a central turret of wood, in which is one bell. The narrow south aisle is mainly used as a way to the vestry; but in it reposes, on the floor, three large recumbent stone effigies, in good preservation; two of them are knights in armour, of the time of Edward III. and Henry III., and the other is that of a lady of the De Croupe family. There are several old mural tablets and brasses, the only one of interest being a brass to the memory of Richard Coton, his wife, and child, who died in the middle of the 16th century; the child is depicted in swaddling clothes. The east window is of small size; but it was beautifully filled with stained glass twelve months ago in memory of her late Majesty Queen Victoria. In the south wall is an archway, which doubtless at one time enclosed a tomb. The pulpit is modern, and is of very unusual pattern for this district. It is of stone, with a flat front, square from floor to top. It was erected in the year of the Victorian Jubilee, so that the Church-people of Whittington are evidently nothing if not loyal. The church was restored some thirty years ago.

### POLICEMAN-ARTIST JONES.

Policeman E. T. Jones, of Leeds, whose picture “Summer” has been hung at the Royal Academy, was born at Shrewsbury in 1868, and joined the Leeds police in 1889. While assisting in quelling the Hull dock riots, a contingent of the Leeds force having been called there, he received permanent injury. When able to work again he was placed in the Leeds Municipal Art Gallery, where he conceived a passion for painting. He made sketches in colour, and these he submitted to the curator at the gallery, receiving various criticisms and hints which he turned to good account. He mustered courage to submit four marine studies for the Leeds Spring Exhibition, two of which were accepted. Working diligently at night, after his day’s work was done, he used to advantage the easel and brushes which he acquired, having previously used a cigar-box lid as a palette-board, and books or bricks as an easel on the kitchen table to prop up his canvas or mill-board upon which he was painting. The policeman-artist was early astir on Saturday morning, putting the finishing touches on another picture. Like a wise man, he declared, on hearing of his Royal Academy success, that he by no means meant to cease his duties as policeman. His Academy picture is about three feet by two feet, framed, and represents a moorland scene near Church Stretton, in Shropshire, with sheep and a man in charge of them, Church Stretton lying in the distance.

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### THE BUSHMEN AND LORD METHUEN.

It is perhaps just as well that Delarey released Lord Methuen with such commendable celerity. Colonel Kelly, C.B., who commanded the Australian Bushmen that once formed part of Lord Methuen’s force, says he received a number of communications from all parts of the Commonwealth suggesting the immediate organisation of a special force to rescue the captured general. These letters, coming from the scattered Bushmen all over the Continent, showed the feeling they entertained towards their old general. Colonel Kelly received a telegram from Lord Methuen tendering “warmest thanks” for his message of sympathy.

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At the Abertysswg Colliery, belonging to the Tredegar Company, a winding-rope snapped, and a cage containing two loaded trams fell. The men at the pit bottom escaped, but much damage was done to the shaft, and 400 workmen below had to come out by another way.





ST. PAUL'S UNITED ASSOCIATION TEAM (WINNERS)



REST OF LEAGUE

(Taken by C. G. Beacham, Cheltenham, at match on April 19th).

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

May has now come, and the hunting season is ended. It will be remembered as a fair sporting one, albeit fog and frost and failure of scent at times interfered considerably with it. Cubbing certainly commenced unusually soon, for an early harvest enabled the Duke of Beaufort's and the North Cotswolds to be first in the field, in the second week in August. Happily, no fatal accidents occurred, and the most serious of the few casualties was that to Mr. Arthur Rich, whose leg was fractured by the kick of a horse when out with Lord Bathurst's. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Canning were put *hors de combat* within a week of each other in Lord Fitzhardinge's country. Several of the Masters of the local packs were temporarily disabled—the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Albert Brassey by mishaps to their legs, Mr. McNeill by two slight injuries to his hand and face, and Lord Bathurst by an attack of measles. To name notabilities, I may say that the Prince and Princess of Wales and Earl Roberts were among the fields out with the Duke's, the Rajah of Sarawak patronised Lord Bathurst's, while General Baden-Powell did a few days' cubbing with the North Cotswold. There will be no change in the Masterships next season, except in regard to the Longford Harriers which, during the year's dual control of Major Gratwicke Blagrave and Mr. Oswald Part, accounted for hares galore, and their place will be taken by Mr. Frank Green, ex-Master of the Romney Marsh Harriers.

I said at the beginning of the season that there were plenty of foxes, and close time now finds them by no means exterminated, though the records of the "bags" would point to this conclusion. The Duke of Beaufort's head the list, which is but natural, as three packs hunt from Badminton, and two of these on several occasions were out on the same day. They have 107 brace of foxes killed and 41 brace marked to ground to their score in 173 days' hunting. Lord Fitzhardinge's come next, with the splendid total of 101 brace, showing that, although hunting fewer days than the Duke's, they have done wonders. The Croome have 35½ brace to their credit. The Cotswolds have not done quite so well as last season, for they killed only 25 brace, against 30. Lord Bathurst's were out 61 days, killed 26 brace, and marked 13½ to ground. I have not the returns of the Heythrop and North Cotswold packs, but they killed their fair share, and I hear the Ledbury account for between 25 and 30 brace. To the North Cotswolds and Lord

Bathurst's belongs the distinction of having the longest runs, and, curiously enough, they were both on the same day, March 21st, the one from the Kennels at Broadway and the other from Braydon Pond, practically taking up all the afternoon and darkness only stopping hounds. Despite the "scent of the violets," the Cotswolds had two or three good runs in April, notably the one from Star Wood on the 12th, which lasted an hour and forty minutes; and those at the Chatcombe meet on the 8th, upon which day four foxes were killed. *Au revoir* to next season.

Two of the sons of the King of Siam, who are under the guardianship of Mr. and Mrs. Colchester-Wemyss, at Westbury Court, near Gloucester, evidently find Cheltenham a favourite and attractive place. The Princes, who, but for their Oriental cast of countenance, might easily be taken for young English gentlemen, are frequently to be seen about our streets of an afternoon, accompanied by one or other of their guardians or some adult. They generally arrive by the 2.34 p.m. G.W.R. train, which is a capital one for them from Grange Court Station. The Anglicising of the Siamese Princes cannot fail to be of advantage to them and to this country, from an international point of view.

Just as the opening of the light railway to Cleve Hill has led to an increase in the membership of the golf club there, so, I imagine, has the accessibility of Churchdown by rail from Gloucester and Cheltenham benefited in a similar way, the Chosen Hill Club. It is not an uncommon thing for boys to meet trains and tout as caddies to those of the arrivals who are unmistakable golfers. And "golfiana" alternates with "ping-pongiana" with some of the passengers. I was amused the other day to hear a Gloucester alderman, who is a novice, state in a crowded carriage that he supposed he was getting on well with the game, as he had only lost two golf balls that afternoon.

Mr. T. J. Lancaster, Mayor of Wandsworth, has given £5,000 for the erection of a public library at Tooting.

It is announced from Prague that the engagement between Countess Chotek, sister-in-law of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and Prince Stanislas Radziwill was broken off about a week ago. This step, however, was in no way due, as asserted by some papers, to heavy indebtedness of the Prince, but was prompted by other reasons of a purely private nature.

ARTISTIC and  
General PRINTING.

"Echo" Electric Press.

THE CHEQUE STAMP DUTY.

Seldom in recent years (says the "Times") has a Ministerial proposal evoked so much adverse criticism from the Government benches as that put forward by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for relieving cheques under £2 of the additional stamp duty. After questions the subject was discussed in the Lobby in all its bearings; and the scheme of taking small cheques to local post-offices to obtain repayment of the penny surcharge was condemned alike by bankers, merchants, and professional men. It was pointed out, in the first place, that, whatever may be the practice in London, many of the leading provincial banks retain cashed cheques in their own custody, and that a doubt exists as to whether they can be compelled, without further legislation, to hand these instruments back to the drawers. Other objections raised were that, in small towns especially, the disclosure of private banking transactions involved in presenting bundles of cheques for scrutiny by a post-office counter clerk would, in conceivable circumstances, cause serious irritation and inconvenience, and that the parting with cancelled cheques for the purpose of securing repayment of the new duty would often mean sacrificing the only permanent form of receipt. As for the remark dropped by Sir Michael Hicks Beach that the course suggested was analogous to that already adopted in connection with income tax, it was passed over without further comment than that a formal application, with certified vouchers attached, to a specially constituted department at Somerset House could not be placed in the same category as a casual visit to a local post-office. In Liberal circles the belief was openly expressed that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had deliberately revised a means of prolonging agitation with regard to the stamp duty in the hope of diverting attention from the more controversial corn and flour tax.

Alderman Catchpole, of Ipswich, has given £10,000 without restriction of any kind to Tooley and Smart's Almshouses in that town as a Coronation gift.



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# “What Women Like in Men.”

By LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

It can hardly be denied that men made a bad start in the world, if *Genesis* is to be believed. In spite of their being supposed, and always claiming to be the silent sex, the first speech on record was that of Adam, and what he said certainly did not redound to his credit. In taking up this position of Founder and President of the “Tell” Club, Adam can hardly be looked upon as a credit to his sex or his sons, and it is a pity that Eve’s opinion of him on that memorable occasion was not recorded. Adam showed himself to be a coward and a sneak; while his behaviour in the preceding incident with the apple proved that his lack of initiative in no way hampered his greed, or his desire to profit by the bolder sins of others. The Creator, who has since proved His almighty power by evolving a gentleman now and then from such unpromising material, must have been grievously chagrined at his first experiment in puppets. The punishment was swift and drastic; for to such a craven cad as Adam it must have been exceedingly unpleasant to be cast out of the easy-going luxury of the Garden of Eden, and to have to work for his living—though we do not know how much of the digging was put on Eve!

### WHAT THEY DON’T LIKE.

There is much in heredity, and the effect of this bad start of Adam’s is often apparent; and Eve’s suppressed feelings towards the miserable mate she had been given find utterance in the intense dislike her daughters entertain for every characteristic of that distant forefather. Everything women admire and like in men is the distinct antithesis of everything we know about Adam. Women abhor cowards and still more sneaks, though I regret to say they often endure cads in a way that belies their intelligence and good taste. They have a quite pathetic desire to look up to men, to feel men their superiors in strength of body and of mind, in calmness of judgment and clearness of intellect; and it is indeed a pity that men so often seem to go out of their way to destroy their most cherished illusions. It is true that, as a rule, they seem to be quite unaware of the manner in which they “give themselves away,” so that they must be held innocent of deliberate intention of producing this unfortunate result. But it is unfortunate, nevertheless; for a woman will never give the best that is in her to a man whom she does not respect and look up to—and how can she respect a man who shows the strain of the old Adam within him? Above everything a woman admires strength in a man. It may be strength of body—she will worship a Hercules with the brain of a guinea-pig. It may be strength of intellect—she will adore a *savant* with the body of a Gibbon monkey. It may be strength of character—she will break her heart for a politician or a financier who is unswervingly wrapped up in dreams of personal advancement, and who possesses no more heart than an oyster. But strength in some form she craves unceasingly. It is an hereditary instinct that has been bequeathed to her through Eve’s first disappointment when Adam was tried in the balance and found wanting. Woman, secretly conscious of her own physical weakness and lack of intellectual strength, demands strength from man to make up for her own deficiencies. Even the strongest women, strong in body and mind, well balanced as Athene herself, though they may shield and protect the weakness of the men they love, and stoop to help them, will never do so without a secret feeling of contempt which is destruction of all ideals. Man, in spite of that deplorable start made by Adam, was intended to be woman’s protector, and refuge from all harm, upon whom she could lean and rely in every event of life’s

pilgrimage; and when the roles are reversed, as they often so unfortunately are, it is a bad thing both for man and woman. Strength, however, is what women love in men; the present question is “What women like in men”; and that is not quite the same thing. What a woman may love and seek in her chosen mate, she will not be so unreasonable as to demand in her ordinary acquaintances, that “small change” of social life which is useful for the game of pitch-and-toss or ordinary intercourse. I do not think that there can be any doubt that what women like most in men is courtesy, and, if a counsel of perfection may be offered, good temper.

### VIRTUES WHICH APPEAL TO WOMEN.

If we were to analyse these two virtues, they would be found, I think, to have their root in that very quality of strength, in one form or another, which women admire so much. Courtesy, the perfect control of one’s feelings under all circumstances, the serene remembrance of one’s surroundings and their exigencies, is a distinct manifestation of the quality of strength, and gives that quiet sense of superiority which is at the root of chivalrous protection. Good temper too, is strength in its way, for though it may occasionally be allied with apparent weakness of character, it certainly serves as strength to its fortunate and invulnerable possessor. Good temper, however, is a gift of the Gods, and is one of their rarest guerdons to humanity; and though self-control will largely help to take its place, it has not the same attraction as a sunny temper. Self-control, however, can be learnt, and so can courtesy be studied, and every man who desires to find favour in the eyes of woman will find courtesy his best friend. If a woman is well-born and well-bred, good manners in a man will appeal to her at once as the “Shibboleth” of her order. If she be neither, she will be all the more flattered and fluttered by the deferential courtesy which treats her as if she were a duchess, and to which she is entirely unaccustomed from men of her own class and standing. It is far too common a habit with many people to depreciate courtesy as a superficial attraction, an unnecessary hamper on social intimacy. It is neither the one nor the other. It is very rarely that courtesy in a man is not the outward and visible sign of other admirable qualities within. It is not necessarily an indication of kindness of heart, but it is very often its outward manifestation; and at any rate, courtesy indicates that a man is not so wrapped up in himself and his own perfections as to forget what is due to other people, especially to women. It oils the wheels of life and makes friction less frequent; it promotes good understanding, for every woman will show to better advantage when she feels safe from ill-manners and tactlessness. A courteous man will put a woman on good terms with herself, and consequently on good terms with him, whereby he reaps his reward in many ways. Even a bad-tempered shrew is not insensible to good manners; and calm courtesy will often avert an attack of “tantrums” or hysterics. The greater an intimacy between a man and woman, the greater the need to keep hold of courtesy, for there never was a truer proverb than “Familiarity breeds contempt.” A wise man never allows his manners to be seen *en deshabille*, any more than a wise woman allows herself to be seen in curl-papers. Illusions are absolutely necessary between the sexes, both mentally and physically, and nothing helps to keep those useful buffers against disastrous realities in such good trim as mutual courtesy.

### “BAD MANNERS RULE THE TOWN.”

Seeing the enormous value of this quality of courtesy in the appreciation of men and women, it is very strange that day by day the courteous man is becoming more and more rare, until soon the last specimen will have to be captured for the Museum of Natural History, to be placed next to the Dodo among the extinct species. Bad manners rule the town, and are to be met with where one would least expect them to be found. The older men of the present day still retain some traditions of that courtesy which distinguished their fathers, and which



ON TOP OF THE DEVIL'S CHIMNEY.

Photo. by A. W. Hopkins, jun., Cheltenham.

they have not known how to hand on to their sons. Such courtesy is, alas! now condemned as “old-fashioned.” What would those forefathers have said to the young man of the present day, who lounges into a room full of ladies with both hands plunged in his trouser pockets; who will stand and talk to a lady in the same attitude; who will seat himself at table before she is seated; who will not rise to open the door for her if she leaves the room; who will remain seated when a lady stops to talk to him in passing; and a thousand other trivial signs and tokens of lack of manners having their root in indolence, conceit, and selfishness? That women of the present day are considerably to blame for allowing young men to behave thus, instead of turning their backs on them and serenely ignoring them, is unquestionable; but two wrongs don’t make a right.” I have only to occupy myself at present with what women like and dislike in men; and I am quite certain that if a consensus of opinion could be gathered from my sex on the subject, it would be that first and foremost they like good manners in a man. For a man’s social career among women courtesy is a trump card. It is not the only one. Women admire courage (another development of the quality of strength, which is the strongest magnet of all for women), honesty, good-temper, generosity, masterfulness (when not carried to the point of bullying), dexterity in sport of all kinds, and of course physical beauty; but a man may have all these, and youth besides, to recommend him; and yet not find himself “in the running” with a grey-haired senior who has realised the occult influence of deferential courtesy towards women. Courtesy, like charity, covers innumerable sins. A man may be the greatest rapsallion on earth, but if he has good manners women will like him and fight his battles. He may be a paragon of all the virtues; if, however, he lacks courtesy, and is rough and ill-mannered, his virtues may help his celestial salvation, but will be of no use at all for his social success on earth. Therefore let the man who wants to be liked by women remember that, however much women may differ in their individual tastes, good manners and good tempers have never yet failed to find favour in the eyes of the Daughter of Eve.

VERA CAMPBELL.

Next Week: “If I were a Millionaire,” by Dean Farrar.

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

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Mr. Herbert Gladstone has written to the Derby Liberal Association, entirely agreeing with a resolution in favour of increasing the representation of labour in Parliament. He hopes other constituencies may follow the example of Derby.





**THE OLD TOLL-HOUSE.**

Yes, it is a silent reminder to the cyclist of the good old days—the toll-house at the forking of the high road. It is a picturesque place of humble pretensions, and lonely at night. It has no upper story; just two rooms on the ground floor, and through the diamond-paned window of the chief apartment your eye can travel up the long white stretch of road. There are no tolls to pay now, but the shutter openings that admitted of the toll-keeper levying his tax without going far from the reach of his fireside remain. The cyclist dismounts, for it is warm work riding, and the legend outside, "Soda and milk," has a refreshing look about it. Just such an old lady serves him as he might have expected to be greeted by had he lived in the days when bicycles and motors were not. The old toll-house is quite a favourite stopping place in the summer months. It lies between two towns, and the cyclists' call for aerated waters is a somewhat heavy one on hot days. And, list ye to this—the old lady will tell you that she is frequently asked by wheelers for cold tea as a refreshing drink; but this seems to her such a horrible modern innovation that she cannot find it in her heart to comply, and especially to charge for "such stuff." A nice cup of hot tea, she can understand, but cold tea! Oh, dear!

**MUCH TOO PROLIFIC.**

F. M. S., the initials of whom will be recognised as those of a well-known writer on photographic subjects, thinks that, taken as a whole, amateur photographers are much too prolific. They might one and all follow the example of the landscape gardener, whom Mr. Mortimer Menpes mentions in his new book on Japan, who sat thinking on a stone for three whole days before making a sketch plan of the garden he was going to lay out; but the effort is too great to think of. What amateur would sit for three days on a stone before pressing the button?

**A NEW AIR-TUBE.**

An air-tube which can be removed from the rim without taking the wheel from the forks has been invented by an Ormskirk gentleman. To detach the tube all that is necessary is to deflate and turn back over the valve a sleeve of rubber-lined canvas. The whole operation takes a few seconds only. In cases of bad gashes, undiscoverable punctures, etc., a rider, by carrying a spare tube in his wallet, would be able to change tubes and resume riding with the sound one far quicker than if compelled to effect the repair at the roadside in the ordinary way, particularly at night time.

**"A FREE-WHEEL!"**

It would seem, from the "Kobe Chronicle," that a youth was brought up at the Ku Sarsansho for stealing a bicycle. Asked why he had done the thing, he said he was a student of English, and, seeing the bicycle standing idle near a doorway, an English friend told him that it was a free-wheel, whereupon he had taken it out for a ride, when a policeman interfered and deprived both himself and the wheel of their freedom. "The English," as he told the judge, "is an atrocity language."

**SENSITISED POSTCARDS.**

The following method of sensitising postcards is given in the "Bulletin" of the Italian Photographic Society. A little powdered carmine is added to thin starch paste, and well stirred to ensure perfect mixing. It is then passed through muslin. It is applied with a brush to the cards, which are then dried and sensitised by five minutes' flotation on ninety grains of potassium bichromate, dissolved in an ounce and a half of water, and then hung up to dry. Printing takes from five minutes to an hour, according to light, negative, etc., and the print is then washed, like ferro-prussiate paper, when an image in red will be left.

**UP-TO-DATE ADVERTISING.**

None can deny that cycle-makers nowadays exercise an extraordinary amount of ingenuity in advertising their wares. We have recently come across an instance of this in an advertisement, headed "Tommy-Rot." At first we were inclined not to waste any time in reading anything so described; but, relenting, this is the announcement that rewarded us:—"Tommy-Rot"—a voluntary exclamation given forth by the legitimate cycle-buyer, after being cajoled, bamboozled, jollied, and made generally tired by the well-intentioned but misguided people making bicycles 'just as good.' Why, gentlemen, it even requires special knowledge to make soap; then, in the name of reason, how can unmechanical people, treading on ground angels would fear to touch, expect to produce a bicycle calculated to inspire the confidence even of the informed? No idle boasting when we claim that S— cycles possess the concentrated essence of ten years' experience; its very bearings made less frictionless by the midnight oil of costly and earnest experience. The new ones, with early persiflage and confidence born of experience, claim everything in sight. It will require both angels and ministers of grace to defend righteous dealers from the insidious attacks of many whose advertising smacks of years of experience, but whose knowledge of the art is the knowledge of the neophyte. Be safe, Mr. Buyer, S— cycles are not an accident. Made to sell incidentally and to wear eternally. Everlasting. Send for catalogues."

**LADIES, LOOK PLEASANT.**

"We always do!" we fancy we hear the whole body of our fair readers exclaiming. But you don't, or else why this advice in a ladies' journal? It is seriously asked that you should cultivate a pleasant, cheerful expression when cycling. So many girls, when learning, it is said, pucker their brows and look so terribly anxious and uncomfortable that when the ordeal is over the strained look upon their faces becomes a habit and is very difficult to overcome. Keeping the eye fixed rigidly upon the front wheel or looking anxiously ahead for troubles in the way of approaching vehicles, hills, etc., educates this habit until hope of a pleasant, happy face is small indeed. Sit up, look around you, and smile and look happy. You will find how much more you will enjoy your ride and with what a different aspect your friends will look upon cycling as a woman's pastime. There now, ladies, do as you are told!

**A SNAPSHOT DEVELOPER.**

An energetic snapshot developer, recommended by Mr. Walter Kilbey, whose snapshots of divers, etc., have at various times attracted much attention, is as follows:—

A.—Pyro .....	40 grains
Metol .....	35 "
Potassium metabisulphate...	90 "
Potassium bromide .....	15 "
Water, to make.....	20 oz.
B.—Washing soda .....	3 "
Water .....	20 "

For use, take equal parts of A and B; in case of under exposure, increase B, and add water.

**THE MOTOR FLEW.**

A story is being told in Bristol concerning a well-dressed individual, who called at the establishment of a local hairdresser, and, entering into conversation with the son of the proprietor, made a complimentary reference to his (the son's) motor-bicycle, which was standing outside the shop. Eventually, it would appear, the owner of the motor consented to participate in a ride with the stranger. The former rode his motor, while the visitor hired a bicycle from a neighbouring establishment. While returning to the city and about to ascend an incline, the bicyclist asked the owner of the motor if he would allow him to try it. Once on the motor he showed himself quite an expert in its manipulation. He went up the hill at a very rapid rate, and although the owner made good progress on the hired bicycle, the man on the motor was soon lost sight of. Information was given to the police, but the fifty-guinea motor-bike and the "little stranger" are still wanted. Moral: Beware of any stranger who expresses a fond desire to try your machine!

**A £10,000 MOTOR TRIP.**

Dr. Lehmos, the German motorist, is stated to have begun a journey round the world on a motor. The car, which is driven by petrol, contains four sleeping berths, and can easily be provisioned for two or three weeks, and arrangements have been made for supplies to be ready at every stage of 600 miles. While Dr. Lehmos is passing through Siberia he will have a flying-car on the Trans-Siberian Railway, from which he can get stores when necessary. His route will be through St. Petersburg, Moscow, Nishni Novgorod, to the Aral Mountains, through Siberia, and ultimately to Peking. The travellers will then cross to Japan, and continue, via the Sandwich Islands, San Francisco, Mexico, New Orleans, Chicago, New York, and from thence home. The whole trip will cost about £10,000, or, roughly, £35 a day, and Dr. Lehmos hopes to return by the end of the year.

**CHATTER BY THE WAYSIDE.**

The twelfth annual Bordeaux-Paris road race is fixed for the 24th and 25th of next month.

Beware of new machines sold from private addresses.

Mr. Walter D. Welford, of Romford-road, London, is talking about organising a camp for photographers near Stratford-on-Avon during July next.

Snow-boots and leggings may not look spring-like, but they keep one's extremities comfortable on a motor bicycle.

It is stated that of this season's output of a leading firm, 99 per cent. of the machines are fitted with free-wheels. A fixed wheel on the road will at this rate soon become a curiosity.

"Ethel, what are you doing with that concordance?" "I'm looking through the B's, grandma, to see if there is anything in the Bible about bicycle-riding on Sunday being wrong."

A camera just put upon the market has the daylight loading cartridge system applied to the use of rigid flat films.

Keep all oil and grease from tyres, and do not expose them to undue heat.



There is some talk, says a London contemporary, of Lord and Lady Warwick and Mr. and Mrs. Rochfort Maguire both having come into very large sums, something like £200,000, under Mr. Rhodes's will, but others say that this was not left by will, but made in investments under Mr. Rhodes's advice. Anyhow, both are pleasant windfalls.

Lord Gwydyr celebrated his ninety-second birthday on Sunday, having been born on April 27, 1810. He is the oldest British peer, and next to him is the Earl of Devon, who is his junior by a year and three months. Sunday was also the birthday of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who is eighty-two, having been born on April 27, 1820.

**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.

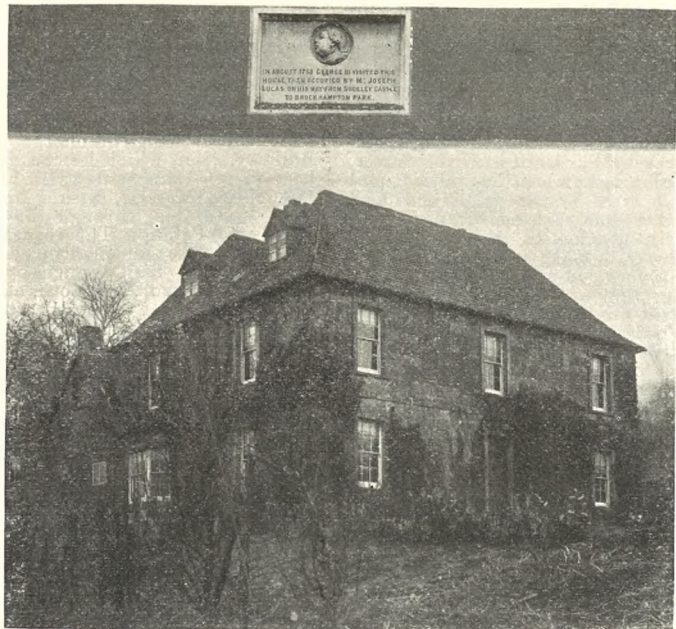
The competition is open to the county, and the name of the successful competitor will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

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 69th competition is Mr. S. Shovelton, of 1 Andover-terrace, Cheltenham, with his Winchcombe farmhouse picture.

Entries for the 70th competition close this (Saturday) morning, May 3rd, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.





FARMHOUSE NEAR WINCHCOMBE,

At which George III. stayed in 1788, with tablet in courtyard.

Photo. by S. Shovelton,

Cheltenham.

## "Selina Jenkins" Letters.

### THE 1ST MEETING OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Last Monday I were invited down to the opening ceremony of the Cheltenham Chamber of Commerce, at the Victoria Rooms, and a very hinteresting and promising debating mutual improvement class it promises to be, there now! Wot I thinks is this: there won't be no room in Cheltenham for literary nor debating classes; not now, seein' as 'ow all that sort of hintellectooal amusement is to be obtained at the Chamber of Commerce, free gratis for nothing, leastways 'ceps payin' a guinea a year to be a member and 'ave your little say on whatever turns up at the meetings.

Wich, of course, you must know, I be only a honourable member, as they do call 'em, being a body as can't afford to pay, but is considered to be a honour to 'ave the hapynun, and-settery, of sich a one as me, as knows a bit about everythink, and is able to egspress 'erself in good plain English, without no mistakes in spellin' nor grammar not to speak of, and without descending to low vulgarities or making use of French or hother profanities, wich is more than some of them as 'rites to the papers can say for theirselves these times. Well, as I was a-sayin', I goes down at 6 o'clock to the meeting, as 'ardly give a body time to swallow 'er dish of tea and put 'erself tidy, wich I were rather bashful at meeting so many men-folk round the festive borde, as the sayin' is; altho', I will say, they was very kind to me, and the borde weren't very festive neither, being a number of tables with a few bits of blottin'-paper and a old cross-nibbed pen or two on them, as nobody used, there not being nothing said as was considered worthy of being 'rote down.

There was 2 tables, arranged cross-ways, and we all sits down the sides, like a tea-meeting, with Mr. Oliver Williams as chairman up to the top, smiling away as pleasant as a sunbeam at all us children, and hover 'is 'ead a hillumination of the 7 pillars of the Christadelphian faith, just to give the necessary touch of color, as the sayin' is.

There was everybody you could think of there: me and jewellers, and photographers, and book-sellers, and sculpturers, and tailors, and coal merchants, and wine merchants, and drapers, and everythink else in or out of trade, and them lines of Shakspeare's swept

over me brow as I looked around:

"Wot a pleasant site to see

Trade rivals in such harmonee!"

But there was some business to be did, so the Chairman cleared his throat twice, and asked Mr. Dimmer to start the ball rolling by protestin' against the extry 1d. stamp on cheques, wich Mr. Higs Beach 'ad been so foolish as to stick on, to 'elp pay for the war, wich Mr. Dimmer did in 'is best 22-carrot style, interspersed with flashing gems of wit, and in a silvery manner, as was very convincing. Amongst other remarks, he said as Sir Michael wasn't the right stamp of man for the place (I s'pose he must 'ave meant somethink to do with the stamp on the cheques); and, eventually, he sat down, after 'aving said that it were foolishness itself to raise wot he called "a paltry half a million" by such means, wich, it seemed to me, he must be very well off to talk about "a paltry half a million," as I shouldn't mind 'aving a half of it meself, without calling it names, that I shouldn't!

'Owever, it turned out, after a bit, that it didn't matter 'ow much or 'ow little we got egsicited about the tax, 'cos for why: the Council of the Chamber of Commerce, wich is elected like the ministers amongst the Quakers—by predestination, insteal ov votes—'ad already decided the matter for us, and sent up a invoice (wich is the business egspression for a letter) to Sir Michael Higs Beach in our name, protesting against the proposed tax, wich, besides all this, one of the predestinated Council, Mr. Combe, 'aving not been present when this invoice was drawn up, sets to work in his spare moments, and uses up well-nigh a 6d. bottle of the best hink, in sending another hinvoice up to Sir Michael, stating as 'ow he weren't present when the previous letter were drawn up; but, if he 'ad been, he would 'ave sent one ever so much stronger, as he begged to enclose herewith, etc., etc. Here was a pretty 'ow-de-do, wasn't there! "Bless my soul," says I to meself, "Sir Michael must think we don't know our own minds in Cheltenham, and that's a fact!" So I hups and I asks the chairman if I mite be so bold as to enquire wot good it were to egspress our humble hapynun about the tax after the invoice had been sent up, and he replies, very civil-like, "No, madam; you see, we manages this 'ere Chamber that way: we sends off the resolution first and discusses it afterwards. It's the new way of doing things, and gets 'em through much quicker." Then says I, "Begging your pardon, sir, but wot be we 'ere for, then?"

Says he, "Well, you see, madam, it's just like this: we must have money to conduct a organisation like this, so we permits the ordinary members to pay in a guinea each, and we listens to their hapynuns after we've met and decided matters; 'twouldn't never do to let everybody 'ave a voice in the management of such a onparalleled show as this is." "Well, Selina," thinks I to meself, "if this ain't a fair coff-drop, and no mistake." 'Owever, seein' as I were only a honourable member, as 'adn't paid, 'twasn't for me to say nothink; but it beats me 'ow them as paid a guinea a head to sit there stood it so easy. I call it outdacious, meself!

Well, after this episode 'ad elapsed, Mr. Sawyer brought up a resolution about the extension of the electric tramway in a very sensible and nice way, sayin' as 'ow we ought to think of the advantages to the town at large more than the inconvenience one might suffer personally. While 'e were talkin', the gentleman as were sitting next me whispered, "You see if he don't bring in the ancient Romans afore he finishes"; and, you mark my words, if he didn't! It don't appear as them there Romans ever used electric trams, 'aving conscientious objections to the trolley system; but Mr. Sawyer said as the secret of their power back in them 'eathen times, when the Epistle to the Romans was 'rote, was becous of the good roads they made and their quickness in moving about.

As soon as Mr. Sawyer were seated, up jumps Mr. Combe once more, and proposes to ask Mr. Nevins to clear out 'is trams and put them where there came from, much less to allow him to extend them to Charlton and Leckhampton, wich 'e accuses the local Press, as a whole, of backing up Mr. Nevins in a manner from which we must draw our own conclusions; and he reads in a impressive tone of voice a paragraph from the "Chronicle," wrote by "Chatterer," so far as I remember, where he calls some of the opposers of the extensions "lick-spittle sick-o'-fancies," or such like, wich 'e got very 'eated over the matter, as I considers, but not more so than Mr. Miles, the carriage-builder, as followed in the debate, and shouted at poor me and the rest of us like a good un, and all becous the tram lines cut the Injy-rubber tires of the carriages about, wich, as somebody said, ought to be very good for trade; but Mr. Miles didn't see it that way, nohow, and he wanted the trams removed from the face of the earth or the "h'art of the city," as 'e called it, straight off.

'Owever, there was large numbers of 21s. ticket-olders as didn't agree with Mr. Miles or Mr. Combe, and said so pretty clear; and one after another popped up and spoke a bit, just to take out his guinea's worth, the younger ones talking the longest and the older ones the shortest, so it seemed to me. But I 'eard more by keeping my eyes open than by listening to the oratory of the speakers. F'rinstance, I found there was 3 petitions about—one from Charlton, signed by everybody as could 'rite or make a mark, in favour of the trams for Charlton, and another one, signed by nearly all the same people, against Sunday trams to Charlton (without wich they won't be run at all); also another from High-street tradesmen against the trams going up the High-street, as one gentleman told me 'e 'ad altered his mind since 'e put 'is name to it, and another wasn't at all sure if 'e'd done right.

So that things is very mixed out and about; but when it come to the voting at this 'ere meeting there was very nigh 2 to 1 in favour of extending the trams to Charlton and Leckhampton, wich is as it should be. After the resolution was carried, as they do call it, nobody seemed to know wot to do with it, whether to put it in the waste-paper basket or to send it to the King, or to have it framed and hung over the mantel-piece, with the Christadelphian rules; but before I left I think Mr. Sawyer had persuaded the chairman to hand it to the Mayor, as was sitting at his right hand, looking rather tired after a hard day's over-work at the Corporation offices.

SELINA JENKINS.

N.B.—If I ain't quite correct in wot I've reported about my conversation with the chairman, you must allow for it that if I didn't say wot I've put down, I meant to, wich is all the same!



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

No. 71.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1902

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Great Attraction for  
**WHIT-MONDAY.**

**LIDDINGTON**  
**LAKE and**

**PLEASURE GARDENS**  
 (Adjoining Leckhampton Station), Cheltenham.

**Cycle Parade in Comic Costumes**

(Open to all Competitors), to start from Lamp in  
 Clarence Street at ONE o'clock, headed by the  
**STAVERTON BRASS BAND.**

The route will be Clarence Street, High Street, and  
 Bath Road to Liddington, where judging will take place.  
 Judges: Mr. SID NORRIS, Cheltenham, and Mr. H.  
 WHITE, Bristol.

A PRIZE OF 10/- AWARDED FOR BEST COSTUME.  
 Also a Prize of 10/- is offered for BEST DECORATED MAIL-  
 CART, to join Procession. The judges will decide at 2 o'clock  
 sharp.

Varied Programme has been arranged, including  
 Canoe Racing for Boys under 16 years,  
 Egg-and-Spoon and Flat Races  
 for Boys and Girls,  
 Grand Canoe Race in Comic Costumes.  
*A Prize will be awarded the winner of each event.*

**DANCING ON THE LAWNS.**

*Balloon Ascents Afternoon & Evening.*  
 Swings, See-Saws, Out-door Gymnasium and Giant  
 Strides.

A NOVEL MUSICAL PROGRAMME arranged by  
 Palmer Bros. and Bradley Bros.

AT DUSK,  
 The Gardens will be Brilliantly Illuminated  
 With Fairy Lamps, Chinese Lanterns, & Coloured Fires.

REFRESHMENTS PROVIDED AT MODERATE CHARGES.

Gardens open for Boating at 10 o'clock.

**ADMISSION 2d.**

Children under 5 years 1d. Steamboat Ride 1d.

Proprietors: STROULGER & Co

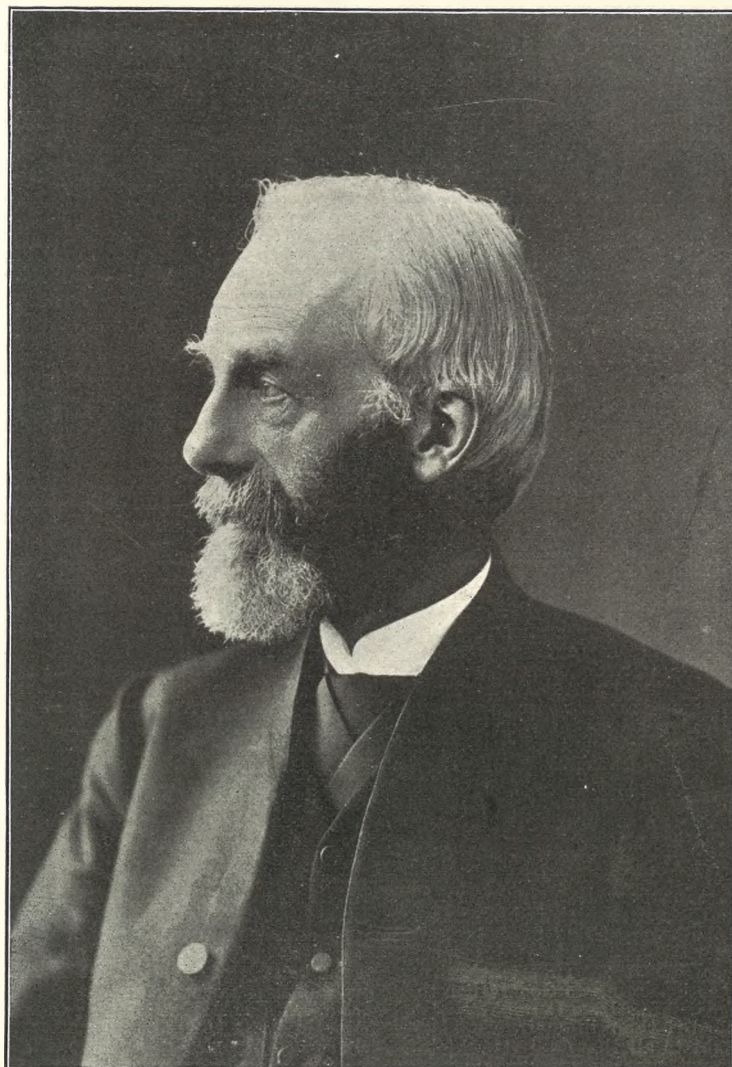


Photo by H. W. Watson.]

[Cheltenham & Gloucester.

**JOHN BELLOWS.**

Died May 5th, 1902.



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### "IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE,"

By THE VERY REV. DEAN FARRAR.

\*

It is a remarkable fact that the greed of gain, or in a milder form the love of money, is an almost universal failing. There are probably millions of persons in the world at this moment whose consciences are so warped by this evil tendency that it leads them into various forms of dishonesty. The amount of adulteration in goods, and the passing off of objects of sale under false semblances is an alarmingly common defect in commerce and in trade. A rich man is regarded as peculiarly fortunate, and is an object of envy to thousands of those about him. And yet the experience of the world in all ages proves the entire fatuity of the notion that riches are in themselves a source of happiness. We remember how Croesus refused to recognise in Croesus the happiest man with whom he was acquainted, although Croesus was the wealthiest monarch of his day; and how the three whom he named as the happiest of his friends were men of moderate means and comparatively humble position. In Rome the wealthiest and most powerful of all its mighty emperors was described by a contemporary as "*tristissimus, ut constat, hominum*"—confessedly the gloomiest of mankind. So little did riches contribute to felicity in ancient days that even the richest Romans were accustomed to regard the possibility of suicide as one of the greatest boons in life.

#### THE "EMPTINESS OF WEALTH."

We find the same confession of the emptiness of wealth again and again in the Scriptures. Solomon, the richest of all the Jewish kings, who made silver to be as stones in the streets of Jerusalem, wrote his experiences in tones of melancholy. "Give me," he says, "neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me." "They that desire to be rich," says St. Paul, "fall into a temptation and a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts such as drown men in destruction and perdition." "Go to now, ye rich men," says the stern St. James, "weep and howl for your miseries which shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth-eaten." "I thank thee, my most dear God," says Luther, "that Thou hast made me poor and a beggar upon earth." "I swear," says our own Shakespeare,

"I swear 'tis better to be lowly born, And range with humble livers in content, Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief, And wear a golden sorrow."  
Many men, however, do not create wealth for themselves, either by honest or dishonest means, but are born to its possession. Whether it confers happiness on them or not, it certainly burdens them with many cares and serious responsibilities; and the object of this paper is merely to indicate how such cares and responsibilities may be most nobly faced so as to bring real blessing and permanent happiness.

#### THE RICH MAN'S DUTY.

1. First of all I should say that it seems to me to be a primary duty for every rich man to obey the rule, which is both ancient and modern, both Jewish and Christian, of at once putting aside one-tenth of his income for purposes of charity. That tenth should be regarded as belonging to God rather than to the rich man himself. It might be most nobly expended if the millionaire would give serious thought to all those objects which he regards as most necessary for the good of mankind, and if he bestowed it upon those societies and agencies which he believes to be the most necessary and beneficent. It should not be distributed without serious and even anxious thought.

2. But even when he has thus given the tenth of his income the millionaire is in possession of means immensely greater than are

at all necessary or even desirable for personal expenditure. To squander vast sums upon splendid furniture and surroundings, or upon any forms of wasteful ostentation will merely bring misery and temptation. A comparatively small fraction of what is left after he has given the tithe of his fortune will more than amply suffice for the most elaborate personal requirements. The rich man may find a sphere of work in life most happy and most blessed by giving up his time to the endeavour to use his means in such a way as will best promote the good of mankind.

#### ATTACKING POVERTY.

3. He should first endeavour to remedy the miseries of all crushing and innocent poverty, which may occur in the region of his immediate influence. This he could do at once by improving the dwellings and furnishing the little gardens of his more indigent neighbours, and by securing that a good day's wage should always be given for a good day's work. By personal kindness and influence, aided by such donatives, he might make the whole region around him more prosperous and more worthy of a Christian land.

4. Then again he may find an enormous sphere for usefulness by largely aiding in the education of all the children in the schools around him; by seeing that they have the best teachers, and by improving in every way their school buildings and playgrounds.

5. He may also very largely increase the happiness and diminish the temptation of the youths by helping to provide them with the means of healthy recreation, and by doing all in his power to give a good start in life to every young man of thoroughly deserving character.

6. There are whole classes in England who owing to inevitable circumstances, have sunk into distressing penury. A few millionaires by united action might permanently ameliorate the condition of such sufferers. I may mention as one instance the very large number of distressed clergy who by the diminution of their incomes find it almost impossible to maintain the position of gentleness to which by birth and education they are entitled, and which is almost indispensable to their general influence. The undeserved misery of many hundreds of the struggling clergy is, at this moment, a real disgrace to the English nation; and it is a most discreditable fact that their sufferings—often amid most valuable labours—excite so little sympathy in the heart of the English people.

7. A millionaire is certain to receive many individual appeals from strangers to relieve cases of exceptional distress. Respecting these he is bound to be exceedingly careful. In cases where those who plead for his assistance are entirely unknown to him there is considerable room for fraud. As a rule he may fairly refuse to help any individual appellants whose tales of distress are not fully authenticated by letters from persons in responsible positions. But even in these cases he is not bound to render assistance if the appeals come from wealthy neighbourhoods where there are ample means for relieving all exceptional distress.

#### FURTHERING BEAUTY IN MIND AND LIFE.

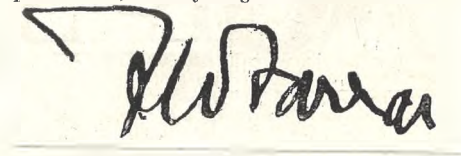
8. It is obvious that a rich man cannot spend his superfluous resources more nobly or more usefully than in helping forward every movement, local or general, which directly contributes to the religious interests or the moral amelioration of mankind.

9. Besides all these opportunities for a noble and blessed expenditure of enormous wealth, a millionaire may well contribute to the advance of art, and a cultivation of a sense of beauty in the masses of the population, by gifts of noble statues and fine pictures in public squares or buildings. He may also co-operate in all endeavours to found public libraries and to give easy access to the best literature to the many who are unable to purchase books for themselves.

By efforts such as these, or by making a wise and careful selection from these opportunities of public usefulness, a very rich man may turn his possessions from sources of care, danger, and temptation, into very real and conspicuous blessings, both to himself and to all around him. By such endeavours he may secure to himself a most honourable name,

and may live for generations in the grateful memory of all who have benefited by such unselfish and princely generosity.

"If I were a Millionaire."—I am not a millionaire, nor even an ordinarily rich man; nor have I ever desired to become wealthy, but the principles laid down in the above paper are those by which I should desire to guide my use of enormous wealth if I possessed it. It need hardly be said, however, that identically the same principles indicate the lines of clear duty in the use of our personal possessions, be they large or small.



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### Poetry.

\*

#### SPRING.

Her eyes are the skies of deep, deep blue,  
Her robe is the green of the hill,  
Her curls are the sunbeam's golden hue,  
Her voice is the rippling rill.  
She came when the land was cold and bare,  
And the wintry blasts were keen;  
And only the snowdrops here and there  
Remained to say she had been.  
She came again, and the buds grew ripe  
As she breathed upon the trees;  
The little birds began to pipe,  
And the land waked by degrees.  
The daffodils their heads of gold  
Stretched forth to greet the day;  
But winter breathed again—so cold—  
And drove sad Spring away.  
Be-clouded were her eyes of blue,  
And weeping as she went,  
But for each tear a violet grew,  
And filled the air with scent.  
The people did not seem to care:  
It was so bleak and drear;  
But when they viewed the violets there,  
Said "Spring will soon be here."  
A third, last time, she came that way,  
And nature quickly dressed;  
The hill-sides saw the lambs at play;  
The birdings filled the east.  
Forth burst the blossoms on the trees,  
And yellow grew the mead;  
The flowers came, and then the bees,  
And Spring was here indeed.

Cheltenham.

E.W.D.

\*

#### "OH! THAT THE DOVE'S LIGHT WINGS WERE MINE."

Seeking for rest, the gentle dove  
Twice searched the watery waste in vain;  
But came at eve, on weary wing,  
For refuge to the ark again.  
Once more, at dawning of the day,  
She sought the distant unknown shore,  
And, finding that for which she sighed,  
She came into the ark no more.  
Oh! that the dove's light wings were mine,  
When sorrowing, weary, and distressed;  
Then would I mount on pinions swift,  
And flee away and be at rest.  
Fain would I seek some halcyon shore,  
Where—like Hesperides of old—  
Mirror'd within each streamlet's breast,  
Are trees of life with fruits of gold.  
There, in some sweet ambrosial shade—  
Some peaceful haven of the blest—  
There would I hide me far away,  
And be at rest, and be at rest.  
Oh! that the dove's light wings were mine,  
When sorrowing, weary, and distressed;  
Then would I mount on pinions swift,  
And flee away, and be at rest.  
—WM. CARTWRIGHT NEWSAM.

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#### BISHOP OF 30,000,000 SOULS.

The Rev. E. E. Every, of St. Cuthbert's Church Benscham, Gateshead, has been offered by the Primate and has accepted the Bishopric of the Falkland Islands, the largest See in the world, and having a population of 30,000,000.



## PAST CORONATIONS.

### CURIOUS LONDON PAGEANTS AND PROCESSIONS.

By JOSEPH MERRIN.

Having had access to the old "Chronicles of the City of London," we are able to present to the steadily increasing number of our readers an interesting and picturesque record of the chief Coronation processions carried out in London from Edward VI., 1546-7, to Edward VII., 1902. These show in a remarkable manner how kingship, based on the justice inaugurated by Alfred the Great, has always fired the imagination of the English people, steadied their loyalty, and graced their history.

There is perhaps no city in the world which has a more conspicuous history and which has played a more important part in the past than the grand old City of London. Without regarding the romantic tales told in the fables of Jeffery of Monmouth with regard to its origin, or the tradition that a city existed on the spot 1107 years before the birth of Christ, or the statement that it derived its name from Lud, an old British king who was buried near where Ludgate formerly stood, we have the historic fact that in A.D. 61 it was known to the Romans as Londinium, and that afterwards it became the capital of the Saxon Kingdom of Essex.

Not only has the City of London been famous during more than 700 years for its Lord Mayors' shows, but it has been the scene of a large number of remarkable pageants, many of them of considerable historical interest.

The spot on which London is built seems to have been pointed out by nature for the site of a city. The whole valley between Camberwell and the hills of Essex must have been anciently filled by a great estuary, which was in course of ages reduced to a river by the vast sand-hills which were gradually raised on both sides of it by the wind and tide, aided in all probability by the embankments thrown up by the Romans on the Essex side, which are still distinguishable as of artificial origin. But for this ancient barrier, the broad meadows stretching along that border of the river would still be a mere marsh, or a bed of sand occasionally left dry by the tide. The deep bed of clay on which Old London

was built offered a site at once raised above the water and close upon the navigable portion.

Historians tell us that Constantine the Great first walled London about with hewn stone and British bricks. Remains of this wall, of undoubted Roman workmanship, between seven and eight feet thick, have been found in several places at a depth of eight feet from the present surface, as well as Roman coins, broken pottery, tessellated pavements, etc. Close by St. Paul's, in digging a deep sewer, the original peat earth was found. The Saxon town lies above the Roman, and the Norman above the Saxon. Of the buildings erected for the Pagan worship of the Saxons we have little traces left except except portions of later structures built over them, though it is believed that many simple chancel arches in churches were of Saxon rather than Norman origin.

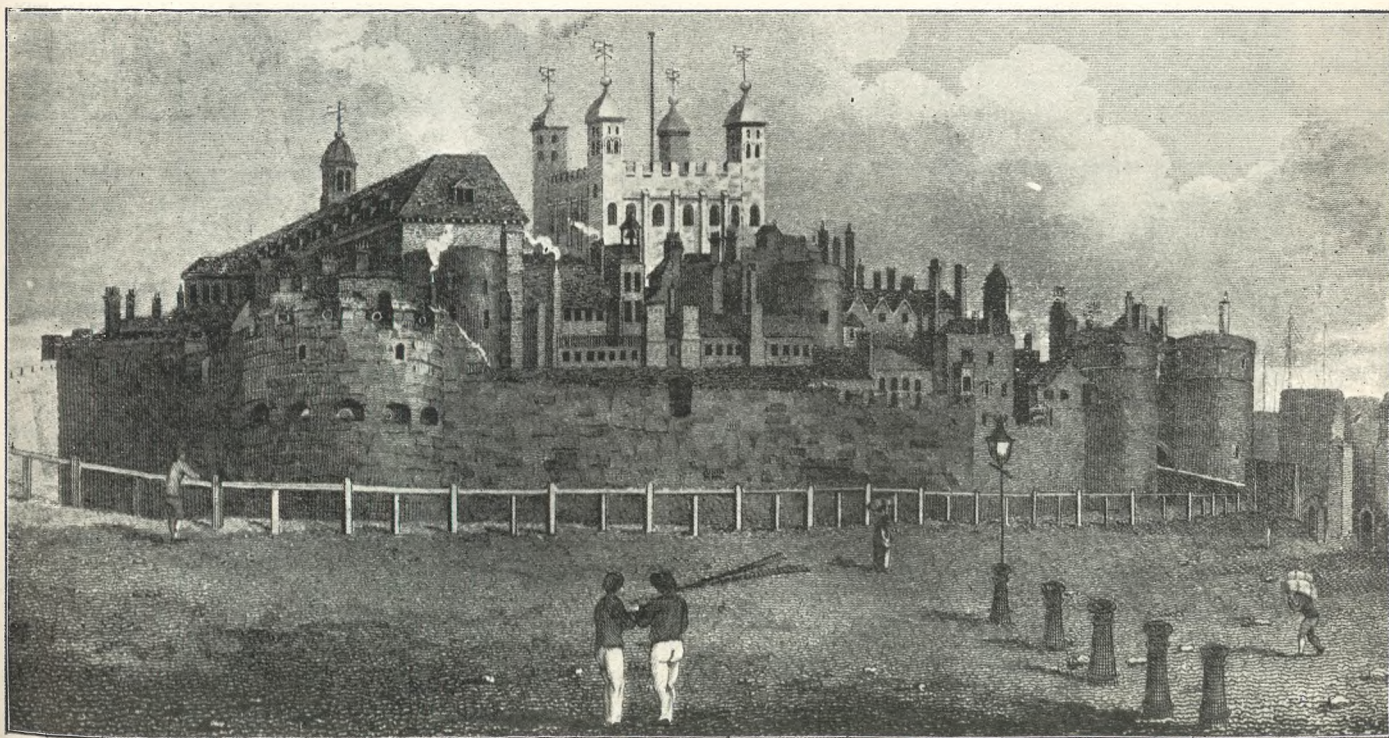
London, from its commanding position on the Thames navigable so far up from the sea, was from the earliest times chosen as the chief seat of authority and trade in the south-eastern and earliest settled part of the kingdom, as Bristol was of the south-western. No city in the world, indeed, approaches London in its record of remarkable men and stirring events, and, we may add, magnificent sights. "Search all chronicles, histories, and records (said an old writer), in what language or letter soever—let the inquisitive man waste the deere treasures of his time and eye-sight—he shall conclude his life only in this certainty, that there is no subject upon earth received into the place of his government with the like state and magnificence as is the Lord Mayor of the city of London."

Among old London buildings none, perhaps, are clustered round with more dramatic interest than the Tower, with its Chapel of St. Peter. Hither, from time to time, came a strangely assorted company, led by the executioner to a sudden and violent death. Beneath the unsuggestive-looking pavement lie buried the innocent Anne Boleyn and her brother and the guilty Catherine Howard and her associate Lady Rochford, the venerable Lady Salisbury, and Cromwell, Henry VIII.'s

minister, the two Seymours, the Admiral and the Protector of the reign of Edward VI., and the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earl of Essex of the reign of Elizabeth, Charles II.'s son, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Earls of Balmerino and Kilmarnock, with their ignoble coadjutor, Lord Lovat. Here, too, were buried Bishop Fisher and his illustrious friend More, the scaffold apparently striking down with all death's impartiality the just and unjust, the guilty and the innocent. It was a short road from the opening to this death-in-life at the Traitor's Gate, and thence through the Bloody Tower to the final resting-place of St. Peter's Chapel. The recalling of these terrible scenes, which the lover of the morbid might call death pageants, takes the mind back to periods when our country seemed to be fighting its way from the days of mediæval darkness, when life was little valued, to the brighter and sweeter times which followed, when mind, rather than passion, would rule the hearts of men. It is a relief to pass on to scenes indicative of the people's voice being heard and regarded, rather than that of plotting intriguers and tyrannous rulers.

When King John in 1215 granted a Mayor to the City of London it was stipulated that he should be presented for approval either to the King or his Justice. From this originated the procession to Westminster, where the King's palace was situated. To fulfil this duty it was customary for the citizens to take their way on horseback, until Sir John Norman, the Mayor in 1452, resolved to go by water, and he had a stately barge built for the purpose, and the City Companies imitated his example. These City Companies from a very early period played an important part in increasing the trade and wealth of the City of London, and in impressing the world with its power and magnificence in the public demonstrations which were made in celebration of the Coronations of Sovereigns or after great victories.

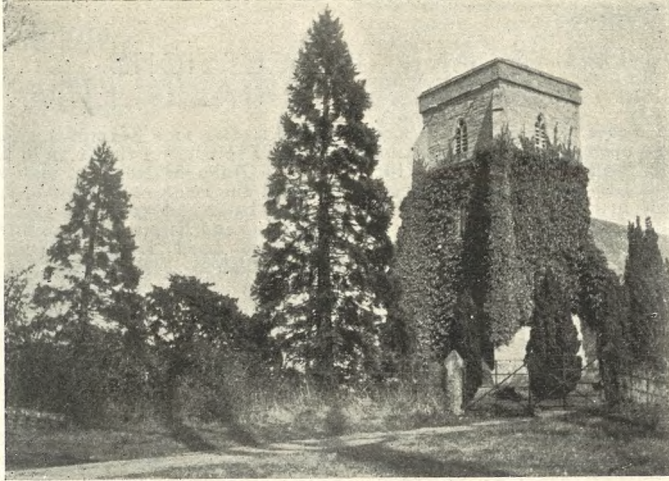
[To be continued.]



THE TOWER OF LONDON (from an old engraving).



THE PRIZE PICTURES.



FORTHAMPTON CHURCH.



STOCKS AT FORTHAMPTON.

Photos by Jesse Price,

Tewkesbury.

“Selina Jenkins” Letters.

SELINA JENKINS ON “SPRING-TIME AND WEDDINGS.”

I don't rightly know how it is, but every year, so soon as the buds begins to bust, and the young spring lamb to appear at 10d. per lb. on the butchery stalls, so surely do

“The young man's fancy (and the young woman's, too, for the matter of that) lightly turns to thoughts of love.”

Wich I will say is very good bizness for them as sells these 'ere cornfetteys, as wasn't used at all when I were married, but that there Mary Ann Tompkins she 'it me such a wonner on the side of the 'ead with a old shoe as 'adn't long been tapped that it very near took me censuses away, and if Jenkins 'adn't the presence of mind to 'ave pulled me into the coach and shet down the winder, it's as much as ever we mightn't both 'ave been murdered, wot with the bags of rice and the old slippers as I 'eard afterwards wasn't slippers at all, a good many of 'em, but good 'ard boots cut down to look like it, and all this just a hold 'eathen custom, so they do say, as were 'anded down from them there Greeks or Gyprians or summat; wich I don't 'old with throwin' things like it, not meself, and even rice 'urts, too,

when its throwed 'ard, not but wot it 'as its uses, as old Hepzibah Gaskins used to say, wich 'er were very glad to gather hup the lbs. of rice after the demonstration were over and boil it hup for a puddin', bein' of a very savin' and Echonomical disposition, and not liking to see such a wicked waste, so she said!

But there, you know, them was 'appy times when love's young dream coloured everythink rosey, and, shoes or no shoes, I'u give a good bit to 'ave it all over again, that I would; not but wot I thinks young folks is a deal too kalkingilating nowadays, 'ere a-waiting and waiting about till they be arrived at futurity, as they do call it, and letting all their yung days go by just to get money afore they're spliced, making it just a matter-o'-money, as you mite say!

When I were a young gel it were different; we used to get married in the spring-hood of life, and both of us set 2 to work 'ard and make a 'ome, so as us could look around the little parlor and name the time wen we was able to afford to get a few chairs, and then a side-board, and then a piana, and a sweet, all done alike, till we 'ad the “nicest little parlor that ever you did spy,” as the spider said to Robert Bruce; but there, you know, the chaps is such a long time making up their minds now to wot they used 2 B. Wich I 'eard of one as 'ad been walking out with a young woman for well-nigh 8 years and couldn't

mustard enough courage to “pop the question,” as the sayin' is, as decided to write to his “true-love” offerin' 'er 'is 'and (as were left-anded from birth), and, you mark my words, after 'e'd a-posted the letter 'e were afraid perhaps 'e'd been in 2 much of a 'urry and trys to get 'is letter out of the box again with a 'ook on a string, wich a pleeceman see'd 'im at it and took 'im in charge for attempted robbery with violence (the violence were showed to the pleeceman on the way to the station), as so affected 'is “fancy” that she jilted 'im for another fellow as knowed 'ow to make up 'is mind quicker'n once in 8 years!

Then, the men-folk is so stingy these times —wot with the “Heddication Bill,” and all the Corporation officuls asking for a rise, and the bread and meat going hup, and everythink but cheese about as 'igh as it can be—that the very 'oney-moon—the “lunar meal,” as them French do call it—is cut down to a paltry week-end egscursion to Westin, or a visit to the May-meetings on a delegate's ticket at a fair and a ¼, wich only the other day I 'eard of a young couple as actually agreed to go away for the 'oney-moon separately for a week to a time, so as one could stop at 'ome and mind the shop meanwhile! No wonder there's some as says the Hempire isn't 'olding its own, with such goings-on in its very midst!

I don't ritely know whether it were Solomon or that there Ruddy Kipling as said that “marriages is made in Heaven,” as mite 'ave been all rite when 'twas rote, but it's my firm impression meself that for 1 that is made in Heaven now, there's scores made at Christian Endeavour meetin's and tea-meetin's, as is reglar hot-beds for sich things as engagements.

Not but wot them there seats on Battledown 'avent done a good work in their day, wich this time of the year, of a nice moonshiny night, every spare hattom of sitting accomodation is took long before sich elderly parties as me can get hup there, and very pleasant 'tis to see the young men how kind and thoughtful they be in keeping so close as possible to their “lady-luvs” in order not to take hup no more of the seat than is quite necessary! Very kind they be, that I will say; wich you can't pass along the path to the Cemetery-road, either, of a dark evening, not for the numbers of feet as is to be found hobstructing the rite of way!

But, Lor, bless me soul, I knows wot it is; I've been in love meself; me friends thought it was the consutations and I thought it were heaven; but really 'twasn't neither of it; 'twas love, as comes in the spring-time, when the lambs jump and the buds bust, and mother used to give us children brimstone and treacle. I told you as 'ow I met Jenkins at a sale of work, wich I considered then 'e were the 'andsomest piece of goods on show there, and we was married very simple like; I don't know as ever 'e went down on 'is bended knees, like as they do in the Princess Novellettes, to ask me “to be mine,” and we didn't 'ave no fagarys at the church, 'ceps the slippers and the rice, nor no reception afterwards, with the presents all put on view, as always causes a lot of ill-feeling so I considers, wich them as isn't invited is always very sore about it, and them as is grumble and critikizes everythink. 'Owver, I'm glad to see the marriage market keeps hup, even altho' there's a good deal of depression in trade, and to all young couples as is just rushing into matrimony I says “Bless you, my children,” and many of them.

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—Don't forget to send me a bit of the cake, rote “Poison” on the cover, wich if you don't them Post-office clerks (drat 'em!) will eat every bit of it 'ceps p'raps the current on root, just to show there's no ill-feelin'.—S. J.

The inscriptions to Boddington and Staver-ton churches last week were by mistake transposed.

Mr. Carnegie's public gifts have now reached a total of £13,400,000, states a New York paper. In England and Scotland the Independent Order of Good Templars has now 203,000 members.



**YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.**



**WESTERN DISTRICT SPRING CONFERENCE,**

**RODNEY HALL, CHELTENHAM, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30th, 1902.**

Copies of the above group, beautifully mounted, 18in. x 15in., may be obtained from the photographer, Mr. E. M. Bailey, Central Studio, High Street, Cheltenham.



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## THE FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN,

By S. BARING-GOULD  
(Author of "Mehalah," etc.)

No more popular topic for a ballad exists than the woman who took to robbing on the King's highway. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November, 1735, is the following story:—

On Monday last, 24th November, a wholesale butcher was robbed in a very gallant manner, near Romford, Essex. He was attacked by a woman on horseback, who presented a pistol, and demanded his money. He was amazed at such behaviour in one of her sex, and told her he did not understand what she meant. By this time a gentleman of her acquaintance came up, and told him he was a brute to make any hesitation in granting what a lady requested of him; and swore if he did not immediately gratify her desire he would shoot him through his head. At the sight of the gentleman's pistol the butcher thought proper to grant the lady six guineas, some silver, and his watch, which done, they parted in the most complaisant manner imaginable."

The incident was seized on and improved by the ballad-mongers, who issued a "broad side" with an account of the Female Robber, who robs first a grocer, of whom she takes a guinea, then as a tailor could not gratify her with money, she cut off his ears. An excise-man she plunders of eighty guineas, a doctor of his coat and his money, a lawyer of his purse and watch, and a landlord for forty guineas. But as ill luck would have it, she herself fell in with four highwaymen, who plundered her of all she had taken.

At Harpenden, the story goes that an heiress, who lived at Markgate Cell, a fine old mansion three or five miles off, was wooed in vain by many young fortune hunters, who were invariably robbed on Harpenden Common on their way from their unsuccessful suit. An expert thief-taker from London came down, kept patient watch, and at length saw the robber stop a traveller, and immediately rushed at him.

The highwayman turned and galloped at a splitting pace across country, the thief-taker in pursuit. But the former was the better mounted, and was just passing out of sight when the thief-taker in desperation fired a pistol at him, and a shriek rent the air as the robber disappeared. Next day the heiress of Markgate Cell, dressed as a man, was found lying dead of a bullet wound. She had amused herself with victimising her wooers one after the other, and this was the end.

Another story, whether true or false, probably the latter forms the subject of a very popular ballad.

A lady beautiful and fair  
With resolution did declare,  
Whoever she should chance to have  
Should show himself both stout and brave.

A coward she would still defy,  
Though ne'er so rich she'd him deny;  
Thus to her friends she oft did own,  
I'll have a *Man* or I'll have none.

To test the pluck of her suitors, she dressed herself in man's array, and as lovers came she waylaid and robbed them.

Then a promising youth courted her, and she gave him a diamond ring, and bade him on no account part with it. Here we are reminded of Portia and Bassanio. To test his courage she masked her face, dressed as a man, mounted a horse, and stopped her suitor on a common. He surrendered his purse at once.

He straight delivered all his store,  
But still she cried, There's something more.  
A diamond ring I see you have  
Deliver that if life you'd save.  
Nay, replied the lover bold,  
I'll lose my life or this withold.

As he refused to surrender the ring, she unmasks, and all ends happily.

There is another ballad on much the same theme, but it varies in one point.

The girl's name is Sylvia, who dresses herself in man's array, and with sword and pistol at her side, rides to meet her true love. He surrenders his purse and chain, but not the ring she had given him. Next day, when he goes a wooing, he meets with a surprise.

Next day this pretty pair were seen  
Awaking in a garden green.  
His gold chain dangled to her clothes,  
Which made him colour as a rose.

What makes you blush, you silly swain?  
'Twas I that robbed you on the plain;  
'Twas I that highway man so bold  
That robbed you of that chain of gold.

However, as he had refused to surrender the ring, she forgives his weakness in yielding up purse and chain, and all ends with a ringing of wedding bells—but not till he had cautioned her not to play such a game again, for unless it had chanced that his holster pistol had not been loaded, he would have shot her dead on the spot.

The most curious story of a woman, as leader of a band of highwaymen, a captain of a most audacious crew, that was a terror to the country-side, is that of Marion Tromel.

She was born in 1715, a daughter of poor parents, at Le Faouet, in Brittany. A good noble lady of the neighbourhood stood godmother to her, and stood her friend as long as it was possible to befriend her. She was placed in service at Portlouis in a worthy family, that treated her with the utmost kindness, but her violent temper, and thievish propensities led to her being sent back to her parents. Her father died, and her mother was an unprincipled woman, who encouraged what was evil in the girl. Her godmother intervened, and took Marion into her own house, but in vain, the girl broke away, and led such a disorderly life that at last Mme. de Stanghingen, the godmother, was constrained to forbid her the house.

She now travelled the country as a pedlar, but the small gains did not content her, and in 1740, when she was hardly aged twenty-five, she took to highway robbery; and almost at once was acknowledged captain of a band of wild fellows who lived by robbery.

To explain the extraordinary ascendency that Marion obtained over so many men and for so long, tradition represents her as very clever and very beautiful. Of her cleverness or rather cunning there can be no doubt, but what her looks were one cannot tell, as no portrait remains. She had chestnut hair and grey eyes.

The headquarters of her band was at her native place, Le Faouet, which commanded five main roads, and the country was and is so covered with little coppices, and the roads so hedged in, that the place lent itself to such operations as she directed. Her mother, sister, and brothers were enrolled under her. She sent them about to fairs peddling, as a means of picking up information that might serve her. If a farmer had sold his horses, or a butcher was going to buy cattle, they were observed and waylaid. A whistle given by Marion, and from three to ten men leaped into the road and robbed those who went to or returned from market with money in their pockets. The merchant who had sold cloths at the fair, was robbed also. Moreover, the dealers in needles, silk handkerchiefs, and ornaments were plundered, and the plunder sold by the family at the next fair. They could afford to undersell the other dealers, for their goods had cost them nothing.

The men of Marion's band were all armed, but she never allowed them to shed blood. Perhaps this was out of shrewdness as much as out of shrinking from such a crime.

In one point she differed from the highwayman of romance. The latter spared the poor and only robbed the rich. On the contrary, Marion never waylaid a wealthy seigneur or a well-to-do citizen. Her victims were all small dealers and humble peasants. She knew that they were too timorous or too humble to make a great stir over what she had done.

But the big merchants feared her, and paid a regular toll to Marion, in return for which

she guaranteed that their goods should pass along the roads with impunity.

The only instance of her killing anyone was when her lieutenant robbed a merchant to whom she had accorded a safe conduct. She summoned the man before her and shot him dead with her own hand.

Everything taken had to be surrendered to her, and she made distributions as she thought fit.

A witness at her trial described one of these scenes. Something like six hundred louis had been put in a hat. Marion put in her hand and took out gold and gave it to one, and then another, reserving what she considered her due for herself. Two of the company complained that they had come off without a proper share. As sole reply, Marion took a stick and thrashed them.

A nobleman of the neighbourhood heard his wife say that she was curious to see Marion and her band. He consulted his notary, who at once undertook to produce them. He had a safe conduct, and went to the redoubted chieftainness. She consented to let her band be reviewed. On the day appointed, she appeared before the chateau, whistled, and forty men leaped forth from the bushes.

In December, 1746, Marion and four others were taken. It was the first time in six years that the police had troubled themselves about her. They were caught when carousing in a house, after having robbed a butcher.

What became of three of those caught we do not know, but one, who was a prime favourite of Marion, was tortured and then hung. Sentence of death was passed on her, but was commuted to being whipped publicly, branded in the back with the letter V, and banished for life.

Marion was no sooner released than she went home and at once recommenced her old way of life. Highway robberies continued, churches were plundered, and worst of all she became in league with false coiners.

In August, 1748, she was again caught, and tried, and again condemned to be whipped, branded and banished. The whipping and branding were commuted; and she walked out of prison, and walked home again, and, of course, recommenced her old course.

She was again taken in July, 1754, and sent to prison at Quimper. But not caring to undergo trial again, she broke out of prison, and once more went quietly home, where she remained unmolested till May, 1755, when she was retaken and reconducted to prison at Quimper. This time she was sentenced to be tortured first to make her reveal the names of her accomplices, and then to be hung.

On the rack her wonted courage failed her and she gave up the name of one accomplice, who was forthwith arrested.

This time she was not to escape. She had continued her depredations for fifteen years, but the end had come at last—at five o'clock on the evening of August 3rd, 1755, she was executed.

Thus ended this extraordinary woman, who had fairly terrorised the country for so many years, and who had been dealt with by the law with really extraordinary leniency.

Hardly less dear to the composer of ballads than the woman who went in man's clothes on the highway, plundering, was the woman who outwitted the highwayman. The best of these is the story of a Bygate farmer's daughter, who was sent to market on horseback to negotiate the sale of her father's corn that had been sent in, as the old man was sick and unable to attend the market himself. She did as she was required, and received the payment of the corn "in shillings, and guineas, and gold." But as there were wild men about, and the road home lay over a heath, she deemed it advisable to rip up the lining of her saddle and put the money within, reserving only a few pence and a bit of silver in her purse. Having left Bygate, she was trotting home in the dusk, when—

She met a thief on the highway.  
A robber appalled, well mounted,  
Who soon did oblige her to stay.  
Three blows then he presently gave her,  
Load pistols he held to her breast,  
Your money this moment deliver,  
Or else you shall die I protest.



He forced her to dismount, and proceeded to turn out her purse, which to his disgust, he found contained very little money.

As no one held her horse, and the beast was frightened, it took to its heels and galloped home, carrying the saddle on its back.

The girl had gone to market in her Sunday gown and best clothes. Not to be balked of getting something worth having, they highwayman ordered her to divest herself of the best raiment, and she was compelled to obey, and he left her very scantily clothed. Then, spreading her broad kerchief on the grass, which she had worn over her shoulders and crossed over her breast, he proceeded to make up a bundle of her garments in this kerchief, and while thus engaged, ordered her to hold his horse.

The girl while she held fast the bridle,  
Was beginning to grow more afraid,  
Says she, "It's in vain to be idle,  
I'll show you the trick of a maid."

Then up on the saddle she mounted,  
Just as if she had been a young man.  
And while on his money he counted;  
"Pray follow me, sir, if you can."

The rogue shouted after her, promising to surrender her clothing, if she would return him the horse; but she turned a deaf ear to his promises and galloped home.

The maiden was sorely beighted,  
From seven till twelve of the clock,  
Her father was sorely affrighted  
To see her come stripped to the smock.

However, great was his delight, when she gave him the horse, which she had carried off from the highwayman, and with it his portmanteau which was strapped to the saddle, and which contained eight hundred pounds. So not only did her marketing lead to the sending home of the money got from the sale of the corn, but also to her having robbed the highwayman on the king's highway.

There's another capital story also made into a ballad, called "The Maid and her Box." A girl had been in service, and after some years asked leave to return home. This was accorded her, and she put her accumulated wages in a box with her clothes and set this on her head, and proceeded to walk home, a journey of many days.

After a day or two, late one evening, she was passing through a lane, when a tinker leaped off a stile and stopped her, and demanded the surrender of the box. She was forced to set the coffer down, and then he demanded the key. She surrendered it. He laid his budget aside whilst fumbling to unlock the box, when

The maiden seized his walking stick  
And smote him a hard knock.  
She smote the Tinker on the head,  
She smote him two and three,  
She smote him as he bended down  
The coffer for to see.

Then, as he fell she took to her heels, but not without her box, which the prudent girl had recovered, and set on her head once more. As she ran breathless, she met a squire, who stopped her, to know why she ran,

Said he, "My pretty maiden sweet,  
What evil hast thou done,  
That on the way, with box on head,  
So like a deer you run?"

Then she told him her story, and admitted that she was much afraid she had killed the tinker. He then insisted on her returning with him to the spot. So she had to retrace her steps, and presently came on the man lying unconscious on the road. The squire then searched the man's budget, and found in it two laden pistols and a whistle.

He put the whistle to his lips,  
So loud a call he blew,  
That many rogues came running up  
They had them full in view.

He put the whistle to his lips,  
He blew so loud and shrill,  
That four and twenty rogues appeared  
Came running down the hill.

The squire handed one pistol to the girl, and he held the other, and as the men came up he fired and shot one dead; then she fired and another dropped. At this the rascals halted, and turned and ran away.

All gentlemen throughout the land,  
They had the greatest strife  
Which of them all the maid should win,  
And wear her as his wife.  
But ne'er an one her heart could gain,  
Save he who in the fight  
By her had stood, and her he made  
To be his lady bright.

Next Week: "A Queer Legacy," by Fred Whishaw.

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## Gloucestershire Gossip.

It was not a little singular—purely a coincidence—that on the very day Lord Fitzhardinge was, at his Lady-Day rent audit dinner, in a dissertation on the Budget, inveighing against motor-cars, describing them as "horrible murder cars" and suggesting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should put a tax on them, the pace of one of these vehicles belonging to his friend and neighbour, the Duke of Beaufort, was the subject of enquiries before the magistrates at Chippenham. His Grace's car-driver, who had been giving a "mount" to the huntsman of the Badminton Hounds was held by the bench to have exceeded the regulation speed of 12 miles an hour along the highway, and a ten-pound note represented the fines inflicted. This was certainly an exemplification of *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. It will be remembered that the Duke some time ago made it publicly known that he did not use a motor-car to ride to distant meets because he wished to save horseflesh, but merely in order to economise his time. This is easily understood, seeing that his Grace hunts six days a-week.

Lord Fitzhardinge also returned to a subject on which he had taken the public into his confidence. I allude to the death duties that he had to pay on succeeding to the Berkeley estates on the death of his brother, in 1896. And a pretty round sum it was. I remember reading that his lordship stated it would take some dozen pack horses to carry the sum in sovereigns from the Castle to London. Now it appears the noble lord is not yet out of the wood, for, to his surprise and indignation, the Government have come down upon him for added interest on the money, not calculated from the date when the valuation figures were agreed on, but from the day he was supposed to have obtained the property. Lord Fitzhardinge candidly told his tenants that, if he was engaged in a lawsuit, they would know what it was about. My sympathies are with his lordship. There is no doubt that Sir William Harcourt's Finance Act has operated with crushing effect upon the successors to many landed estates, although it may serve as a useful "lifebuoy" to Chancellors of the Exchequer. I have particularly in my mind a large estate in this county from which the life-tenant will not derive any benefit for years, for on his succession to it everything was valued up to the hilt, including much oak timber, and yet under his father's will he cannot cut down a single tree.

By the death of John Bellows, as he wished to be called, a very interesting Gloucester personality, with strong force of character, has been removed from this mundane sphere. He had just passed the Psalmist's allotted span. Principle, with a big P, was the guiding rule of his life. I believe his name will be immortalised far and wide for his good works, just as that of Robert Raikes, a former printer of the city, has been. John did homage to no man, and I have seen his hat removed from his head by officials in the Assize Court. I could mention many instances of his firm action for conscience's sake, but two or three will suffice. In 1864 he refused to print in the calendar the death sentence against the name of Lewis Gough, as he abhorred capital punishment, and was prepared to pay £50 to the county for breach of contract, but the difficulty was solved by

a county official writing in the sentence. A refusal to print bills for theatricals at Sudeley Castle led to his introduction to Mrs. Dent, at that lady's request, and to the formation of a friendship. He refunded to the representatives of a Liberal member for the Western Division a considerable sum of money when, after a lapse of years, he found out it represented certain items in the paid printing account of which he did not approve.

I am pleased to find that a few, at least, of a strong covey of partridges of the French breed that regular passengers on the railway between Gloucester and Cheltenham may have seen hopping about in the fields near Churchdown have passed unscathed through the shooting season. I have lately noticed two pairs, now mating, not far from the railway station, and one happy couple were disporting themselves close to the big signboard on which "Don't worry" is a legend. They don't seem to worry at all. And yet I cannot forget a friend of mine, a sportsman, has told me that as recently as a few years ago he shot partridges and hares on the banks of the Churchdown cutting.

I am always open to correction on any doubtful matter. Therefore, I accept the correction, no doubt based on superior local knowledge, of a writer in the "Wilts and Gloucestershire Standard" in regard to Mr. Benjamin Bathurst's Christian name, namely, that it is an old one in the family, and was not given him out of compliment to Mr. Disraeli, as I had inferred. Still, with all deference, I must adhere to my statement that Mr. Disraeli and the Viscountess Beaconsfield did visit Cirencester House together, and in proof thereof I now name October 10th, 1870, as the date of arrival, and I invite my challenger to refer to the files of the local newspapers.

GLEANER.



CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBER.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE issue for June 28 will consist of sixteen pages, beautifully printed in royal crimson and royal purple on superfine art paper, and containing splendid portraits of the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Edward of York, pictures of the royal palaces, etc., etc.

A SALE OF TEN THOUSAND COPIES GUARANTEED.

As a large proportion of this issue will be sent to all parts of the world, and will be kept for many years, it will provide a permanent and unequalled medium for advertisers.

Terms for space on application to the Manager.

The "Chronicle" main sheet will contain full and descriptive reports of the week's festivities, both national and local.

Newsagents must give their orders early, as only the number stated will be published, and there will be no reprint.



## 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.

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 70th competition is Mr. Jesse Price, of Bank House, Tewkesbury, with the Forthampton pictures.

Entries for the 71st competition closed this (Saturday) morning, May 10th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.





**A NON-PUNCTURABLE TYRE.**

Can it be true? According to the "Velo" (Paris), the cyclists' fondest wish is now fulfilled. The ideal non-puncturable tyre has been discovered. You may plant needles, thorns, tin-tacks, and 2-in. nails into the tube without producing the slightest deflation. The invention is an application of the properties of compressed indiarubber, which, when pierced, adheres so closely round the object causing the puncture as not to allow any escape of air to occur. This material has been used before, but the originality of the present invention appears to be the discovery of a practical and simple method—first, of attaching a bank of the material in question to the chamber, and, secondly, of keeping it in place and maintaining it in its state of compression. If all that is said of the invention be true, there ought certainly to be jubilation among cyclists, as the new air-chamber, while impervious to punctures and not liable to bursting, is stated to be as resilient and as fast as any ordinary tube.

**THE COUNTRY HEADQUARTERS.**

The latest from the pen of Mr. William C. Birt Whitwell in "Cycling" is a song on "The Country Headquarters."

Yes, here's the old inn, with its swinging sign,  
And its antlers over the door;  
The queer little bar, where the spaniels are,  
Whose mother we knew of yore;  
The low-browed parlour, with chimney tall,  
The casement leaded in diamonds small,  
The big stuffed jack on the pannelled wall,  
And the picture of brave Bend 'Or.  
When our meal is done and our pipes begun,  
We sit in our high-backed chairs,  
As free from care and happier far,  
Than a couple of millionaires;  
While whiffs of jessamine, sweet and faint,  
Are wafted in from the garden quaint,  
And tongues go wagging, without restraint,  
On topics of bygone years.

This room on many a Saturday night  
Has rung to our lilting chorus,  
For our hearts were light and our prospects bright,  
And the world was all before us.  
In those primitive days there was no ping-pong,  
And nobody dreamed there was anything wrong  
In lustily trolling a good old song  
With a catchy kind of chorus.

Where the smoke curls white in the waning light,  
Methinks I can behold  
The ghosts of the boys who shared our joys  
In the glorious days of old;  
For some are exiled beyond the sea,  
And some have joined the majority,  
And there's nobody left but you and me  
To sigh for the days of old.

But the sign still swings from the old elm tree,  
In front of the white-faced inn;  
And the club, though not in its infancy,  
Is as strong as ever it's been;  
And when Saturday comes, and our work is done,  
We gaily start on our weekly run  
To visit the scene of our youthful fun—  
The jolly old country inn.

**CARRYING A HALF-PLATE.**

One of the problems which confronts the cycling photographer is how to carry his camera-outfit with the least effort. Nearly everyone has different ideas on the subject, and much, of course, depends on the make and size of the camera. A writer in one of the weeklies has been setting forth how he carries his half-plate awheel. He has a handy little carrier firmly fixed to the front of the machine. A stout leather case to fit the camera is firmly attached thereto. The camera is dropped in and packed tightly with a focussing cloth. The lid closes with a snap, and can be locked if necessary. Behind the saddle he has another little carrier, with a small case made to hold six double dark slides. As they drop into groves, they cannot rattle or even scratch. The splitting up of the apparatus into two parts gives one two neat little packets, that do not put an undue strain upon any part of the machine, and are practically as accessible as if carried in the hand. A neat "walking-stick" tripod is slung inside the frame like a pneumatic pump—and there you are, ready for anything, from a hurried "snap-shot" to a time exposure.

**MOTOR-CYCLE PARALYSIS.**

One of the strongest proofs of the extent to which motor-cycling has caught on is the appearance of "motor-paralysis." As soon as a new sport gets well on its legs, someone is sure to find out some special disease or ailment which it produces. In fact, like the actress and her stolen jewels, a sport cannot be considered, as "Cycling" says, to have sealed its reputation until it has, at least, one well-accredited disease or deformity to offer its votaries. So far as this particular "motor-cycle paralysis" is concerned, it may be remembered that a very similar outcry was raised when railways were feeling their way. The opponent of the steam-drawn coach, which was to run at 20 miles an hour or more, asserted that the human frame would never stand the vibration, and yet some sturdy specimens of humanity to-day travel hundreds of miles at three times that rate, and seem to thrive on it.

**BI CYCLING ON BONESHAKERS.**

Under this title the new paper, "B.P." has an interesting little article referring to cycling on the old ordinaries in the seventies, when all men's hands were against the cyclist, and sticks, stones, and dogs were used against him everywhere—when it was a favourite amusement for urchins to throw a cap in the wheel, or, better still, to rip up the spoke with a stick, and policemen were by no means eager to assist such a strange creature. Lamps were not legally necessary after dark, and the high wheels had a knack of spilling their rider when they came into collision with a big stone or a brick. Still there was huge pleasure in going distances on the roads that were never thought of in the time before the seventies. The athlete suddenly found that the country beyond the town was within an evening's journey. Ladies never dreamed of becoming cyclists in those days. They would have been horrified at the thought of it. As a rule, they objected to bicycles, perhaps because they feared that accidents would befall those who rode, perhaps because their male friends gave up too much time to cycling; possibly because when a man had an expensive bicycle to pay for he could not afford theatre tickets or pay for ices. But now what a change has come over the spirit of their dreams!

**BONIFACE AND THE BIKISTS.**

The story goes that four well-dressed cyclists strolled into a celebrated country hostelry situate within twenty miles of Birmingham one day last week, and ordered lunch—a good, substantial lunch, with all the concomitants that the house afforded. After feeding sumptuously they partook pretty freely of champagne, smoked the best cigars mine host could produce, and invited that portly and pleasant person to join them in the flowing bowl. Across the walnuts and the wine they gently chaffed each other as to payment, and one proposed they should toss for the honour of footing the bill. This was much too slow for another member of the party, who suggested a race for it, the last man home to pay. So they agreed to cycle round a visible point about half a mile from the house, and return to the hostelry, Boniface being appointed judge. He is still watching for their return.

**FINDERS AS FIBBERS.**

Mr. G. G. Lewis has a bad name for the view finder. He declares that it is one of the biggest fibbers in photography land. Its duty is to enable its master to find the view he wants, and the finder should show him just the picture which will fall on the plate when he exposes the lens. But probably not one finder in twenty (certainly not those on cheap cameras) tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. These are the ways in which a finder may tell stories: 1, it may be 'on the skew,' in which case an upright picture on the finder will yield a slanting one on the negative; 2, it may show more or less of the whole picture than will appear on the plate; 3, it may show more or less of the foreground than it should. The first is the worst fault of all, and must be remedied if it exists, otherwise every picture will be sprawling across the plate at an angle. A respectable maker would remedy this defect

were the camera returned to him. The other errors are not so serious, and can generally be allowed for once they are known.

**WHEELS OUT OF TRACK.**

If you have a doubt as to whether the wheels are in track, you can easily satisfy yourself on the point over a bit of damp or dusty road, where the wheelmarks will show distinctly. Ride in a fairly straight line for fifty yards, then dismount, and examine the trail, noting whether the wheels have made a single or a double track where the line is straight, or, if they are only a little out, you will see a wishy single line with a mark on it, showing that one wheel is not following exactly in the wake of the other. Another way, "Cyclers' News" points out, but this requires a nice discrimination, is when riding along a straight stretch of road, to note whether the front wheel runs in a true line with the bottom tube of the frame. If the wheels are the least bit out the steerer will appear either a bit more to one side, or to be running ever so slightly across the bottom tube. And yet another is to take a long straight lath and place on the back wheel, about six inches from the ground, when you will easily see whether the front wheel comes into line. If the frame has been strained, or the front forks bent, it is best to take the machine to a good repairer and get him to set the frame or straighten the forks, as the case may be.

**DECEPTIVE DARK-ROOMS.**

When away from home, the amateur photographer has need to beware of the character of any make-shift dark-room into which he may be ushered by obliging hotel-keepers or landladies. Many a photographer has had occasion to regret his lack of caution in not scrupulously looking for chance rays of white light before changing his plates. And that the dangers of occasional dark-rooms are varied, an incident of another kind is related by Mr. Harold Baker, and will serve to show, while at the same time standing as a warning to others. He asked at the village inn if they had a cellar where he could change his plates, and they told him they had no cellar except at another house, but showed him a dark closet, which he decided would do well. He carried in his plates, etc., and walked to the darkest corner to arrange lamp and so on, but suddenly found himself flying through space. He flung out his arms and stopped a further descent. On striking a light, he found himself on a staircase leading into a small cellar several inches deep in mouldy beer. As the outcome, he was compelled to rest his knee upon a chair for a week, and it was stiff for six months after. The only consolation was that it might have been worse.

**CHATTER BY THE WAYSIDE.**

A cycle expert says he has come to the conclusion that only 25 per cent. of women riders have their seats properly adjusted.

It is stated that Mr. Alfred Harmsworth is having a special mile course mapped out for motor speed tests, with quarter-mile straights. When ready, he will invite leading motorists to partake in the trials which will be arranged.

A cyclist who has toured in Denmark remarks on the absence of the British-made cycle; and he only saw one free-wheel on his trip.

A lady described some riders who had been caught in the rain without mudguards as having "footpaths up their backs."

It is asserted that a restaurant keeper at Warsaw, in order to attract customers and to induce them to stay late, has placed a motor-car at the disposal of those who wish to return home between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m.

A photographers' church parade is to be held at Folkestone.

Vaseline and powdered black lead mixed forms an excellent chain lubricant.

Cyclists who are postcard collectors will be interested to hear that a cyclist almanack set has been issued, comprising twelve sketches of cyclists in appropriate rig to each month of the year, the card for each month also having a calendar, with dates, printed in French.

If you require a new machine for Whitsuntide, hurry up and give your order, or you will run the risk of being disappointed.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE

AND

# GL' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 72.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1902

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### POETRY.

\*  
YES OR NO?

Do I love you? 'Ere I answer  
Let me pause awhile and think,  
Like the maid of yore, "reluctant,"  
"Standing on the river's brink."

Are you sure your love is changeless?  
Question well your soul for me,  
'Ere I dream about a future  
Coloured bright with thoughts of thee.

Can you say that in no vague dream,  
Of your path on life's wide sea,  
You have thought you might be happy,  
Were the dream unshared by me?

Of the past is there no memory,  
Tempered with a vain regret,  
For "another" that you wanted?  
If there is, then tell me yet.

In my nature is aught lacking  
That would make you think sometime  
You had chosen one whose heart chords  
Were not all in tune with thine?

When you meet with fairer faces,  
Glorious eyes, 'neath snowy brow,  
Think you, that you'll still be faithful  
To the heart you ask for now?

Search your heart, think of the maxim  
"Lightly come, as lightly go,"  
Answer all my questions truly,  
Then I'll tell you, "Yes or no."

\*  
BEAUTIFUL DREAMLAND.

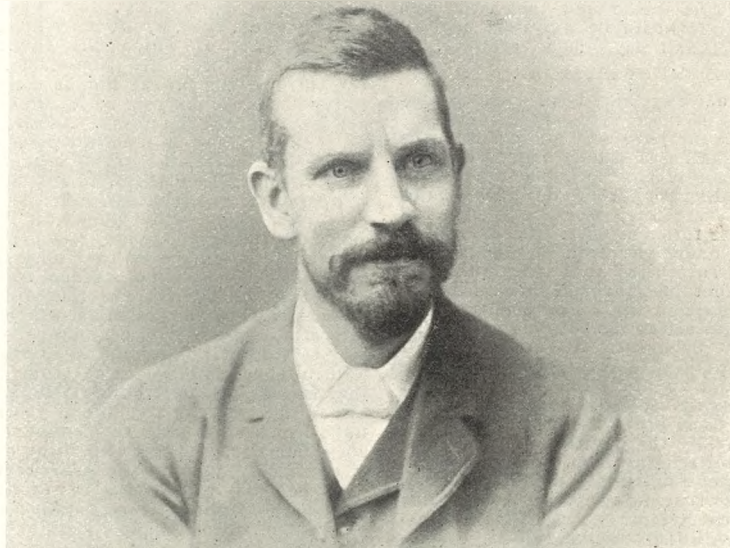
There is a dreamland, far away,  
Beyond the azure of the skies:  
Between the twilight and the day,  
Midway, its mystic pathway lies.  
Hence, by this strange, mysterious way,  
Oft doth the spirit wing its flight,  
And, through the cloudland, dim and grey,  
Flies to a land of dazzling light.

Beautiful dreamland, fair and bright,  
How can this matchless wonder be?  
How doth the spirit wing its flight  
Up through the trackless night to thee?  
Leaving the world, in silence deep,  
Hushed to its rest in balmy sleep.

There is a dreamland, fair and bright,  
Where gorgeous birds, of every hue,  
When rising in their aerial flight,  
Shake from their wings the glittering dew.  
Sweet music fills the groves around,  
And to the vault of heaven above,  
Ascends one grand harmonious sound,  
Telling of boundless joy and love.  
Beautiful dreamland, etc.

There, richest fragrance fills the air,  
From flowers whose blossoms never die,  
And glorious scenes, of beauty rare,  
Meet the enthralled beholder's eye.  
But when the soul again takes wing,  
Back, through the pathless twilight grey,  
It tastes the magic Lethæan spring,  
And dreamland's memories fade away.  
Beautiful dreamland, etc.

What is the world we love so well?  
'Tis but a shadowy dreamland, too:  
Being so dimly, who can tell  
Which is the false and which the true?  
All through the fleeting, changing years,  
What is there certain, but decay?—  
Nothing but sorrow, pain, and tears,—  
Save in the dreamland, far away.  
Beautiful dreamland, etc.



MR. PETER LOVERIDGE.

Died May 7, 1902.

Photo by Norman May and Co., Ltd.,

Cheltenham.

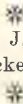


[All Rights Reserved.]\*

# Athletics and National Character.

By W. J. FORD

(Author of "Cricket by a Cricketer.")



Every Englishman, whatever his mere politics are, is a Conservative at heart, and never is he more conservative than when his national institutions, especially such as minister to his amusement, are assailed. Hence when the author of "Stalky and Co." followed up the wails against athleticism that arose in that book with a more direct war cry in the shape of the "The Islanders," it was but natural that both his opponents and sympathisers should look to their armour and set their houses in a state of defence. As an opponent even of his general scheme, one must nevertheless be fair enough to state that he suggests in "The Islanders" that a course of military training and instruction in arms is a more desirable and laudable form of exercise than the pursuit of various games with no more tangible results accruing to them than the scoring of so many points, whether those points take the form of runs or goal, breaks or chases; he suggests, in fact, a form of sport that is purely utilitarian, valuable utilitarian too, in lieu of mere play. He may or may not be right, but when we remember that boys begin to learn their games at an early age, it is a little too much to ask them to abjure those amusements just at the time when they are becoming proficient at them; still less would it be reasonable to demand that from the age of, say, ten or eleven, bats and footballs should be ousted by the Morris tube, and the cricket field transformed into a barrack square. Monotony, if nothing else, would first scotch and then kill such a system, as it would be a system of "all work" with "dull boy" as a corollary.

### RECREATION NECESSARY.

Whatever one's age may be or one's occupation, nothing is more necessary to existence than amusement pure and simple, and the absolute relaxation that only amusement can bring. Hence it has been the traditional policy of the English parent and schoolmaster to see that every kind of encouragement is given to those forms of sport that are generally classed under the head or athletics, in the full and sure belief that the amusement and exercise obtained through such a medium act on the mind in the schoolroom as beneficially as they act on the body of the playing field. The opponents of athletics will naturally regard this as a grossly ex parte statement, and maintain that to make such an asseveration is to beg the issue, so that it remains for us to prove the issue, if we can. Thus, practically the question under discussion resolves itself into two, firstly, "Is the present race of Englishmen decadent?" and, secondly, "Is that decadence, if proved, due to our athletic system?" If we choose to accept as evidence the "foul and filthy" aspersions of the Continental Press, and of the anonymous "P.S.," whose letters to "The Times" were written at the outbreak of the South African war, and at later periods, we should be bound to admit our decadence and to attribute it to failure on the part of our athletics to produce a race of sound-bodied, level-headed men; but fortunately or unfortunately, according to the point of view, this is not the case. Whatever may be adduced with regard to the shortcomings of our army, want of pluck and want of stamina are not among them, nor with many failures before our eyes is there one iota of evidence either that non-athletic nations would have succeeded where we failed, or that a closer devotion to military studies, combined with a diminution of cricket, football, and polo matches, would have aided our officers in a war conducted under such special conditions. It is rightly held indeed that these forms of bodily education train a man far more

efficiently for rough, cross-country work than do the more academic exercises of the gymnasium, while as requiring nerve, presence of mind, patience and actual courage, to say nothing of the fact that they are conducted beneath the sky and in all sorts of weather, they give a moral and mental training which no course of dumb bells, or single stick, or double-bar could possibly imitate or rival. The gymnasium has its place in training, but only as the annexe of the playground.

### A BREEDER OF CHARACTER.

Thus far the point that has been urged has dealt rather with the physical value of our games than the mental, but this is only the logical order in which the subject should be treated; it is a rare occurrence when the weak body contains the strong mind, and even when such cases exist the fragility of the person is apt to warp the judgment of the intellect. Let us then see what is the substitute provided by games for the "shoulder pumps!" of the drill sergeant or the staccato "One! two! three!" of the gymnasium instructor. The youngster on his entrance into a private school—games are catered for as keenly there as at the public schools—soon finds that all games are compulsory, and that there is no place for the loafer. It was, to diverge for a moment, before the organisation of compulsory games that the inhabitants of a certain big school were described as a race of "deer-slayers, rat-catchers, and poachers"; athletics have altered all that, and "Stalky" with his mates is fortunately extinct, unregretted, and impossible. Our young friend's first lesson, then, is that he has got to play games whether he likes them or not; in other words he is taught strict obedience. At a very early period he finds that "loafing at games" is a cardinal sin, and that there is someone behind him to keep him up to the mark; that is, he is taught to be energetic, while even more valuable to his experience that if slackness is a sin, "funking" is an abominable crime, not easily forgiven or forgotten, but forced upon his memory, even when the offence is of old time, by all those kindly words and methods of which his comrades, as British schoolboys, are past-masters. Thus the third virtue taught him is courage, but to the honour of our race be it said that there are few who need the lesson. As all games require to be played on scientific principles and not at haphazard, the art of organisation is duly inculcated by them, to say nothing of co-operation, unselfishness, and the value of concerted action, while above all these will come discipline and, once more, obedience, exacted as it will be by that most desperate of tyrants, the captain of a school team, whose authority and the exercise thereof can only be paralleled by the despotism which the captain of a man-of-war is very properly authorised to exhibit. These moral attributes are naturally not imbibed at the first draught; they would choke our young friend untimely; but in the course of a couple of years he will have learned not only the lesson of how to obey, but also, perhaps, something of the art of command. His public school career will then be only a prolongation of the same course of discipline—nerve, courage, patience, self-control, obedience, and combination, with the added art of how, in some degree at any rate, to organise, train, and command. There are thousands of English schoolboys being let loose on the world yearly, who have learned something at any rate of all these virtues, and who are prepared to exercise them in the higher spheres of life, and at the same time to continue the practice of them in the pursuit of those very games at which they have mainly acquired them.

### AS REGARDS ALL CLASSES.

It may be argued that a case has been made out for those classes only whose sons have gone through a public school career, but the same points as applied to the lower classes who are less fortunate in their surroundings, and merely questions of degree, and not always that, seeing that their games are conducted on precisely the same qualities as are required in the games of the higher classes, while the important factor still remains that the most skilful of all classes do meet, and

can meet as equals, in most of our games, social distinctions being dropped for the time being. Ask the colonel, the captain, or the sergeant which are the best officers and men that he has under him, and the answer will be almost invariably the same—"Those who play games, and by mixing with those of a lower rank gain thereby a personal knowledge of individual men and their idiosyncracies, and consequently have an influence over them that could not otherwise be acquired."

The opponents of the athletic system bring forward three allegations against it. They declare—first, that athletics, especially such as are mere games, lead to nothing *per se*, to nothing tangible or profitable. To carry the day, however, they must satisfy us and themselves that the mental qualities we have enumerated cannot be derived from games, and that other exercises benefit the body in an equal degree, and amuse us to boot. Secondly, they allege that the time devoted to athletics might be better employed, and that games as at present played are hopelessly overdone. These are questions both of fact and of degree; indeed, if the answer to the first query be admitted, the first part of the question, too, falls to the ground; but the second part admits of discussion, i.e., the part that deals with degree. The increase in the number of professional athletes is not, it must be granted, entirely desirable, and the good pay which they get for taking part in a pleasant pastime is apt to tempt others, who have not the necessary skill or ability, to endeavour to follow in their footsteps, to the neglect of other useful occupations. The argument is undoubtedly sound, and cannot fairly be answered by representing that the formation of a new industry of this type helps to relieve the congestion in all branches of business; yet it is an undoubted fact that if some Puritan Parliament suddenly suppressed, if it were possible, all forms of games, the number of unemployed would be increased by thousands. Thirdly, it is maintained that the athletic cult has not only produced athletes, but spectators of athletes, who flock in this thousands and tens of thousands to watch games which they understand indeed, but in which they cannot and do not participate. Here, again, the objector has a certain amount of right on his side, but he must look on the other side of the question and discover, if he can, what these bands of spectators would be doing if, to coin a word, they were not "spectating." If they are allured from the rifle butt or the drill ground, or from business, the athletic case falls to the ground; but it is very questionable whether more than a small proportion would be so employed. The others, in their own fashion, would be imitators of the objectionable characters in "Stalky and Co." They would, in their way, be slayers of cats, breakers of bounds, and annoyers of their neighbours, with a supreme ambition to put their superiors technically in the wrong. There is, however, one saving clause which, perhaps, redeemed those undesirable youths from being quite beyond grace, namely, the supervision of a wise pedagogue, with a high opinion of the sensible remarks made by Solomon on the question of corporeal punishment.

Next week: "Mistresses and Servants," by the Lady Knightley of Fawsley.

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



It is reported from Atlantic City that while Archie McEachern, the Canadian bicyclist, was racing behind a motor, the chain of his wheel broke. He was thrown off and killed.

Hailstones nearly 3lb. in weight fell during a recent storm at Jessore, in Bengal. Metal verandah roofs were perforated, cattle maimed, trees beaten down, and a man killed outright by the downfall.

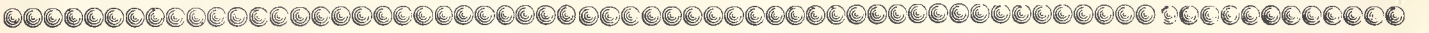




CHELTENHAM YEOMANRY IN CAMP AT BADMINTON.

Photos by H. G. Gallop.

Cheltenham.



Tour of Our Churches.

\* \* \*

ST. NICHOLAS, KEMERTON.

The new rector of Kemerton, at a recent meeting at Tewkesbury, said he had a difficult position to fill, some of his predecessors having been people of great wealth and influence. The incumbent who died last year would seem to have had rather High Church sympathies, and the Rev. G. Mallett has considerably brought down the ritual. He has introduced evening Communion, which is very little thought of in this neighbourhood; he has banished altar lights; refuses to recognise the eastward position; and will not wear coloured stoles. I thought it would be interesting to see exactly how things were, and I cycled over on Sunday evening last.

As soon as six o'clock struck, the bells began chiming hymn tunes, and kept this up for some quarter of an hour. There are but six bells, and of course these could not accurately render some of the tunes, and now and then a note is left out or a false one put in. Still, it is an interesting change from the ting-tang which calls people to Divine worship at many village churches. For the last quarter-hour the bells were rung more in the ordinary manner. The edifice is big and roomy for a village, and the congregation made a brave show by scattering themselves in the seats, but at least double the number of worshippers could have been accommodated than were there on Sunday evening. The surpliced choir and minister marched from the west end to the chancel whilst a soft voluntary was played on the organ, and then sang hymn 245, A. and M. The rector read the opening exhortations, prayers, etc. The Psalms were chanted, but not with that briskness one would like to hear. The Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were given with much more spirit. In reciting the Creed the choir stood facing each other, and their not turning to the east is rather noticeable nowadays. Hymns 145 and 207 were sung. The rector gave intimations of youths' classes, Band of Hope, and other meetings during the coming week, which tended to show that considerable work in the parish is being prosecuted.

The preacher took a long text, the last four

verses of the 24th chapter of St. Luke, which contained, he said, an account of our Lord's last act on earth, just before He left His disciples—His farewell, His blessing—before ascending to His Father to take possession of His mediatorial throne until earth should be made His footstool. It was a touching conclusion to a life of tenderness, a life full of compassion to all with whom He came in contact, especially the sick and suffering. The speaker believed Christ rose from the dead with precisely the same body He had before He died on the Cross; He took a real body up to Heaven, because He had asked His disciples to handle Him. To Thomas He said "Reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing." Bethany was a place very sacred to our Lord, for it was there some of His best beloved ones lived, and it was there He took His disciples to witness His ascension. Some people believed in a magnificent church; but it was not the building that was attractive to Christ—His church was His people; and where two or three were gathered together in His Name, there was He in the midst of them. Jesus left His disciples suddenly, whilst in the act of blessing, and His thus going was to teach us that He was still blessing us—He was always more ready to give us His blessing than we were to seek it. In departing He promised to send His Holy Spirit, and they would be celebrating the anniversary of the coming of the Holy Ghost on the next Sunday. Expectation week was again begun; they must wait, expecting when the Lord should come again.

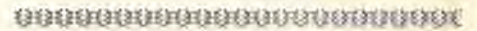
It was a lengthy discourse, somewhat disconnected, and during its recital several long passages of Scripture—not mere quotation texts—were read.

A few words about the building. In the churchyard, near the entrance porch, is a splendid monument, in white marble, recently erected to the memory of the late rector by many friends. The church was rebuilt some fifty years ago, with the exception of the tower, which was later on restored by Mr. Disney L. Thorp in memory of his brother, who was rector of the parish until 1877. The building is in the Geometrical Middle-Pointed or Decorated style of architecture. The nave and aisles are broad, making almost a square erection. There are polychromatic decorations on the walls and roof of the chancel, a handsome east window depicting the Cruci-

fixion, and in the north-east corner a curious tomb of Archdeacon Thorp, of Bristol. The Altar is richly furnished, and under the Reredos runs an inscription "Lvx Lex Jesus Dvx Rex." Across the lofty chancel arch is a most delicately-carved light oak screen, not sufficient to intercept either light or sound. There is some beautiful carving on the oak pulpit and stone font, but both these are modern. Most of the windows are of stained glass. On the walls are some mural tablets and one old brass. I was struck with an inscription on a modern tablet in memory of a young lady who died at Cannes some dozen years ago. It reads:—

In loving memory of  
EDITH,  
Who lived for others;  
And dying did not forget them;  
But on her death-bed,  
By a deed of tender generosity,  
Made two hearts for ever happy.

CHURCHMAN.



"GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC."

CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBER.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE issue for June 28 will consist of sixteen pages, beautifully printed in royal crimson and royal purple on superfine art paper, and containing splendid portraits of the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Edward of York, and Princesses of the royal palaces, etc., etc.

A SALE OF TEN THOUSAND COPIES GUARANTEED.

As a large proportion of this issue will be sent to all parts of the world, and will be kept for many years, it will provide a permanent and unequalled medium for advertisers.

Terms for space on application to the Manager.

The "Chronicle" main sheet will contain full and descriptive reports of the week's festivities, both national and local.

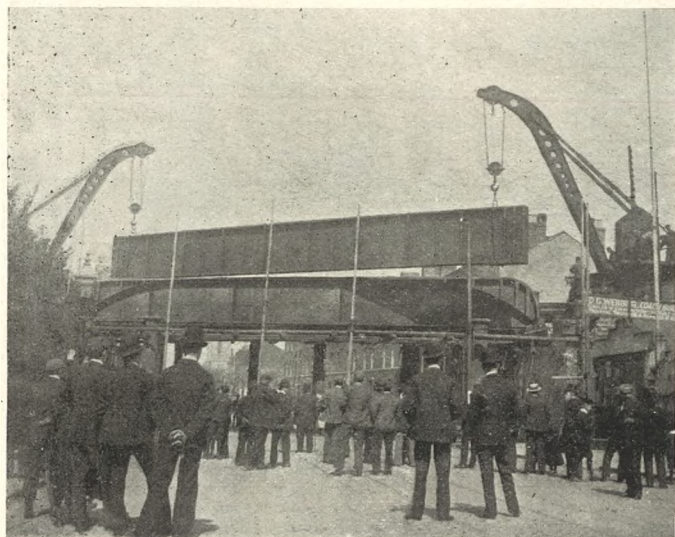
Newsagents must give their orders early, as only the number stated will be published, and there will be no reprint.



THE PRIZE PICTURES.

\* \* \*

Worcester Street G.W.R. Bridge (Gloucester) under Renewal, Sunday, April 27, 1902.



GETTING NEW GIRDER INTO POSITION.

Photos by W. A. Walton,



REMOVING AN OLD GIRDER.

Gloucester.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

\* \* \*

We are now within measurable distance of the day appointed for the Coronation of his Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII., and, like loyal and dutiful subjects, we are all, either jointly or severally, laying our plans for the due celebration of the auspicious event. The local authorities, big and little, are settling their programmes, and most of them getting in the necessary funds, by voluntary subscription if possible. But they need have no misgiving as to making up any deficit, for they can draw upon the rates, the official auditors having had instructions to allow reasonable amounts to be spent. The city of Gloucester has gone in boldly for £1,200 from the rates, and while this plan certainly has the merit of making the masses, instead of a few, pay, it will also relieve the powers that be of the obligation of heading subscription lists! The celebrations generally throughout the county will be very much on the same lines as those at Queen Victoria's Jubilees. I am glad that singing on church towers and maypole dancing are to be repeated in some places. The Bredon people have hit on a good idea, which is that the neighbouring parishes should join them in a sort of co-operative bonfire on the famous hill. Small parishes round an eminence would do well to amalgamate if they are not strong enough to run a beacon fire on their own. For instance, the Hucelecote folk could in this way make themselves joyful with the Chosen people. I wonder if the searchlight on Robinswood Hill will stand alone? Perhaps the Quarry Co. would for the nonce kindly assist with generating power the Leckhamptonians to have a similar installation of electric light on the hill top. Cleeve Cloud is certainly well within reach of the C. and D.L.R. Co.'s cable to enable it and the surrounding country to be illuminated with the current.

\* \* \*

"Learned lexicographer" was decidedly an apt alliterative description of one of the qualifications of the late John Bellows for the M.A. degree of Harvard University when he was presented for conferment. I, in common with

many, many more persons, have a very high opinion of his French Pocket Dictionary, and I have had opportunities on the Continent of judging of its appreciation by English and Americans. In fact, I have seen it resorted to in high places, namely, on the Eiffel Tower in Paris and the Righi in Switzerland. John did very well with the dictionary, as he fully deserved to for his years of patient study and compilation. He made no secret of the fact that out of the profits of it he built his charming residence on Upton Hill, commanding such lovely views. A friend of mine tells me a curious incident in connection with the preparation of the book. The proofs were revised by Professor Alexandre Beljame during the siege of Paris, and one day while the reviser was at this work a shell from a German gun crashed through the roof into his room, causing him to hastily decamp with his papers for safety.

\* \* \*

I never go to pretty Painswick but what I stroll into the parish churchyard and gaze at the steeple which replaced one shattered by lightning shortly after the restoration and re-opening of the church in 1883, at the fantastic gargoyles of the water spouts, at the Jubilee clock in the tower, the old stocks by one of the stiles, and the yew trees bordering the walks. But I never count the latter now, having long, long ago satisfied myself that the statement that only 99 could be got to grow and thrive was merely a fable, with about as much basis of truth in it as the bow-wow pie tradition. There is no doubt that this collection of yew trees is unique, and I am glad they are now being judiciously trimmed and clipped, and some of them pruned by expert workmen.

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The Yeomanry, under canvas at Badminton, are experiencing similar cold weather to what they met with last year, on the occasion of their first visit to the Ducal domain. But their lot, although they have to be satisfied with a mattress now, is as a bed of clover compared with what some of the I.Y. have to endure at the front on the open veldt. The life of a Yeoman is much more serious—and very properly too—than it was. Still, for all that, Cheltonians should bestir themselves and see if they cannot find the regiment a suitable

camping ground near the town, where the changed circumstances of training could be carried out. Are they going to lose the Yeomanry altogether without an effort to get them back?

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The Princess Henry of Battenberg was in Gloucester for a quarter of an hour on Monday evening, but she was on wheels all the time—in a G.W.R. saloon carriage—on her way to Herefordshire. Her Royal Highness, who was accompanied by a small suite and Lord James of Hereford, graciously acknowledged, by bowing and smiling, the cheers of some of the citizens and citizenesses assembled on the platform. It was, I think, passing strange that, as on the previous occasion when Royalty, in the persons of the Duke and Duchess of York, trained through the city on their way to Monmouth with the news of a family bereavement awaiting them on their arrival, the Princess Henry should find at her journey's end a message of death in the fact that the Mayor of Hereford, who was to have welcomed her there, had died that very day. It was another feather in the cap of the "Echo" to have alone chronicled in its latest edition the fact of the Royal visit when the "Gloucester paper" had not a line about it.

GLEANER.

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Prize Photography.

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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.

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 71st competition is Mr. W. A. Walton, of London-road, Gloucester, with his bridge rebuilding pictures.

Entries for the 72nd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, May 17th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.



NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CONSERVATIVE AGENTS



Photo by P. L. Parsons,

COUNCIL MEETING—CHELTENHAM, MAY 10th, 1902.

Rodney-road, Cheltenham.



PAST CORONATIONS.—Part II.

CURIOS LONDON PAGEANTS AND PROCESSIONS.—By JOSEPH MERRIN.

In 1236 King Henry the Third, having solemnised his marriage with Eleanor of Provence in Canterbury, they were, on their way to London, met by the Mayor, Aldermen, and principal citizens, to the number of 360, "sumptuously apparelled in silken robes, richly embroidered, riding upon stately horses, and each man carrying a gold or silver cup in his hand, in token of the privilege claimed by the city of being the Chief Butler of the kingdom at the King's Coronation. The streets of the city were adorned with rich silks, pageants, and a variety of pompous shows; and the citizens, attending the King

Fishmongers, who with solemn procession paraded through the streets, having among other pageants and shows four sturgeons gilt, carried on four horses; then four salmon of silver, carried on four horses, and after six and forty knights, armed, riding on horses made like "lucers of the sea." The luce is believed to be the old name of the hake.

King Edward II., returning to England with his French bride Isabella, whose beauty was extolled by Froissart, was joyfully received by the citizens of London, who made a great demonstration in February, 1303, and he was crowned on the 25th of that month.

count of riots, King Richard II. came to receive its homage in person. On leaving his manor at Sheen, now Richmond, he was met on the heath by 400 of the citizens on horseback, clad in one livery, who, in the most humble manner, craved pardon for their offences past, besought him, by their Recorder, to take his way to his palace at Westminster through the City of London. The request having been granted, he pursued his journey to Southwark, where, at St. George's Church, he was met by a procession of the Bishop of London and all the religious of every degree of both sexes, and above 500 boys



ST. PAUL'S AND THE THAMES, from an old engraving by H. Dawson.

and Queen to Westminster, had the honour of officiating at the Queen's Coronation. At night the city was beautifully illuminated with an infinite number of lamps, cressets, etc."

In 1243 there was a grand reception of Beatrice Countess of Provence.

In 1274 King Edward the First, having been absent four years on an expedition to the Holy Land, on the 2nd August returned to London, where he was received with all the expressions of joy that could be devised. The streets were hung with rich cloths of silk, arras, and tapestry; the Aldermen and burgesses of the city threw out of their windows handfuls of gold and silver, to signify their great gladness at his safe return; and the conduits ran plentifully with wine, white and red, that every creature might drink his fill. The Coronat on took place on the 19th of the same month." The second wife of King Edward the First, Margaret of France, was married to him in 1299. "In the following year, after she had given birth to a son at Brotherton, in Yorkshire, she first came to London. The citizens rode to meet her four miles without the city, to the number of 600, in one livery of red and white, with the cognizance of their mysteries embroidered upon their sleeves, and so conveyed her to Westminster."

Among the earliest of the pageantries recorded is that celebrated on the occasion of Edward I. gaining a great victory over the Scots, when the citizens of London made a great and solemn triumph, every one according to his craft, especially the Company of

The young King Richard II., in 1377, after a grand dinner in the Tower, came forth clad in white garments, with a great multitude in his suite, the Mayor and citizens having assembled near. "Sir Simon Burley bare the sword before him, and Sir Nicholas Bond, on foot, led the King's horse by the bridle. The city was in every way most richly adorned, and the conduits ran with wine for three hours. In the upper end of the Cheap (the market in what is now Cheapside) was erected a castle with four towers, on two sides of which ran forth wine abundantly. In the towers were placed four beautiful virgins, of stature and age like to the King, apparelled in white vestures; these damsels, on the King's approach, blew in his face leaves of gold, and threw on him and his horse counterfeit golden florins. When he was come before the castle they took cups of gold, and, filling them with wine at the spouts of the castle, presented the same to the King and his nobles. On the top of the castle, betwixt the towers, stood a golden angel, holding a crown in his hands, and so contrived that, when the King came, he bowed and offered him the crown. This was the most striking of several pageants with which the citizens were eager to evince their hopes from the activity of the untried youth of their new monarch, and their joy at anticipated relief from those grievances which had been attributed to "the slothfulness of the aged King, deceased, and the covetousness of those who ruled about him."

In 1392, on the restoration of the city's privileges, which had been forfeited on ac-

in surplises. At London Bridge a beautiful white steed and a milk-white palfrey, both saddled, bridled, and caparisoned in cloth of gold, were presented to the King and Queen. The citizens received them, standing in their liveries on each side of the street, crying "King Richard, King Richard!" In Cheap a conduit ran with wine, which was handed to the royal visitants by a little boy apparelled in white "like an angel." At the Standard a very sumptuous stage was erected, on which were stationed various personages and an angel that put on the King's head as he passed a rich crown of gold, garnished with stones and pearl, and another on the head of the Queen. Shortly after, probably at the goldsmiths' shops which were at the western end of Cheapside, near the Cathedral, were presented to the King a golden Tablet of the Trinity, of the value of £800, and to the Queen another of St. Anne, whom she held in special devotion and reverence because her own name was Anne. The King then rode to St. Paul's, and made his offering, after which the Mayor and his company accompanied him to Westminster. On the morrow they went again to the palace to present the King with two gilt basins and 2,000 nobles of gold; and the third day after they received a new confirmation of their liberties; but, says the chronicler, they did not entirely clear themselves until they had further presented a golden tablet of the story of St. Edward, for the shrine of that Royal martyr in Westminster Abbey, and a tax of £10,000.

(To be continued.)



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## A QUEER LEGACY,

By FRED WISHAW

(Author of "A Boyar of the Terrible," &amp;c.).

The reserved garden of the Kaiser-Hof-Restaurant in Merlin was lively with little supper parties of officers of various grades and corps. Groups of twos, threes, and larger numbers occupied small tables in every nook and corner, and the demand for room became so great that many extra tables had to be brought in and placed wherever they could stand; so that the garden was presently quite filled with merry groups of supper eaters, talking, laughing, drinking, and discussing the events of the day's review. The Imperial Generalissimo had made one of his rousing speeches, which contained—as usual—together with much that was admirable, some points which invited discussion and others which perhaps occasioned surprise. As the evening drew on the conversation grew noisier, and the individual voices of certain feasters less discreet than their neighbours began to be heard above the general hubbub, and in some cases to be listened to. Gradually these prominent talkers found themselves left to talk to audiences consisting of the occupants of half-a-dozen tables around their own. Some were extremely amusing, and kept their respective audiences in merry mood. One or two were in a different vein, and entertained those within hearing and hanging upon their words, with sarcasms or ill-natured innuendoes having various eminent persons for their butt. One railed against the Jews, his remarks being received with laughter and other sounds of approbation, until an unexpected incident put a stop to them.

A young officer, whose back had been turned to the speaker, suddenly rose from his seat and walked to the little table at which sat the aggressive one.

"The Herr-Captain is doubtless unaware," he said, "that his remarks are audible beyond his own table, in places where there may be seated those to whom his words are offensive. To me, who am proud to be a Jew, they are especially so, and now that the Herr-Captain is aware of this fact I shall listen to his further remarks in order that I may regulate my conduct by that which he is pleased to say in my hearing."

The anti-Semite blushed deeply. He opened his mouth as though to reply with warmth, but suddenly—as it seemed—discretion or innate good feeling prevailed, and instead he made the *amende honorable*.

"I was not aware of your presence, Mr. Lieutenant," he said; "permit me to apologise; I do not love the Jews, though I intended no personal affront. At the same time, if you should feel yourself offended, I am of course entirely at your service."

The young Jew bowed. "There is no need. To offend unintentionally is not to offend at all."

This incident cooled the excitement of the loquacious captain, who presently quitted the restaurant.

But the loudest and most objectionable of all present was a certain Major, Graf von Stummer, a guardsman and an aristocrat, whose monopolisation of the conversation at his table was complete. Every sally was received with roars of laughter from his own company of four. Encouraged by the flattering reception of all he said, the Count grew more and more excited and impossible. He began to tell stories which, though received with uproarious laughter by some, caused others to look grave or to glance uneasily at the occupants of surrounding tables.

Nor was this the worst. The Count began to treat with levity the most sacred of all subjects, and in the midst of the chilling silence with which for the most part his last sally was received, up jumped an officer from among a party of six at a table within easy hearing of the Count's, and approached him.

This was a man of thirty-five, grave and

somewhat heavy-looking, dressed in the uniform of an infantry regiment of which he was a major. His face was disfigured by more than one scar, the relics of student days. This man bowed to the company seated at the second table.

"I have to tell you, Mr. Officer," he began, "that I am at table with a party of very young officers, among whom is my own brother. At the risk of offending you I will add that your conversation—very audible to my company—is not fit for the years of young gentlemen, and I request you to discontinue it, or else to speak in such a manner that your voice no longer reaches to the distance of our table."

Count von Stummer gazed aghast at this bold infantry officer.

"Do you address me, sir?" he said; he spoke disdainfully, as the Kaiser's guardsmen might be expected to address a mere linesman.

"Most certainly I do," said the other, "and in case you did not catch my remarks, I repeat them: your conversation—which is distinctly audible at my table—is not fit for the ears of young officers and gentlemen."

"Well, sir," said von Stummer, "then I will change it in this fashion, namely by informing you that were this not a public restaurant I should have great satisfaction in pulling your ear for your impertinence."

"My name is Major von Durchmann," said the other simply, and having made this statement he bowed to the occupants of the Count's table, and withdrew to return to his own.

"Stop, sir," cried the Count angrily; "do you suppose that the matter is settled by the mere announcement of your name? Believe me, there is more to follow your impertinence." Von Durchmann bowed.

"As far as I am concerned, having made my protest, I regard the incident as finished. I have requested you to amend your manners; possibly you will see fit to accede to my demands. At any rate, I shall await the result of my interference." The Count laughed aloud, saying something which von Durchmann did not catch as he returned and resumed his seat.

Then the Count launched out, in pure bravado, into a recital which threw into the shade his previous excursions into irreverence, which conduct on his part quickly brought about the inevitable end on the lines which von Durchmann's interference had foreshadowed.

For the latter officer now walked quietly towards the table of the offending Count. "The mouth which speaks such things," he said, "must be stopped lest evil come of it!" and with the words he quietly smote von Stummer across the lips with the back of his glove.

As soon as von Durchmann had returned to his seat there came clanking across to his table an officer of von Stummer's party, who was quickly introduced to one of von Durchmann's companions, when the two men without a moment's delay fixed up between them the arrangements for a meeting on the following morning at a spot in the *Thier Garten*, well known to all as the favourite locale for such little matters.

The weapons chosen were rapiers, and Mentz, Durchmann's second, in discussing final arrangements, presently warned his friend that he was involved in no light enterprise.

"Count von Stummer is a past master," he said; and if I didn't happen to be aware of your own skill, I should feel anxious for you."

Von Durchmann laughed—"I was not unaware of his reputation when I insulted him," he said. "I know I shall have to fight my best, but at any rate my cause is good."

Von Stummer, on the other hand, in conversation with his second at about the same time, began in much the same way as the other two men, but ended differently. For the Count's friend remarked that he knew of this Durchmann, and that he had the reputation of being a fine fencer. "But for your own excellence," he added, "I should feel that your hands will be pretty full in this encounter."

"The worst of it is," said von Stummer,

much sobered by this time and somewhat thoughtful, "that my cause is rather a bad one."

"The fellow was confoundedly impertinent," said Grube.

Von Stummer shrugged his shoulders. "On reflection I can't help respecting the fellow," he said. "What he did was not an easy thing to do. The man is pious, and—unlike some pious people—consistent in his piety."

"An insult is an insult," said Grube; "you have no alternative than to spit this pious gentleman. That which you seem to have admired in him appeared to me to be simple and unpardonable impertinence."

Von Stummer shrugged his shoulders a second time. "Of course there is no alternative," he said.

The Count spent some time that night in writing letters and in serious reflection. He felt, in spite of Grube, that his opponent had behaved in a manner which must be admired, while he himself had appeared to much disadvantage in allowing his tongue the kind of freedom which should be reserved for private occasions.

"I was drunk," von Stummer concluded, "or I should have known better. It's unfortunate, though, to brush up against a pious chap like Durchmann just on the one night when one has been idiot enough to drink whiskey after champagne. That's a mixture I never could stand!"

On the following morning there was a surprise in store for Durchmann.

The men were stripped and ready, when von Stummer lowered his sword—

"I should like to say before we begin," he said, "in fact, I consider it my duty to state that—on recalling what happened last night—I am compelled to recognise in the conduct of Major von Durchmann that of an honest and courageous gentleman. My own behaviour I regret—"

"Count," exclaimed Grube, stepping forward, "this is a most unusual interruption—"

Von Stummer raised his hand. "No, let me finish," he said; "my own behaviour, I now regret, because in the light of Major von Durchmann's conduct I am able to perceive its unworthiness. Now, sir, I am ready!"

"Stop," said von Durchmann, surprised and somewhat puzzled—"Does the Herr Graf intend his statement as an apology? For if so—"

"By no means," said the Count; "the duel must take place since the insult has been given and received; there is no alternative."

"If the Count will permit me to say so," said Durchmann, "I—for my part—have no desire to proceed with the matter, my honour being amply satisfied by his generous statement. Let us cross swords, *pro forma*, and separate."

"Heaven forbid, sir," exclaimed von Stummer; "the Herr Major now makes the mistake of supposing that satisfaction is due to himself. It is I who am the insulted party, and I say again that there can be no alternative."

"As you will, sir," said Durchmann, and the fight began.

Von Durchmann had been touched by the Count's statement. He would rather not fight with an enemy capable of making so generous a declaration. He would prefer to cultivate the friendship of such a man, and perhaps "convert" him; for there was much of the preacher about von Durchmann, whose fellow officers were in the habit of remarking that he was a splendid missionary wasted. However, von Stummer was determined to fight, and—apparently—to win; for he attacked his opponent with equal skill and energy, and though Durchmann was an excellent swordsman he was somewhat put to to defend himself. Durchmann had begun the battle determined that, if possible, he would not injure his enemy—but the fight was fierce and well balanced, and he soon realised that if he wished to preserve his own soul within his body he must fence as he could and not as he would; that is, he must put every atom of skill and strength that he possessed into the conflict.



pressed continuously. Much as he had professed to admire the conduct of his opponent he appeared to be none the less anxious on that account to take his life. Von Durchmann had already received several minor wounds, when—more by good luck than by grim intention—he contrived to put in a pretty thrust which pierced the throat of the Count, and laid him at his feet on the grass.

Von Stummer was a fierce fighter, and when the surgeon rose from his knees after attending to the wounded man his eyes met Durchmann's concerned face, and he shook his head gravely. "You'd better go," he whispered, "it may end happily, but the chances are the other way. His Majesty, as you are aware, is averse to being embarrassed in these matters—"

Von Durchmann left Berlin and disappeared for a while. In his retirement he was duly informed of the Count's death, which was reported to have been the result of an accident. And shortly after this news, which occasioned the Major real sorrow, came another item of information—from a lawyer this time—which aroused in his mind a variety of emotions. The man of law announced that Count von Stummer in a codicil which had been added to his will on the very night before his death, had bequeathed to von Durchmann a legacy of fifty thousand thalers, "in recognition of his admirable conduct on a certain occasion at the Restaurant Kaiser-Hof."

This was quite the first time on record, as everyone agreed, that a man had been paid by the victim himself for spitting, after insulting him. All agreed, too, that Count Stummer was a gentleman, and deserved a better fate.

"Now you'll see," said Retzler, a fellow officer of von Durchmann's, "our little hero will leave the army and spend the money in trying to convert the Chinese or some such ruffians; I told you he was a good missionary wasted!" But von Durchmann has done nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he is spending the money like a gentleman and a philosopher, and does his preaching nearer home than in the German sphere of influence in China.

Next Week:—"A Pondicherry Boy," by Morley Roberts.

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"Selina Jenkins" Letters.

"THE TRAMS IN HIGH-STREET."

Well, well, now! to be sure! Who'd a-thought it? 'Ere we've been all this time a-making of a 'ero of Mr. C. & D. L. R. Nevins, and sayin' as 'ow 'e come to hus like a ancel in disguise to carry us about from place to place and hup one street and down another at cost price, not metioning an occasional 'appy 'oliday on Cleeve 'Ill watching the buds burst, and the lambs jump, and the children fall down the precipitises, wich there was some as said as Mr. C. & D. L. R. Nevins's photograph was going to be carved in stone-ware and put up into that there little summer-house thing on the top of the new bank, in High-street, and there was others as were positive the 'andsome old genelman, as looks remarkable well in his furrin-lined top-coat, were goin' to be 'nighted or made a Hearl of fur this 'ere Coronation, as everybody is a-talking about (wich, in my young days, they never 'ad sich things); and a powerful site of eating and drinking there's going to be, so I 'ear, as 'ave made the price of meat go up halready, not to mention the bread tacks, as is a sinful shame for them baker chaps to put up the prices, seein' as 'ow the tacks don't make no difference to them at all, but only to the flourists and them as deals in several sacks of flour at a time, wich, meself, I generally gets it in by the peck now, being a saving of nearly 6 pence, wich is very acceptable these 'ere 'ard times as is around us now, wile we're waiting for them Boers to declare peace! But as I was a-sayin', 'ere we all thought Mr. Nevins were the Public Bene-



Photo by W. Slatter.

GAY FOR MAY DAY.

Cheltenham.

factor as brought us the trams at 'is own hexpense; but, after all this time, we've 'ad our idol hexploded, wich it turns out to be that there Mr. Surveyor Hall as produced the tram people to have a try at Cheltenham, and it's to him that we owes the 2d. rides and the Cleeve 'Ill fresh air at our doorsteps, and the pleasure of readin' some very hinteresting advertisements as the trams goes past our 1st floor winders.

But there! bless yer soul! there was more than 1 or 2 of our public men as knowed very well about Mr. Hall's pet little scheme, of running a electric tram hup over the fields and not troubling to do anythink so mean as to use hup a bit of the road, as we all knows belongs quite entirely to carriages and milk carts and sich like and so 4th, they 'aving made the road and paying all the cost of repairs (wich is rote sarcastic like, as you can see, I being very sarcastic when I feels a bit nasty about somethink).

And that's just where the point comes in— who do the roads belong to? Is it to the pople as makes use of 'em, or lives alongside 'em, or is to them as pays to make 'em and keep 'em up? That's wot I asks meself in regards to this 'ere High-street Tram Scare, wich it seems as if some of the shops considers that no one 'aven't any right to pass up and down in front of their establishments without asking if the colour of their complexion or the cut of their clothes was agreeable to the proprietors! Why, bless yer soul, there was the same fuss about omnibuses and bicycles and motor-cars, and everythink else that's new. I don't know much about politics meself, 'ceps that it's considered to be the correct 'aning to be Conservative till the war's off the books, so to speak; but wot I do hate is this 'ere rank old Toryism, wich is sich becoss it can't 'elp itself, and not for no reason at all.

Why, they do say that one of these 'ere individoos 'ave made up 'is mind to riddle the first tram as dares to pass 'is dore with BB shot, as will make things very lively for the trial trip, with the Mayor on board, as will be a severe trial if some of them shots was to get stopped by a passenger unknowing-like, like as my nephew, as is a gamekeeper by per-fession, were out shooting with a party of city genelman, wich one of them being short-sited mistook 'im for a rabbit, and they was weeks substracting the shot from 'is system, and every week or two since he tells me as there's several more works to the surface.

Then, there's a tale about that one of they there chemistes swears by Hall that's 'oly as 'ell mix some drugs or somethink as will poison off every living soul as patternises the trams outside 'is shop; not but wot, of the two, I'd jut as live be shot to hatoms as me 'ealth destroyed with pisenous drugs and

chemicals, wich I shall never forget when pore Jenkins tooked a dose of Sick-list powders, wich 'e never 'adn't been told as the blue and the white powders was to be put into a tumbler of water and dranked off while they was fizzing, but the stoopid man (just like the men!) goes and takes first the blue powder in a little water and then the white one in a little more, and, you mark my words! 'e were like one of them there patent Sparklets or a Seltzogene thing for the space of a hour, the powders 'aving eggsploded inside of 'im, wich 'e were positive 'is last moment was come, and 'e were ill for nigh on a month afterwards, and all through not reading the directions, as mite 'ave been the death of 'im, that it might!

But, as I was a-sayin', those who make such a mighty fuss about the "invasion of their rights" by the trams running up High-street, and "the noisy disturbance of their privacy by the constant overlooking of their gardens" (wich I never 'eard before that it made much noise to look at a garden) "by the constant passing of the huge high cars," wich was in a letter 'rote to the papers by a genelman as made 'is money in one of the noisiest and busiest parts of Worcester, so I've been told— those who make such a mighty fuss, I say, will 'ave to remember that the High-street is a main road through the town, and not anybody's private carriage-drive, and seein' as 'ow the masses of the public 'as to pay to keep up the roads, it's they as will 'ave to decide whether the trams shall run up it, and not those who 'ave been allowed as a favor to make their livings or 'ave 'andsome gardens on either side of the street. Not but wot I do 'ope Mr. C. & D. L. R. Nevins will think of 'aving a bit 'andsomer colour on the extension cars, wich they looks like some old prison-van a-bearing down on one now, and us could stand a bit of bright colour in the streets, that we could! if so be as the tradesmen "on root" would consent to allow the cars to be painted. 'Owever, I s'pose a special meeting of the Chamber of Commercial's would be called to consider such a henormous change as altering the colour of the cars, so we know that'll be in safe 'ands!

SELINA JENKINS.



ARTISTIC and General PRINTING.

"Echo" Electric Press.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 73. SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1902

Tewkesbury and its Returned Volunteers, May 14, 1902.

## Poetry.

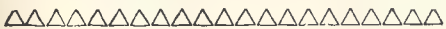
### FAULT FINDING.

Never find fault with another,  
 Unless you are pretty well sure  
 That the fault you can trace in a brother  
 Don't linger around your own door;  
 'Tis easy and sweet to be kind,  
 Let Charity never depart;  
 Kind words are a boon to the mind,  
 But good deeds go direct to the heart.

Should you meet an unfortunate brother,  
 Bowed down to the earth in distress,  
 Assist him with all in your power;  
 Look not to his purse nor his dress:  
 It is not the tree that blooms brightest  
 That yields us the richest of fruit;  
 And the heart is not always the lightest  
 That beats 'neath the costliest suit.

'Tis easy to trace in another  
 A fault, be it ever so small;  
 But few, perchance, none can discover  
 Their own shortcomings at all;  
 Prosperity often will blind  
 Our reasoning faculties quite;  
 The black in another we find,  
 In ourselves is sure to be white.

Remember the words of our Saviour,  
 And treasure them well when alone—  
 "Let him that is guiltless among you,  
 At the guilty one cast the first stone."  
 Then never find fault with another  
 Unless you are pretty well sure,  
 That the fault you can trace in a brother  
 Don't linger around your own door.



## 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.

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

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

The competition is open to the county, and the name of the successful competitor will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

The winner of the 72nd competition is Mr. W. T. Musgrove, 11 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, with his Charlton views.

Entries for the 73rd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, May 24th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.



CIVIC WELCOME AT THE TOWN-HALL.



Photos by Jesse Price,

"THREE CHEERS!"

Tewkesbury.



“Selina Jenkins” Letters.

“SELINA JENKINS” GOES TO CHEDDAR

You see, 'twas like this, not that I agrees with travelling of a Bank 'Ooliday, not meself, but when you can just take and go all them 100's of miles down to Cheddar for a matter of six shillings there and back, why I considers it a sinful waste not to take the opportunity as Providence and Cookes's egsursion have a-placed in our way; so that's 'ow 'twas I come to go all that way to this 'ere place where the people lives on cheese and stalactights, and looks mitey well on it, too, that they does!

Owever, I persuaded Mary Ann Tompkins, as is my perpetual friend, 'ceps when we 'as a few words, wich I will say she's very 'ard to get on with sometimes, with her patter-nis ng airs and graces just because she 'ad a few pounds left 'er by a old blind uncle as w'ouldn't 'ave done'd it if 'e'd 'ad 'is sight, so it were said, as thought all the time 'e were 'aving 'is 'and guided as 'e were writing in the name of 'is nephew Jarge, but when it come to the pint them lawyer fellers decided that it were Mary Ann Tompkins sure enuff, as w'ouldn't accept the money for some time becous 'er being called a spinster in the will, wich were a piece of the old genelman's spite, so she said, as might 'ave been married many times over if she'd cared, wich 'e didn't 'appen to be the right one, as the sayin' is, so she remained single; but, as I was a-sayin', I can't stand being patternised, "My dear", this, and "My dear" that, and me old enuff to be 'er grandfather well nigh, altho' I shouldn't care to let it be known, not openly, so please don't mention it to no-one, Mr. Editor.

So we all starts off of Whit Monday morning, with a few 'am sandwiches cut thin, with plenty of mustard, and a loaf of bread (not bein' sure as the bread-tacks mightn't be higher down to a place where they insists on bread and cheese), and we 'ad a nice drop of cold tea with us in a limejuice bottle, and a camphire locket round our necks for fear of defection, wich you never can't tell who and what you'll meet in the railway carriages now, as isn't kept not near so clean as they used to be, it's my hapnyion. The one as we was put into would 'ave been all the better for 'aving a duster just passed round it, and you could write your name on the winder-pains.

Owever, we 'ad a very tidy journey down, with some parties as was down for the day from Manchester, as started at 3 in the morning so as to 'ave 2 'ours in Cheddar and get back at 'alf-past 2 the next morning. They was very jov'al indeed, wich one of them played the concertina and another the mouth-organ, and we 'ad some beautiful 'armony between-whiles, wot with playin' selections from Sankey's hymns and a new piece as I 'adn't 'eard before, called the "Oney-suckle and the Flea." I rather drewed the line at 'aving clog-dancing on the cushions, as knocked the dust out somethink awful, not but wot it were very 'andy to wile away the time with.

In corse of time we arrives at Cheddar, where we finds large numbers of very ancgent nags a-waiting to take us hup to the cheese and cliffs and caves for 3d. a-head, as wanted to charge extry for me being over-weight, so the outdacious creatures said; 'owsomedever, I wasn't going to take none of their Sum-merset chaff as I told 'em, and they quieted down when they see'd as I come from a respectable city like Cheltenham, where we 'as electric trams in all the side streets, and carriage folks is carefully looked after by the Birmingham papers! Well, we drives hup in fine style thro' the main street of Cheddar, which would be very well if 'twasn't for the lack of houses, and gets out to a place where there was two very tidy 'eaps of rocks, one each side of the road, so 'igh that they do say it takes a man and a boy to see to the top of the 'ighest one, wich it is called the Castle Rock, becous there 'aint never likely to be anybody fool enuff to build a castle so 'igh hup out of

reach, as would be well-nigh 'alf way to 'eaven, as you might say.

There was a wonderful prefusion of cliffs and sich-like articles strowed about regardless, as the sayin' is, one of 'em like a lion, and another as weren't like nothink as I could call to mind.

At every little odd corner and cottage door there was to be noticed one of the Cheddar inhabitants, with baskets of stones as 'ad tumbled off the cliffs, wich I considered they was very obliging in asking of us to 'elp ourselves to a few lbs. of the Cheddar cliffs until I found as we 'ad to pay 1d. each for every bit we picked out, as were daylight robbery, so I think, seein' as 'ow there were millions of tons of cliffs lying about for we to 'elp ourselves to without a-paying for 'em.

But I must tell you all about the stalactights and things. There's a sort of a hole in the cliffs by the road, and a little box-office where they takes away your umbrellas and things for fear of haccidents in the dark, wich you pays yer money in advance and walks forward into the Chamber of 'Orrers, as the sayin' is; there was a very talkative gent as acted the guide, and turned on the gas pretty frequent, wich 'e told us where to stand to get the most thrilling effects and sich like, with no extry charge. The caves was very wonderful, so I've 'eard, and them there stalactights, for all the world like them peppermint walking-sticks as we used to suck, was very interesting, egspecially when the guide chap tried to play the "Blue Bells of Scotland" on 3 of 'em, as sounded rather poor, being only 3 notes between the lot to play tae hole tune. 'Owever, we goes further and further in, thro' sich little 'oles, and under sich substuctions as never you did see, till we gets to the real inward parts of the whole thing, where the guide tells us we 'as to buy bits of sliced stalactights to take 'ome with us to show people 'ow brave we'd been to explore these 'ere bowels of the earth, as was rather a good idea, so I considers, and me and Mary Ann we planked out our 1s. each like a couple of angles, for one thing becous we wanted to get hout of this 'ere unearthly 'ole so soon as could be, and that there guide was blocking our way honly hexit, not to speak of not knowing our way without 'im, as would read awful in the "Echo" as "the remains of 2 elderly ladies of respectable incomes were found clapsed in each other's arms in the depths of the Cheddar Caves with a note rote on the ground beside them as said "Break the news to mother, James." So we paid 'im 'is 1s., and right glad we was to get on terror-firmer once more, wich someone 'ad been and gone and went off with my best humberella, as 'adn't never been unfurled, as you might say, but once before, and then only as a makeshift for a "on tout car," as is Latin for parasol, so they do say, wich I wouldn't 'ave lost it for worlds; not but wot the party left a old gamp in its place as were very gone in the ribs, and the first time I went to open him, you mark my words if he didn't get caught in a gust of wind and blowed inside hout so bad that me and Mary Ann couldn't get it back no-how, so we left it inside a gading gate on the way back to the station, and there 'tis now, if you will know.

But I must tell you about the cheese; there was a little shop there, up a garding, with some in the winder and some bottles of brown sweets, so we decided we'd spekkilate in a bit of the real stuff to take 'ome to Cheltenham. So we goes in and asks the party as served for a bit of 'ome-made cheese, wich she says, very slow and steady, as they all speaks in Zummer-set, "Us don't keep nowt but Cheddar cheese; we 'aven't got no 'ome-made, mum." "Well," says I, "you do surprise me! Ain't Cheddar cheese 'ome-made?" "Bless yer 'art and soul," says she, laffin' fit to bust, "Cheddar cheese 'aint made about 'ere at all. We've give it up these years, seein' as 'ow we can get it cheaper from Bristol and London!" So there's another idol shattered, wich you would 'ave thought Cheddar cheese come from Cheddar, wouldn't you? But you never can't tell what nothink is these wicked times, wot with milk-blended butter and mysterialised milk and Yankee cigarettes made with British labour. That there cheese were near bein' the death of us, for it were that whiffy, and made the hatmosphere of the carriage so



Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

MR. FRANK W. DAWES.

Bandmaster of Gloucester Civic Band, which commenced its season on Whit-Sunday; also Bandmaster 8th Company 1st Gloucester Royal Garrison Artillery Volunteers.

sultry on the way 'ome that the party sitting by the winder would 'ave it pulled down all the time, saying as 'ow these 'ere corridor carriages was very un'althy and the Parliament ought to be wrote to about it, wich it were all the smell of the cheese, wich I were well-nigh perished with the draft from the winder; and after all this fuss, if you believe me, if we didn't went and left that there cheese on the rack in the railway-carriage, as were very discouraging, so I thinks, after braving the elements all that way.

No more at present.

SELINA JENKINS.

\* \* \*

DISCIPLINED BY POVERTY.

"In nearly every case," remarked a successful merchant, "the man who makes his way in business life comes of a family who at some time have had to struggle for the bare necessities of existence. I have found this so much the rule that I prefer employes from the lower classes rather than from those of a higher rank in life.

"Young people who come of generations of easy-living ancestors seem to have all the good working qualities taken out of them. They may be bright, plucky, and alert, but in commerce the ox is more useful than the race-horse, and I find the youth of poor ancestry has greater adaptability, more doggedness and disposition to push than the sons of parents or grandparents who never had to fight for their living.

"I doubt whether there are many merchant princes in the world to-day who have not come of poor hard-working people."—Cas-sell's Saturday Journal.

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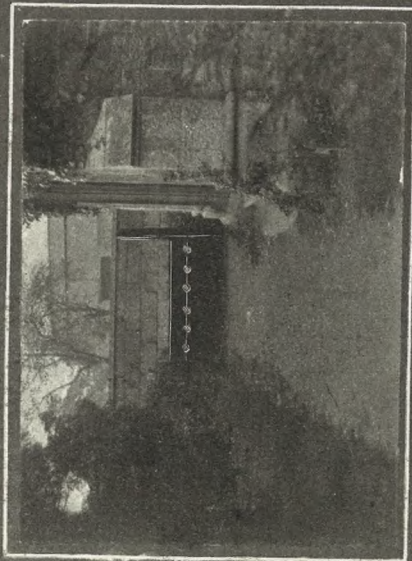
In Frankfurt a lieutenant of infantry, Muller, has been placed under arrest for cruelty to a private soldier. Because the latter, at the command of a sergeant, changed step, Muller struck him in the face and kicked him.

Henry Fryer, a brass-finisher, subject to extraordinary hallucinations, told a friend that "horses were making choppers, and had got gridirons, and were overlooking him." Fryer's dead body was found afterwards on the Thames mud.

While fishing for salmon on Friday morning, in the reaches of the Shannon seaward from Limerick, some few miles beyond the city, a number of fishermen captured a sturgeon which measured 9ft. from snout to tail, and weighed 250lb.



THE PRIZE PICTURE.

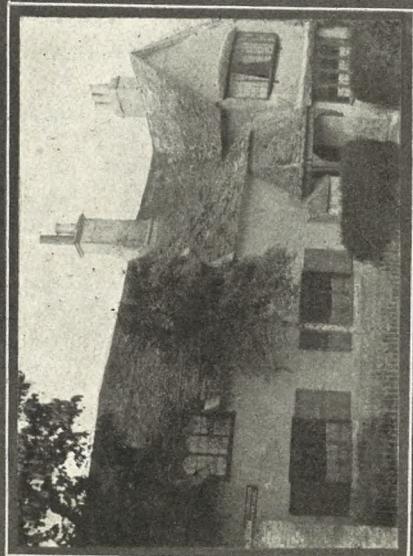


*The Stocks.*

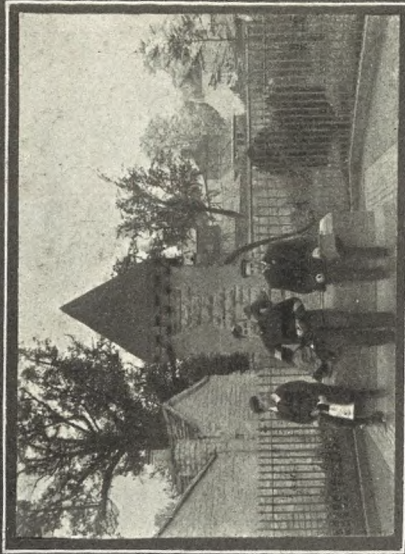


*Remains at Ashley Manor.*

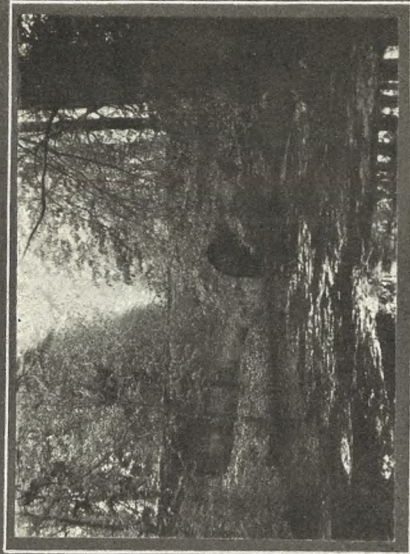
*"Bits of Old Charlton"*



*Filborough Cottage.*



*The Village Pump.*



*Lake at Ashley Manor.*



WESLEYAN METHODIST SYNOD IN CHELTENHAM.



Luncheon at the Winter Garden, May 14th, 1902.

Photo by E. M. Bailey.

Central Studio, Cheltenham.



**CHELTENHAM BOWLING CLUB.**



Photo by E. M. Bailey,

**New Green at Winter Garden, opened on May 14th, 1902,**

By Earl of Jersey, G.C.B., President Imperial Bowling Association.

Central Studio, Cheltenham.



Tour of Our Churches.

\* \* \*

ST. GILES'S, BREDON.

I cycled into Worcestershire on Sunday evening last, and attended service at Bredon Church. This is a fine old building, to see which is worthy of a long journey. It has an almost perfect Norman elevation, and its several doorways, in the same style, well repay careful study. Its west front is an excellent example of Norman work, something like Tewkesbury Abbey on a smaller scale. Over its central tower ascends a steeple of considerable height. The interior reminds one a good deal of Bishop's Cleeve Church, and it contains a large monument in the south aisle, somewhat after the pattern of the De la Bere one at Cleeve. In this monument is some Early English work, with Purbeck marble shafts of rare excellency for a village church. On the walls are many old mural tablets. The chancel is separated from the body of the church by the tower, and the space underneath the latter would seem to be little utilised, the choir and organ being in the chancel, a considerable distance from the congregation. The tower arches show some good Norman work, to match that over the doorways. The sittings are of good plain oak. There is some rich colouring in the east window, the subject depicted being Christ teaching the doctors, with a child on His knee. The window has four lights, and our Saviour is necessarily placed from the centre of the picture, which is against the canons of ecclesiastical art.

I thought the service rather mixed. The doctrines taught are evidently not at all of the "high" order, and yet there was a good deal of intoning and singing in the congregational part of the prayers, confession, and responses. The organ was rather too aggressive in the Amens. There was a male choir, unsurprised, of some fourteen voices, under a lady organist. Three clergymen took part in the service, but the aged incumbent did little. The Psalms were chanted, the singers rather exerting themselves as if they were afraid the distant congregation would not hear them. An anthem, "Let God Arise," was given, the various solo and verse parts being well taken up. The Church Hymnal was used, Nos. 153, 149, and 481 being sung. Some nice flowers were on the altar.

In due course one of the younger of the clergy ascended the rather meagre pulpit, and announced as his text Galatians v., 16, "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." He said there were not many words in that sentence, and yet an enormous amount was contained in it. At first sight they might think it was one of those passages very plainly and easily followed, consisting of one of those commandments they might find in almost every page of the Bible; but a deeper glance told them more than that. It spoke of two things—first of life, secondly of walking—that was, of their conduct. If they had cast away the love of the natural man, it commanded them to walk according to the will of God; to live in the Spirit of God, in contradistinction to living in their own degenerate spirit. They could see for themselves, with a little care, that their own spirit was never in real harmony with the Spirit of God, and if they would do the will of God, and cast away the works of the flesh, they must away from themselves, and seek the Holy Spirit, whereby alone they had access to God. Whit-Sunday was a day when such thoughts might well come to them, for that was the anniversary of the giving of God's Holy Spirit. Ministers might preach God, or attempt to do so, but it was only God's Holy Spirit that could make their salvation real. Such thoughts came that day, and they did well to give their attention to them, for there was such a thing as sleeping in their own ignorance. The main teaching of the text was that if they lived under the direction of God's Holy Spirit they must, in the outward phases of their lives, subordinate their conduct to God's precepts.

A good discourse, but rather marred by a

Sir Thomas Rich's Old Boys' Association Football Club.



Cup-holders and Champions, Gloucester and District League (Division II.)—Season 1901-2. Photo by G. Coles, Gloucester.



peculiar hesitancy in delivery. The preacher had difficulty in turning the leaves of his MS. at the right moments. The Benediction, impressively given by the venerable rector, closed an interesting service. There was a good, but not a full, congregation, the female sex being in a very great majority. CHURCHMAN.



Gloucestershire Gossip.

\* \* \*

Both the Earl and Countess of Jersey were in Cheltenham last week, but their engagements, of a totally different character, did not permit of them coming together. Her ladyship came on the Tuesday to fulfil an engagement to advocate at the Rotunda the claims of the Victoria League upon Cheltonians, and her speech, both eloquent and fluent in style and redolent of Imperialism of a non-contentious character, charmed a fashionable audience of ladies and gentlemen not entirely composed of Conservatives, and had the desired effect. His lordship figured in Imperial-square in the character of a bowler on the following evening, for he opened the new green there of the Bowling Club. "Imperialism" was again, happily, to the fore on that occasion, for it so happened that Lord Jersey was president of the Imperial Bowling Association, and as he was due in Cheltenham on the Thursday to preside at the enquiry of the Light Railway Commissioners, it was a good idea on the part of the club to invite his lordship to set their balls rolling on the sward; and they are to be congratulated on being fortunate enough to have secured the presence of the genial nobleman to do this. Lord Jersey is not without family associations of a political character with this county, for he is the eldest son, by a daughter of the great Sir Robert Peel, of the sixth Earl, who, when Viscount Villiers, represented the old borough of Cirencester from the year 1844, when he had an unopposed return, to 1852, when the Hon. Ashley Ponsonby defeated him by four votes.

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Lord Jersey, for the third time, conducted an enquiry by the Light Railway Commissioners in Cheltenham on Thursday, the 15th inst., and he did so with characteristic *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. This light railway enquiry into the Cheltenham ex-

tensions, along High-street to Charlton Kings and Leckhampton, was a heavy bit of work for all concerned, as nearly eight hours were consumed in it. I don't like the mutilated scheme, as passed, and I am glad to see unmistakable signs of repentance on the part of the wreckers responsible for inducing the Commissioners to report that the line should be diverted down Cambray. Their action savours to me very much like that of the gentleman from the Emerald Isle who crooked his gun so as to be able to shoot round a corner. The least the persons responsible for the deviation, and who now wish to see the line "all straight," can do is to memorialise the Board forthwith withdrawing their opposition and praying that the original plan be passed.

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I suppose the next time we shall see Lord Jersey and his colleagues in this county will be when they come to enquire into the applications of the County Council and the Gloucester Corporation and Mr. Nevins to construct light railways according to their several schemes. The formal notices by Mr. Nevins and the two local authorities have been given, and, amongst other things, the County Council propose to erect a generating electric station on land adjoining Barnwood railway bridge. It is evident that there is going to be a battle royal between city and county for the possession of the London-road from Gloucester to the Cross Hands at Brockworth. I am inclined to back the latter body to win, for they are in possession, and have from the first taken up the perfectly reasonable attitude that they must retain their own roads. The Corporation have rejected with scorn the County Council's terms, and the accusations of some City Fathers that the latter are animated by personal and political motives denote lack of sound argument, to put it mildly. I need only point out, as showing the fallacy of the latter charge, that when the Corporation was Conservative it was opposed by the County Council tooth and nail (and with success in a great measure) in the city's last application for a big extension of the boundaries at the expense of the county; and also given warning by the Council on October 16th, 1900, that the Corporation must come to terms with them for working the light railway in their district which they themselves were willing to provide. Therefore I contend that while the Corporation has changed its politics to Radical the Council has not changed its policy. As I have said in a former note, it is greatly to the interest of Cheltenham to back up the Council in this matter, for I believe that the big three towns' scheme of light railway



connection can only be brought about by its co-operation with Mr. Nevins.

THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

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"Wet, windy, and somewhat wintry Whit-suntide" summarises the weather at the festival just past. Although it was fine on Monday, with a fair amount of sunshine, the element of uncertainty about it deterred many people from going far afield, and they preferred keeping to their neighbourhoods, and not a few cultivating their own firesides. The excursion returns of the railway companies were, therefore, worse than they were at the corresponding periods for several years.

GLEANER.



HOME TRUTHS FROM A BISHOP.

Speaking at an Eisteddfod held at Cefn Mawr, Ruabon, on Monday, the Bishop of St. Asaph said he had just returned from the South of Europe, and had seen the Spaniards—toga on the shoulder like the old Romans—flocking to the bull-fights. He had nothing to say against that. He had not come there to discuss morals, but when he compared the bull-fights with their amusements, he felt bound to say that the Welshmen did not come out badly. When he got to London he found a great crush at the railway station waiting for a special train to convey them to a race meeting not far away. He was not in the special fortunately; but he might tell them he never saw such a set as these racing people. He never saw such roughness or heard grosser language anywhere. Englishmen might pride themselves on their virtues and talk disparagingly of the bull-fights, but they had better look at home. Then he came to old Wales, and he could assure them he was glad to be there. It was not a great country for races, but it had many virtues. He was very fond of horses, but he had never been to a great race meeting in his life. He considered the Eisteddfod a much better form of national amusement than some people found pleasure in, and he congratulated them upon the continued vitality of the Eisteddfodic institution.

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THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCH.

In the report of the Church Building Society for the year 1901 there is a summary of the work done by this excellent institution since its formation in 1818. The summary reads as follows:—Total number of applications for aid, 10,429; grants made, 8,600, viz. in aid of the erection of 2,365 additional churches and chapels, and of rebuilding, enlarging, or otherwise improving the accommodation in 6,235 existing churches and chapels. By these means more than two million additional seats were proposed to be obtained, of which about three-fourths were to be set apart for the free use of the parishioners. Sum voted by the society towards these works £1,021,650, or (excluding grants cancelled, £126,947) £895,683. Estimated amount of further expenditure on the part of the public, £15,281,884.

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CARNEGIE TRUST STUDENTS.

The number of students enjoying the aid of the Carnegie Trust in the Scottish universities during the present session was on Monday reported to be 1,596, apportioned as follows:—

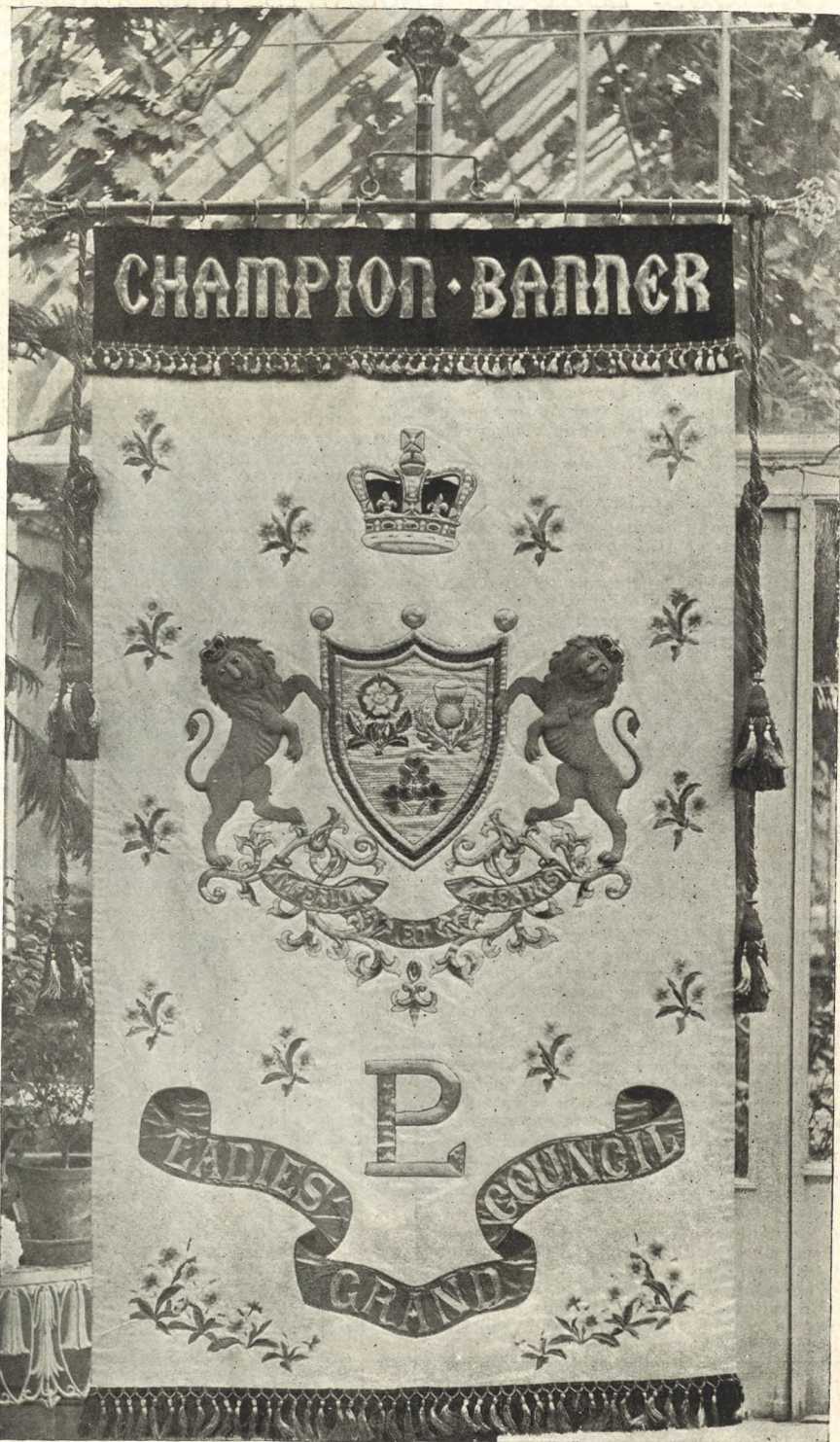
Edinburgh .....	555 men, 68 women.
Glasgow .....	442 men, 25 women.
Aberdeen .....	319 men, 41 women.
St. Andrews .....	82 men, 64 women.

Included in these figures are 242 new students. The sums applicable to the universities are: Edinburgh, £5,207; Glasgow, £3,354; Aberdeen, £2,545; and St. Andrews, £934.

\*

Glasgow municipal tramways receipts will show a surplus this year of £100,000.

C. Dawson beat E. Diggle at Bristol on Saturday in the game of 9,000 up, in which Diggle received 1,500, by 688 points.



Cheltenham Habitation Success, MAY, 1902.



During the excavations at the Forum in Rome a colossal statue of the Empress Faustina was discovered in front of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina.

As the British India Company's steamer Goorkha was leaving the Royal Albert Docks on Friday, a man, unknown, jumped overboard, and was drowned.

Singapore possesses a curiosity in the shape of a Chinese dwarf who is barely forty inches in height and is endowed with a fine grey beard.

For a target during big gun practice recently the French Northern Fleet used the old transport Surcouf. The range was over three and a half miles, and the vessel sank in less than ten minutes after the first gun was fired.



PAST CORONATIONS.—Part III.

CURIOUS LONDON PAGEANTS AND PROCESSIONS.—By JOSEPH MERRIN.

Seven years afterwards, at the approach to London of Henry Duke of Lancaster, with his captive Monarch, Richard II., he was received in great pomp by the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and the City Companies in their "formalities," with the people crying "Long live the good Duke of Lancaster, our deliverer." On Sunday, 13th October, 1399, Henry left the Tower after dinner, on his return to Westminster. He was bareheaded, and had round his neck the order of the King of France. The Prince of Wales, six dukes, six earls, and eighteen barons accompanied him, and there were of knights and other nobility from eight to nine hundred horse. The King was dressed in a jacket of the German fashion, of cloth of gold, mounted on a white courser, with a blue garter on his leg—

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring master seem'd to know,  
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
While all tongues cried "God save thee,  
Bolingbroke!"

—Shakspeare.

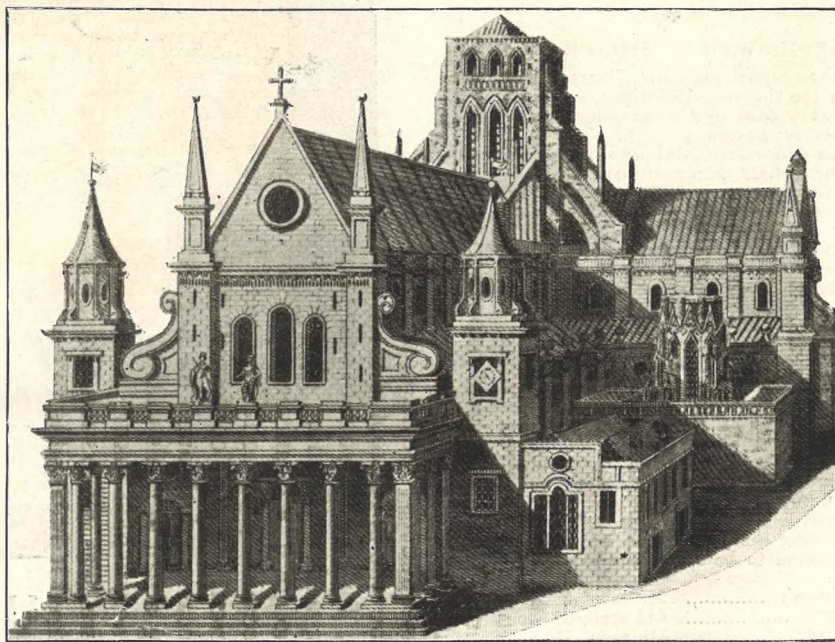
The streets were handsomely decorated with tapestries and rich hangings. There were seven fountains in Cheapside and other streets he passed through which ran with white and red wines. He was escorted by "prudigious" numbers of gentlemen, with their servants in liveries and badges; and the Companies of London were led by their wardens, clothed in their proper livery and with banners of their trades. The whole cavalcade amounted to 6,000 horse. The King was crowned the same day at Westminster.

The day before the Coronation of Henry V., in April, 1413, the King took journey from Kingston to "his Castle," the Tower, and was met by a multitude of princes, earls, barons, knights, esquires, and other great men of his kingdom, and by the citizens of London, and an "innumerable clergy, in a noble array, and with all possible solemnity." On the following day he rode in procession through London to his Coronation, preceded by the Knights of the Bath, whom he had newly created. There was a grand demonstration on the King's return after the glorious victory of Agincourt. The Mayor of London and the Aldermen, "apparelled in Orient grained scarlet," and 400 commoners clad in beautiful murrey, well mounted and trimly horsed, with rich collars and great chains, met the King at Blackheath; and the clergy of London in solemn procession with rich crosses, sumptuous copes, and massy censers received him at St. Thomas of Waterings. The King, like a grave and sober personage, and as one who remembered from Whom all victories are sent, seemed little to regard the vain pomp and shows, inasmuch that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, whereby the blows and dints upon it might have been seen by the people, nor would he suffer any ditties to be made and sung by minstrels of his glorious victory, because he would the praise and thanks should be altogether given to God. At the entrance of London Bridge, on the top of the Tower, stood a gigantic figure, bearing in his right hand an axe, and in his left the keys of the city hanging to a staff, as if he had been the porter. By his side stood a female of scarcely less stature, intended for his wife. Around them were a band of trumpets and other wind instruments. The towers were adorned with banners of the royal arms, and in the front of them was inscribed *Civitas regis justicie* (the City of the King of Righteousness). At the drawbridge on each side was erected a lofty column, like a little tower, built of wood and covered with linen, one painted like white marble and the other like green jasper. They were surmounted by figures of the King's beasts—an antelope, having a shield of the royal arms suspended

from his neck, and a sceptre in his right foot, and a lion bearing in his right claw the royal standard unfurled. At the foot of the bridge next the City was raised a tower like the columns before mentioned, and in the middle of which, under a splendid pavilion, stood a most beautiful image of St. George, armed, excepting his head, which was adorned with a laurel crown studded with gems. Behind him was a crimson tapestry, with his arms, a red cross, glittering on a multitude of shields. On his right hung his triumphal helmet, and on his left a shield of his arms of suitable size. In his right hand he held the hilt of the sword with which he was girt, and in his left a scroll, which, extending along the turrets, contained these words:—*Soli deo honor et gloria*. In a contiguous house were innumerable boys representing the angelic host, arrayed in white with glittering wings, and their hair set with sprigs of laurel, who, on the King's approach, sang, accompanied by organs, an anthem supposed to be that beginning "Our King went forth to Normandy," and whose burden is "Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro Victoria," printed in Percy's Reliques. The tower of the conduit on Cornhill was decked with a tent of crimson cloth, and ornamented with the King's arms, and those of Saints George, Edward, and Edmund. Under the pavilion was a company of hoary prophets, in golden coats and mantles, and their heads covered with gold and crimson, who, when the King passed, sent forth a great quantity of sparrows and other small birds as a sacrifice agreeable to God, some of which alighted on the King's breast, some rested on his shoulders, and some fluttered round about him. And the prophets then sang the psalm "Cantate Domino canticum novum," etc. The tower of the conduit at the entrance of Cheap was hung with green, and ornamented with scutcheons. Here sat twelve venerable old men, having the names of the twelve Apostles written on their foreheads, together with

the twelve Kings, martyrs, and confessors of the succession of England, who also gave their chant at the King's approach, and sent forth upon him round leaves of silver mixed with wafers, and wine out of the pipes of the conduit, imitating Melchisedeck's reception of Abraham when he returned from his victory over the four kings. The Cross of Cheap was concealed by a beautiful castle, constructed of timber, and covered with linen painted to resemble squared blocks of white marble and green and crimson jasper. The arms of St. George adorned the summit, those of the King and the Emperor were raised on halberds, and the lower turrets had the arms of the royal family and the great peers of the realm. On a stage in front came forth a chorus of virgins with timbrel and dance, as to another David coming from the slaughter of Goliath. Their song of congratulation was "Welcome, Henry the Fift, King of England and of Fraunce." Throughout the building there was also a multitude of boys, representing the heavenly host, who showered down on the King's head small coins resembling gold and boughs of laurel, and sang, accompanied by organs, the Te Deum Laudamus. The tower of the conduit at the west end of Cheap was surrounded with pavilions, in each of which was a virgin, who from cups blew forth golden leaves on the King. The Tower was covered with a canopy made to resemble the sky and clouds, the four posts of which were supported by angels, and the summit crowned with an archangel of brilliant gold. Beneath the canopy, on a throne, was a majestic image representing the sun, which glittered above all things, and round it were angels singing, and playing all kinds of musical instruments. After the King had paid his devotions at St. Paul's, he departed to his palace at Westminster. The conqueror of France made another triumphant entry, with his fair trophy, Queen Katherine, in 1421.

(To be continued.)



West View of St. Paul's Cathedral before the Fire of London.

With 521 passengers on board, and her shaft broken, the disabled Hamburg-American steamer Scotia has been towed into Ponta Delgada, Azores, by the British steamer Petunia.

After a police court enquiry at Cambridge lasting ten days, all three defendants in the Caius College meat case pleaded not guilty on Friday and were committed for trial.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 74. SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1902

Theatre and Opera House, Cheltenham.  
ACTING MANAGER - - - H. OSWALD REDFORD

To-night (SATURDAY, Last Night MISS LOTTIE COLLINS AND COMPANY. Every Night Next Week, with Saturday Matinee, the Screamingly Funny Play—  
"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."  
Time and Prices as usual.

## Poetry.

### \* COMFORT ONE ANOTHER

Comfort one another;  
For the way is growing dreary,  
The feet are often weary,  
And the heart is very sad.  
There is heavy burden-bearing,  
When it seems that none are caring,  
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another  
With the hand-clasp close and tender,  
With the sweetness love can render,  
And the look of friendly eyes.  
Do not wait with grace unspoken,  
While life's daily bread is broken;  
Gentle speech is oft as manna from the skies.

Comfort one another;  
There are words of music ringing  
Down the ages, sweet as singing  
Of the happy choirs above.  
Ransomed saint and mighty angel  
Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel,  
Where for ever they are praising the Eternal Love.

On Sunday the Duke of Connaught returned to London from Madrid.

Princess Alphonse of Bavaria gave birth to a son on Sunday night at Munich.

The Lord Bishop of the Diocese of Gloucester was in a very happy vein at the annual meeting of the Gloucester S.P.G. on Monday, and several times moved his audience to laughter. Replying to a vote of thanks he said he was always glad to be at the Guildhall meetings, as "he could always see some signs that they were glad to see the old gentleman again."

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ARTISTIC and

General PRINTING.

"Echo" Electric Press.



Photo by Jesse Price,

Tewkesbury.

## TEWKESBURY FORESTERS' PROCESSION,

Whit Monday, May 19th, 1902.

A general abstract published on Saturday as a Parliamentary paper states that during last year there were 259,082 marriages, 929,270 births, and 551,316 deaths in England and Wales. Of the births, 473,713 were males and 455,557 females.

A Reuter's telegram from Paris says M. Benjamin Constant, the well-known painter, died on Monday afternoon. M. Constant was born in Paris on June 10, 1845. He studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and under M. Catanel. He was one of the most famous painters of the modern French school. His best-known pictures are "Samson et Delilah," "Le Harem," and "La Vengeance du Cherif," while his portrait of Queen Victoria attracted much attention at last year's Royal Academy.

The marriage of Sir F. Lugard to Miss Flora Shaw has been fixed to take place in Grand Canary.

The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Duke of Marlborough to be a Knight of the Order of the Garter, in the room of the late Earl of Kimberley.

Lieutenant John Gordon Stirling, son of Lord Justice Stirling, died on the 22nd inst. at Sialkote, India, as the result of an accident. He entered the 9th Lancers in July, 1895, and saw service in South Africa, being present at Belmont, Enslin, and near Bethulie, where he was wounded. In July, 1901, he acted as captain of the 2nd Battalion Imperial Yeomanry.



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## How We Tempt Criminals.

By SIR ROBERT ANDERSON, K.C.B.

The problem of preventable crime has different aspects. It may be regarded either from the point of view of the legislature and the criminal courts, or from the standpoint of the public as in the ordinary course of daily life they go about their business or turn aside to recreation or pleasure. It is in this latter aspect of the subject that I propose dealing with it here. The law and the administration of the law by our courts of justice are largely to blame for much of the crime which now prevails. But this consideration is only a further reason for doing all we can to protect ourselves.

"Some people has money and no brains, and some people has brains and no money." This well-known phrase was coined by one who had the brains, and who used them to get hold of other people's money. People who have really no brains are quite hopeless. Nature has no pity for fools; and let us pity them ever so much, we cannot altogether save them from their natural enemies the knaves. But utter fools are happily a minority. I am not writing for them. Neither am I writing for that other minority—people who not only have brains but who use them. I wish to address that very large section of the public who are well able to take care of themselves, and yet who through carelessness or cupidity fall a victim to rogues and swindlers.

### FROM THE VICTIMS' SIDE.

And dealing with the matter from the side of the victims of crime, sheer carelessness or deplorable cupidity may be detected in the case of most thefts and frauds. There are exceptions to this of course. For example, no matter how carefully a man may shut up his house at night, he is liable to be "burgled" by some skilful, professional thief, who knows every trick of his trade, and can open doors and windows however securely they are fastened. Here the law is only and altogether to blame. If every criminal of the type, who escaped being shot in the actual commission of his crime, were hanged as a matter of course on conviction, very few burglars would be either shot or hanged in England. For the trade would no longer pay, and sensible men—a category to which most burglars belong—will not follow an unremunerative employment. We should soon obtain reforms in these matters, if the public could be got to see that certain maxims which now pass current as crystallised truth, are but fossilised error—as, for example, that "you can't make men moral by Act of Parliament." One of the certain things in a sphere where much is doubtful, is that conduct can be controlled by consequences. And if those crimes which are the carefully planned and deliberately executed schemes of shrewd and clever criminals were treated as they deserve, we should soon have an end of them.

But this is a digression. It is my purpose, I repeat, to treat of crimes that are preventable by care and shrewdness on the part of those who now fall victims to them. Take, for example, the case of the householder, who locks and bolts his front door, and leaves his back door on the latch; or who shuts and fastens all his principal windows, and leaves some closet or pantry window open. Again, I can feel but a modified amount of pity for people who own £1,000 worth of jewels, and yet will not spend £10 on a safe to keep them in. And I remember a case of a lady who, having got the case and locked her jewels in it, left the key on the top of it and went her way. When she returned, the safe was open, and the jewels were gone. And yet she did not really belong to the "fool" species—at least not in other respects.

### OF THE TEMPTATIONS.

On a foggy day, not long since, I passed two American ladies at Charing Cross. I heard but one sentence of their talk, as I came up behind them. "No," said the one of them, "this is the Grand Hotel: the Metropole is right away over there," and she pointed over her shoulder, first in the one direction, and

then in the other, with a very elegant and seemingly well-filled leather purse held loosely in her hand. I felt she was "tempting Providence." My fingers itched to snatch the purse in order to teach her a useful lesson. I don't think a professional pickpocket could have resisted the bait, even if on his way home from a Salvation Army meeting. And this kind of gross and silly carelessness one sees every day in London. A man may reasonably walk up Whitehall with a gold watch-chain dangling from his waistcoat pocket. But if he is steering North, and passes through the Seven Dials without buttoning up his coat, he need not be astonished if he reaches Oxford-street without his watch. It is very sad that there should be professional thieves in the world. Sad, too, that professional receivers of stolen property are not hanged; in which case thieving would not pay, and thieves would become fewer than at present. But in a sense it is just as sad that people who ought to know better, put a premium upon thieving and tempt thieves to rob them, by their wanton and stupid carelessness.

I don't know whether my experience is exceptional; but I have been in all parts of London at all sorts of hours, and yet I never have been robbed in the street; never even had an attempt made to rob me. No amount of care will protect one from a deliberately planned crime; but crimes of the kind I have here in view are largely due to a sudden impulse, irresistible to a "good thief," if the opportunity be given to provoke it. And people who do not afford the opportunity have immunity from the crimes. Exceptions there will be, of course; for every rule has exceptions; but they are rare. The true Londoner avoids danger or puts himself on his guard in presence of it, by a sort of instinct. And visitors to London who are accustomed to the unsophisticated ways of country life, should be always on their guard in the metropolis. At all events no man should face a crowd, or traverse a dangerous street, without seeing that his watch and chain are beyond the reach of nimble fingers; no woman, with her watch pinned outside her dress, or her purse held loosely in her hand, or lying in a gaping pocket. And it is no use being careful during hours spent in shopping and then give oneself away by struggling with a crowd to enter an omnibus afterwards. Crowded railway stations and the busy stopping places for omnibuses are favourite hunting grounds of thieves. The pickpocket frequents such places with the set purpose of plying his trade, whereas in an ordinary thoroughfare his crime is often due, as I have already said, to a sudden impulse excited by an unlooked-for chance afforded by the carelessness of his victim.

### CARELESSNESS WHICH LEADS TO CRIME.

In what I have written my own thoughts naturally turn to London. But it is applicable in greater or less degree to all large towns and cities. People who live in rural serenity can afford to be half asleep in their waking hours; but in the stress of urban life one needs to be half awake even in sleeping hours. And anyone who is inclined to metaphysical study, can look on life in a philosophical spirit, can understand that, this being so, the criminal classes play a useful part in our mental development. For the quickening of the intellect which comes from the habit of keeping both eyes open, and seeing all round one, is an education in itself, and makes us fitter for the battle of life. The survival of the fittest is a law of nature; and fitness of a certain sort is increased by the exigencies and incidents of life in a crowd. A friend asked my advice about recovering a valuable watch stolen from him in Hyde Park during the General Buller demonstration. He lifted his child upon his shoulder to prevent his being hurt by the crowd, and thus left the region of his pockets unprotected, and some thief saw his chance and took it. A common trick this upon a race course. A man with both arms raised, and both eyes engaged, in holding and looking through a binocular glass, is an easy prey to the pickpocket. The education of men who give such chances is defective.

Instances in which thoughtlessness and carelessness make crimes not only possible but lucrative might be multiplied to any ex-

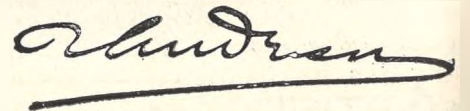
tent. Another friend of mine, who crossed to Paris just before Christmas, lost his pocket book en route, or had it stolen from him. It contained a sheaf of bank notes to defray the cost of a trip to France and Belgium. Now here the most simple and obvious precaution would have saved my friend from a very serious loss. Let a man cut his bank notes in two, and place the one set of halves in his trousers pocket and the other halves in his coat pocket; and while a highway robbery that cleans him out will include the lot, the depredations of a pickpocket will cause him only inconvenience, but not loss. The legitimate owner will ultimately recover the value of his half notes, while the stolen halves will be worth absolutely nothing. The man who carries only half notes in his purse may say, using the words in a new sense, "who steals my purse steals trash." The man who in such circumstance carries undivided notes, if he be not a millionaire, must be a fool. And yet it is the exception and not the rule when the precaution is adopted. Let people learn when they draw money at the bank, there and then to cut their notes in two, and stow the different halves in different receptacles; and the risk of loss will be prevented in nine cases out of every ten that at present occur.

Let me give one more case to illustrate the close connection between carelessness and crime.

A friend came to me last week to seek my advice in relation to a cheque sent by post to a tradesman in payment of a large account, but stolen in transit and cashed by the thief. "Was it made payable to order?" I asked. "I'm not sure." "Then, of course, you didn't mark it 'not negotiable?'" "No. I'm sure I didn't." "Do you remember whether you crossed it?" "No, I don't think I did." The case is typical. The neglect of a few simple precautions either gave a thief his opportunity, or possibly betrayed some weak and impecunious underling into crime that never would have been committed but for the sender's carelessness.

And this last suggestion might well give cause for reflection even to those whose circumstances make the loss of money a matter of comparative indifference. I assert with confidence that the majority of chance crimes against property—by which I mean crimes that are not premeditated—are due in great measure to the negligence of those who suffer by them. The weak and the needy are constantly betrayed into criminal acts by the conduct of those who ought to deem it a responsibility and a duty to shield them from temptation. And this is a case where the evil is done "by want of thought as well as by want of heart." I am not advocating any quixotic scheme of doctrinaire philanthropy, but philanthropy of the most commonplace and practical kind, such as no right-minded person should neglect or ignore. A housemaid is severely censured, and rightly so, for leaving a sloop-pail or a coal-scuttle where her mistress would be likely to tumble over it. But what about the mistress who leaves her money or her trinkets lying exposed to tempt the housemaid to dishonesty? Moral pitfalls are worse than physical "hoobytraps;" and they who create them deserve no pity for any loss they suffer if the erring or the weak should be ensnared by them.

The carelessness and cupidity of the public, I repeat, are the "contributory negligence" which in numberless instances makes crimes both possible and profitable. I have endeavoured to give illustrations and instances of the carelessness. The cupidity element is too large a subject for incidental treatment.



Next Week: "What Men Like in Women," by the Earl of Iddesleigh.

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

The Hull municipal offices have been entered by burglars, who got clean away with £140.

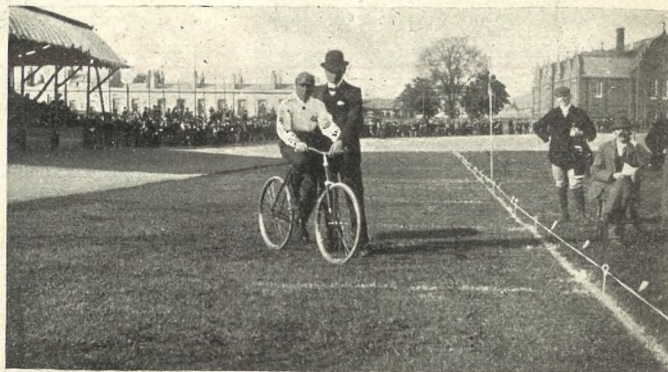


## THE PRIZE PICTURES.

### *Cheltenham Wheelers' Cycling Club Sports.*



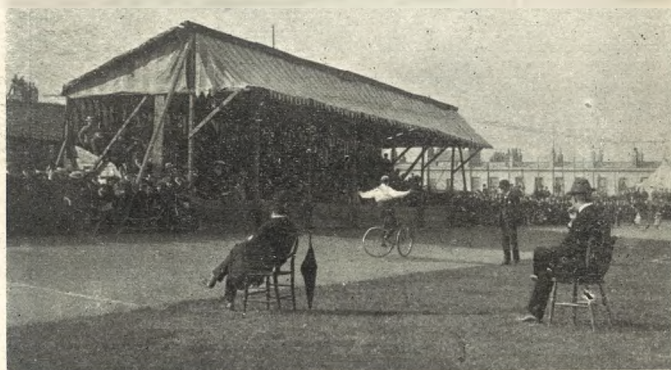
FRED STEPHENS WINNING FINAL IN THE ONE MILE OPEN.



WILL BRIAN, TRICK RIDER.



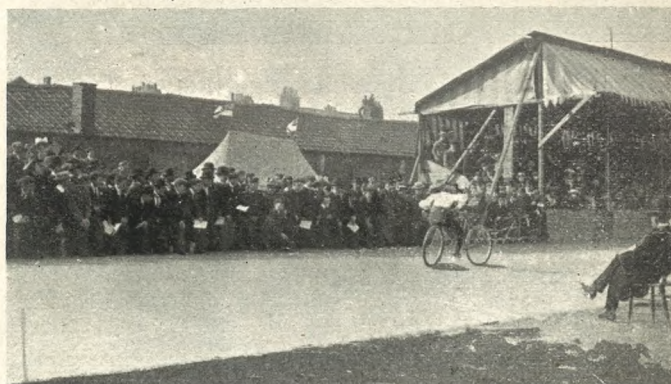
120 YARDS SCHOLARS' RACE (FINAL).  
Winner's Father Slightly Excited.



BALANCING ON FRONT OF MACHINE.



START IN FIVE MILES CHAMPIONSHIP.  
(Winner, Fred Stephens).



RIDING BACKWARD IN FRONT OF MACHINE.

Cheltenham.

Photos by T. Webley.

The Hon. and Rev. Talbot Rice, the new vicar of Swansea, preached in his new parish for the first time at St. James's Church on Sunday morning.

\*

A Chester correspondent announces that the wedding of Earl Beauchamp with Lady Lettice Grosvenor will take place at Eccleston Church, Chester, on July 26.

The Provost and Fellows of Oriel College, Oxford, have purchased a large portrait of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, painted by Mr. Tennyson-Cole.

\*

Archdeacon Sinclair has unveiled in the church of St. Peter-upon-Cornhill a tablet to the memory of the late Prebendary Whittington, rector of the church from 1867 to 1900.

Lady Florence Dixie celebrated her birthday on Saturday. She has explored part of Patagonia, and has since published her experiences in two books. She was a war correspondent during the first Boer war, and her book on Africa is entitled "In the Land of Misfortune." Lady Florence was a warm advocate of Cetewayo while he was in captivity.



CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, MAY 31, 1902.  
 ST. PETER'S BOYS' SCHOOL SPORTS, CHELTENHAM, MAY 10th, 1902.



LOCKE CLEARING 3FT. 5IN.



READY FOR HIGH JUMP.



CARTER JUMPING.



100 YARDS FLAT—START FOR FREE LANCE PRIZE.



LONSDALE JUMPING.



TANDY AND ATTWOOD (3FT. 2IN.).

Photos by Mr. Dyer.



THE WINNERS.

One of the Class Masters.



# CHELTENHAM WHEELERS' CYCLING CLUB.

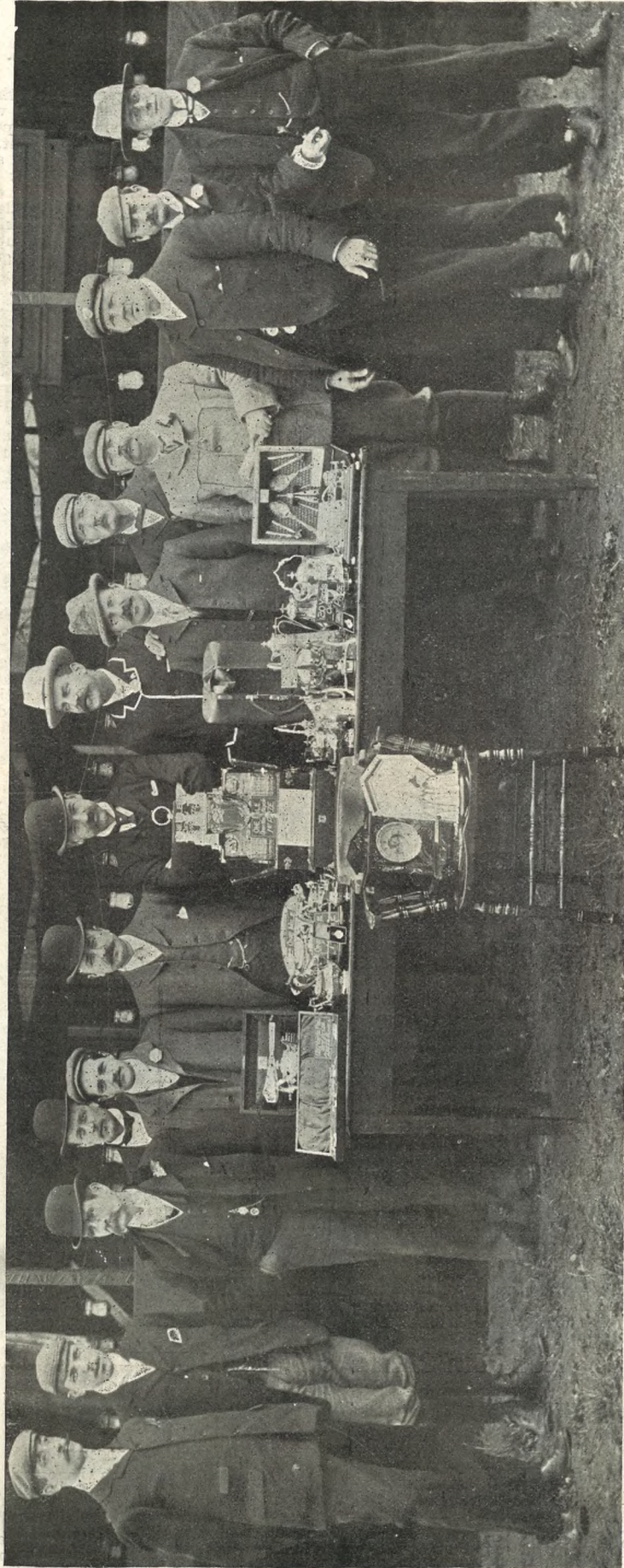


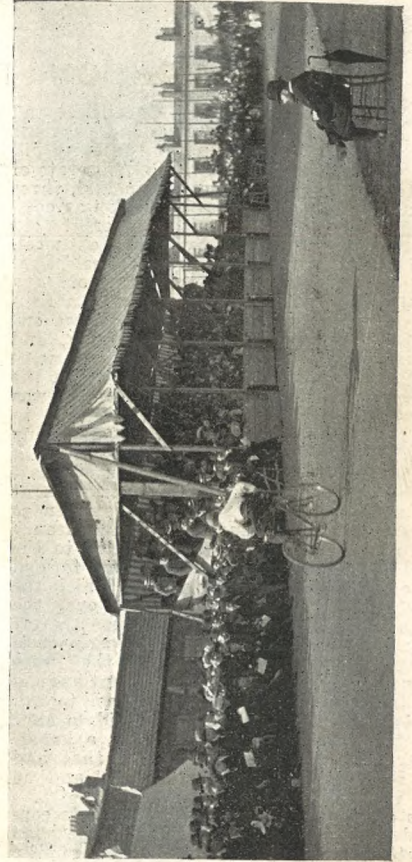
Photo by E. M. Bailey.

## Officials and Prizes at the Whit-Monday Sports.

Central Studio, Cheltenham.



Photos by J. Bailey.



Cheltenham.



PAST CORONATIONS.—Part IV.

CURIOUS LONDON PAGEANTS AND PROCESSIONS.—By JOSEPH MERRIN.

By way of London Bridge, Cheapside, and St. Paul's the Royal progresses and pageants were generally made. One of the early old London Bridges was built by Peter, curate of St. Mary Colechurch, who died in 1205, three or four years before his great work was completed. The cost of this wonderful old structure was defrayed by a tax on wool. Peter was one of the few great ecclesiastical architects of the Middle Ages of whom any record has been preserved. He built a London Bridge of wood before the celebrated one of stone, which rendered him famous, and both were preceded by others, which were swept away by battle, flood, or fire. Over the central or tenth arch of the stone bridge was built a chapel (St. Thomas a Beckett's) in the Early English style, with a corresponding crypt below, the ranges of windows in both looking over the river. The crypt was last used as a paper warehouse, and although at high water mark the floor was from ten to twelve feet under the surface, yet the masonry was so good that no damage resulted to the stored paper. A novel fish-pond was formed in the sterling of the long pier on which the chapel stood. When the tide was over the sterling fish, which then were pretty freely caught in the Thames, were carried in through grated bars, and at ebb they were left in the pool in the centre. Ardent anglers used to go down through the chapel to fish in this pond. Peter's tomb was said to have been discovered by a Mr. Baldwin, a haberdasher, who was born in a house that had been built over the ancient chapel, and he lived in it all his life.

One of the most remarkable incidents connected with old London Bridge was perhaps the attempted shutting off in 1387 of the entry into London of Wat Tyler and his commons by the Mayor, Sir W. Walworth, raising the drawbridge and opposing their crossing, which, however, was soon afterwards effected.

Among the numerous pageants which followed those already referred to was one in 1432, when Henry VI. returned from his coronation in France. Many allegorical figures were personated, and "wells" of good wine ran freely. Henry VII. after his victory at Bosworth was met by a grand procession of the authorities in London; and there was a brilliant display in 1487, on the Queen's coronation. A grand street exhibition was presented when Henry VIII., with his newly-married bride Queen Katherine, passed in triumph from the Tower to Westminster. On the order of the King, in preparation for the coronation of Anne Boleyn, the Mayor and his brethren in scarlet took part in an elaborate procession, which "presented a goodly sight for splendour," music at different points accompanying the wine-running of conduits—a strange contrast to the gloomy procession that afterwards led the Queen to death at the Tower.

CORONATION OF EDWARD VI.

A long record is given in the chronicles of the time of the passing through London of Edward VI. the day before his coronation. "The streets were well gravelled in every place, and from Gracechurch-street to the little conduit in Cheap rails were fixed on one side, within which stood the Crafts in their order, the Aldermen being at the termination of the line. On the other side of the streets in many places were stationed priests and clerks, with their crosses and censers, and in their best ornaments, to cense the King; and throughout all the way, on either side, the houses were garnished with cloths of tapestry, arras, cloth of gold, and cloth of silver, with cushions of the same; and streamers and banners, as richly as might be devised.

"The King left the Tower about one in the afternoon, and the order of procession was as followeth: The King's Messengers, two and two; Gentlemen, two and two; Strangers, Ambassadors' servants, two and



THE MONUMENT  
(From an Old Engraving.)

two; Trumpeters, clothed all in red damask, two and two; Chaplains without dignity; Gentlemen and Noblemen's sons upon stirring horses; the Barons after their estates; Bishops, Earls, Marquises and Dukes' younger sons; Earls, Marquises, and Dukes; the Comptroller of the Household and the Secretary of Venice; the Treasurer of the King's House and one of the Ambassadors of the Protestants; King's Almoner, with another Ambassador of the Protestants; Sir Wm. Paget, Secretary (of State), with Duke Philip of Almaine; the Lord Admiral, with one of the Scottish Ambassadors; the Lord Privy Seal, with another of the Scottish Ambassadors; the Great Master of the King's Household, with Poley Baron de la Grade of France; the Lord Chancellor, with the French King's Ambassadors; the Archbishop of Canterbury with the Emperor's Ambassadors; Sir Percival Hart, Knight Harbinger, bearing the King's cloak and hat; two gentlemen ushers, representing the two estates of Normandy and Guienne, clothed in robes of scarlet, furred with minever, with caps of state, carrying two mantles of scarlet velvet; Garter in the King's coat of Arms and the Mayor of London, carrying a mace; Serjeants of Arms, with their maces; the sword borne by the Constable of England, the Lord Marquis of Dorset; the Earl of Warwick, Lord Great Chamberlain of England; the Earl of Arundel, Lord Chamberlain, supplying the room as Earl Marshal, in lieu of the Lord Protector; a little before the King, on the left hand, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector;

THE KING'S ROYAL MAJESTY, walking a little before his canopy that the people might the better see his Grace, his Highness being richly apparelled with a gown of cloth of silver, all over embroidered with damask gold, with a girdle of white velvet wrought with Venice silver, garnished with precious stones, as rubies and diamonds, with true lovers' knots of pearls, a doublet of white velvet, according to the same, embroidered

with Venice silver, and garnished with like precious stones and pearls, a white velvet cap garnished with like stones and pearls, and a pair of buskins with white velvet. On his horse was a caparison of crimson satin, embroidered with pearls and damask gold. His Highness's Footmen, in their rich coats, going about his Grace on either side the canopy, which was borne by six Knights, with certain assistants to them; Sir Anthony Browne, Master of the Horse, leading a goodly courser of honour very richly trapped; nine Henchman, on nine goodly coursers, with saddles of state, riding bare-headed, apparelled in cassocks parted in the midst, one half cloth of gold, the other cloth of silver, and their horses trapped with like trappings of the same; Sir Francis Bryant, Master of the Henchmen, riding alone; Gentlemen and Grooms of the Privy Chamber, riding two and two; the Pensioners and Men-of-arms with their pole-axes, going on either side of the way on foot; the Captain of the Guard, riding alone; the Guard, five in a rank, on foot, with their halberds; all the Noblemen and Gentlemen's servants, going in order after the degrees and estates of their masters, on foot.

By the time the King's Highness was entered into Mark-lane, there was a very great peal of ordnance shot at the Tower. At Fenchurch-street was a scaffold, richly hung with cloth of arras, and therein divers singing men and children, singing and playing on the regalls as the King's Highness came by. At the conduit in Cornhill was a goodly pageant, hung and garnished with rich arras, whereon was put a proper conduit, which ran with fair sweet wine. On the same pageant were divers instruments and goodly singing; and two children richly apparelled pronounced to the King's Highness two poetical speeches, accompanied by singing a song embracing most of the sentiments of the modern "God save the King," the concluding verse of which has been given as follows:—

"Good Lord! in Heaven to Thee we sing,  
Grant our noble King to reign and spring,

From age to age

Like Solomon the sage.

Whom God preserve in peace and warre,  
And safely keep him from all danger."

Under the great conduit in Cheap were certain springs, out of which came plenty of wine, red and claret, descending through pipes into the street among the people, who for the space of six hours with great diligence fetched it away. There were pageants of children, richly clothed, representing Regality, Justice, Mercy, and Truth. There were also several other pageants and singing, of which we have only space for one verse:—

King Edward up springeth  
from puerility,  
And towards us bringeth  
joy and tranquility;  
Our hearts may be light,  
and merry our cheer,  
He shall be of such might  
that all the world may him fear.

AN ANCIENT BLONDIN.

After this was an exhibition of rope dancing by a foreigner, from the battlements of St. Paul's steeple to an anchor fixed near the gate of the Dean's house; and more runnings of conduits with wine, of which there were let run two hogsheads to the people "take who could." The last show was at Temple Bar, where were eight French trumpeters, with children singing. The record finishes with:—The cavalcade then proceeded without further interruption to Westminster.

ANOTHER OLD BLONDIN.

Queen Mary in 1553 was honoured by a pageant, when "One Peter, a Dutchman, stood on the weathercock of (Old) St. Paul's, holding in his hand a streamer five yards long, and, waving it, stood sometimes on one foot and shook the other, and then knelt on his



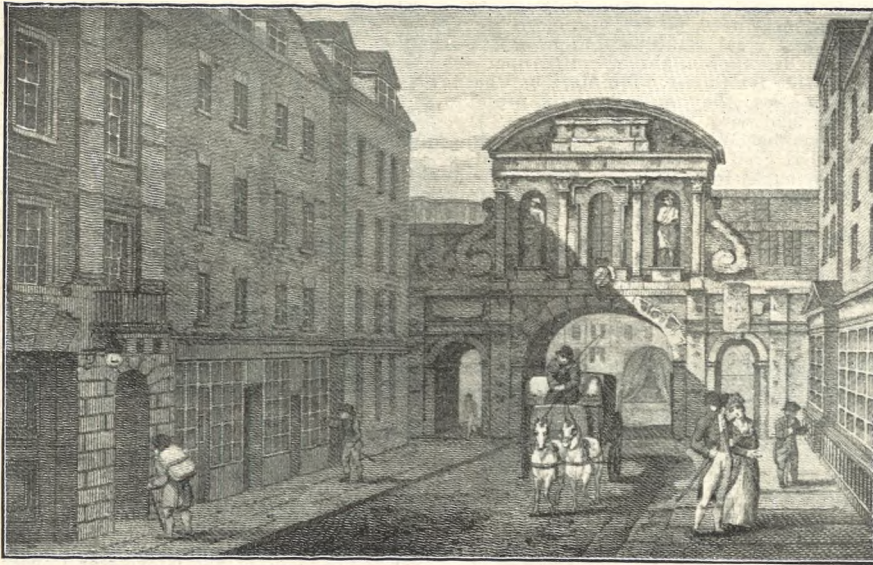
knees, to the great marvel of the people. The said Peter had £16 15s. 4d. given him by the City for his cost and pains, and for all his stuff," including two scaffolds he had had erected below.

The pageants of Queen Elizabeth were remarkable for the fact that the monarch herself took part in their exhibition, and mixed in the dialogue of the fictitious characters who addressed her, showing how well she understood the arts of popularity. The final exhibition was at Temple Bar, which was "finely dressed" with the two giants Got-

magot the Albion and Corinæus the Briton, who held a recapitulation of the pageantries in Latin and English, and one of the singing children, "attired as a poet," gave the Queen farewell in the name of the old city.

The pageantries of the Jameses and Charleses, of William, Anne, and the Georges need not be detailed. They differed but little from preceding displays, except, perhaps, that the feasting element became more conspicuous, and the pictorial and emblematic less poetic.

[CONCLUSION.]



OLD TEMPLE BAR (Removed from Fleet Street).



MR. E. W. BURGHAM,

of Lydney, drowned in a boating accident at Llanelly on May 27th after returning a fortnight ago safe from the war, as a Volunteer from the 2nd V.B. Gloucestershire Regiment.

WHITSUNTIDE SPORTS AT COOPER'S HILL.



WILLIAM BROOKES, Master of the Ceremonies.

\* Miss M. M. Godfrey, of The Greenway, Shurdington, who favours us with this snapshot, writes:—These games have taken place on Whit-Monday for over two hundred years. Though now shorn of their former glory, some of the old customs are carried out. The Master of the Ceremonies has a peculiar dress for the occasion—a white top-hat, this year decorated with Coronation ribbons, and a woman's smock, which is worn over his coat, and consequently has to be of huge dimensions. Said smock is raced for at the end of the evening by women. The chief sport now is the rolling of three or four cheeses down a steep part of the hill, which cheeses the men and boys race for. It appears to strangers to be a most dangerous game, but the hill people appear quite unconcerned. The present Master of the Ceremonies, William Brookes, whose portrait I enclose, tells me that he can remember when country dances of an intricate nature were danced on the top of the hill, and when ribbons were given as prizes. He showed me one that his mother had danced for. Boys would grin through a horse-collar, and the ugliest face got a prize, and all sorts of good-humoured horse-play went on. But the "old order changeth." The cyclist day has dawned. People can go far afield now for amusement, and rustic sports are no longer the only amusement open to a village. Even now the Cooper's Hill games attracted a great number of people, and I took this photograph in fear of being pushed down the hill with the cheeses by the pressure of the excited crowd.



Photo by J. W. A. Roylance,

Cheltenham.

Lansdown Station Ambulance Class (Monthly Practice).

A massive gun-metal cross and stained-glass memorial windows have been placed in the Royal Chapel, Windsor Great Park, to the memory of Major Prince Christian Victor, who died of enteric fever, at Pretoria, in Oct., 1900. An inscription states that the memorial has been placed there by his friends.

Mr. Thomas Kingstone, a Wiltshire resident, has died and left an estate of £89,000 net. He gives less than £5,000 in private legacies, and leaves the balance to religious societies, £63,000 of it to go to the promotion of "decided Low Church Evangelical principles."

Mr. Bailey is selling excellent, full-size copies of the Cheltenham Wheelers' Cycling Club at 2s. 6d. each.

\* The Bishop of Peterborough's medical advisers on Monday sanctioned his removal from Milton, but ordered him absolute rest for some months.



## Tour of Our Churches.

\* \* \*

### ST. MARY'S, TEMPLE GUITING.

Pleasantly situated on a little eminence, and separated from the village by the local mansion and its grounds, is the Parish Church of Temple Guiting. If this parish were at all thickly populated it would be in a position to demand a voice in the affairs of the country, as its area is nearly 6,000 acres—a thousand more than the civil parish and borough of Cheltenham. In addition to its own township, it contains five hamlets, and the population of the whole is but 411. In the local vernacular, "there is plenty of land about." The church of St. Mary is a good plain building, in the Early English style of architecture, possessing few points of special interest. Its most noticeable feature is the massive embattled western tower, with pinnacles. One would think its builders started it on such a colossal scale with the idea of running a great height; but perhaps funds, materials, or labour ran short, and they stopped at about eighty feet. It contains a clock and five bells. The church itself consists of a chancel, nave, north transept, and entrance porch—the latter added at a restoration some sixteen years ago. The furniture and sittings are all well appointed. It has a good oak roof, which, "singular to say" I was going to write, up to the restoration was hidden with lath and plaster. But I suppose this was not singular, as at one time Puritan ecclesiastics seemed to plaster over everything worth looking at. In one window in the nave are three good old panel figures, and there is some tinted glass in the chancel. The east window is small. On the wall of the north transept is a marble tablet to the memory of the Rev. the Hon. George Talbot, vicar up to 1782, and who did much for the church; and there is a tablet to members of the Beale-Browne family. A north doorway was discovered at the restoration, and to this the porch was built, the entrance previously having been through the tower. On the walls are many banneret and other texts.

Some people say that these Cotswold Hills are so healthy, the inhabitants never die; but I noticed the "God's Acre" was being enlarged, so they have deaths sometimes.

I attended a special friendly society service there the other day. A good congregation assembled. "The Hymnal Companion was used; and "All people that on earth do dwell." to the Old Hundredth tune, appropriately commenced the sacred proceedings. The vicar conducted the Divine Offices, and read the lesson in an impressive manner. His good lady was at the harmonium, and the Canticles were well chanted, though at rather a slow pace. The Psalms were read. The eastern position was not noticed.

The preacher was the incumbent of a neighbouring parish, and he took for his text Gal. vi., 10—"As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men." He said his was a pleasant duty that morning. The object of friendly societies was a good one, and one to which every right-thinking man would wish God-speed. Some such societies existed in Athens 300 years B.C., and later the Normans had their burial societies and the Saxons their guilds. He had not lived in that neighbourhood for three years without seeing some of the good done by the Ford and similar societies. He gave the members a hearty welcome to that service. "As they had opportunity, let them do good unto all men." God gave them a charge to keep, duties to perform, time and opportunities. If they neglected them they would have to say, in the words of the Old Testament, "While Thy servant was busy here and there they were gone." God never gave them back their yesterdays; the chances they missed would await them at the Judgment Day. Some of them had not given their hearts to God; they were going to reform by-and-bye; but perhaps they would have to look back upon misspent lives, and say "While Thy servant was busy it was gone." That was the day of salvation;

they must turn from the dangerous path while they had time, and use their opportunities in doing good. God sent all of them into the world to do good, and they could do best by setting examples of consistent, Christian lives. Parents especially should set good examples to their children. Sons and daughters grew up and went east, west, north, and south, and some parents then awoke to the fact that whilst they had been busy they were gone—the parents had lost their opportunities. Some argued that it did not matter what they did; but every little act bore fruit either for good or evil—there was nothing wholly insignificant in the world. They left some mark on everything they did or said, and great results might arise from it. That day they might be called upon to take the side for Christ. Temptations would be sure to arise; they might hear the profane laugh, the bad word, the unseemly joke. They must remember Whose they were. All members of that good society should show others what they ought to do. The weakest of them could do good to their fellow men by the kind word, the loving look. A little warning, a little prayer, might save a soul.

The short discourse was full of good advice. The members of the society seemed to pay rapt attention to the preacher, and I hope they profited by his words.

"God Save the King" was heartily sung, and after the Benediction the members reformed in procession and marched from the sacred building to the strains of a band of music. CHURCHMAN.



## Gloucestershire Gossip.

Our Yeomanry have proved themselves at Badminton no mere feather-bed soldiers, and they are now in civilian life once more, and can sleep comfortably and contentedly. It is encouraging to find there is a confident anticipation that wherever the camp is held next year—and some already say it will be on Salisbury Plain—the regiment will muster in still stronger force than it did this year. I am pleased that the infant Marquis of Worcester is in early training for the colonelcy of the R.G.H., which has been held by the head of the Somersets in direct succession from his great grandfather. His baby lordship, even from his perambulator, invariably saluted a Yeoman as he passed, and all ranks were only too delighted to return it. The young Marquis also toddled about carrying a toy gun. It was a pretty sight to see him, with his mother, the Duchess, give the military salute to the regiment as they returned from church on Sunday. I never thought the regiment would be left out in the cold at the Coronation celebrations in London, and anyone who had doubts on the point will doubtless be reassured to be told that it will send a quota of some two dozen picked men to do duty in the streets. With the sale and removal of 60,000 feet run of timber used for camping purposes Badminton Park will soon be "as it were."

\* \* \*

In two successive years, and in the spring-time, too, a brother of two separate Yorkshire noblemen has died suddenly in the north-east corner of Gloucestershire when temporarily visiting it. It is but a coincidence, but one, I think, not without interest. I allude to the death last week of the Hon. Cecil Duncombe, brother of the Earl of Feversham, when staying at Toddington House; and the romantic end last year of the young and eccentric Hon. Eric Lascelles, brother of the Earl of Harewood, in his showman's van at Willersey. The late Mr. Duncombe was a great uncle of Viscount Helmsley, the present heir to the family title, who, it may be mentioned, spent many years of his minority with his widowed mother in residence at Cirencester.

Of the mystic letters "A.M.C." we shall doubtless hear a great deal between now and next Whitsuntide, when Cheltenham will receive with open arms what I hope I may call "A Merry Crowd" of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows. Many years ago a cynical politician said that if a Conservative working man could be found he ought to be put under a glass case as a curiosity. Well, our big glass house in Imperial-square will in 1903 house over "six hundred" conservative (in the non-political and non-party sense of the word) working men gathered to transact the annual business of their great and beneficent friendly society. It is a decided compliment to the county that in the short space of 15 years the Oddfellows should have twice fixed their Annual Moveable Committee meeting within its boundaries, also that the High Court of the Ancient Order of Foresters should have been held in it. It will be interesting to know how many among next year's delegates were present at the last A.M.C. in the Garden Town in the year 1868. I think I have said before in these columns that, if it were possible for the Oddfellows and Foresters to adapt their rules to the more equitable and sound financial ones of the Holloway societies, they would both make even greater headway in the world and certainly in this county, which swears by the late George Holloway in matters of thrift. At all events, I remember bringing the subject before one of the Grand Masters and some of the officials when the A.M.C. was held at Gloucester, and that they courteously pointed out to me what they considered the chief difficulties against it.

\* \* \*

I am delighted to hear that the young Lord Dunsany is going to keep up at least a political interest in the county by becoming a vice-president of the Gloucester Conservative Club. His father, who represented the Thornbury Division in Parliament, had a very high opinion of this establishment, and on more than one occasion he testified to the great assistance it rendered him in his electoral campaigns, more especially in the Forest of Dean Division. The late noble lord was the only public speaker I ever heard eulogized. It was at a great Conservative meeting at the Shire-hall on September 16th, 1885, when, as the Hon. John Plunkett, he spoke in his racy and telling style, after the Right Hon. David Plunkett, now Lord Rathmore. The audience were charmed with the orations of these two brilliant Irishmen, and they wanted to, and did, hear more of the Hon. John.

GLEANER.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 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.

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

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

The competition is open to the county, and the name of the successful competitor will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

The winner of the 73rd competition is Mr. T. Webley, of 22 Sun-street, Cheltenham, with his Whitsuntide sports series.

Entries for the 74th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, May 31st, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.