

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 79.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1902

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HIGH STREET, CHELTENHAM.



Photo by S. Shovelton,

Cheltenham.

HIGH STREET, CHELTENHAM

(From Winchcombe Street Corner.)

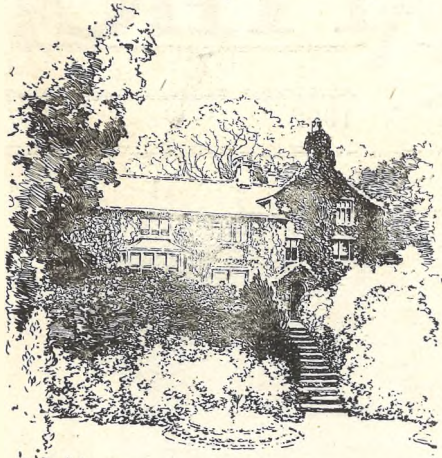
Major R. J. Marker, D.S.O., Coldstream Guards, who accompanied Colonel Hubert Hamilton, D.S.O., A.D.C., on his mission of conveying to England the document containing the peace terms, arrived at his home at Honiton on Monday evening, and was accorded a public reception. The streets of the town were decorated in his honour, and he was drawn in a carriage, preceded by the Volunteer band, to the town hall, where the corporation presented him with an address of welcome and congratulation.

To perpetuate the memory of the late Lord Wantage, Lord Lieutenant of Berks, a large stone bench, surmounted by a cross (from designs supplied by Lady Wantage), has been erected at Ardington. It bears the inscription, "Erected by the parishioners of Ardington in grateful remembrance of Robert James, Lord Wantage, V.C., K.C.B., their friend and benefactor, 1902." On one side are the words "Alma" and "Inkerman," surmounted by the Victoria Cross, and on the other side Lord Wantage's crest.

The Homes and Haunts of Famous Authors.

*
I.—WORDSWORTH.

By CANON RAWNSLEY, M.A.
(Author of "Literary Associations of the English Lakes," etc.)



Rydal Mount

William Wordsworth's first home was the substantial house at Cockermonth with its pillared gateway flush with the main street, and its wall-enclosed garden and orchard running at the back of the house to a terrace and terrace-wall overlooking the Derwent.

He was born here on April 7th, 1770, and spent his happy childhood here with intermittent visits to Penrith till 1783, when the home was broken up on the death of his father, and Cockermonth knew him no more. But the scenes of that Cockermonth home haunted him all his life. The Derwent murmuring "its own undersong" had "flowed among" his "dreams" when he was a babe in arms. He never forget the delight of visiting the bird's nest in the privet hedge at the bottom of the garden; that privet hedge is still growing there. He ever remembered how he and his sister Dorothy, his "darling Emmeline," as he called her, together with him, "chased the butterfly" or clomb together up to the wall-flower tufts upon the ruined walls of Cockermonth Castle, nor how as a lad he had "basked and bathed alternate" all a summer day, and raced naked through the yellow rag-wort in the great mill-dam meadow, that lay just across the river. At some part of his early days after leaving Cockermonth, he lived in a cottage at Keswick, in care of a worthy dame, but neither cottage nor name of his caretaker are extant. Before his father's death the motherless lad—for his mother died in 1778—was sent to Hawkshead School. The cottage, or rather the two cottages, where he dwelt are still to be seen. The name of that "old dame so kind and motherly," Ann Tyson, was always held in kindest memory by the poet:—

"The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew
Upon thy grave, good creature! While my heart
Can beat, never will I forget thy name."
What Hawkshead was to Wordsworth, as "fair seed-time" for his soul, only those can learn who will read the "Prelude" and see how it and all its surroundings, "So beautiful among the pleasant fields," made him to Nature and to Nature's God "a dedicated spirit." There is the Hawkshead Vale,
"From Nature and her overflowing soul
He had received so much, that all his thoughts
Were steeped in feeling."

Thence the poet went to Cambridge, and Penrith was his chief home and haunt during his undergraduate career. In 1794 he came back from wandering on the Continent, and from a Paris red still with blood and maddened with revolution to the quiet scenes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. It was then that Dorothy, his sister, charmed him back from wild unsettled ways and moods of mind to his real work in life, the work of a poet and philosopher, and as he says,

"Maintained for him a saving intercourse
With his true self."

THE FIRST HOME OF HIS OWN.

A legacy of £900 from Raisley Calvert, who had realised the worth of Wordsworth's first published poems, "Descriptive Sketches," and "An Evening Walk," enabled him now to set up a home for himself and for his dear, dear sister, and they two went down into Dorset and settled at Racedown Lodge in the autumn of 1795. It was a pleasant place enough. There was a good garden round the house, long undulating hills and moorland for walks in quiet air, with a far-off view of the grey-blue sea.

Here for two years in the first home of his own he worked at his "high calling," and readers of the first book of the "Excursion," who remembered the story of Margaret, one of the most pathetic sketches from life Wordsworth ever wrote, will be grateful to Racedown and its quietude, for it was at Racedown that he composed this, calling it then "The Ruined Cottage," and altering the title afterwards. Here too, at Racedown, were written the poems, "The Borderers" and "Guilt and Sorrow." Two years later, in 1797, Wordsworth left Racedown Lodge for Alfoxden, in Somerset, that he might be neighbour to S. T. Coleridge, who was then living at Nether Stowey.

"We are three miles from Stowey," writes Dorothy, "and two miles from the sea. Wherever we turn we have woods, smooth downs, and valleys with small brooks running down them through green meadows hardly ever intersected with hedgerows and scattered over with trees. The hills that cradle these valleys are either covered with fern and bilberries or oak woods, which are cut out for charcoal. Walks extend for miles over the hill tops, the great beauty of which is their wild simplicity." They are perfectly smooth, without rocks.

It was in this beautiful Quantock country that Wordsworth and Coleridge determined upon the volume of Lyrical Ballads to which Coleridge contributed "The Ancient Mariner." Such poems as "We are Seven," "Expostulation and Reply," "It is the First Mild Day of March," "Simon Lee," and other poems were here written, and through nearly all of them one can see that though in body Wordsworth is in the Quantock Hills, in soul he is in the Lake country; but the great poem that belongs to Alfoxden time was the last one written in June of 1798, the "Lines on Tintern Abbey."

In September of that same year, 1798, the poet left Somerset for ever, and after a journey to Germany, and a winter at Goslar, we find Wordsworth back in England, and wandering in the Yorkshire dales. As the light of the shortest day of the year, St. Thomas's Day, 1799, faded, Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy entered the tiny cottage which had once been the ale-house with the sign of the Dove and Olive Bough, at the foot of the steep old road that led from Grasmere over the White Moss to Rydal. That cottage, Dove Cottage, or Town-end Cottage, as it was sometimes called, was to be their home for the next eight years. De Quincey has well described the cottage thus:—

DOVE COTTAGE.

"A little semi-vestibule between two doors prefaced the entrance into what might be considered the principal room of the cottage. It was an oblong square, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad; very prettily wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carv-

ing. One window there was—a perfect and unpretending cottage window—with little diamond panes, embowered at almost every season of the year with roses, and, in the summer and autumn, with a profusion of jasmine and other fragrant shrubs. From the exuberant luxuriance of the vegetation around it, this window, though tolerably large, did not furnish a very powerful light to one who entered from the open air. . . . I was ushered up a little flight of stairs, fourteen in all, to a little drawing-room, or what-ever the reader chooses to call it. Wordsworth himself has described the fireplace of this room as his

"Half kitchen and half parlour fire."

It was not fully seven feet six inches high, and in other respects pretty nearly of the same dimensions as the rustic hall below. There was, however, in a small recess, a library of perhaps three hundred volumes, which seemed to consecrate this room as the poet's study and composing room, and such occasionally it was.

"About four o'clock it might be when we arrived. At that hour in November the daylight soon declined, and in an hour and a half we were all collected about the tea-table.

"This with the Wordsworths, under the simple rustic system of habits which they cherished then and for twenty years after, was the most delightful meal of the day, just as dinner is in great cities, and for the same reason, because it was prolonged into a meal of leisure and conversation. That night I found myself, about eleven o'clock, in a pretty bedroom, about fourteen feet by twelve. Much I feared that this might turn out the best room in the house; and it illustrates the hospitality of my new friends to mention that it was. . . .

"Next morning I found Miss Wordsworth making breakfast in the little sitting-room. No one was there, no glittering breakfast service; a kettle boiled upon the fire; and everything was in harmony with these unpretending arrangements.

"I rarely had seen so humble a menage; and, contrasting the dignity of the man with this honourable poverty, and this courageous avowal of it, his utter absence of all effort to disguise the simple truth of the case, I felt my admiration increased."

In this cottage, or in the cottage-garden, that "orchard-garden eminently fair," which was Wordsworth's study and recreation ground in one, were written "Hartleap Well," "The Green Linnet," "The Brothers," "Michael," "The Daffodils," "The Leech Gatherer," "The Ode on Immortality," the conclusion of "The Prelude," the beginning of "The Excursion"; and it is not too much to say that the years of poetic work in that humble cottage were the years that established Wordsworth's fame and gave him his abiding rank in English literature.

To that cottage he brought his wife, Mary Hutchinson, in 1802, and there the children were born. It is true that Coleorton was lent them in the winter of 1806 because, though they could manage to live in Dove Cottage during the summer time, when Wordsworth could work out of doors, and when the sleepers could open their tiny diamond-paned windows, they could not find air room enough in winter time; but Coleorton, though its garden and grounds were much thought of by Wordsworth, never laid—except for the real regard he had for Sir George and Lady Beaumont—"strong hold on his affection."

It is ever to Dove Cottage we turn, when we think of the real home and haunt of Wordsworth. It was here where his best work was done, and where his great gospel of plain living and high thinking was first preached. In 1808, the family, having outgrown Dove Cottage, removed to Allan Bank. For the next three years they dwelt there with much sight of De Quincey, who had succeeded them in occupancy of Dove Cottage, and much visiting of S. T. Coleridge, who was busy with his publication of "The Friend." Here he composed the bulk of "The Excursion."



CROSS ROADS, SHIPTON.



SHIPTON SOLLARS CHURCH.

Cheltenham.

Photos by Captain Shakespear.



RYDAL MOUNT.

In 1811 they moved from Allan Bank to the Parsonage of Grasmere, opposite the old Church of St. Oswald's. It was a sad move for them. Within six months two of their beloved children were born: from the Vicarage door across the road to the churchyard, and the sorrow for the loss of Catherine and little Thomas was so great that the parents were driven from Grasmere in hope of "recovering that equanimity of mind" which was necessary to their work in life. So in 1813 the Wordsworths left Grasmere, which had been their sanctuary during rather more than thirteen years, for the quiet and seclusion of Rydal Mount. There in the pretty old house, with its quaint round chimneys, which the poet always delighted in, with its clump of guardian spruces at the gate, its laburnum showering gold, its roses and clematis and ivy climbing up the house front, its quaint steps and winding paths, its double terrace, its moss-bound shed, its garden gate giving entrance to the Shepherd's path beneath Nab Scar, its rocks well fit for a water-drinking bard, its sloping orchard and oaken grove, its Dora's field clad each spring with jocund daffodils, did the poet work on. Here in 1843 did he after much hesitation receive by wish of our late Queen that laurel wreath fresh from the brow of his old friend, Robert Southey. Here he wrote many of his Ecclesiastical Sonnets, the "Ode to Lycoris," "The Longest Day," "The Haunted Tree," "Cuckoo Clock," "The Clouds," "The Mountain Echo," "The Parrot and the Wren," some of the "Poems on the Naming of Places," and that touching sonnet on Wansfell. But doubtless the poem which best describes the home of his later years and old age is the "Evening Voluntary." One can never look across from Rydal garden to the Crinkle Crags without remembering the lines,

"Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
Present a glorious scale
Climbing suffused with sunny air
To stop—no record hath told where!
And tempting fancy to ascend
And with immortal spirits blend."

Hence he saw her daughter Dora pass, as a bride, to her home beneath Loughrigg Fell, and hence in 1850, as the cuckoo clock struck noon of April 23, after having made it his home for thirty-seven years, he went unto a better home—the Heavenly, went home to Dora.

Wordsworth went home to Dora, but he left behind his "dear, dear sister," that sister to whom we really owe it that he devoted his life to the high calling of a poet. For five more years the faint life flickered on: the villagers at Rydal know that Miss Dorothy at infernals mourned for her brother

and would not be comforted. The "wild lights" that in the old Tintern Abbey days were seen shooting in those clear eyes had long since faded, and she had ceased to care for the song of her favourite robin, or the sight of beast or bird; the lawn a carpet all alive with shadow-dance no more moved her; she had long forgotten the nodding daffodils that tossed their heads and seemed to feel "such jocund company" for one another beside the Ullswater Lake. Her body, worn out by those over long and over arduous walks with the poet over vale and fell in her younger days—her swift mind tired out with the constant efforts to stimulate and help her brother in former time, were now but wrecks of what they once had been. But her influence on the mind or imagination of the Rydal folk still remained, and thus they spoke sadly of her as "faculty-struck poor thing," and the village children stopped in their play and gazed upon the bathchair as it was wheeled along, and whispered beneath their breath that that was "Miss Dorothy." They always seemed to have associated her in their memories with health and vigour, and would speak of her as "walking out wi' Mr. Wudswuth i' all widders and at all times yo kna, efter dark, gaain' wi' lantern i' hand reet round Rydal water and back by Pelter Bridge and so hoam agean." And to this day those long companionships of the poet on his daily and nocturnal walks are told of in the Rydal Vale. To this day also do they seem to believe, as they express it in their rough Doric, "She"—that is Dorothy—"was the cleverest man of the two at his job." They believe that though Wordsworth did a deal of "bumming and booin'" as he went along the road, it was Miss Dorothy who put the bummings and the booin' into shape, and gave us the finished poems.

Dorothy died in her eighty-third year in 1855, and was laid to rest beside the brother of her heart in Grasmere churchyard, and still there lingered at Rydal Mount the venerable mistress of the home. "That phantom of delight, when first she burst upon her lover's sight, that woman nobly planned to guide, to comfort, to command," outlived the poet's sister, and dwelt on in such calm and gentle resignation that it might have been written of her,

"That an old age serene and bright
And lovely as a Lapland night
Had led her to the grave."

In the larger personalities of Wordsworth and Dorothy, this gentle spirit, this true helpmeet, has been somewhat forgotten. It has for our later generation at any rate been left to the kindness of an American, Ellis Yarnall, to tell us how tender and sympathetic and keen of mind, up to the last, the mistress of Rydal was. Anyone with his "Recollections of Wordsworth and the Cole-

ridges" in hand will feel how worthily she must needs have been a complement of the poet. How she not only honoured and realised the worth of his work, but how by her simplicity of life and her practical knowledge of household ways she helped to maintain his health, which needed such care in the earlier married days, and cheered those later days when, though the poet's health was vigorous, his eyesight greatly troubled him. "He niver knew what he hed or what he was wuth, she manashed iverthing, terrible clivver woman about a hoose noo was Mrs. Wudswuth, and kind to poor fowk an aw." Such was the memory she left behind her among the village folk—this gentle, kindly helpmeet, "steady in her excess of love," who, though she cared for practical matters, and the economies of housekeeping, was nevertheless in her own way a poet, and looked on things with "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude," which she herself has immortalised by her suggestion of the line in the Daffodil poem. She passed to her rest honoured by all who knew her, in 1859, and lies at rest by her husband's side and by the side of her beloved sister-in-law in the Grasmere churchyard.

Next week:—"Scott," by Andrew Lang.

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



The death is announced of Mr. Rowland Maclaren, J.P., formerly chairman of the Llanelly bench of magistrates, and a tin-plate manufacturer. After retiring from business he had lived at Ilfracombe, where he died on Sunday.



A quartermaster-sergeant named Evans, of the permanent staff of the Pembroke Artillery Militia, in training at Fort Hubberston, Milford Haven, blew out his brains on Monday. He leaves a widow and four children.



Dr. Parkhurst, the famous leader of the great civic reform movement in New York, was in the lobby of the House of Commons on Monday, and was introduced to the Chamber by Mr. John Redmond.



The offices of physician and assistant physician to the London Fever Hospital in the Liverpool-road, the former vacant by the premature death of Dr. Washbourn, C.M.G., will be immediately filled up by the committee.

Prize Photography.

CORONATION AMATEUR PRIZE.

The Coronation special amateur prize of a guinea has been divided between Miss Ethel Wheeler and Mr. Jesse Price with their Cleeve Hill and Tewkesbury pictures respectively.

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.

Entries for the 78th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, July 5th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

* * *

FREEDOM OF SPEECH!

A scene unparalleled for violence in the history of the Maidenhead Town Council occurred at Monday night's meeting. Ald. Cox, J.P., in calling the attention of the Council to some alleged imputations of grossly dishonourable conduct made upon himself and three other aldermen by Councillor Hobbis in a local paper, delivered a long and violent speech, in the course of which he said Mr. Hobbis had written a "black and scurrilous lie and deserved even a worse punishment than that of Ananias." If it were not for the law, he would "reinstate an old custom carried out on the backs of scoundrels and publicly horsewhip the writer of such scurrility." The mayor's appeal for order being ignored, his worship left the chair and was followed by the deputy-mayor and many other members, amid a scene of great confusion. Less than a quorum being left, he business could not be proceeded with. Councillor Hobbis said he withdrew nothing, and challenged Alderman Cox to appeal to the ratepayers.

* * *

THE QUARTER'S REVENUE.

The Treasury on Monday night issued an account of the total revenue of the United Kingdom for the first quarter of the financial year ended on Monday. The total revenue was £35,095,081, compared with £29,631,275 in the corresponding period of last year, being a net increase of £5,463,806. Of the total revenue customs produced £8,004,698, increase £2,777,495; excise £8,196,767, increase £964,319; estate, etc., duties £5,072,187, increase £606,302; stamps £2,120,000, increase £160,000; land tax £75,000, same as last year; house duty £465,000, increase £40,000; property and income tax £6,920,000, increase £880,000; Post-office £2,730,000, increase £110,000; telegraph service £870,000, increase £40,000; Crown lands £110,000, same as last year; receipts from Suez Canal shares and sundry loans £8,134,000, decrease £652; miscellaneous £523,295, decrease £113,658. To local taxation accounts the following sums were paid from the total of the respective sources of revenue named: Customs £51,698, increase £5,495; excise £746,767, increase £94,319; estate, etc., duties £1,152,187, decrease £3,698. With these exceptions the whole revenue was paid into the Exchequer.

* * *

A Sittingbourne telegram states that the first consignment of Kentish cherries was marketed on Monday in grand condition.



Photo by Jesse Price,

Tewkesbury.

SINGING "GOD SAVE THE KING" AT TEWKESBURY CROSS.

The Coronation festivities were superseded by an intercessory service in the Abbey for the recovery of the King. After the service the Mayor and Corporation and inhabitants adjourned to the Cross, where they sang "God Save the King."



Photo by Miss Ethel Wheeler.

Cheltenham.

PREPARING CORONATION BONFIRE ON CLEEVE HILL.

Besides conferring the Order of the Handed-Osmani upon the King, the Sultan has decorated Queen Alexandra with the Nishan-i-Sadakat, an Order specially created by the Sultan for ladies belonging to Imperial or Royal families. Its only present foreign members are the Tsaritzza and the German Empress. The insignia of both Orders were despatched to London by a special messenger after the departure of the mission to attend the Coronation.

There was a large and fashionable assembly on Monday afternoon at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, to witness the marriage of Mr. Ian Zachary Malcolm, M.P. for the Stowmarket Division of Suffolk, eldest son of Colonel E. D. Malcolm, C.B., late R.E., and Miss Jeanne Langtry, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Langtry, of Jersey, and Mrs. De Bathe, of 15 Tedworth-square, Chelsea, S.W. (well-known in the theatrical world as Mrs. Langtry).

Cheltenham Challenge Cup Cricket Match.

ALL SAINTS' (Holders) v. CAVENDISH, JUNE 21st.



THE RIVAL CAPTAINS—FRANK TIBBITS (CAVENDISH) AND CHAS. KETTLE (ALL SAINTS).

Photos by R. H. Martyn,



ALL SAINTS' TEAM.

From left to right:—F. Ryland, C. Kettle, A. Hughes, G. Prewer, B. Shurmer, F. Smith, W. F. Wintour, H. Wells, C. Beacham, and J. Shurmer.



"HALF TIME."

Cheltenham.

Tour of Our Churches.

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PARISH CHURCH, CUTSDEAN.

The parish of Cutsdean is a small portion of Worcestershire dropped on the Cotswold Hills, and is entirely surrounded by Gloucestershire. I cycled there a Sunday or so back, and attended service at the little Parish Church, the living of which is held by Rev. H. Cavendish Browne, of far Bredon, but who arranges for duty to be done by the vicar of the neighbouring parish of Temple Guiting. It has a small Norman chapel, with little pretension to architectural features, and consists of chancel, nave, and embattled western tower with pinnacles; but in a gale a short time back—and they do get gales on these hills, too—one upper corner of the tower, including one of the pinnacles, was blown down, and there the stones remain, placed against the foot of the structure.

The interior of the building is neat, but very plain, and the heart of an archaeologist would find nothing to delight in. It was restored in the year of the marriage of our present King. The east window is of stained glass, as are two of the lights in the nave, but the work is not good. Colour there is in plenty, but that is all one can say of it. There are two brasses to members of the very prolific Smith family.

The 80 or 100 sittings were nearly all full. The minister read the prayers, etc., in an earnest, God-fearing manner, and his recital of Ruth's constancy to Naomi, "entreat me not to leave thee," in the first lesson, was a very tender bit of elocution. The Psalms

were read, but the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were chanted fairly well, but at a slow pace. The local schoolmistress was at the harmonium. The first hymn was "Lead, kindly Light," sung to a curious tune, which detracted from the beauty of the words, it being not near so appropriate as the well-known one. "There is a fountain filled with blood" having been sung, the preacher ascended the pulpit, and as this was in rather a dark corner of the church, he took a match from his pocket, struck it, and lit the candles, which proceeding would rather have shocked the susceptibilities of members of a congregation in fashionable Cheltenham.

The discourse was on the first lesson, which had been previously read. The minister was rather severe on Naomi for wishing to leave her home because of a little trouble, saying it gave evidence of a bad spirit on the part of anyone who wished to run away from a place because a little trial had overtaken them. He said persons were too fond of giving up spiritual for worldly advantages. A residence was often chosen for the variety of scenery around it, or for the air of fashion of the neighbourhood, the command of their Lord, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven," being little attended to. The queries of a Christian person should be, "Shall I benefit my soul by this transit of my body?" "Shall I hear God's word faithfully proclaimed?" "Shall I obtain food for my soul, as well as food for my body?" Ruth knew that Naomi, once rich, was reduced to poverty, and this daughter-in-law's love was perfectly disinterested. Naomi's love for her young kinswomen was of an earthly nature; she cared more for their worldly welfare than for the

good of their souls, and she entreated them to return to their idolatrous friends; she was more anxious to provide husbands for them than to save their souls. Orpah wept, but she went back. Many persons now-a-days wept, but it was only in consequence of a mere passing impression—they went back to their sins again. There never was a truly happy backslider; "There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked." Jesus entreated all to come back, and if there were any such in that building that afternoon the preacher said to them, "Come back now, and you shall receive a very hearty welcome from the Saviour." They must not believe Satan, who would tell them they had gone too far to come back.

"My God, my Father, while I stray" was sung, and as I came from the service and looked around on the lovely country, most beautiful in its summer garb, I could not help but think that one might live in a worse place than Cutsdean. It is a pretty village, has a nice church, with a good and earnest minister, far from the madding crowd, and just the place for a spell of complete quietude. CHURCHMAN.

The Antarctic explorer, M. Borchgrevink, has arrived in London from Martinique, having investigated the volcanic conditions there.

* * *

James Gregson, sixty-seven, a freeman of the city of Lancaster, was on Sunday overcome by the excessive heat, and died in a few moments.

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GREAT MEN AND NATIONAL PROGRESS.

By DEAN FARRAR.

Not national progress only, but the progress of the whole race of man, is in chief measure due to Great Men. They are but as units in the millions, but the millions benefit immeasurably by the exceptional genius of the units. It would not take very long to mention all the supremely great men who have influenced the world, not in one but in many regions of Art, Science, and the whole realm of human thought. Let us consider

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

It is summed up in the words—"He went about doing good." The emphasis is on the latter portion of the phrase. The going about is as much an accident of His ministry, as the special trade of carpenter of His life at Nazareth. But the *doing good* ought to be the acknowledged object and ideal of human life. The rule of conduct which we learn from our Lord is this—"By love serve one another." It is most necessary to insist on this, because the selfishness of human nature, invading even the sphere of religion, has too much concentrated the duties of life in individualism—"Ich dien," I am among you as he that *serveth*—is the motto of every true life; and there is much insight in the simple prayer which is daily offered in some religious communities, "O God, grant that this day I may be useful to someone." Our life is dwarfed and maimed if we are only expanding selfishness to infinitude by *confining* our life to our personal interests and emotions. The lives of *very* many are useless, frivolous, and egotistical; the lives of *very* many are wasted and self-ruined by their own violent passions. The lives of some are like mere poison and pestilence to all about them. It is the lives of the few only which are noble and unselfish, just and merciful, generous and brave, pure and true. It is the main curse of most lives that they only think of *self* and only live for *self*.

But we are members one of another, we belong to a collective human brotherhood united in the immense solidarity of man. Everyone who has rightly used his special gifts is, in his measure, a benefactor of mankind. The human race owes to such men its eternal gratitude, and gladly places them among the number

"Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity
In deeds of daring rectitude; in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self
So shall we join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

Think of the

GREAT PAINTERS.

Giotto designs his allegorical figures in the Chapel of Padua, and we still learn the lessons about vice and virtue he meant to learn. Fra Angelico fills his canvas with vernal colourings and angel wings, and as we gaze on them our soul is chastened by visions of innocence and elevated by glimpses of heaven.

Raphael takes up his magic pencil and we are illuminated with new conceptions of the divine ideal of motherhood and infancy. Turner, his imagination transfigured by the glory, the wonder, and the power, the shapes of things, their colour, light and shade, changes, surprises, events, to us the open secrets of the universe of God, and makes every common bush seem to flame with His Epiphanies. Or think of the

GREAT IMMORTAL POETS,

with their garlands and singing robes about them, and how they open for us the windows of heaven and unseal the fountains of joy and tears. How much less should we have realised the awfulness of sin, the toil of penitence, and the beatific splendours of eternity, if the feet of Dante had never trodden the burning marble of hell, and the wings of that wing-hearer had never soared

into Heaven's azure. How much poorer would have been various interests of life if Shakespeare had never overawed us with the stupendous tragedies of destiny, or kindled for us his peals of unextinguishable mirth. How much would our sense of man's inherent grandeur have been dwarfed if we had never listened to that "Mighty mouthed inventor of harmonies, God-gifted voice of England, Milton, a name to resound for ages."

Think again what the

STATESMEN AND ORATORS

have contributed to the ardour of national patriotism, from

"Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Fulmined o'er Greece and shook the arsenal
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne,"

down to Burke combating the unchained giant of anarchy, and Chatham, with eagle eye and outstretched hand, bidding England be of good cheer and hurl defiance at her foes.

Think of the great

MUSICIANS

—how Handel makes us hear the morning stars singing together, and all the sons of God shouting for joy; how Haydn thrills us with the pulsing, melodious flood of primal light; how Beethoven bids the woods and uplands ring with sylvan melodies; how Mendelssohn shows us the golden dove hovering in blue air, and winnowing the dawn with the music of her beating wings.

Think once again what the

MEN OF SCIENCE

have done for us; how Copernicus and Kepler broke the barriers of the starry universe; how the telescope of Galileo first saw the phases of the planet Venus; how Horrox first watched her passing like a black spot across the surface of the sun; how the spectroscope has told us the physical composition of stars, and comets, and rushing meteorites. Think how man has put forth

"His pomp, his power, his skill,
And arts that make fire, flood, and air
The vassals of his will."

How the imprisoned vapour becomes the giant slave to bear his ships through wind and wave; how Benjamin Franklin evoked the all-shattering lightning flash, and with no better implement than a boy's kite

"Dashed the beauteous terror to the ground
Smiling majestic";

and how his successors in electrical knowledge, having learnt its nature and its laws, seized that fiery eagle of the storm by its wing of flame, and bade it innocuously glide in one moment the rolling globe, and bear our messages of love and commerce even through the tempestuous seas, thrilling and burning over "the cold green bones" of generations of the shipwrecked in "the monstrous bottom of the deep."

Think how by his poppy and mandragora,

THE PHYSICIAN

has found anodynes for raging pain, and by his anaesthetics enabled the poor sufferer to lie as in dreamless sleep, while the fine hand of some skilled operator cuts a speck from the unquivering nervework of his eye.

Are not all these, and countless other forms of the exercise of human faculty, specimens of priceless contributions to life's common service, which benefactors, sometimes known and sometimes unknown, have laid silently at the gates of man?

All the great men whom we have hitherto mentioned have been men endowed with consummate gifts in some special direction. But there are many other great men who have conferred benefits on the human race, through all generations, who have not been men of genius in the ordinary sense, but who have obeyed some special call of God to serve and elevate their brethren in one particular direction.

Think of

THE REFORMERS;

how, in their sovereign devotion to the Truth, they faced a lying world and corrupted churches, and, not holding their lives dear to themselves, stood, like Huss, and Savonarola, and Luther, before kings and priests, and have not been ashamed. Think how they

proved by their lives, and by their glad, willing deaths, that

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error wounded writhes in pain
And dies amid her worshippers."

Or think of

THE PHILANTHROPISTS

—of Vincent de Paul, calling into activity his missionaries, and opening for womanhood so sweet an achievement in his sisterhoods of charity; of Howard, visiting all Europe, not "to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples," but to visit the mansions of sorrow, and take the gauge of depression and contempt; of Lord Shaftesbury, taking up the cause of the children in the factories, and the women in the mines, and the little ragged waifs and strays in the densely-crowded streets; of William Lloyd Garrison, little more than a boy, living in a garret, on bread and water, with only one black lad to help him at his printing press, setting himself the colossal task of proving to twenty million of his countrymen that they were horribly in the wrong with their immemorial slave trade—think of him, denounced by society, lowered at by the whole nominal Church, the dagger of the assassin flashing daily about his path, yet loving to achieve his mighty purpose, turning those icebergs all around him into flame, until the very hand which, almost in boyhood, had formulated the demand of righteousness, inscribed it in declining years upon the statute book of a regenerated land.

Or think once again of the great, beloved

MISSIONARIES.

—poor hectic, consumptive Brainerd, toiling among his Red Indians; poor worn Adoniram Judson, in his Burmese prison; poor William Carey, the "consecrated cobbler" of Sydney Smith's unhallowed wit; plain John Williams, the martyr of Erromango; Reynard, working with his laughing, shivering little boy in the intense frost up the Fraser River at Cariboo.

Scarcely one of these servants of the Most High God was great as man counts greatness, but because they loved their fellow-men and turned many to righteousness, they shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

And under this head we may count living benefactors of their race like Dr. Barnardo, General Booth, and the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, who, simply obeying the impulse of love, have rescued tens of thousands of men, women, and children from ignorance, misery, and degradation.

Once a little girl at a flower show, having no costly exotic or lovely blossom to offer, walked up timidly and laid on the altar step a single daisy. It is enough that men should offer to God and to their brethren the best they have, and

"High Heaven rejects the store
Of nicely calculated, less or more."

Portraits show us the broad, homely, bourgeois features of Vincent de Paul, and the middle-class mediocrity of Lloyd Garrison. The bright young martyr—Bishop Hannington—could only take a poll degree at a small Oxford College; and William Carey could never so much as make one pair of shoes that fitted properly. What *they* did we certainly in our measure can do, for it has often happened that men and women, otherwise utterly unknown, and without a particle of what the world calls greatness, have yet, for one moment of their lives, emerged into actions immortal worth. It is an unknown Eastern monk, St. Telemachus; he springs into the arena; he thrusts himself between the gladiators amid the yells of the populace, and he is martyred. The gladiatorial games cease for ever, and St. Telemachus has bought his eternity with a little hour. It is a poor Russian slave: on the track of his master and his children, the wolves howl in the snow; the slave springs out amid the yelling pack, and is torn to pieces, and his master's children are saved, and his deed thrills through the world. It is a humble, ungifted, Belgian priest, who goes to die a leper among the hapless lepers of the Pacific Isles; and the world cares more for him than for Emperors. It is

the pilot on Lake Erie, in the burning ship; but he will cling on to the tiller, and the vessel shall be safely steered to the jetty, though he drop a blackened corpse, and Christ will not turn his back on a man who died for men. It is Anne Ayres, the poor little maid-of-all-work; the house is in flames; the rooms are filled with blinding, suffocating smoke; but at all costs she will save that last child. She does save it, and is killed; and the poor East End slavey has laid at the haughty palace gate of Humanity a service and an example worth cartloads of diamonds, and the lives of thousands of selfish and arrogant grandees.

As I have endeavoured to show in the foregoing paragraphs, there is no one, however humble, however obscure, or however ungifted, who cannot contribute at least his infinitesimal quota to the progress and well-being of the world. Anyone in any position can at least strive to spend his life in the service of his fellow-men; and, as Dr. Priestley used to say, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislature." There are two things which every man and woman in the world can do. They can preserve the wealth of noble thoughts and purposes, which is our chief heritage from the great ones of the past; and they can aim at the continuous usefulness of setting a high and pure example, so that they may be ready at any moment, if the sudden call of God should come to them, to do deeds which will leave behind them an aroma of immortal memory. It is only thus—first, by the mighty achievements of great men, and next, by the steadfast faithfulness of the undistinguished—that the true progress of nations and of the whole world is carried on.

F. W. FARRAR.

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Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

It was a stunning blow—that postponement of the Coronation, and the country will not recover from its shock and effects for a long time to come. The early recovery of the King, for which we all devoutly pray and wish, will, however, go far to alleviate our cruel disappointment in varying degrees. I am glad that most of the local authorities took the kindly lead of his Majesty and went on with their prepared celebrations, though in a chastened form. I could have even understood their total abandonment, but that auctioning of viands, such as happened at Charlton Kings (which certainly did not live up to its royal name) was a straight knock-down blow to sentiment; I should have awarded the "decoration" for Coronation decorations and illuminations in the Garden Town to the New Club. One could not help noticing how useful the fire-escape was in the work of putting up and hastily taking down the gaudy green paper festoons with which the Free Library was hung. What must have most brought home to one's mind the one absorbing topic was the changed form that the religious services on the Thursday took. Then it was intercession instead of praise. All Saints' appear to have been the most mournful. In reading the accounts of the various services I have been struck by the frequency with which the Lesson describing the sickness of Hezekiah appears in them, and also that the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton preached from this text in his Cathedral. As to the abandoned processions, I hear there would have been an intensely interesting item in the one at Gloucester, namely, the khaki-coloured wagon which Earl Roberts used as a living van in South Africa, made realistic by two working oxen, kindly lent by Lord Bathurst, yoked to it. Of the celebrations, on the intermittent system, none appealed more to my imagination than the beacon fires. A few, for precautionary reasons, were lighted on the Thursday night, and one (at Rodborough) was either

maliciously or accidentally fired. There was a general lighting-up last Monday, word having been sent round by the Bonfires Committee that the rapid progress towards recovery of the King justified this form of public rejoicing. It was a grand spectacle, but a damper was put on the fires and people's enthusiasm by a heavy fall of rain. Fourteen fires were visible from Battledown and 23 from Cleeve.

The Coronation honours' list was not withheld, as was rumoured, and it was interesting to Gloucestershire. One of the seven peerages in it came to this county. Mr. Freeman-Mitford, who was ennobled, is a personal friend of the King, and he is quite capable of sustaining the dignity, I hope he will revive the title of his kinsman, the late Lord Redesdaile, to whose great estates he succeeded, and whose name he has himself perpetuated in Moreton-in-Marsh by building a fine memorial hall to him. Sir John E. Dorington, Bart., M.P., has deservedly got a Privy Councillorship, and he will now have to be addressed as the "Right Honourable," and will take precedence after Knights of the Garter if Commoners. His inclusion in the charmed circle of the P.C. will increase its representatives having clear close connections with Gloucestershire to seven—"We are seven." The conversion of Sir Hubert Parry (another personal friend of the King) into a baronet; the conferment of a C.M.G. on Earl Bathurst for his military work in St. Helena, and of a C.B. on Col. Percy S. Marling V.C., for his war service; and of medals to the three Mavors—"M.M." I suppose it will be—practically exhaust the list so far as Gloucestershire men are concerned; but I am pleased that several Bristolians and O.C.'s are honoured in more or less degree.

In regard to peerages, Gloucestershire came off just as it did at Queen Victoria's Coronation, when only Mr. Charles Hanbury-Tracy was created Baron Sudeley, of Toddington. It was true also that Mr. Spencer Ponsonby, who was created Baron de Mauley, of Canford, county Dorset, had residences in Gloucestershire from time to time. So far as I can trace, our county has, with the exception of the Fitzhardinge titles, been neglected—I won't say studiously—in regard to peerages in the 64 years that have intervened since 1838, for Lord Hatherley, who took his title from the village of Down Hatherley on being appointed Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Gainsborough (Viscount Campden), and the late Lord Pauncefoot, of Preston, are the only noblemen who have been appointed or have adopted their titles from this county. And baronetcies have not been bestowed with a very lavish hand, for those on Sir William Lawrence (1867), Sir Thomas Bazley (1869), Sir Samuel S. Marling (1882), Sir John E. Dorington (1886), Sir F. Dixon-Hartland (1892), and Sir Hubert Parry (1902) about represent the number. And a casual glance through the Knightage and Companionage for the period under review reminds me that the late Duke of Beaufort, K.G.; Gen. Sir Daniel Lysons, K.C.B.; Sir Thomas Robinson, Knight; Admiral Sir M. Culme-Seymour, Bart., G.C.B.; Gen. Sir Edward Stanton, K.C.M.G., C.B.; Col. Sir Nigel Kingscote, K.C.B.; Sir Benjamin Browne, Knight; Gen. Sir F. Carrington, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.; and Col. Sir John W. Wallington, K.C.B. about make up the local recipients of honours in these classes for some time past.

GLEANNER.

The consecration of Mgr. Firmilian as Bishop of Uskub took place on Saturday, at the Monastery, near Deedeagatch.

Dr. Adler, the Chief Rabbi, has learnt that his nephew, Herr Hermann N. Israel, has just been appointed Royal Prussian Commercial Councillor. This is acceptable evidence of the growing spirit of toleration which is being exhibited in Prussia towards Hebrews.



CORPORATION OUTING TO PORTSMOUTH.
ABOARD THE "SOLENT QUEEN."
Photo by Leonard Hobday, Cheltenham.

CONCESSIONS TO VOLUNTEERS.

A Parliamentary paper was issued on Monday night containing a proposed amendment of the scheme relative to the efficiency of Volunteers, to be submitted to the King in Council for approval. It is provided that where the situation and circumstances of any Volunteer corps in any particular year are such as in the opinion of the Secretary of State to create serious obstacles to the fulfilment by any of the Volunteers belonging to that corps of the requirements for efficiency, the Secretary of State shall have power to relax or dispense with one or more of the requirements from any of the Volunteers belonging to such corps in such year, or to substitute equivalent conditions of efficiency. Where any corps shall have been precluded by an epidemic from complying with the requirements, or shall, in the first year of its service, have encountered exceptional difficulties in the completion of its organisation and the efficiency of its members, it shall be competent for the Secretary of State to modify or dispense with, so far as applies to such year of service, the stipulated conditions of efficiency of any members of such corps. No corps, except the 1st Orkney, the Isle of Man, and the Gordon Highlanders, will be exempted by the Commander-in-Chief from attending camp unless for very special reasons, and exemption for two consecutive years will never be granted unless exceptional reasons justify the Secretary of State in specially exercising his power.

Recruits who join too late in any year to become efficient therein may be allowed to reckon attendances made before November 1 towards the number required for efficiency in the following year. These provisions are to take effect from November 1 last.

King Alfonso has signed the measure limiting to eight hours the working day in Spain for women and children.

George Taylor, a porter, and Benjamin Hudgell, signalman, were drowned while bathing on Saturday morning at Bishops Stortford.

There were no prisoners for trial at Cambridge Quarter Sessions on Monday, and the Mayor presented white gloves to the Recorder, who said he hoped to wear them at the King's Levee.

“Selina Jenkins” Letters.

SELINA JENKINS ON “LAST WEEK.”

Dear! dear! when I think of the things as 'aven't 'appened during last week as was to 'ave been the greatest week as ever was spent, wot with 'andsome mugs to the children and tickets for coal and meat-pies to the ancigent poor and bon-fires and bang-rackets and everythink else as could be invented to show 'ow proud we was at being bits of the British Hempire, on which the sun never sets, 'egspecially this week, when law-dy-me! it 'ave been that 'ot, as I thought I should 'ave died only the other day, 'aving sallied 4th from 'ome to see the decorations as 'ad been tooked down, and the sun scorched my features somethink shameful all down one side, as cost me a nice bit in “Cream of Roses” to restore the delicateness of the complexion again, and all thro' me a-going out without my sun-shade, as I don't care to use the one I 'ave, not being exactly the same shade as the flowers in my bonnet, the same 'aving been trimmed special for the Crownation (as didn't come off), and the colors 'aving been arranged to be Royal purple and 'eolotrope with green ribbins, so as not to show no disrepectes to poor ould Oireland, as the sayin' is, my poor 'usband's cousin's uncle 'aving been a Irishman for the best part of 'is life, and consequently, there being a bit of Fenian, so well as Welsh, blood in my veins, as is a thing to be thankful for, seein' as 'ow I can always 'ave a good 'earty laugh with the Irish side of my nature, when the Welsh and English shares goes off dooty, as you mite say, they being of a very business-like turn of mind.

But about this 'ere Crownation (as was to 'ave been). Wot a striking hepisode it will be, to be sure, to print in the children's 'istory-books 'ow we got everythink ready and ordered in a stock of fine weather enough to last the two days, and got out sp-sshul Crownation numbers, to suit all pockets and in every colour of the rainbow, and put up flag-postesses and triumphant archesses in the streets, not to speak of building bon-fires so big as 'ouses on every tump in the country, wich as for London, they do say as people who 'ad lived there all their lives couldn't find there way 'ome in broad daylight, the streets 'aving been so smothered with bunting and what not, and the churches on the roof of the percession as was arranged to be 'eld was quite egstinguished with seats at a guinea a head, with ten per cent. reduction to good church folk!

There was only 1 thing as we adn't considered were worth a moment's thought, and that were the 'ealth of His Majesty (bless 'Im), wich, as it turned out, were just the weak pint of the whole concern, and when that give way, the miteest show as 'adn't never been seen wasn't worth a brass farthing, as the sayin' is. All the spesshul plans as we'd a-thought out to show 'ow much we wanted to honour the King and advertise ourselves a bit, and may be turn a 'onest 1s. or 2, was blown to the seving winds like a pack of cards when the fatal words swept thro' the country like a thunder-bolt (as is very dangerous things, so I've 'eard) that 'Is Majesty (bless 'Im) were laid a one side with a operation, and couldn't think of being crowned for the matter of 3 months or so!

I tell you wot they do call the “'ump” were very prevalent that day at the unfortnitness of things in general, wich one of these 'ere people as is always jumping to extremes come flopping in on me and says 'ow the King weren't expected to live the day and them there Germans and Harabs and sich-like savages as 'ad come over for the event was very threatening to the Prince of Wales (bless 'im), and 'ad to be kept in order by the perlice! 'Owever, I don't believe all I 'ears, not me, not but wot it did give me the pal-pitations very bad indeed, me remembering what a crise it were when the young Albert

Ed'ard were took with the typhoon fever, and don't I remember the Thanksgiving when he got over it, just?

Hof course, 'Is Majesty, as thoughtful as hever for his sorrowing subjects, ordered as to go on with our bun-scuffles and tea-fites as if 'e 'adn't a-been dangerously hill as per program, as the sayin' is; but the whole British nation, to a man, woman, and child, answered “NEVER” in red letters on a white ground, “NOT WHILE YOU LIES ILL. SIR” ('ceps Birmigum and Watford and other uncivilised places, in the latter of wich they actooly fought it out with the perlice and the Yeomanry to the bitter end as to whether they should have currant or seedy cake, so they do say!)

But, look 'ere, you know! fancy keeping up the Crownat'on celebration without 'aving the Crownation. Why, it's like the French cook as made the plum pudding and forgot to put the flour and bread crumbs in, so were obliged to put it on the menoo as soup, wich them as partook of it considered it were a dead failure as pudding and weren't quite up to the mark as soup.

Or it's like 'aving a wedding without the 'appy couple, wich is a thing as isn't to be thought of, much less imagined; or, again, and also, it's like the play with 'Amlet left out, wich I've read in 14 different papers, so I know it's a very good smile.

'Owever, thank the Lord, he's out of danger now, through our British doctors, who is as much to be praised as the other surgical gentlemen, as is soldiers.

I don't 'old with postponements, not me-self, wot with the large number of postponements as was made in the conclusion of the Roer War, and the many times that there Rev. Mr. Baxter 'ave postponed the end of the world, as 'ave cost me a pretty penny in 'Xtian 'Eralds, wading through miles of thrilling escapes and 'arrowing events to discover the last date as 'e've decided the event is to be, wich it's well to be prepared.

But, wot I will say is this, I'm that thankful the King 's getting on so well you can't think, and it made me feel so excited a-Sunday I so far forgot meself as to talk in a animated tone of voice to Mrs. Gaskins after church for upwards of 5 minutes, forgetting altogether that I were out-of-friends with 'er, as were very awk'ard, besides me 'aving only a minute before put two and sixpence into the plate in mistake for a penny, bein' the collection for the Perpetration of the Gospel amongst the Jews, as I considers isn't worth more than a penny, not meself!

But won't we 'ave a time when the real Crownation do come along? Wot do you think? We shan't be so mitey proud, mehbe, seein' as 'ow Providence stepped in to show us as we couldn't ensure 'Is Majesty's 'ealth if we was the greatest people on earth, as the sayin' is; but, 'owsomdever, we shall be real thankful, and “God save the King” will mean something proper then, that it will. And thankful 'earts is more than wasted buns and bonfires, isn't they, now?

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—For the benefit of enquiring friends, I couldn't bring meself to be so bold as to 'rite in that gorgeous Crownation number last week, as wouldn't be fit for a body like me to stand in with Royalty in purple hink. So now you knows!



A distressing accident occurred in Dublin on Sunday night. Whilst a nurse was wheeling a perambulator, in which were two little children, along the quays, an electric tram collided with the perambulator and smashed it. One of the children was killed and the other badly injured.

* * *

Towneley Park was formally opened to the people of Burnley on Saturday, in the presence of a large assembly. The Corporation have purchased the hall, for so many centuries the home of the Towneleys, along with sixty-five acres of the beautiful demesne, from Lady O'Hagan, for £17,500.

Egyptian Exploration.

*

AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION.

An exhibition of some of the antiquities discovered by Professor Flinders Petrie at Abydos and by Dr. Grenfell and Dr. Hunt in the Fayum and El Hibej during their last season's work, under the auspices of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, is now on view in London. The past year's work has extended over every historical period of Egypt, and its most important result, scientifically, has been the establishment of accurate connection between the pre-historic and historic periods. By the comparison of objects, such as pottery and flints, found in a stratified series of deposits upon the site of an early town, with somewhat similar articles dating from the latter stages of the pre-historic age, and, on the other hand, with the remains from the royal tombs, beginning with that of Mena, 4800 B.C., continuity is now assured. Two examples are shown indicating the size of ten large tombs, together with the skeleton found in each, and the numerous specimens of pottery by which the body had been surrounded at the time of burial, the whole of the remaining space in the tomb being then filled in with mud. In those instances the bodies were not embalmed; indeed, the earliest example of embalming known dates from the time of the third dynasty, about 600 years later. A large number of worked flints have been brought to light, the most common forms being those of knives, with and without handles, hoes, and toothed implements, the last mentioned being novel to the explorers, and, in Professor Petrie's opinion, being designed for shredding dried meat. Some fine strings of beads of cornelian, garnet, green glaze, ivory, and shells are included among the exhibits, as well as several examples of skilled workmanship in miniature in the form of amulets. The evidence afforded as to the appearance of the inhabitants of the city, and, indeed, of Egypt, Syria, and the North of Africa generally, in those early days, points to a close resemblance to that of modern Algerians. Dr. Grenfell and Dr. Hunt have devoted themselves mainly to the search for papyri in Ptolemaic cemeteries.



Poetry.

*

IN COLESBORNE WOODS.

How sweet the strains of wild birds' song,
From early morn to balmy eve,
So joyous, free, low, thrilling, long,
That I these glades reluctant leave.
With foliage the trees are gay,
And leaves of varied hue are seen;
Here one dark mass in grand display,
Beside one greenest of the green.
The flowers in bloom are all around,
While sheltered near the copse below,
Far from the busy haunts of men,
Sweet lilies of the valley grow.
A brook the winding vale divides,
And sparkles in the sunlight's gleam,
But while in stillness all abides,
Flows on to swell Thames' mighty stream.
Oh that all toil-worn men could rest
Midst scenes like this, and health preserve!
What safer cure? 'Tis nature's best
For wearied brain and tired nerve.



For assaulting a police constable during a disturbance in Longton-street, Poplar, George Vincent, described as a “hooligan,” was, at the Thames Police-court on Saturday, sentenced to five weeks' hard labour. Vincent dealt the officer a blow on the head with some instrument, causing him to fall to the ground in an insensible condition.

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

No. 80. SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1902.

❖ **Our Portrait Gallery.** ❖

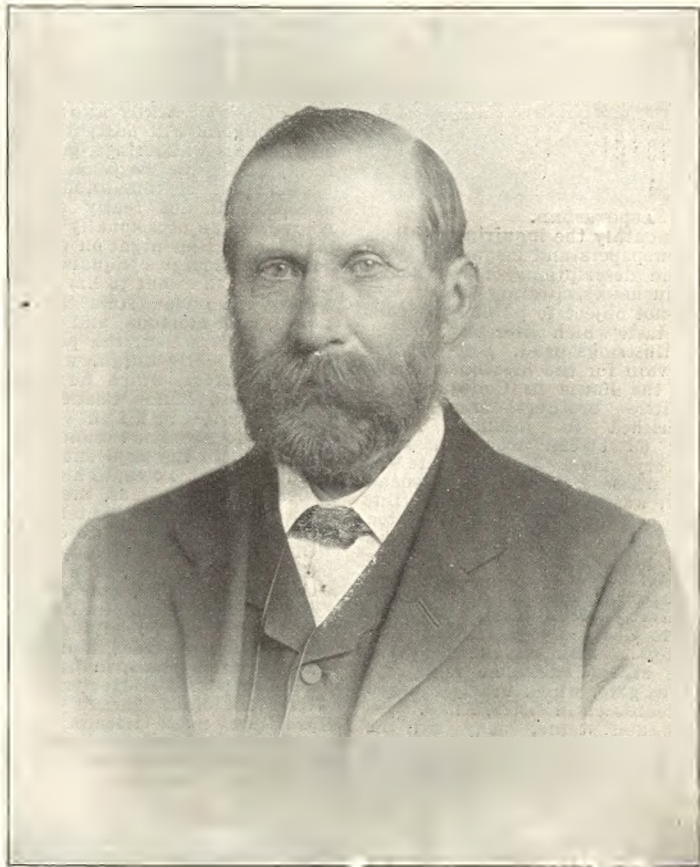


Photo by H. W. Watson,

Cheltenham and Gloucester.

WILLIAM LONG, ESQ., J.P.,

A GLOUCESTER PHILANTHROPIST,

Who in recent years has purchased and presented No. 11, Barton Street to the Provident Dispensary, Fowler's Hotel to the District Nursing Society, and Picton House to the Magdalen Asylum; and has had a stained glass Memorial Window placed in the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral.

While Sir Philip Rose, of Rayners, Penn, Buckinghamshire, was superintending a display of fireworks on his estate on Saturday night he had the misfortune to fall over a wire, breaking his ankle. Sir Philip was attended by his son, Professor Rose, and is getting on well.

An intimation has been received at Portsmouth that it is the intention of Lord Roberts to give precedence to that borough, of which he is an honorary burgess, in reference to the public functions at which it is proposed to confer honours upon him in connection with the late war.

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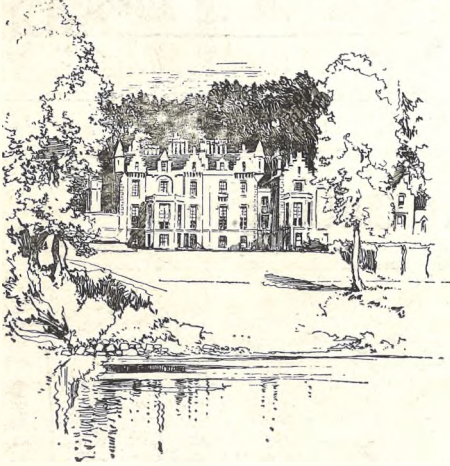
The Homes and Haunts of Famous Authors.

II.

SCOTT,

By ANDREW LANG

(Author of "Books and Bookmen," etc.).



ABBOTSFORD.

Weekly and monthly the inquiring public is gratified, by newspapers and magazines, with photographs and descriptions of the homes of actresses, duchesses, literary men, and others who do not object to publicity. That is a more pious taste which interests us in the homes of the illustrious dead. But pilgrims will search in vain for the first home of Sir Walter Scott, the house in College Wynd where his little brothers and sisters (1759-1766) "perished in infancy." That house, as far as I can trace it, must have stood very close to the site of Kirk o' Field, where Darnley, the husband of Queen Mary, was murdered in 1567. But College Wynd does not seem to have existed at the time of the murder; it probably was built not long afterwards, on the gardens or waste lands of the Black Friar's Monastery, or of the town house of the Duke of Hamilton. Shortly after Scott's birth his family moved to George's Square, then new and fashionable, as with its site near the meadows, it is still comfortable and airy. Perhaps the area gate, which nearly crushed the fingers of Scott's child sister, Anne, "betwixt the hasp and staple," may still be swinging in the Edinburgh gales. Strong, square-built, and commodious is the dwelling, it was from the window of this house, perhaps, that Scott's father threw the teacup out of which Murray of Broughton, the betrayer of Prince Charles, had drunk. Certainly the boy, Walter, treasured the saucer, "Broughton's saucer," with his old ballads, skull and cross-bones, and similar "gabions" (as he called them) in his little study in George's Square. But, on reflection, I think that the date of the legal dealings of the traitor Murray with Mr. Scott (I have seen the actual papers) was earlier in date than the move to George's Square. The pavement of College Wynd, not of the square, must have rung to the fall of the historic tea-cup.

THE HOUSE IN GEORGE'S SQUARE.

For some twenty-five years, till his marriage, George's Square was the domicile of Sir Walter. Out of its windows, as a studious child, he saw the other boys playing, and, when asked why he did not join them, said, "You can't think how ignorant these boys are." Thence, later, he crept not very willingly to the old High School (not the present handsome building), thence he sallied forth to take part in the bickers with the "Keelies" (street-lads), in one of which poor Greenbreeks got a clout in the head from a hunting sword. To George's Square he returned, late and weary, from long country

rambles, a vagrant whom his father expected to end as "a gangrel scrape-gut." In the meadows haru by, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe saw him limping home from cavalry drill, and mocked at his lameness. Later, as a clerk in his father's office, he copied papers here, at night, and wore the shabby old clothes that "be good enough for drinking in." He showed more of the dandy when he had lost his heart to his first and unforgotten love, and commenced poet, and went into society, being endeared by his humour to the Duchess of Buccleugh, and other *grande dames* of her world. The studious child, the venturesome schoolboy, the truant student, the noisy daring jovial young advocate, "first at a fray and last at a feast," the patient and ardent lover, the young poet, all these avatars of Scott dwelt under the roof of the house in George's Square. For a third of his whole life this place was his home. We enter the Square, and fancy sees the limping, strange, tail-blown child at the window; the burly schoolboy limping forth with a shout; the amateur cavalry man, or the foot-sore wanderer training home; the student going to the Speculative Society; the advocate marching to the Parliament House, the publisher's, or the bail at the Assembly Rooms where, in 1714, Invernahyle quartered his company of Appin Stewarts. Scott dwelt longer in no one place than in George's Square, a place little altered, and worthy of a visit from the pilgrim.

SANDY KNOWE.

The pilgrim will next, if he follows chronology in his wanderings, go to Sandy Knowe farm, under the crags on which stands the border peel of Smailhome. Scott's first memories do not really date from Sandy Knowe, as he occasionally said. He remembered the earlier night on which his lameness began at George's Square; he was about three when he went to his kinsfolk at Sandy Knowe. The view from the tower takes in Tweed, with Mertoun, and the interesting old house of Lesudden, the patrimony, still, of the Scotts. Dryburgh, where the minstrel sleeps, Melrose, which he made immortally famous, and Hume Castle, so renowned in border wars, are all in view; so Lockhart says,—I do not know Sandy Knowe, though familiar with the adjacent places. Here the child came to his own, to his Border heritage: he learned the ballads, the legends.

"And ever by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of wo or mirth,
Of lover's slights, of lady's charms,
Of Witches' spells, of warriors' arms,
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace Wight and Bruce the Bold—
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away."
Here the child learned to read, studied *Hardiknutte*, made friends with sheep and shepherds, and took that romantic ply which made him the Border minstrel and historian. Almost his first proof of his mettle is the ballad of "The Eve of St. John," of which Smailholme Tower is the scene.

The early portions of Scott's life passed at Bath, and in the house of a relation near Kelso (Rose Hall) leave no great mark in his career. At Kelso, the Tweed and the Abbey strengthened his affection for the Borders; indeed one of his love-letters to his wife, before their marriage, dwelt on his desire to find his last home at Dryburgh. But the young lady gaily declined to take views so long and so sepulchral.

AT LASSWADE.

After his marriage, Scott rented a house in South Castle-street. Its interior does not repay a pilgrimage, nor is much to be said about the house in North Castle-street, where he lived, when in Edinburgh, till 1826. In the summer, after his wedding, Scott at first rented a cottage at Lasswade, on the Esk, six miles from Edinburgh. The Esk, of course, had not been polluted, and, when free from such modern improvements, it was a pretty stream, associated with the Battle of Pinkie Cleugh, and with Queen Mary's surrender at Carberry Hill. Hard by were Pennycuik, and

"Auchendinny's hazel shade,
And haunted Woodhouselee."

The ghost is connected either with the wife of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, or with the Lady Ann, Bothwell of the Lament. When the old house was pulled down, the stones were used to build the new house, and the phantasm stayed on. Here, too, were

"Melville's beechy groves,
And Koshin's rocky glen;

Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden."

At Lasswade Scott edited "The Border Minstrelsy," and composed his own early ballads.

In 1804 Lord Napier very properly insisted that Scott should live in his Sheriffdom of Ettrick Forest. He thought of residing at garden, the house of the head of his clan, but found the road long to Selkirk. He therefore rented Ashestiel, on Tweed, from his cousin, Mr. Russell, in whose family the estate remains.

BY THE TWEED.

Ashestiel, between Elibank and Yair, is some four miles from Selkirk. The house, part of which is an old peel tower, stands on a very steep wooded bank, above Tweed, and through the grounds runs a brawling little burn, immortalised in "Marmion." There was then no bridge, only a ford, to Scott's great delight. The kitchen range, from Edinburgh, was wrecked in crossing this ford, during a spate; and so casual were all the appointments that Scott had to shoot a crow to secure a quill for his pen. At Ashestiel were passed the poet's happiest years. Here he had "grand gallops upon the hills when he was thinking of 'Marmion.'" The hills are the pleasant heather-clad summits which divide Ettrick from Tweed: here, for perhaps the only time, Scott saw a ghost, or at least appearances and disappearances unaccountable of a tall brown figure. Finally neither Scott nor his mare, Finella, wanted to study the phantasm any longer, and Finella bolted home to her stable.

The anecdote is given by K. P. Gillies, not by Lockhart. In the forest, Scott had countless friends, from James Hogg, far away up Ettrick, to Mrs. Laidlaw, wife of "auid Laird Nippy," at the Peel, close to Ashestiel. Mrs. Laidlaw was a kinswoman of my own, and I value the volumes of his works which he gave her, with autograph inscriptions. From the Duke to the hind he knew and was beloved by everybody. He had kinsmen and friends at Sunderland Hall, Yair, Bowhill, Elibank, and all over the county. At Elibank his collateral ancestor (and mine by a ramification of female kin) Young Harden preferred *Muckle Mow'd Meg* to the laird's gallowes. I confess that I doubt the veracity of this famous legend, for it also occurs, I believe, in Germany. However, Scott cherished Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's drawing of *Muckle Mow'd Meg*. Ashestiel, with its woods, heather-clad hills, and Tweed, then full of trout for which Sir Walter used to angle, and with the hearty society of the forest, was an ideal home for Scott. And all the while, in his study, looking out to the south and the wall of woods, was a huge old invalid's chair, belonging to the Russells. When, at Abbotsford, Scott was stricken by paralysis, this chair was lent to him, and now it is again at Ashestiel. I have sat in it, not without the obvious reflections on that change from the saddle to the padded armchair, and on Fate, that therein sat and watched a strong man from his own penultimate retreat. Just twenty years were to elapse between the flitting from Ashestiel to Abbotsford, and the flitting of the armchair to that new villa, the scene of so many joys and hopes and honours, the cause of so heavy a ruin. "How Fortune jests with us," wrote Bolingbroke, when Queen Anne's death broke the web of intrigue, and dashed down the airy castles of ambition. Thus Fate "sat there and smiled" in that ancient armchair, as over each of us she watches, smiling and inscrutable.

REMOVAL TO ABBOTSFORD.

It was in May, 1812, that Scott made a joyous flitting from Ashestiel to Clarty Hole, on a dull flat or haugh beside the Tweed. Clarty Hole was a squalid little farm house, just below the junction of Tweed and Ettrick. The river runs tamer than where he foams

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, JULY 12, 1902.
GLOUCESTER CORONATION DECORATIONS



THE CROSS.



EASTGATE STREET.

Gloucester.

Photos by H. C. Morse.

through the rocks of Yair; the Selkirk road goes just in front of the house, hidden by a hedge. The ownership of the land does not even carry the right of salmon fishing, though Scott was allowed to go leistering or fish-spearing, when and where he pleased. On this rather uninviting spot Sir Walter fixed his eyes. Here he would commence Tweedside laird—*Sit mee sedes utinam Senectae*: "would that it may be that it may be the home of my old age!" Historical associations attracted him. Here was "Turn Again," the stone that marks the place where the Scotts and Elliots turned on the Kers, in the last great clan battle (for the possession of the person of James V.). Here

"Gallant Cessford's life-blood dear
Reeked on dark Elliot's border spear."

Scott "collected" lands rich in historic memories, as he collected antiquarian curiosities. He wanted to buy Faldonside, the seat once of Andrew Ker, who stabbed Riccio, and married the young widow of John Knox. He coveted the old and pretty peel of Darnick, a village near his marches. He did buy Cauldshiel Loch, up in the hills, a mere haunted by the *beatach*, or water-bull, so common in Highland belief. He also secured the Rhymer's Glen, where Thomas the Rhymer met the Fairy Queen, a rivulet flowing past the pleasant cottage of Chiefswood, where his son-in-law, Lockhart, lived, and where I have passed so many a happy day. Opposite Abbotsford, as Scott called Clarty Hole, was Lord Somerville's fishing lodge or pavilion, with another fairy glen, and the three towers immortalised in "The Monastery." Gala House, too, was not far off; indeed, Scott's neighbours were much the same as of old, and Galashiels manufacturers had not yet erected villas that overerow Abbotsford. That house, though so ruinously expensive in the building and "plenshing," is no castle or palace, merely a villa, to which Mr. Hope Scott, on marrying Sir Walter's grand-daughter, had to make considerable additions. But Scott "lived on borrowed gear." The vast profits of his novels reached him in fairy gold that turned into protested bills, worse than worthless. He spent great sums on planting, on his library, on curiosities (sometimes gimcrack or spurious), on keeping open house, and on gifts and charities innumerable.

To myself Abbotsford is a supremely melancholy place. All the world knows it, the little hall, with the shields of the Border clans, the place where Scott saw the *eidolon* of the dead Byron. The library is wonderfully rich in rare books of "grammartye" and of historical lore. The great collections of Scott and Lockhart MSS. are not kept in the old part of the building. Here are his family pictures and the portrait of Claverhouse; here is the great bureau at which he wrote, containing the bright locks of hair cut from the heads of his little brothers and sisters, who died in childhood. Here is everything beside which Scott grew old, fighting, to the loss of intellect and of life, the battle for honour. Here, in the dining-room, he died, through the open window came the murmur of Tweed, his requiem. The halls are crowded with ghosts of the fair, the famous, the noble, of the bores whom he suffered gently, of the family and the friends who loved him; of Lockhart, the loyal heart, who died here also, and hence carried into peace the burden and the mystery of his sorrows.

At the feet of Scott, in the beautiful ruined Dryburgh. Lockhart sleeps, and the Tweed murmurs by their tombs. At Dryburgh ends our pilgrimage, and here is that last home of which Scott was thinking when he wooed his wife.

Next Week: "The Brownings," by Helen Zimmern.

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Lady Henry Somerset will sail for New York on September 26, in order to be present at the National Convention at Portland (Maine). Lady Henry Somerset will also speak at Montreal, Washington, and Boston.

*

A purse containing £275, as a memento of fifty years in the Welsh Baptist ministry, was presented on Monday night at Brecon to the Rev. Dr. A. B. Edwards, one of the best known ministers in South Wales.

Poetry.

FISHING.

They stood in a lonely place,
Beside a favourite "swim,"
And he was fishing for dace,
While she was fishing for him.
With many a careful look,
And many suppressed demurs,
He hid from view his hook,
And she did the same with hers.
Then gently in he threw
The bait, when all was right,
And waited; she waited, too,
For she knew her fish would bite.
'Twas a case of gentles, you see—
He used gentles for dace,
And, just as skilfully, she
Made use of her gentle face.
And neither so much as thought
That the slippery prey would be missed;
For the fish were made to be caught,
And a maiden's face to be kissed.
And, though the weather was fit
For fishing and good for dace,
As to which would be foremost, it
Was very long odds on the face.
And that was exactly the case,
For his mind being all in a whirl,
When he should have been landing a dace,
He found himself courting a girl.
The dace got away from the hook,
A sadder and wiser fish;
But neither by hook nor by crook
Could he get away, did he wish.

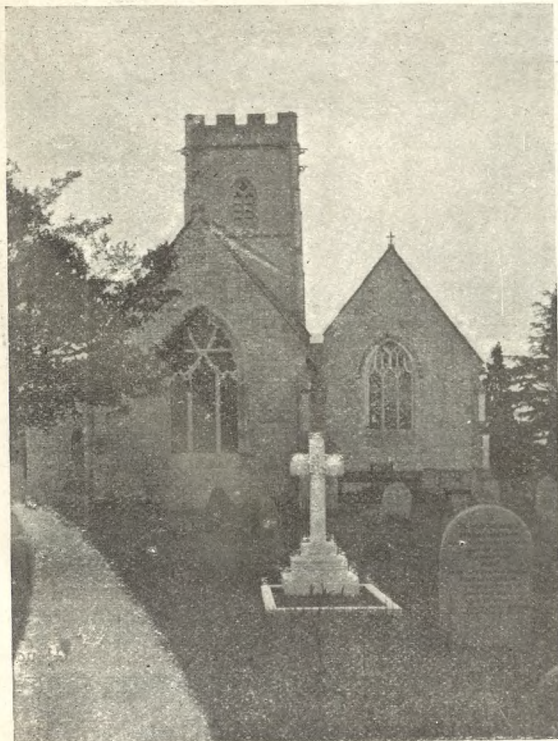
JOHN HALIFAX.

CURIOUS EPITAPH AT PEWSEY.

The following singular epitaph was copied from a tomb in the Parish Churchyard of Pewsey Wilts:—

"Here lies the body of
Lady O'Lorney,
Great Niece of Burke,
Commonly called 'The Sublime.'
She was
Bland, Passionate,
And deeply Religious.
Also
She painted in Water Colours,
And sent several Pictures
To the Exhibition.
She was
First Cousin to Lady Jones.
Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

= *Badgeworth.* =



THE CHURCH.



INTERIOR.



Photos by F. R. Willis



THE VICARAGE.

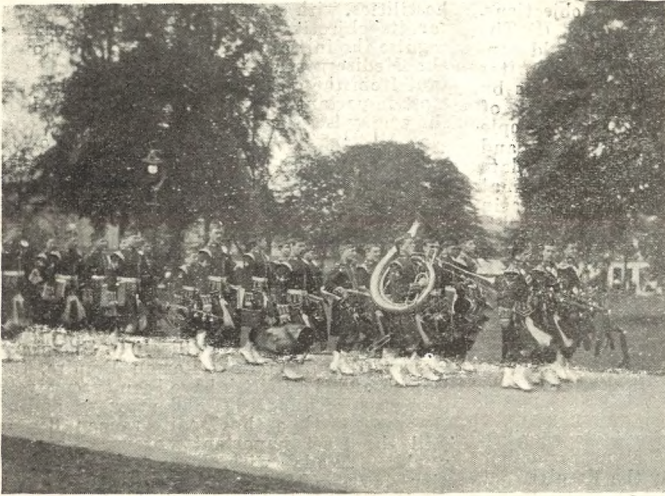


BADGEWORTH END

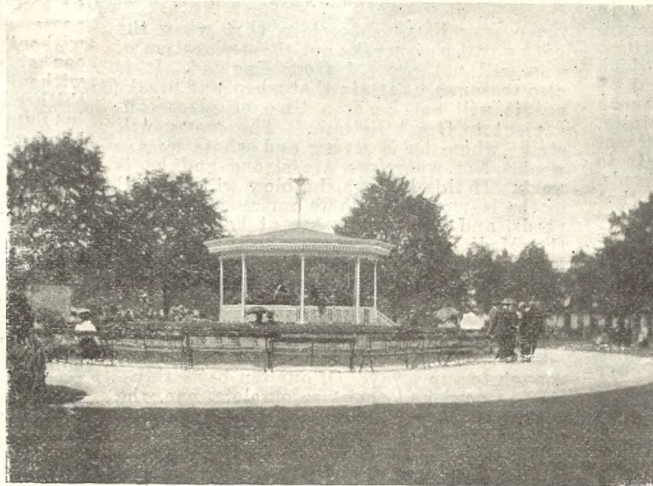


BADGEWORTH COTTAGES.

Cheltenham.



MUSIC
AT
MONTPELLIER.



BAND OF
GORDON
HIGHLANDERS.



Photos by H. C. Giles,

Cheltenham.

Tour of Our Churches.

ST. MARY'S, DEERHURST.

Some of the students at Upsala when Linnaeus was professor there complained of the dreariness of their studies, and "that common was the common-place." Like Alexander, they sought for other worlds to conquer; but the great botanist said "Gentlemen, let us first see what is in this square yard of turf before us." As it was then, so it is now—scientists, holiday-seekers, and the majority of all sorts and conditions of men do not value or appreciate the good which the gods provide just across their own door-sills. How many Cheltenham people have been to Deerhurst and seen its church, Saxon chapel, and priory? Within a few miles they have a wealth of buildings of absorbing interest. Illustrations of some of the things to be seen there appeared in the "Gloucestershire Graphic" of April 27, 1901, and June 7, 1902. With the exception of Bradford-on-Avon (Somerset), and one or two others that are doubtful, Deerhurst is said to be the oldest church in the country. A late vicar who wrote "Deerhurst, a Parish in the Vale of Gloucester," in a very lengthy elucidation of the points concerning the age of the church, puts its erection as between the 8th and 10th centuries. Mr. Buckler, of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Association, who wrote a history of the building, maintains

that it is a most important example of a Saxon Monastic church, and that no second instance of the type survives, as a whole, in England. It consists of chancel, nave, north and south aisles, and lofty slender tower. Externally, the "herring-bone" masonry and the "long and short" work are the most noticeable. Internally, there are too many points of interest to be even noticed in a short article like this. It is one of the very few churches that still preserves the Puritan arrangement of the chancel—the Communion table in the centre and seats all round it, in which the communicants sit when partaking of the bread and wine. In the floor of the east end of the north aisle are some very fine old brasses, bearing figures of monks and female saints. Here is also a stone coffin with a floriated cross on the lid, and a very ancient oak chest. The font is a splendid specimen of Saxon work of the 8th century. Half-way up the tower, and looking into the nave, is a unique doublet window of the Anglo-Saxon period. The original Corbel courses, enclosed by the later decorated aisles of the chancel, are especially interesting. Several of the windows are of stained glass but there is no east window, the east wall having been originally against the sanctuary, which has disappeared; but some ruins of it are to be seen outside.

I attended a children's service at Deerhurst on Sunday afternoon last. The Litaney was read in a quiet but impressive manner, though I am afraid the children did not pay much attention to it. The changes were rung on the Durham Mission and Ancient and Modern hymn-books, a number from one being an-

nounced, and then from the other. The hymns used included "Daily, daily sing the praises," with its swinging chorus, "Oh! that I had wings of angels," "Come, sing with holy gladness," and "Faithful warriors, bearing Jesu's cross of shame."

The Vicar gave an address on the collect for the day, sixth Sunday after Trinity. He said many good things were promised in that collect—things that passed man's understanding. When the Queen of Sheba went to King Solomon's court she said the half of the splendour there had never been told her—everything was so grand and fine; and the speaker expected that if King Lewanika, now in England, was asked the question he would say that the half of the wonders of London had not previously been told him. They had been singing about the wonderful things in the golden city; but they were beyond their understanding. God had promised them for His faithful people—for those that loved Him. They must pray that they might so love God that they might obtain an inheritance in those things which exceeded all that they could desire.

A voluntary on the organ concluded an interesting service. A wall round the churchyard showed that the burial ground at Deerhurst is of very large dimensions—nearly as big as some cemeteries.

CHURCHMAN.

It is reported from Brisbane that a syndicate has offered General De Wet £250 weekly and expenses for a lecturing tour in Australia.

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Why England Holds the Mediterranean.

* * *

By ARNOLD WHITE.

* * *

The British Empire depends upon the efficiency of the Mediterranean Fleet, upon the possession of Malta and Gibraltar as affording refreshment to the Fleet, and upon the readiness of Great Britain to join battle with her enemies on the sea whenever and wherever they may choose to make a stand. The three conditions of Empire are phases of the same thing—the supremacy of the Fleet. There is a certain school of politicians, however, who are in favour of evacuating the Mediterranean. The school is not a large one, but its arguments deserve attention. The evacuation of the Mediterranean means three things. It means, first, that England begins a naval war by running away, an event that has not happened since Jervis withdrew in 1776, and one that cannot fail to operate untowardly upon the prestige of the British cause and on the fortunes of any war in which the race might be engaged. The second result of the evacuation of the Mediterranean would be the abandonment of Egypt, Malta, and Cyprus. And, thirdly, the sacrifice of Italy and of any friends that may remain to us in Catalonia and in the Balearic Islands, would be an advertisement to the world that from the Straits of Babel Mandeb to the Pillars of Hercules England had hauled down her flag. To begin a war with any such sign of weakness and fear as the evacuation of the Mediterranean would be to fill our enemies with joy and our own people with dismay. The advocates of this plan urge that the retention of a Fleet in the Mediterranean is a relic of the days when we were a European Power instead of an Empire, world-wide it is true, but standing outside the alliances of the Continent as at present. They hold that our garrisons and our Fleet in the Mediterranean serve to-day no more useful purpose than to keep green the memory of Nelson, and tempt the French to build an impregnable fortress at Bizerta. They ask—“What bearing has the mastery of the Mediterranean on the possession of Australia, Canada, or the Cape? We have no longer the stake which we used to hold in the near East. Disraeli dreamed of a sort of informal British protectorate over Turkey. That dream is over for good or for ill. We shall never again ‘put our money on the wrong horse,’ as we did in the early fifties.”

THE QUESTION OF FRENCH POWER.

Would the abandonment of Egypt conciliate France? It is doubtful. The sacrifice of Cyprus might presumably please the Sultan, while in the loss of Malta we should have parted with the symbol of sea power. In considering the question of evacuating the Mediterranean we must never forget that the policy has in its favour the fact that the advantage of interior lines in the Mediterranean falls to France, not to Britain, and that the loss of Minorca by Great Britain has been a more considerable factor on the side of France than the patriotic writers of this generation are wont to admit. It is supposed by some of the apologists of evacuation that we should be permitted by the delighted Continental Powers to seal up the outlet of the Mediterranean at Gibraltar by establishing ourselves on the coast of Morocco, and that after having sealed the western mouth of the Mediterranean we should repeat the process at the southern aperture of the Red Sea.

It would be unwise wholly to disregard these considerations, nor is it possible altogether to deny their truth. On the other hand the best course to take is not that which is free from all objections. No statesman can steer this country upon any such course

as that. What is required is to take the course that is open to the fewest objections. Let us recapitulate those objections. (1) The evacuation of the Mediterranean would consolidate Continental Anglophobia. (2) After being buoyed up for nearly two decades by the promise of English help, a policy of scuttling would inflame the Italian people against us. (3) We should thus lose caste and credit, and we should, therefore, consolidate the Latin races against the Power that timorously renounced the control of the Latin lake. France would immediately take Egypt, Russia would require “compensations,” and it is highly improbable that the Sultan would forget the sneer levelled at him by the Prime Minister because of the joy of recovering Cyprus. But (4) the main objection to the evacuation of the Mediterranean lies in the fact that the hereditary, historical, and unalterable policy of Britain forced upon her by the nature of things is to fight for sea power whenever and wherever sea power may be challenged. To do otherwise is to sacrifice the Empire to the Fleet. Let us remember that the navy was made for the Empire, not the Empire for the navy.

OUR NEXT NAVAL CAMPAIGN—IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

We may be quite certain that when the next naval war breaks out the declaration of war will not proceed from England. It is also reasonably certain that when war breaks out it will not be at a time or place convenient to Great Britain. The enemy will strike where he is strong and where we are weak. Not where we are strong and he is weak. If this be true the blow will not fall in the Narrow Seas where our arsenals, dockyards, and coal supply are at hand, but in the Mediterranean where the French and Russians are strong and where we are weak. With the squadron under the command of Sir John Fisher, maintained by the taxpayers of Great Britain, at the present time we do neither one thing nor the other; we are not strong enough to strike nor weak enough to run away. Of our ten battleships, six are good and four are obsolete, one, the *Devastation*, the guardship of Gibraltar, being little better than a hulk. With these ships it is impossible to expect the British admiral to meet and beat, sink, burn, and destroy the 24 battleships of the French and Russian Toulon and Black Sea squadrons. Reinforcements are essential before a blow can be struck. Under the present conditions of the Mediterranean Fleet, instead of going straight for the enemy at Toulon and the Dardanelles, it is necessary for the Commander-in-Chief to pick up his reinforcements at Gibraltar before undertaking any hostile operations against the French. It is possible that with luck the Mediterranean Fleet, though inferior in force, might beat the French single-handed, but a battle squadron even so efficient as that commanded by Sir John Fisher will not come out of any general engagement with an enemy so skilful and so powerful as the French fleet without having received hard knocks. And then, what about Russia; or after Russia, Germany?

THE RESULT OF THE FIRST ENCOUNTER.

The capacity of the British Mediterranean Squadron to fight a second engagement with the Russian partner of the French alliance must be taken into serious consideration. It would require not merely luck but a miracle to enable Sir John Fisher to escape destruction in a second battle. On the other hand if he waits for his reinforcements, and picks them up at Gibraltar, the time occupied by him in that operation will be utilised by the French and Russians in a junction at a point somewhere midway between the Dardanelles and Toulon. The junction of the allies, though adequately met by the junction of the Mediterranean Fleet is usually 2,000 miles away from these shores it is incomparably the would leave matters very much as they were. The true policy, therefore, is obviously not to trust to luck or risk the delay needed for reinforcements, but to maintain the British Mediterranean Squadron at such a strength that it would be able to go straight, on the

declaration of war, or on the occurrence of hostilities, with or without declaration of war, for its objective at Toulon. We must recognise the initial fact, therefore, that though the Mediterranean Fleet is 2,000 miles distant from these shores it is incomparably the most important of all our squadrons. Where the enemy is strong there we should be strong. Naval strength in British home ports or in North American waters is useless because mobilisation and reinforcement may be too late. The China Squadron is futile because the battle for China will not be fought out in the Far East but in the Mediterranean, and nowhere else. If we quarrel with France about her criminals in Noumea, the decisive fight will not be in Australian waters but in the Mediterranean. It always has been so. The countries bordering the Mediterranean have been the cradle of civilisation. Phœnicia, Greece, Italy, the Holy Roman Empire, the French and the British have been successively protectors of knowledge and progress, and at the present time the Mediterranean Sea is still the most important waterway of the world. Trade with Mediterranean ports alone is £95,000,000 per annum; while the possession of Egypt obliges us to hold on as our fathers held on to our position there.

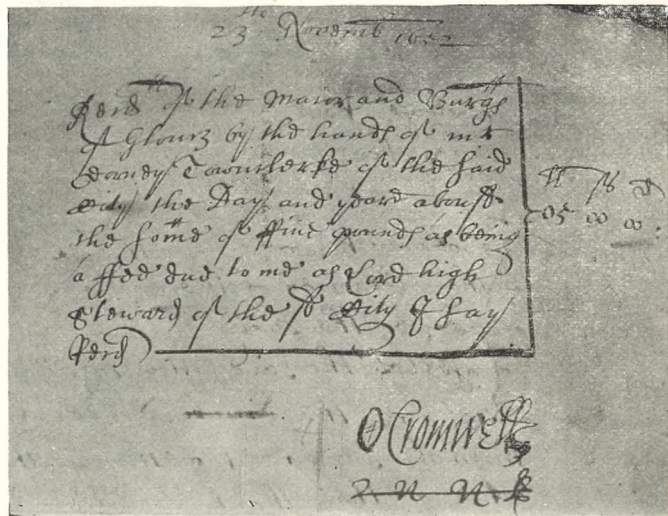
Another point upon which the public should be kept informed is the immense advantage possessed by the French of mobilising quietly without the knowledge of the British. We cannot strengthen our Mediterranean Fleet without the news of every ship proceeding thither being telegraphed to every chancellerie in Europe. The Toulon fleet, on the other hand, can be silently and secretly brought up to war strength at any moment. Crews can be placed on board without attracting any attention or without the knowledge of any foreigner. The crew of even one of our own ships cannot be sent to Malta and Gibraltar without the widest publicity.

MALTA—THE SYMBOL OF SEA POWER.

And what about Malta? It is the symbol of sea power. For more than two thousand years it has either been occupied by the Power holding the command of the seas or by the Knights of St. John under the license of that Power. Thirteen times it has changed hands. The earliest inhabitants, of which we have any actual trace, are the Phœnicians. Then came the Greeks, Malta sharing the varying fortunes that followed the wars in Sicily which took place as the Greek drove out the Phœnician. Later the Carthaginians drove out the Greek and tried to regain the ancient possession of the mother land. Then came the conqueror, Rome, when, during the first Punic war, the Carthaginians held Malta, as Livy tells us (XXI. 51), until Hamilcar gave it up to Titus Sempronius. In due time Malta became a bishopric, and for many hundred years was noted as a harbour and a haven of the Christian faith. In the great struggle of Christianity against the Moslem the Saracens gained possession of Malta after a struggle of many years. Thrice they invaded it and held the island until the Norman knights brought their conquering arms to the Mediterranean. For the first time a Teutonic race and influence were brought to Malta. The present German Emperor's knowledge of history and his taste for sea power leave him under no illusions as to the value of the vital spot in the Mediterranean which was once held by the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire. For nearly 250 years the Spanish House through fourteen kings of Aragon ruled over Malta. The last king of the Spanish House, the Emperor Charles V., granted Malta as a noble and free fief to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. In June, 1798, Buonaparte seized Malta on his way to Egypt. In a few hours the French were in possession of the whole of Gozo and Malta except the town of Valetta and one little port. Buonaparte stayed six days laying down laws and regulations with a strong hand, and plundering innumerable churches of their silver and their pictures. Sir Alexander Ball succeeded in wresting the island from Buonaparte, and it might be noted in passing that while the British Ministry has been blamed for giving the Maltese lawyers and shopkeepers 15 years' notice before English be-

Cromwell as Lord High Steward of Gloucester.

*
Fac-simile of his Receipt for Salary.



comes the language of Malta, Napoleon dealt with the language question in the following sentence:—"To-morrow, at two o'clock, the language of France will be the language of Malta." The treaty of Amiens in 1802 restored Malta to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. This plan was intensely repugnant to the Maltese, who protested against it by despatching a deputation to England. The plan was never carried out. War quickly broke out again, and the island remained in the hands of England till 1814, when it was secured to her by the treaty of Paris, article 7, under which the British people still hold the vital spot of the Empire.

Anyone who wishes to examine the opinion of our forefathers on the subject of Malta should read the debates in the House of Commons and the House of Lords in October, 1802. When the Ministry were blamed for the peace of Amiens and the surrenders in the Mediterranean, Mr. Pitt said:—"As to Minorca, during the last four wars it had regularly shifted hands. In peace it was of no importance, and in war the power which was strongest at sea always took it. He was sorry we could not retain Malta; but if we were obliged to give it up, he did not know in what hands it could better be placed than those mentioned in the treaty." Mr. Fox on this occasion, was in agreement with the Prime Minister, and said: "Although he admitted the importance of Malta, and regretted the necessity of giving it up, yet he could not flatter himself that we could have obtained peace on better terms."

THE NERVE CENTRE OF THE INLAND SEA.
While Egypt is rather inter-oceanic than the Inland Sea, although the Fleet depends Mediterranean, Malta is the nerve centre of less on Malta than Malta on the Fleet. "The island of Malta," said Buonaparte, "is of the utmost importance to us. . . . That little island is priceless to us." (Corr. de Nap. May 26th, 1797. Vol. II. p.p. 86-7). In Nelson's Dispatches Vol. III. p. 35., he said:—"If you can take Malta it secures the safety of the fleet and the transports." Russia, in 1798, stipulated a payment of 400,000 roubles to the Knights of St. John. Buonaparte found the treaty with the ink scarcely dry when he took possession of the island. In the event of the defeat of England it will be intensely interesting to know which of the Allies is to occupy Malta. Three of the great Powers still look towards Malta with hungry eyes. The policy of Russia, like the policy of Rome, changes not. The peace of Amiens came to an end over the quarrel at Malta, and began a war that only ended at Waterloo. When Great Britain was fighting for her life she knew the value of Malta. To-day she seems to think that Malta is secured to her by the decree of Omnipotence, not by the might of her fleet.

Malta, since 1820, has increased enormously in value to the Power claiming supremacy at sea. Malta contains the only complete British arsenal in the Mediterranean Sea. It is surrounded by torpedo stations; the nearest is within 210 miles of Valetta Harbour.

We hold the Mediterranean because it is the key of our Empire. The lavish expenditure of money and life in the valley of the Nile and the national obligations incurred towards Egypt alone prevent any idea of relinquishing the burden of Empire in the Mediterranean. The Mediterranean is the avenue to the East, whence the Imperial character of the British Empire is derived. To hold on to the Mediterranean, therefore, is no longer politic; it is a condition of life. To relinquish the Mediterranean means the acceptance of defeat on the field where sea power has been made and lost for three thousand years. The efficiency of the Mediterranean Fleet, therefore, is the base of the pyramid on which the British Empire rests.
ARNOLD WHITE.

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

The death is announced of Major-General James Pattle Beadle, who served in the Sutlej campaign, and retired from the Royal (Bengal) Engineers in 1866.

Mr. H. Y. J. Taylor writes:—I found in the Gloucester Corporation Records the receipt which Oliver Cromwell gave for his first year's salary as Lord High Steward of the city. I secured a photograph copy of the voucher and autograph, which have been pronounced to be genuine. There were grand doings in the city when Oliver was proclaimed Protector. The fountains ran with wine. And when Oliver galloped through Gloucester with his Ironsides to subdue the rebellious Welsh, he halted at the Cross. He was offered wine at

the Tolsey, but he called for ale, as he evidently preferred good ale to bad wine. Two entries appear in the Chamberlain's accounts:—(1) "Item, paid for wine sent to the Tolsey to make Lieutenant-General Cromwell, of the Parliament Army, drink when he marched with most of his army through this city into Wales, 11s."; (2) "Item, paid for one quart of ale for the Lieutenant-General, 3d." Cromwell had his quart of ale, and his officers drank the eleven shillings' worth of wine.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

A friend of mind who has at his fingers' ends the names of all the local officers who came to the front in the Boer war has kindly furnished me with a list of the Gloucestershire men who were awarded the Distinguished Service Order. I gladly give it in supplementation of the local recipients of honours in the Coronation list last week:—Captain R. H. Collis, 6th D.G.; Captain Graham-Clarke, 1st I.Y.; Captain E. C. Peebles, Norfolks; Captain G. Christian, Prince of Wales's Own; Captain D. G. Godfrey-Faussett, the Essex; Captain T. T. Gresson, Yorks and Lancasters; Lieutenant J. K. Dick-Cunyngham, Gordons; Captain A. S. Peebles, Suffolks; Captain L. F. Ashburner, Durhams; Captain C. F. Minchin, I.S.C.; Captain H. C. W. Theobald, Gloucesters; and Lieutenant A. P. Frankland, Suffolks.

I am very glad to hear there is a probability of a life of the late John Bellows being written. A sure sign in this direction is the invitation from the family to all who possess letters written by the deceased to be kind enough to lend them if possible for publication. Mr. Bellows was such a voluminous correspondent that there ought to be no difficulty in getting a good batch, which I trow will prove a veritable mine of interesting information. I imagine, though, that the communications will require very careful editing, for "Honest John" was very outspoken as a rule about things and persons. It is quite refreshing in these days of autobiographies or lives of small fry and meretricious-merit-men to find there is a chance of getting a biography of the "Good man of Gloucester," distinguished as a patriot, philanthropist, linguist, and antiquarian.

We have had another light assize in the county town. It barely lasted two days, and would have been an hour or two briefer if the

obsolete grand juries had gone the way of the Royal Proclamation against Vice and Immorality—ceased to exist. These juries are not to be confounded with the palladiums of our liberty. In the case of the county, magistrates lightly sit upon the findings of magistrates to find if there is a true bill against a prisoner to present to a common jury. In the case of the city, worthy citizens do the same thing towards the borough justices, and the foremen often find themselves like fish out of water in dealing with depositions and examining witnesses. I have heard of one cheesemonger suggesting that the prisoner should be called before them, cautioned "not to do it again," and discharged. I have sometimes known a judge send for a deliberating city grand jury into court and tell them pointedly that their function is not to try prisoners. It was a bad time again for the "gentlemen of the long robe," a lengthy list of whom figure for the Oxford Circuit. In the fifteen criminal cases at Gloucester last week the county grand jury threw out the bill against one prisoner, one case was adjourned, and pleas of guilty by confession were entered in seven cases. The briefs chiefly went to two barristers (eight and six), and only six other barristers had a solitary brief each. A settling air prevailed in the trio of civil cases entered, and the verdict of the jury was not taken in either case. Two K.C.'s were briefed in these, two of the chief briefed criminal barristers had another retainer or two, and three other juniors appeared for the first time at this assize. "Brief life is here our portion" is not a hymn that would find appropriate place in any thanksgiving service that might be arranged at Gloucester for the gentlemen of the bar at large.
GLEENER.

After a levee at Hong-kong at which Coronation addresses were presented by the Freemasons of the foreign and Chinese communities for transmission to the King, the Governor unveiled a statue of the Duke of Connaught, the Grand Master of the Order.



GLOUCESTER CIVIC MILITARY BAND
CONDUCTOR—MR. FRANK DAWES.

Photo by H. E. Jones.

Gloucester.



THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP.

The fact that the old-time cyclist, Mr. S. F. Edge, succeeded in carrying off the Gordon-Bennett Cup for the fastest time between Paris and Innsbruck, in the great Continental road race, has naturally caused great rejoicing to "Motor Cycling," which declares that the result will be of high importance to the British motor industry, and that it is impossible to exaggerate the greatness of Mr. Edge's performance or to withhold admiration for his dogged determination. For the first time in its history this important trophy comes to England, and as it is one of the stipulations of the contest that it shall be raced for in the country to which the winner claims allegiance, it remains to be seen whether our authorities will recognise the importance of the win to the motor industry of Great Britain and sanction the holding of next year's Gordon-Bennett cup race over British roads. It is hoped that they will, for such a contest here, properly conducted, would give a tremendous stimulus to the motor trade.

A WONDERFUL HAPPENING.

A writer in a photographic journal, dated for the month of July, has been caught just beautifully. He waxed enthusiastic over "the exhilaration of the grand feast of photographic material" afforded by the Coronation, and then proceeds to relate a thrilling incident as having actually occurred. To put it in words other than the unfortunate scribe's own would be to spoil it, so here we have it:—"A novice was observed in the thanksgiving crowd who began nervously toying with the bulb of his shutter a full quarter of an hour before the passing of the King, and, as was to be expected, accidentally snapped it just too soon, and had not time to change the film before it was too late." We can only add that someone was also too early—with their story!

CYCLING THROUGH TOWNS.

A C.T.C.-ite writes to the club "Gazette": "In these days of good maps and road books, I find it generally easy to make out my way in the country, when on a tour; but when I get into a town of any size I have, as a rule, to choose between asking my way several times or trusting to a vague sense of the right direction. The club has done good service in securing the multiplication of finger-posts; may I ask if it could not take some steps to guide the bewildered cyclist in a town?" The suggestion is well worthy of consideration. Perhaps the town

authorities themselves might be induced to take the matter up, if properly approached.

CYCLES VERSUS BALLOONS.

A noteworthy proposal has been made by the Rev. J. M. Bacon, of Newbury—who is widely known as a successful aeronaut and scientific investigator. The proposal relates to a contest between cycles and balloons, as being likely to prove of some military value. Mr. Bacon points out that during the siege of Paris it was the endeavour of the besiegers to intercept the despatches sent out from the city by balloon. He is prepared, therefore, to start with a balloon, say, from Stamford Bridge, Fulham. It is suggested that a corps of cyclists and motorists should start fair in pursuit, competing in the task of recovering the despatches which he would carry. On reaching earth, he would remain in his car until the first pursuer carrying due credentials arrived. Mr. Bacon will be glad to receive any suggestions likely to prove of value in carrying out this project.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A HOBBY.

There is much truth in the assertion of "The Picture Postcard" that photography is the most adaptable of all the arts to the claims of a "hobby." Notwithstanding, many are deterred from entering the ranks of the "amateur" army from the idea that, besides requiring a fair amount of time, it is necessary to grind at photographic literature of a dry and uninteresting nature. This is not so. Photography, looked at from the average amateur's standpoint is simplicity itself. At the same time, it must be conceded that a good theoretical knowledge is not merely advantageous, but is really useful. Still, to acquire theory, it is not necessary to "swat" it up, as the schoolboys say, nor to probe ambitious text-books to their utmost depths.

EASY TO ACQUIRE.

Amateur photography is a hobby easy to acquire, ever fresh, and giving in after years many delightful hours of reminiscences of a scene here or a happy day there; recalling now an event almost forgotten, a loved face kept in memory always green, and a thousand and one little touches of past days one would not wish to slip into oblivion, which, but for our friend the camera, must have done so. This, however, is but one of the many advantages and delights of amateur photography. Yet, if this were all, surely it would be a sufficient inducement to all and sundry to embrace photography as one of the most lasting of pleasant and beneficial hobbies.

WOMEN'S HILL-CLIMBING COMPETITIONS.

It is impossible not to sympathise with the indignation of Mr. H. J. Swindley in reference to the organisation by a Brighton club of a hill-climbing

competition for ladies. The hill where the event took place is described as "dangerous" in the route book, and as "a long and stiffish rise" in the local report; and we read that no fewer than 200 of the club members and their cycling friends rode out to witness the sorry spectacle of girls competing in a struggle up a long and stiffish gradient of one in thirteen for prizes offered by men. How many of the eleven girl starters in the competition promoted by this club were trained in any way to take part in such a contest? It is difficult, as Mr. Swindley says, to imagine the mental condition of the spectators who could find pleasure in looking on at a struggle, when a moment's thought would have shown all who were not clods that the plucky exertions made by the majority of the competitors were probably sowing the seeds of the direst trouble in after life.

SUMMER PRINT-MAKING.

At this time of year it is well, after toning, to use the alum bath for P.O.P. prints—say, alum 2ozs., water one pint. Rinse after fixing, immerse for several minutes in the alum bath, and wash, as usual. The alum hardens the surface of the prints, and it serves the same purpose with negatives that are likely to frill as the result of being developed in a close and warm dark room. Plucky negatives may be printed in the sunlight, but weak ones should be kept in the shade. Where running water is not obtainable for washing, it is said by Sir W. de W. Abney to be a good plan to place the prints in a dish, changing the water every half-hour for five or six changes, and sponging all the moisture out with a thoroughly washed sponge, as far as possible, after every second change. By this procedure the hyposulphite is very perfectly eliminated.

A DESPERATE CASE.

A man with one arm was pushing a cart up a hill a few weeks back, and was run into by several cyclists. It was a dark night, and the excitement was great. One of the cyclists raised the man from the ground, and suddenly noted an arm was missing. "My ——" he said, "look, you boys, we have knocked his arm clean off." This story is given on the authority of a West of England club journal.

CHATTER BY THE WAYSIDE.

A bicycle does not eat, a horse does; but an ordinary carpet tack will not let the wind out of a horse.

An authority declares that the bicycle may undergo some variation of construction; but as regards strength and speed it now seems to have reached the height of perfection.

Variable gears promise to be the chief novelty in 1903.

An apparatus to permit of the two cranks of a motor-bicycle being brought into the same plane, and thus serve as comfortable foot-rests, is to be introduced.

The Chief Constables of large centres are beginning to issue notices to the effect that all slow travelling traffic must keep close to the left.

In Orkney a bye-law has been adopted that no cyclist shall pass through a village at more than a walking pace.

The Bishop of Manchester recently declared that Sunday cycling is "bringing the people into a miserable condition."

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 78th competition is Mr. H. C. Morse, Barton-street, Gloucester, with his pictures of Coronation decorations.

Entries for the 79th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, July 12th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 81. SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1902.

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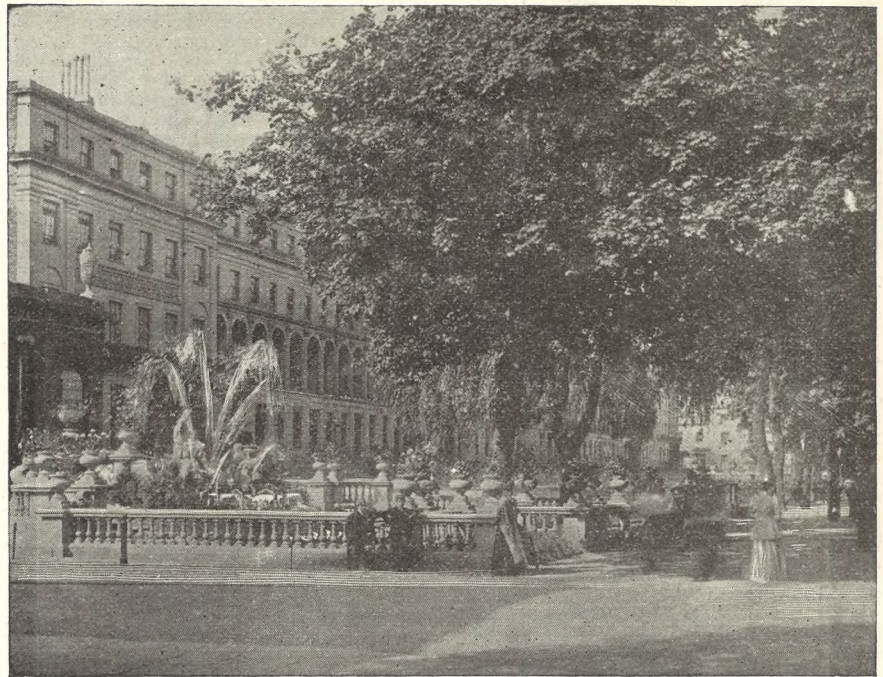
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HIGH STREET, CHELTENHAM.



THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM.

Earl Spencer was presented with the freedom of Exeter on Saturday, on the occasion of his visit to that city to unveil a tablet at the Royal Albert Museum commemorating the work of the late Sir Thomas Acland.

General French has informed the Mayor of Canterbury that he will accept the honour of the freedom of the city. General French was born in the county, and has served at Canterbury.

The Queen has honoured Mme. de Dominguez by accepting two live chinchillas and two egrets which she brought from Buenos Ayres lately. This is another gracious act of her Majesty to Americans, as Mme. de Dominguez is from the United States.

In Western Australia, the late Hon. George Leake has been followed in the headship of the Government by the Hon. Walter James, who was articulated to him for the study of the law. Mr. James is an exceptionally young Premier, being only thirty-nine.

Sir Alfred L. Jones has placed at the disposal of the Governors of the Liverpool Northern Hospital free passages in Elder Dempster steamers to nurses who require a change.

A Droylsden butcher named Nuttall left his wife in the kitchen on Monday with the gas turned low. On returning he found the house full of gas and his wife dead in a chair. It is supposed the gas was blown out after the poor woman fell asleep.

After having his grave dug, walled, and lined with cement, and his tombstone carved with all but the date of his death, an old clergyman at Manitowoc, Wisconsin, has taken to his bed and his demise is expected shortly. His coffin is already on order.

There was a brilliant gathering on Monday at Blenheim Palace, when the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough invited some of the royal guests for the Coronation to luncheon and a garden party.

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The Homes and Haunts of Famous Authors.

III.—THE BROWNING'S,

By HELEN ZIMMERN

(Author of "Half Hours with Famous Novelists," etc.).



CASA GUIDI, FLORENCE.

However fortunate, indeed rarely fortunate in their external surroundings, those wedded singers, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, it can scarcely be contended that their lives had been cast by Fate in poetic surroundings. His childhood, youth, and earliest manhood were passed in the dreary metropolitan suburb of Clapham, that suburb connected, one scarcely knows why, with visions of Low Church theology and dreary sectarian meeting houses; a wilderness of ugly streets studded with drab-coloured uniformly unartistic dwellings. Her long invalid life was passed in the darkened upper chamber of a cheerless house situated in "that long unlovely street" of Wimpole. Mutual love which gave to her renewed life gave to them both ambient emancipation. No wonder they adored Italy. We all love her, those of us who know her, but how much more must she have been appreciated by those exquisitely keen worshippers of beauty, who had escaped to her clear skies, her balmy breaths, her flowers, her artistic and natural beauties, from an encompassment of leaden skies, of brick and mortar, of fog and over-anxious, heavy-hearted men and women? After that quiet clandestine marriage in the forenoon of September the 12th, 1846, Browning and his new-made wife, who seemed to have stepped from the tomb into life, made their way by slow steps to the still, sun-steeped, art-consecrated little town of Pisa.

"I yield the grave for thy sake and exchange My near sweet view of Heaven for Earth with thee."

So sang the woman poet in those tender "Sonnets from the Portuguese," her offering to him out of the darkness of her chamber, of which at Pisa her husband-lover was permitted for the first time to have a glance.

She thrust the MSS. into his hands as one evening they were watching the sun setting behind the fantastic shaped Carrara hills, and it was only after much and long persuasion that she could be induced to publish them. She held that they were for him and him only, and were much too sacred and intimate for the world. He on the other hand insisted that the world ought not to lose such exquisite and poetic treasures, and the world has cause to thank him for his generosity.

Pisa, as all the world knows, stands on the banks of the "golden coloured" Arno, which also washes Florence and which at Pisa is very near to its outpouring into the sea. The town is noted for its Cathedral, its frescoed "Holy Field" where rest its dead, and for that curious architectural freak, its Leaning Tower. It is dear to the English, too, as for a while the home of Byron and Shelley, poets whom both the Brownings rapturously admired, Shelley above all; and it may have been a desire to walk in his footsteps that led them to the sleepy old city of sacred associations. It was in an old palace built by Vasari in sight of the marble Cathedral and the leaning belfry that they settled their first home, a little nest of but four rooms, in whose seclusion they loved and wrote and day-dreamed. The city itself invites to rest as it lies there "asleep in the sun," and no wonder Mrs. Browning's health improved by leaps and strides. "We both like Pisa extremely," she writes at the time to a friend; "the city is full of beauty and repose, and the purple mountains gloriously seem to beckon us on deeper into the vine land."

FROM PISA TO FLORENCE.

To this beckoning they gave heed in April of the next year (1847), and when the swallows were darting over the pine forest around them, and Shelley's little favourite Aziola owl was hooting among the white marble gullies of Carrara, the two poets quitted what they jokingly called their perch at Pisa and set their faces towards Florence. Here they settled themselves temporarily in a central lodging, and here Mrs. Browning at once fell in love with the place. "Florence is unspeakably beautiful," she writes. "And here they spent the summer."

"One of the most delightful of summers, notwithstanding the heat, and I begin to comprehend the possibilities of St. Lawrence's ecstasies on the gridiron. Very hot it certainly has been . . . and as we have spacious and airy rooms Robert lets me sit all day in a white dressing-gown, and as we can step out of the window upon a sort of balcony terrace which is quite private and swims over with moonlight in the evening and as we live upon water melons and iced water and figs, we bear the heat with angelic patience."

In those days Vallombrosa was not a congerie of pensions and hotels and an expensive though lovely summer resort approached by a tuncular railway; but a secluded monastery. The Brownings thought to find accommodation there and shelter from the sun's rays, but after a toilsome journey, undertaken in an oxsled, they were turned back ignominiously by the abbot, "for the sin of womanhood," as Mrs. Browning phrases it. Yet, even so, Mrs. Browning exults very properly concerning the woods, and the scenery, and the hills: "Such a sea of hills, looking alive among the clouds. Such fine woods, supernaturally silent, with the ground black as ink." The next winter the pair took rooms in the Piazzetti Pitti, that irregular space facing the huge long rough-stone built pile which is now the King of Italy's Florentine palace, and harbours the famous Medici picture gallery. In the small *mezzanino* rooms, yellow with sunshine from morning to night, the two lived their second married winter, seeing but few persons, but happy in themselves. As she says, "Most days I am able to go into the Piazza and walk up and down without feeling a breath of the actual winter." In the evening they would roast chestnuts and toast their feet over their cosy fire of fir cones and chestnut sticks, and drink mulled wine in company with such friends as might drop in. But when the spring came and they still found the attractions of Florence too overwhelming to leave, they decided to get into rooms of their own, rather than continue living in furnished apartments. It was then that they moved into the old palace which will be for ever associated with the author of "Casa Guidi Windows." "In fact, we have really done it magnificently," writes Mrs. Browning, who was the letter-writer of the couple; "planted ourselves in the Guidi Palace in the favourite suite of the late Count, his arms are in *scagliola* on my bedroom floor. Though we have six beautiful

rooms and a kitchen, three of them really palace rooms and opening on a terrace, and though such furniture as comes by degrees into them is antique and worthy of the place, we yet shall have saved money by the end of the year—a stone's throw, too, it is from the Pitti Palace, and really in my present mind I would hardly exchange with the Grand Duke himself. By the bye, as to street, we have no spectators in windows, but just the grey walls of a church called San Felice 'for good omen.'" And again speaking of her home she says: "Just such a window where Bianca Capella looked out to see the Duke go by and just such a door where Tasso stood and Dante drew out his chair to sit. Strange to have all that old world about us and the blue sky so bright."

THE CASA GUIDI FURNITURE.

It was a great amusement to Browning, this picking up and adapting of old furniture which at that time sold for a mere song, and from this Italian furniture he never parted. When after his wife's death he removed to his commonplace, not to say dull abode, of Warwick Crescent, Paddington, he also put it there, where its massive carvings, heavy gildings, and valuable tapestries looked strangely out of place and over weighted the low-ceilinged English chambers. But Browning's conservative nature clung to it, for was it not bound up with the idyll of his life lived out in the Casa Guidi? When a couple of years before his death the poet moved to a more commodious house in De Vere gardens, the fine old Italian furniture went too, and there it could be better seen and appreciated. In London too were always kept in his study the little low table and chair used by Mrs. Browning when she wrote or read.

Casa Guidi has become a name sacred to English people for its poetic and human associations, and not an English speaking visitor who comes to Florence omits a pilgrimage to to the Via Maggio to see it, no one but reads with grateful emotion the elegantly worded inscription placed over its portal in memory of Mrs. Browning, by the Municipality of Florence:

"Elizabetta Barrett Browning she in cuore di donna conciliava scienza di dotto e spirito di poeta e fece di suo verso aureo anello fra Italia e Inghilterra."

(To Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in whose woman's heart were united the learning of the scholar and the spirit of the poet, and who welded with her verse a golden link between Italy and England).

But the site where the golden international link was forged cannot fail to disappoint and astonish them. Florence is so rich in fine palaces that this one looks but a common structure. Nor is its situation, at the end of a long street overlooking an irregular and for Florence uninteresting Piazza and church, remarkable in any fashion. Further it lacks the charm possessed by almost every Florentine abode. There is no view of rolling mountains and distant plains from its windows and balconies, except from those of the topmost floor, but this the Brownings did not occupy. Even the view of the Pitti, of which so much is said in the poem "Casa Guidi Windows," is but a sidelong glimpse of the wing of that fine building, the portal, the empty space in front where the chief political events took place could only have been seen by the mind's eye. But of course compared with Wimpole-street or Clapham it was a picturesque Paradise.

SUMMER SOJOURNS.

As a rule the summers were not passed in Casa Guidi. In early days the Adriatic coast was sought, and at Ancona and its neighbourhood a happy season was passed. While there they visited Fano, that sleepy little erst sea-port from which the sea has receded, rich in churches and memories, and here Browning wrote that lovely short poem, "The Guardian Angel," which alluded to Guercino's picture in the local church. "My Angel with me, too," he writes, and tells how they went together three times to the chapel to drink in to their soul's content the beauty of dear Guercino's picture. But when the child came, such idle wanderings after pictures and poetic associations had to be abandoned, and for some years they oscillated

between Siena and the Baths of Lucca, with occasional visits to England and Paris, where Mr. Browning's family then resided. Among the chestnut woods of Bagni di Lucca, where, as Mrs. Browning phrases it, you caught mountain air without its keenness, "sheathed in Italian sunshine," they hired a sort of eagles' nest, in fact the highest house of the highest of the tiers of villages called the Bagni di Lucca, "which lie"—again it is Mrs. Browning who speaks—"at the heart of a hundred mountains, sung to continually by a rushing mountain stream." Here amid no sound but that of the leaping hill torrents and the crickets of the Italian dog days' heat, the couple spent many a midsummer rambling amid the Tuscan birch and chestnut forests that are the glory of that region. These tree-clothed hills that back the antique walled, architecturally rich town of Lucca are full of associations to lovers of the Muse. Here, too, Shelley had lived and translated Plato's Symposium, here Heine had sneered and made love, here at a later epoch Byron wrote his splendid fragment "In a Balcony." On one occasion Browning rambled to the remote waterfall high up a glen where Shelley had been wont to amuse himself by sitting naked on a rock in the sunshine reading Herodotus while he cooled and then plunging into the deep pool beneath him to emerge further up the stream and then climb back to the waterfall, a glittering human wraith. No wonder the married lovers were happy and returned again and again to their Tuscan retreat. But it was always Florence which made their centre, and in Casa Guidi became associated their ideas of home. One winter was passed in Rome in Via Bocca di Leone No. 43 on the third floor, that quiet street not far off the Pincian Hill, and here, in comfortable rooms turned to the sun, the couple worked and played by turns and saw and made many friends. Too many, almost, so that they hankered after the seclusion of Casa Guidi. Mrs. Browning wrote, "To leave Rome fills me with barbarian complacency. I don't pretend to have a ray of sentiment about Rome. It's a palimpsest Rome, a waterine place written over the antique, and I haven't taken to it as a poet should, I suppose."

FAVOURER FLORENCE.

Again and again both in poetry and in prose the couple sang the praises of the Tuscan town. "I love Florence," she writes, after some years' residence in Casa Guidi, "If you take one thing with another, there is no place in the world like Florence, I am persuaded, for a place to live in, cheap, tranquil, cheerful, beautiful, within the limits of civilisation, yet out of the crush of it." Indeed they both grew to love Italy more and more. In 1858 he writes, "I hate the thought of leaving Italy for one day more than I can help, and satisfy my English predilections by newspapers and a book or two" and she, "To live out of Italy at all is impossible to us."

And in Italy, and in her beloved Florence, was Mrs. Browning laid to rest, when, in June, 1861, she passed away quietly and almost unexpectedly, her death hastened, it is always believed, by her grief over the death of Cavour, for she comprehended by intuition how grave and irreparable a loss this was in view of Italy's future. She lies among the roses and the cypresses of the English cemetery that then stood outside the city walls, but which is now within its extended precincts. A marble mausoleum, designed by Leighton, covers the spot: it bears no inscription but the date of her migration and the initials "F.B.R."

Browning himself left the city and never returned thither, neither in life, nor as he had hoped, in death, for his country's Abbey claimed the bard's remains: but it is pleasant to think that their son, Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, with filial piety, when Casa Guidi a few years ago was in the market, bought up his parents' old home and his own birthplace. The whole house has been renovated and repaired, and is now let off in flats much sought after by the English.

It was over twenty years ere Browning again set foot in Italy, though his heart yearned thither. When he did it was to Asolo that he turned, which he had first visited in his youth, and which had inspired the dramatic

idyll of Pippa. After the ice was once broken Venice and Asolo were visited yearly until his death, but no fixed abode was his. He stayed with friends or put up at an inn. It was only in 1889, the very year of his death, that he suddenly conceived a desire to purchase a bit of land in Asolo on which to build himself a dwelling, that would place him beyond the necessity of constantly seeking a new summer resort. It was evident, he said, that his summer wanderings would always end in Venice, where since two years his son was established with his wife in the Palazzo Rezzonica on the Grand Canal, and where Browning was henceforth to have a corner "for his old age." The negotiations for the wee bit of land dragged on as Italian business negotiations will, and ere they were complete the poet passed away at Venice, in the city he loved so well, in his son's house, and surrounded by his dear ones.

Venice did her best to honour him; she knew his value, and how he had loved her and her country. On the wall of the palace, beneath the window of the corner room in which he died, a room that looks out on one side over the Grand Canal, and on the other upon a narrow water-way, has been placed a round marble tablet with the inscription:—

A
Roberto Browning
morto in questo palazzo
il 12 di Dicembre, 1889
VENEZIA

Pose;

while below in a corner are engraved the words—

"Open my heart and you will see

Graved inside it, Italy."

Nor was Asolo forgotten! On the site secured at last Mr. Robert Barrett Browning has reared a living memorial to his father, better far than marble or bronze. Pippa's craft was a thing of the past, dead beyond revival. But in the crumbling factory in which Pippa worked and sung, the poet's son founded a lace school, and thus the young Asolan maidens have a new industry instead of the old one. And flourishing it is, too, thanks to Mr. Robert Barrett Browning's personal supervision. Hence girls in pretty Asolo can still be thankful for their happy, healthy work, and can still rejoice with Pippa in their New Year's holiday. And just across the road from the lace school there is a tablet let into the wall of a little house, often inhabited by the poet's son and his surviving sister when the midsummer heats drive them upwards from Venice, on which can be read:—

In questa casa
abito
Robert Browning
somma poeta Inglese.
Vi scrisse Asolando,
1889.

Next week: "Stevenson," by H. Belyse Baildon, M.A.

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Gloucestershire Gossip.

The retirement of the Marquis of Salisbury from the Premiership reminds me that his lordship has never made any public appearance in this county. The only occasion on which I remember his being in the neighbourhood was in 1885, when he passed through Gloucester on his way to and back from the Conservative Conference at Newport. Going down the blinds of his carriage were lowered—for he disliked emulating Mr. Gladstone in railway station demonstrations—but coming back they were up, for the Marquis had consented to a request that some of his disappointed admirers in the old city might take a look at and give him a cheer if they liked. The political connection of Mr. Balfour, the new Premier, with the county is limited to his having been president of the Gloucester Conservative Club. But he has been a frequent visitor to Lord Elcho at Stanway in

quest of golfing exercise on the Cotswolds and sport in shooting. As for Sir Michael Hicks Beach, he is "Gloucestershire born and bred," and on his retirement from high office of State I will only say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

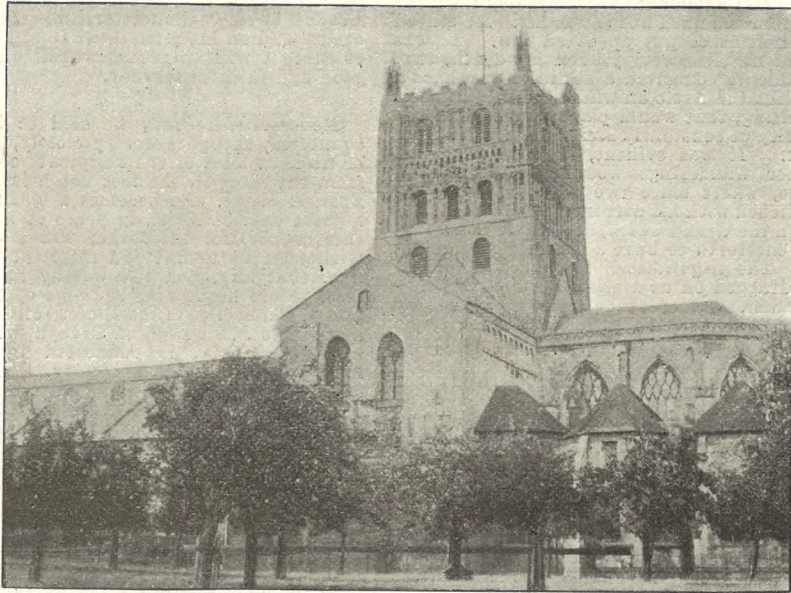
Gloucestershire may be said to be again connected, though not very closely, with two or three at least of the recipients of honours from the King in the last batch issued. Sir Francis Jeune, who becomes a G.C.B., spent a great deal of the early years of his life in this county, for his father was a canon of Gloucester Cathedral and rector of Taynton, near that city, and the worthy knight was also, before he became a Judge of the High Court, Chancellor of the Diocese of Gloucester and Bristol. Sir Dighton Probyn, who is also made a G.C.B., is connected by distant family ties with this county. Then Mr. Alfred de Bock Porter, elevated to the rank of K.C.B., is the father-in-law of the Rev. Sidney Comer, the Congregational minister at Gloucester, and although Sir Alfred is secretary to the Ecclesiastical Commission, he is a prominent member of the Congregationalist Church at Finchley. His religion has very properly not interfered with his official advancement.

In the mass of reading matter that has appeared in the Press about the Sandhurst College scandal I was very pleased to alight on a tribute paid by one correspondent to the late Col. E. G. Hallewell, C.B., a former Lieutenant-Governor of the R.M.C. There we have reference to a distinguished Gloucestershire man, a son of that fine old English gentleman, Mr. Edmund Gilling Hallewell, who lived at Stroud and afterwards at Beauchamp, near Gloucester, and who opposed Col. Francis Berkeley at Cheltenham in the Conservative interest in 1856, the same year that Col. Hallewell was entertained at a complimentary dinner at Stroud, on his return home from the Crimea. The writer states that 38 years ago he was a gentleman cadet at Sandhurst, and to the precept and example of Col. Hallewell especially, who was one of the very best battalion commanders he had ever seen on parade, besides taking a keen interest in the individual instruction of the cadets, hundreds of officers who had served in the Army owed much. The writer, having since had a son pass through the institution and paid two visits to the College, was much struck with the regrettable change in the discipline and order of the college since he had first known it.

Now that Lord Kitchener's name is in everyone's mouth, I have been puzzling if I could find a link of connection between the conquering hero and Gloucestershire, apart from the fact that he is now the guest of Mr. Ralli, who contested Gloucester at the last election, and whose sister married the Hon. Richard Moreton, brother of Lord Ducie. The link I have discovered is that some years of Lord Kitchener's boyhood were spent at Crotta House, county Kerry, which at one time belonged to the late Mr. T. Beale Browne, of Salperton Park, Andoversford, near Cheltenham, a very well-known landowner both in Gloucestershire and Ireland.

The proposal to establish a fruit and vegetable market in the Garden Town has my cordial sympathy, for there is "a quantity" of this sort of produce in the neighbourhood that wants to be brought direct to the consumers at a fair and reasonable price to them and the growers. The question of the distribution of farm produce, especially perishable stuff, is an urgent one demanding solution. Here we have been paying in shops fourpence to sixpence per pound for strawberries, of which there is a glut. And yet at Evesham I see they have been freely selling at a penny-farthing per pound, while an enterprising market gardener, not liking the prices there, chartered a motor-car, loaded it twice with the fruit, and slipped over to Tewkesbury, where the cargoes were speedily disposed of at the rate of threepence per pound

GLEANER.



Tour of Our Churches.

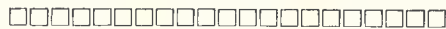
* * *
TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

There is much to be said, I think, in favour of attending service in a Cathedral or Abbey Church occasionally. Like as the steps of a visitor to a cathedral city trend towards the ecclesiastical pile, so a Churchman, even at the risk of being accused of running away from his own place of worship, naturally attends service at a Cathedral or Abbey when opportunity occurs. One cannot see in the noble building at Tewkesbury, for instance, after being used to a, comparatively, cramped Sunday meeting room, without feeling one's thoughts raised. What soul the 14th Century workmen put into their work! Their principal thought could not have been, as with the workmen nowadays, "How little can we do for our 8d. per hour?" They put their whole heart into their work, and did the very best they could, wages being a secondary consideration. How laudable for our forefathers to raise such a majestic pile! How we ought to appreciate such places! Look at Tewkesbury's massive pillars, its ogee arches, its vaulted roof and illustrative bosses, its fan tracery, its carving and crocketing, its beautiful windows. Well may Tewkesbury be proud of its noble Abbey! I attended service there on a recent Sunday evening. It is a big place for a small town to fill, and the chairs were not all occupied; but there was a congregation that most preachers might well be proud to speak to. A particularly soft voluntary was very tastefully played as the clergy and choir marched from the vestry to their places, the congregation standing meanwhile. The opening exhortation was read in a high key, the Confession being taken a note lower, and the Absolution and Lord's Prayer high again. The responses were nicely intoned, without any undue flourishes. The First Lesson, read from the raised eagle lectern, recounted Nathan's accusation of David, "Thou art the man," and was well delivered, the death of David's child being tenderly recited. The Psalms, Magnificat, and Nunc Dimittis were splendidly chanted, and to have listened to them would have been a good object lesson to many of the village choirs I have sat under of late. In the programme Dr. Stainer's anthem "Oh! Clap your hands, all ye people," was set down, and I was preparing for a musical treat, and was very disappointed at the substitution of "Hark! my soul, it is the Lord," beautiful hymn though this is. I could not gather why the anthem was not sung. The other hymns were 266 and 234 A. and M.

In due time the Vicar ascended the pulpit, and took for his text Proverbs xiii., 11:—"Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished; but he that gathereth by labour shall increase"; and the Vicar preached a powerful discourse on the evils of gambling. He said a report of the Committee on Betting had recently been presented to the House of Lords, and he read several extracts therefrom. The preacher went on to say that if he told his hearers the Archbishop of Canterbury had been betting they would say that was wrong; but if he told them a nobleman had been betting they would not feel shocked. But if it was wrong for a Bishop to bet, why was it not wrong for a nobleman or commoner? The question where betting began to be wrong was a very important one, and they had need to make up their minds very clearly what was right in the matter. The only safe course was to abstain altogether; and he urged all, especially young men when going to the large towns, where the evil was most rife, to have the courage to say "No" when urged to "put a bit on a horse" or play a game of cards for money. He gave instances of good business men, members of choirs, whom he had personally known and others, who had been ruined by betting. Some might say it was not wrong to bet if both parties could afford to lose the stake without any inconvenience; but that could not be said in regard to the working classes, who were, according to the finding of the Lords' Committee, taking to betting more and more. Betting led a man to adopt anything but what they might call Christian principles. The preacher contended that the worldliness of the Sabbath day was one great motor that led to gambling. He acknowledged that betting was not so rife in Tewkesbury as it was in many other places.

After the service proper there was an organ recital, the pieces performed being "Ave Maria d'arcadelt" (16th Century) (Liszt) and "Andante in G minor" (Böely).

CHURCHMAN.



A gallery in the Church of St. Francis at Prato, in Tuscany, collapsed on Sunday. Some confusion was caused by the accident, but there was no serious personal injury.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has promised to give £10,000 for a free library at Eastbourne on condition that the Corporation increases the library rate to three farthings in the pound and provides a site. The site has already been given by the Duke of Devonshire.

POETRY.

* * *

HEROINES.

Many names of noble women,
Handed down from age to age,
Famed for deeds of love or valour,
Shine on us from history's page;
But are these the only heroines
That have lived and loved and died?
Is there not a countless number
That we know not of beside?

There are some who do in silence
Deeds that only angels know,
Who have tasted all the bitterest
Drops in life's full cup of woe;
Some, who work from dawn to starlight
That their children may be fed,
Rendering up their very life-blood
For the scanty daily bread.

Some, within our crowded city,
Who, with aching head and feet,
Trudge all day behind a barrow,
Or stand selling in the street;
Yet they make their one room cheerful
Every evening and can smile
On the weary white-faced children,
Till they brighten for a while.

There are some who lie and suffer
All their lives in weary pain,
Yet to these the sad and friendless
Never come for cheer in vain.
Some who help the struggling workers,
Working with them through the day,
Holding up the hands that falter,
Guiding feet too apt to stray.

Many whom we pass unnoticed,
Angels watch with wondering eyes;
Some we have despised, forgotten,
Shine like stars in Paradise.
For our heroines live around us,
In our city, at our gate;
None have told them they are noble,
They can suffer still—and wait!

V. M. K.

* * *

LOVE LEVELS ALL.

Love levels all distinction,
'Twill make the wretched gay,
It causes all restriction
Like dew to pass away.
'Twill make old age itself feel young
And by its magic sway
The dumb themselves will find a tongue,
Their feelings to pourtray.

Love's like a blushing, blooming rose,
When rooted it will bloom,
And will until its petals close
Give forth its sweet perfume.
On velvet mounds and cottage grounds
Its sweetness is the same,
However dressed, wherever found,
A rose it will remain.

True love is like the sturdy oak,
Deep-rooted, strong and brave,
It hath no dread of fortune's stroke,
It is not Fashion's slave.
In confidence 'tis like the rock,
In gentleness, the dove,
Prepared to stand 'gainst every shock
For the welfare of its love.

JAMES DRAKE.

* * *

THE SHOWER.

'Twas uncommonly close that summer day,
And the sun was far too bright;
A rose asked a poplar to look away
And see if a cloud was in sight.

Many a lily had bowed its head,
And the flowers were all depressed;
When, sudden, the poplar excitedly said
"There's a little pink cloud in the West."

The zephyrs had brought it from far away,
With its gold little sails and curls,
Merrily floating by night and day
To traffick a cargo of pearls.

It anchored at night in the deep, dark blue,
And hung out its silvery lights;
The first breath of dawn awakened the crew—
A crew of ethereal wights.

Their quaint "Heave ho!" could be plainly heard
As they made the capstan spin;
But on that day there was passed the word
For sail to be taken in.

The wind grew stronger; an anchor fell,
And its aid was timely lent;
At first the brave little craft rode well,
But her side was quickly rent.

Then down she sank, and beneath her the moist
And gleaming pearls were spread;
So the patient, thirsty things rejoiced,
And each lily raised its head.

E.W.D.

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, JULY 19, 1902.

CHELTENHAM CENTRAL CLUB,

Painswick Outing, July 5, 1902.



WATCHING CRICKET MATCH.



SOME WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS.



READY TO FIELD.



CLUB TEAM AND MEMBERS.

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Holidays--Work or Pleasure.

By EDWIN L. ARNOLD

(Author of "Phra, the Phœnician," etc.)

How many are there of us who, on the eve of the approaching season of recreation, can truthfully declare the modern holiday is a thing of joy, that the last one was a delight, and those which went before it stand out, as they ought, like oases in the dusty highroad of duty? Very few it is to be feared, and yet the annual summer outing should for a score of good reasons be such an oasis; a really golden episode in the grey round of ordinary existence; something which, like a good story, often remembered, can never afterwards be thought of without a smile and a glow of satisfaction. Every healthy hard-working individual, man or woman, acknowledges to a fascination in the very name of holiday, and for nine months in the year looks forward to the next one with that eternal hopefulness which is at once the most blessed and most touching of human characteristics. Why is it then that the yearly outing is so often a disappointment; a mirage and not an oasis; a charming delusion ever luring us on with its brilliant promises, and nearly as often turning out to be but a deception and a vexation? To answer what appears to be becoming a more and more pressing question it is well to divide holidays into two classes, the extensive and the domestic. In regard to the former it is much to be feared immensely extended facilities of travel are provoking ambitions in us which cannot be gratified without an amount of pains that completely defeat their own purpose. Look at the modern scurry over the Continent for instance; the wild raid through beautiful and famous places at the heels of a tourist agent, which too often passes for recreation nowadays. Mr. Punch, whose profession is genial goodwill to all men and who is the last person in the world to lend his pages to the glorification of personal violence without good reason, lately had a delightful sketch of a band of these returned "holiday" makers, slaying their guide with alpenstocks and Bradshaws, and with every expression of barbaric pleasure in the process. They were watching his dying agonies with a satisfaction impossible if he had been the placid spirit, the soothing influence one likes to associate with a time of rest, but reasonable enough if he had, through no fault of his own but owing to the false system he represented, proving a haunting presence, the peace-destroying angel of diligences and expresses, the incarnation of hurry and heat, ever urging the brevity of life and the arrogance of time-tables on the luckless people handed over to his charge.

WHY A HOLIDAY TOUR IS MADE.

"Oh, but," says the returned traveller, who has worked out Rome in a day, skimmed the wonders of Venice between breakfast and luncheon, and taken half a dozen European districts as a dessert to a week's debauch of sight seeing, "I like to be able to say I have seen all these things: Brown and Jones have, and I must!" All one can answer to this is that the aforesaid traveller may be the victim of the stern necessity mentioned, but he is certainly not a holiday maker in the best sense of the word: he, like far too many nowadays, sacrifices all the charm of a rare opportunity to fashion, and the pretty social conceits which bind him hand and foot all the rest of the year.

This cramming of itineraries which should take months into as many days is the most glaring of errors of the season, and a folly that is growing upon us yearly. No reasonable person of course would wish to ignore the pleasures of reasonable sight seeing, or doubt the new understanding of history, the fresh love for one's own country arising from a personal knowledge of other lands, but these reckless summer tourists of ours have all their banquet on the table at once, and both digestion and enjoyment are lost in the grati-

fication of what I must ask to be pardoned for calling the very glutony of travel.

Like a certain worthy old man who ended a homily on the advantages of honesty over the opposite line of conduct by the simple remark that he felt himself entitled to speak on the subject since he had "tried both," so I feel justified from personal knowledge in urging the immense advantages of acquiring one's experience by instalments of de-throning the tourist agent from his position as the fetish of the hour, and in not striving to crowd into a summer holiday more than it will hold with intellectual decency or personal comfort.

THE DOMESTIC HOLIDAY.

In regard to another class of holidays which may be called the domestic, the same thing holds good. These are the nominal periods of rest, which the tired head of a household, and his probably much more tired wife, take in conjunction with heir family. No one can pretend such outings are ideal. To the majority they mean a few weeks by the sea during which the petty worries of life are continued without any of the saving advantages of home. I can never see any of those interminable rows of jerry-built lodging-houses, gaunt and hot in the glare of an August sun, which represent the pleasure houses of the domestic holiday maker at a popular seaside resort without my heart sinking at the thought of the mothers cooped up with their broods within. It is not so bad for the father. He, if of that unexacting intellectual capacity which the circumstances would suggest, can find cheap lethe in his paper and cigar on the neighbouring cliff top. But it is for the mother that one's compassion is excited: it is she above all others who knows, when it is over, whether the modern holiday is work or play, whether it is a green oasis in the round of daily life, or a sordid jest, all the more bitter and tear constricting because it came with a smiling face and false pretence of being what it might and should have been—and was not.

THE SEASON OF THE HOLIDAY.

A cardinal fault with our modern holiday arrangements is the quite new rule limiting them to a few weeks at the end of summer with the inevitable result of intolerable overcrowding, exorbitant overcharging, and a maximum of discomfort with a minimum of rest all round. The schools are to blame for this first of all. They have all fallen into line of a few of the bigger colleges, the net result being that all the best part of the summer slins by while we wait the return of the young hopefuls, and when they do come, clamorous for their outing, it is less a matter of choosing some pleasant restful place to retire to than of finding accommodation of any kind—however inferior—to shelter them for the time. Everyone knows the horrors of that August rush when the schools are "up" from town to thronged seaside haunts, only one shade less dreadful. The chaos of packing, the terrors of the cabmen and the porter, the suffocating crowds in the trains: the misery of looking for lodgings at the end of a tedious journey, and probably the dire necessity of taking, after all, the best of a few disappointing alternatives in the way of accommodation—we have most of us suffered these things, and the wisest of us have made up our minds never to suffer them again. Even if, in the sunshine of fortune, we are enabled to move with dignity, if the temporary domestic abode is engaged months beforehand, and the best to be had, if well paid hands soften the rigours of "the middle passage," yet all this means but a transference of the burden of householding from one place to another: we buy our convenience at the price of freedom: we are not really holiday making, only doing the bidding of fashion, and hail with delight permission from the same power to return to bondage a little later on. The family holiday at one set season implies the participation of a full staff of servants. It implies the moral certainty of meeting friends and acquaintances all under the same compulsion, and consequent ostentation, and "keeping up of appearances" that Brazen Calf of modern civilisation. It

implies worry and expense, and a hundred other things that have no place in the true holiday. Even to the children themselves the crowded town and thronged sands are at best but doubtful blessings, though the summer sun may tan them into a temporary semblance of health. For them, however, a holiday is a holiday: it is upon their elders that the travail of modern enjoyment falls. What a long way the consideration of these things seems to have brought us as holiday-makers from the Arcadian outings of our forefathers! Who is there now-a-days who could write those delightful epics of mental rest and refreshment enshrined here and there in our literature by a generation which knew that to waste time judiciously was sometimes to use it to the best advantage? Our grandmothers found true rest from the whirl of the town amongst the rosemary bushes and yew hedges of their old gardens, ideal places for the discovery of that article! Their husbands, wisely asundered from them for the moment, went north and east into greater solitudes for the same purpose.

HOW TO REMEDY THE EVIL.

If the modern holiday is to be redeemed from its present hectic fashion, and made again a lovable thing, it seems to me we must, to a large extent, return to the habits of those who went before us—wise in their generation although we smile at them often. Let us break once for all with the cheap tourist ticket and unhappy crowd who perspire and suffer at the dictates of a silly fashion. Let us take our rest at whatever time of the year seems the happiest for our purpose—and adding to change of place change of companionship. It may seem a little ungracious, but the one is as desirable as the other, and both will add new delight and meaning to the old when we return. Let the man, married or single, go off with rod or gun and some old college chum, or even alone if his own companionship is good enough to warrant the preference, and forgetting tasks and taskmasters, office desk and ledgers, return for a time to his natural self. Let the wife harden that heart of hers and remembering that love, like sparrows and many other humble things, lives longest if allowed to use its wings a little, revert to her girlhood, and amongst pleasant and seldom-seen friends, ignore for a few weeks baby frocks, butcher's books and everything that engrosses her for the remaining eleven months of the year.

The essence of the real holiday is change, and this we are forgetting. The wild scamper through the Continent is fatiguing to body and demoralising to mind: every year country and seaside get more like the town we fly from; every year ostentation and gregariousness make intelligent rest more impossible, and fill the all too brief holidays of a strenuous age with much more of labour than of play.

EDWIN L. ARNOLD.

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NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO MR. CECIL RHODES.

A meeting of the Committee of the national memorial to Mr. Cecil Rhodes at his birthplace in Bishop's Stortford was held on Tuesday, by permission of Earl Cowper (the chairman), at his residence, 4 St. James's-square. Sir James Blyth (the chairman of the Executive Committee) and Sir F. Dixon-Hartland, M.P., Mr. A. G. Sandeman, and Mr. George E. Foster (the treasurers), and nearly all the members of the committee were present. At the end of a short discussion it was decided that the memorial should take the form of a public hall for drill purposes and other uses, and that it should be called the "Rhodes Memorial Hall," and that it should contain a bust of Mr. Rhodes in a prominent position. It was further decided that any surplus money should be devoted to establishing scholarships in connection with the Bishop's Stortford Grammar School, at which Mr. Rhodes was educated. It was agreed also to ask Sir Dixon-Hartland, Mr. Sandeman, and Mr. Abel Smith to wait upon the Lord Mayor and inform him of the action which the committee had taken, and discuss the question of amalgamating with the city movement for a memorial to Mr. Rhodes, should it be necessary.



THE HARROGATE CAMP.

The big camp of cyclists annually held at Harrogate will open on Friday, August 1st, and remain open till the 6th. This is the calendar of events, and, given fine weather, a big success should be scored: Friday, August 1st, camp opens at 3 p.m.; Saturday, impromptu excursions, smoking concert at 9 p.m.; Sunday, divine service at 11 a.m., grand sacred concert at 3 p.m.; Monday, swimming race at 7.30 a.m., meet at 11 a.m., races at 2.30 p.m., smoking concert at 9 p.m.; Tuesday, picnic to Blubber-nouses, Bolton Abbey and Ilkley, smoking concert at 9 p.m.; Wednesday, camp closes at 3 p.m.

PROMISCUOUS SNAPSHOTTING.

An informal but strong law is in force in many places against the unpardonable rudeness of snap-shooting persons in order to obtain characteristic or unconventional portraits, and the owner of a hand camera who is guilty of such aggression has but a small chance of carrying a case of assault against any aggrieved person who forcibly empties his camera. This penalty for snapshooting is stated by the "Amateur Photographer" to be very rigidly enforced in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. The Kaiser is said to be particularly annoyed by being snap-shotted at all times, and his staff have special instructions to be on the lookout. Naturally, when a royal personage goes out in public procession, snap-shooting is the order of the day, as his appearance in State is a sort of public property. When, on the other hand, a royal personage merely goes out to recreate himself there is no excuse whatever for photographing him unawares.

RAIN AND RIM BRAKES.

Mr. R. T. Lang, in the "N.C.U. Review," directs attention to a little point about rim brakes which he has not seen noted before. It is that rain has a slight temporary effect in preventing the brake acting. The water on the rim apparently makes a slippery surface, and it is only after one or two revolutions that the brake grips. The consequence is that one cannot come to a sudden stop, say when an obstacle arises unexpectedly. The point is a small one, but it is worth bearing in mind, and in rainy weather a little extra care should be taken so that one may not have to pull up at a moment's notice. In any case, sudden application of the brakes is bad for both machine and tyres.

CYCLING IN HOT WEATHER.

It has long been held by the "man in the street" that cycling in hot weather is the height of folly, causing the rider untold discomfort, and probably even graver troubles. That it is a fallacy cyclists know only too well. No doubt, as "Cycling" says, it is more pleasant to pedal along in the cool of the evening, enjoying the fresher air and the immunity from the glare of the sun, but to say that riding in the heat is torturous is open to question. The rider, cutting through the air, creates a certain amount of breeze, which is decidedly refreshing; and the sum of his discomfort rests largely with himself. Proper headgear and suitable clothing conduce largely to cycle comfort at this time of the year, and to these may be added the maxim, "cycle in moderation." The average rider would do well to take things easily, and walk stiff hills, when the sun is all powerful. If he (or she) carries out these suggestions, nothing can be less fatiguing and unpleasant than a cycling spin.

A DEVELOPING BOX.

A portable quarter-plate developing-box now on the market is very little larger in length and width than the plate for which it is intended, and is for use in conjunction with a changing-bag, so that photographic tourists can develop exposed plates anywhere, even in the open air, without troubling about a dark room. There is a small opening, covered with ruby glass and closed by a spring shutter when not in use, through which the progress of development can be watched, and a tube, through which the developing solution, washing water, etc., can be introduced or poured off as required.

FINDING A TYRE LEAK.

It is pointed out that the easiest way to find that most troublesome of punctures, the very minute one, is to pass a sponge, saturated with soapy water round the tyre, when the escaping air will raise a bubble under the soapsuds, and there you are for in such cases the location of the puncture is the difficult part of the repair.

MOTOR-CYCLING NO SINECURE.

No more mistaken idea could possibly be entertained than that motor-cycling consists in "sitting tight" and letting the machinery do the work. Equally misleading is the "pushed-by-a-pint-of-paraffin" definition of the new sport. As a matter of fact, motor-cycling is a far more exacting, intelligent, and interesting occupation than cycling proper. The best way to prove the truth of these remarks, asserts "Motor-Cycling," is to

buy a motor-cycle and learn to ride it. But apart from any practical experience of the game, it is easy to see, in a minor degree, by watching others, and, to a larger extent, by reading the literature of motor-cycling, that the handling of a motor-cycle is no sinecure, and that in the endeavour to adapt his speed to the nature of the road, and to the necessities of his environment, as well as in the constant desire to get the best results out of his machine, the motor-cyclist will have little cause to grumble at the tedium or monotony of his existence.

A DEVELOPING HINT.

In using celluloid developing dishes, difficulty is sometimes found in removing the plate from the developer. When using a small article, such as a knife, there is always the possibility of accident through which the negative may be scratched and entirely spoiled. A simple method recently advocated is to bore two small holes on the extreme edge of the dish and on the same side, each about half an inch from the two corners. Now take two pieces of cotton a trifle longer than the dish, and passing them through the holes, tie them firmly. Stretch the cotton across the dish and place the plate on the cotton, leaving the loose ends free. When development is finished, take firm hold of the free ends and lift them, and the plate can be lifted out without the slightest trouble.

LADY'S LONG LONELY RIDE.

Miss Rosa Symons has just accomplished a remarkable ride, extending over 1,860 miles, under extremely difficult conditions. She started from the Marble Arch, London, and rode to John-o'-Groat's, thence to Land's End, and from the Land's End back to the Marble Arch, the total time occupied being 25 days 1 hour and 47 minutes. The distance traversed averaged seventy-four miles daily, the longest day's ride being 153 miles. Miss Symons rode entirely alone, but carried a checking book, and obtained checks at all the usual checking stations.

NEW BRAKE COMBINATION.

A new compound handle-bar brake is described in the "Cyclist." It is in the form of the twisting handle, but the feature lies in the fact that the brake application per handle need only be adopted when it is desired to hold one or both brakes on for any length of time without fatigue to the hands. Used temporarily and suddenly, as in traffic riding, etc., the application of the brakes is made by the levers reversed under the handles. But when one or both brakes have been applied by the rotating handles with all the pressure it is convenient to give them with the hands, still more braking power can be exerted by using the levers in the ordinary way. The convenience and comfort of this arrangement for the descent of long hills are obvious, for having once set the brakes to take the edge off the pace the increased braking rendered possible by the levers is ready to hand, in case of sudden increase of gradient or other emergency.

CHATTER BY THE WAYSIDE.

Someone interested in motoring has ventured to predict that in ten years' time there will not be a cart horse in London.

The notice "Morotist, should go slowly" is beginning to make its appearance at dangerous points on country roads.

The C.T.C. will welcome communications drawing attention to any danger boards which require either repair or renovation.

An apparatus for rapidly coupling two bicycles side by side and practically converting them into one machine is now on the market.

Puncture pills were at one time in evidence. You inserted a pill with a little water in the tyre that felt poorly, and then sent the wheel spinning round until the tyre felt better.

Before proceeding on a tour test your plates to make sure they are right.

At a recent carnival a cyclist carried upon his machine the model of a coffin containing a dummy figure, with the accompanying inscription, "Peace at last."

A judge recently remarked that before the bicycle came into vogue a driver could hear if anything was coming before he turned round, but now it was his duty to use his eyes and assure himself of the fact before so doing.

Bicycles have been seen about the streets of London fitted with awnings to intercept the sun's rays.

The Indian Government Survey Office at Calcutta has received a camera that with the stand measures 10ft. by 5ft. by 6ft., and weighs over a ton. It takes a plate 8ft. by 4ft.

It is stated that in a Cardiff undertaker's window is posted a notice, "Good accommodation for cyclists!"



On Monday night a young man named Hicks, living at St. George, Bristol, and a young woman were in a boat on the Avon between Conham and Hanham. A steamer passing struck the boat, which was overturned. The young woman was rescued, but the man was drowned.

MARK MASONARY.

PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND HEREFORDSHIRE.

The annual meeting of this Provincial Grand Lodge was held at Ross on Tuesday, and was attended by members of the Order from the several lodges in the two counties over which the Grand Master of the Province has jurisdiction. Provincial Grand Lodge transacted its business in the Corn Exchange, which made a suitable and commodious lodge-room, and after lodge the brethren sat down to luncheon at the Royal Hotel.

Provincial Grand Lodge was opened at two o'clock. The Prov. Grand Master, R.W.Bro. R. V. Vassar-Smith, presided, supported by his deputy, W.Bro. Orlando Shellard, and the officers of Prov.G. Lodge, as follows, viz.:—

- Bro. W. B. Wood, P.M., 439, Senior Grand Warden.
- Bro. John Salter, P.M., 218, Junior Grand Warden.
- Bro. J. L. Tickell, W.M., 10, Grand Master Overseer.
- Mr. T. Matthews, P.M., 524, Grand Senior Overseer.
- Bro. Rev. Dr. Lynes, P.M., 340, Grand Chaplain.
- Bro. J. Balcomb, P.M., 10, Grand Treasurer.
- Bro. C. A. J. Hale, S.W., 340, Grand Registrar.
- Bro. G. Norman, P.M., 10, P.G.D., Grand Sec.
- Bro. C. Williams, J.W., 10, Grand Senior Deacon.
- Bro. H. H. Parry, J.W., 243, Grand Junior Deacon.
- Bro. A. H. Pearson, J.W., 340, Grand Inspector of Works.
- Bro. Conway Jones, S.W., 439, Grand Director of Ceremonies.
- Bro. N. Philpott, 439, Grand Sword Bearer.
- Bro. J. F. Bushnell, J.C., 10, Grand Standard Bearer.
- Bro. F. Forty, 10, Grand Organist.
- Bro. W. B. Cowx, 524, Grand Inner Guard.
- Bro. G. Tarr, 439, Grand Tyler.

The business of the lodge was routine in its character. The presentation of the Treasurer's report showed a very satisfactory condition of the finances, there having been no exceptional outlay during the year, and the balance in hand having consequently increased. The report having been adopted on the proposition of the Prov. Grand Master, seconded by Bro. W. C. Ferris, and coupled with an expression of thanks to the Treasurer, Bro. J. Balcomb was re-nominated to the office he has filled for many years past, and on the motion of Bro. the Rev. Dr. Lynes, seconded by Bro. Matthews, his re-election was carried by acclamation. The roll of the lodges was next called, and their reports received. These were, without exception, satisfactory. The officers of Prov. Grand Lodge for the ensuing year were then appointed and invested, as follows, viz.:—

- Prov. Senior Grand Warden, Bro. E. Stephens, P.M. 243.
- Prov. Junior Grand Warden, Bro. G. D. Woodman, P.M. 340.
- Prov. Grand G.M.O., Bro. Ll. Evans, W.M. 10.
- Prov. Grand S.O., Bro. B. Lucas, P.M. 218.
- Prov. Grand J.O., Bro. G. H. Goold, P.M. 439.
- Prov. Grand Chap., Bro. Rev. Dr. Lynes, G.Chap.
- Prov. Grand Treas., Bro. J. Balcomb, P.M. 10.
- Prov. Grand Regis., Bro. G. F. Minett, P.M. 52.
- Prov. Grand Sec., Bro. G. Norman, P.G.D.
- Prov. Grand S.D., Bro. F. W. Wintle, W.M. 524.
- Prov. Grand J.D., Bro. F. Loveless, W.M. 218.
- Prov. Grand Inspector of Works, Bro. W. A. Turner, S.W. 340.
- Prov. Grand D. of C., Bro. Conway Jones, W.M. 439.
- Prov. Grand S.B., Bro. N. Philpott, 439.
- Prov. Grand St.B., Bro. W. E. Haines, S.W. 243.
- Prov. Grand Org., Bro. F. Forty, 10.
- Prov. Grand I.G., Bro. A. P. Small, S.W. 524.
- Prov. Grand Tyler, Bro. G. Tarr.

In re-investing the Rev. Dr. Lynes as the Prov.G. Chaplain, the Provincial Grand Master, amid the applause of the brethren, congratulated Dr. Lynes on his recent appointment to the office of Grand Chaplain of England. No special business being offered, Prov.G. Lodge was closed in due form, and the brethren adjourned to partake of an excellent cold collation at the Royal Hotel. The after-luncheon toasts were honoured very briefly, and the brethren then enjoyed a trip down the Wye to Goodrich Castle, which had been arranged by the W.M. and members of the Ross Lodge (Kyrle, No. 524), who had spared no effort to make the visit to their town a pleasant one.

"Selina Jenkins" Letters.

THE "ROOMANIACS."

Last Monday evening I went, with all the rest of our street, to 'ear this 'ere Roomania Band, wich is considered to be as expensive for its size as anything going in the way of a bit of moosic, 'ceps one of them P & O'lers, as plays the piana with pressing a knob and blowing a bellows, and costs over a golden sovereign a note, so I 'ave 'eard.

They tells me as Roomaniacs is a very spirty, fiery lot, as always speaks in poetry and does well on a free fight before breakfast, wich their moosic sounded like it; and very good it were, too, when you could get a holt of it, as the sayin' is. But the chiefest thing about the band were this, according to the programme: that they was the most expensivest lot to be had for their size anywhere, wich settled the matter right off without any doubt. None of yer bands as you can 'ear free for me, nor them as only charges reg'lar fees; let's 'ave the expensivest as walks the earth, and if they ain't expensive enuff, well, let 'em raise the price another notch, and then we shall know they be all right. From 'enceforth I judges bands by their expensivest for their size, and not by the silly old-fashioned way of critiking the moosic they makes.

You must know that the Cerise party, whoever 'e may be, was to 'ave appeared this week at Montpellier; but 'e wasn't considered expensive enuff, I s'pose, and 'andsomely stood on one side for the Roomaniacs!

But I must tell you my egsperiences of this 'ere expensive lot, as come all the way from 'eathen parts, where they embroiders their westkits like a toilet-tidy and goes about their daily taskeses in their shirt-sleeves and a red sash.

Well, when I'd squeezed through the turntable, as isn't made for elderly fieldmales, not at all, me having to be pushed through by the young man in charge every time I goes to Montpellier, as isn't respectable, and I shall ask Mr. Bruce-Pryce to take it up and investigate it, that I shall, if they don't oil the 'machinery or something to make it run easier. 'Owver, I gets through by the skin of me teeth, as the sayin' is, there being a number of young people waiting and makin' their nasty remarks through me shawl 'aving caught in the works, as is a thing no mortal body could 'elp, could they now, Mr. Heditor? 'Aving said wich to the young man, I sallies hup the path, and were met by a boy disguised as a Uniform selling the menues of this 'ere egsponsive band, as 'ad already cost me 1s. of hard-earned cash hup to the turn-table, although I will say it were rubbed that smooth it mite 'ave been a Frenchey for all I knowed; and, wot's more, I 'ope it were, although I wouldn't tell anybody, not for the world! Well, you mark my words, the band, being so egsponsive, even the programmes was put up to twopence, 'aving been only a penny a week or two back. It were a hegsponsive band, that it were! So I sees a lot of people sitting down under a sort of hawning, to keep the 'eat and the flies off, wich, I thinks to meself, "This'll suit you, Selina," and, wot's more, I makes so bold as to go in and sit meself down; but such luck wasn't for me, wich a young feller at the hexit tells me as 'twere 3d. extra to sit down within hearin' of the Roomaniacs and 6d. extra to get near enuff to see the embroidery on their westkits! And, you mark my words, that there boy 'e wouldn't take a 'onest 3d.-bit as I offered him, sayin' as 'ow I must walk about 'alf the length of the garding to where Mr. Charles Gilding were presiding at a table and procure a ticket from there! I call it outdacious, meself, to make a fieldmale, as 'aven't done no 'arm to anybody or anythink, walk about so much in this 'ere boiling 'ot weather, as is fit to fry a halligator, as the sayin' is. Why can't they put the ticket-office hup near the hopening as you goes into, I should like to know; wich scores of people was sent back to get tickets during the evening!

Well, the band was a very wild-lookin' lot

of 'eathens, that I will say, and I were very glad to sit in one of the back rows, in case they broked loose during the performance. But I will say they played very well on their fiddles and things, egspecially the conductor, Mr. Jordashes Cow (or somethink), who 'ad a very neat cruel-work haltar-cloth for the back of 'is westkit, wich he turned round to the audience pretty often, being very proud of the same, I 'ave no doubt.

The Roomaniacs all played ordinary fiddles and things (expensive ones, though, I expects), 'ceps one individooal, who performed on the pan-pipes, for all the world like a Punch and Judy man, and sounded very decent, too; but I wouldn't give much for his poor neck after 'e'd finished, that I wouldn't, wich it give me the shivers all down me back to look upon him a-twisting 'is 'ead about from one pipe to another, like a cat on 'ot bricks, as the sayin' is. 'Owver, he survived, so wot does it matter; and once or twict 'e actually silenced all the rest of them fellers, and gives us a bit on 'is own, as was a wonderful site to see 'im play the thing; but give me a tin whistle any day, not but wot you can get moosic out of funny things, if you sets yer mind to it, as reminds me of my Cousin Bill, who could play "'Ome, sweet 'ome" very sweet on his teeth by knocking of 'em together, not to mention being able to play the "Allelujah Chorus" on the Jew's 'arp, as is a very difficult hinstument to all 'ceps Jews, so I've 'eard tell. Well, then, with this 'ere expensive turnout, there was a elderly individooal, who sang a song with about 14 verses, in the corse of wich we wondered and waited for the end; and I will say I never 'eard so much wicked language (or so it seemed to me) in my born days; but, there, perhaps it were only "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" or "The old 100th" in the Roomaniac language, as is worse than Welsh to my mind, and that'll take a lot of beating for getting your tongue tangled up in the back of your throat! In the interval, while this 'ere expensive band were actually walking about amongst the ordinary people, as 'adn't even paid for seats, I tried to find out from the programme whereabouts we was. So I turns over the pages, wich there was a very 'andy lot of 'igh-class fishmongers, whiskies and brandies, and private sitting-rooms, groceries, felt hats from 3s. 9d., wedding rings, opera glasses, and dress materials advertised as a body could see anywhere; but I couldn't find no programme, nowhere at all.

'Owver, after a bit, I did find somethink like it screwed away in a odd corner, as nobody didn't want to hadvertise in, I s'pose; but I couldn't read not none of it when I 'ad found it, being all in French, exceps "God save the King." I knowed one piece, as is a hymn by persuasion, I knows, although I learnt it by heart thro' 'a-hearin' the hurdy-gurdy as come down our street perform it every Tuesday for the last 3 years. I think they calls it "Chevalier and Rustic Anna," but I don't know for certain. Anyhow, it's very sweet, and I can 'ear them two deep notes go pom-pom now, as I 'rites these few lines, and I can see the 'broidery work on the back of the conductor's westkit as 'e tried to keep 'is men hup to the mark at the end, where the moosic goes hup and hup and HUP until it soars hout of site and 'earing, like a niteingale—or, it may be, a lark.

After it were all over, I walks 'ome with Mary Ann Tompkins, who 'ad a free outside the railings standing ticket, and I says to 'er, as I says to you, Mr. Heditor, now: "Mary Ann," says I, "it's hall very well for them as likes it, this 'ere Roomaniac moosic; but," says I, "give me the Rifles, any day, to take you out of yourself and make you feel a better and more contented fieldmale!" Yes, that's wot I says, "Gimme the Rifles, and them as likes Roomaniacs can keep 'em for

SELINA J.

P.S.—"Them's my sentiments."

New Chinese Ministers to Russia, France, Italy, and the United States have been appointed. The representative at Washington is to be Sir Liang Chen, Secretary to the Coronation Embassy.

Prize Photography.

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

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

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

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

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 79th competition is Mr. Charles T. Deane, of 5 Orrisdale-terrace, Cheltenham, with his pictures of the Cheltenham Central Club outing.

Entries for the 80th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, July 19th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

When a blind beggar arrested in Kentish Town-road was searched, £6 8s. 10d. was found in his pockets.

A Vienna correspondent telegraphs that three tourists have been killed while mountaineering in Austria in the last few days.

The Kettering Guardians have decided to establish a consumptive sanatorium so that phthisis patients may not come in contact with the other patients in the infirmary.

Mr. St. George Littledale, the well-known Central Asian explorer, has left Eng. and for an extended tour through Northern Persia in search of rare birds and animals which occur in that region.

George Rice and Miss Faulkner, Norman Villa, Teddington, were out rowing on Monday morning, when the boat struck a punt and was capsized. Mr. Rice succeeded in grasping the punt and getting into it, but despite his efforts to rescue Miss Faulkner she was drowned.

Thomas Henry Fletcher, a labourer, was at Blackburn on Monday sent to prison for a month for a cowardly assault on Mary Ellen Kelly. Prisoner and the girl Kelly were to have been married on the day following the assault.

A man was found in an unconscious state on the railway track about half a mile from Woking on Monday night. It is supposed that he was thrown out of the train, and three men, all discharged soldiers just back from South Africa, are under arrest.

A sum of £45, sent by the German Emperor, was, at West Hartlepool, on Saturday, publicly presented by the Mayor to the crew of the local lifeboat, who during the great storm of December last, rescued the crew of a German vessel which was wrecked at Hartlepool.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 82.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1902.

TWO VENERABLE GLOUCESTRIANS.

ESTABLISHED OVER
HALF A CENTURY.

TELEPHONE
162.

JOHN LANCE

And Co., Ltd.

GREAT

ANNUAL

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OF

High-Class and Useful

DRAPERY

NOW IN PROGRESS AT
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Models, Mantles,
And Millinery,

HALF PRICE.

ALL SEASON'S
GOODS REDUCED

FOR ABSOLUTE CLEARANCE.

HIGH STREET, CHELTENHAM.

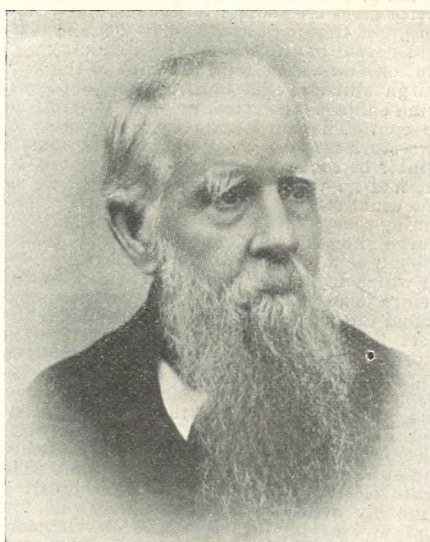


Photo by J. Thornbury, Gloucester.

Mr. Robert Crook,

Born 1815; a retired Gloucester hairdresser; one of the oldest Freemen; a surviving pupil of the Rev. Richard Raikes's day and Sunday schools and of the Sir Thomas Rich Bluecoat School; a nephew of Robert Crook, comedian and contemporary of Edmund Kean; and who well remembers the visit of Princess Victoria to Gloucester city, on October 19th, 1830; and the Coronation days of George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria.

Mr. Broadhurst startled the House of Commons on Monday by asserting that he had in his pocket a church organ, whereat there was laughter. Then the hon. member explained that it was a church newspaper—an organ of opinion—that he carried.

It is calculated that, within memory, no fewer than 102 persons committed suicide by throwing themselves off the belfry of St. Mark, at Venice. The last case happened in 1888, after which the windows and gallery were protected.

From Tunis it is reported that the Post Office there has lately been infested by thousands of rats, which gnaw at and destroy the letters. A troop of cats introduced by the authorities have not succeeded in driving the rats away, and the Postmaster advises the public to enclose their letters, etc., in small metallic tubes!

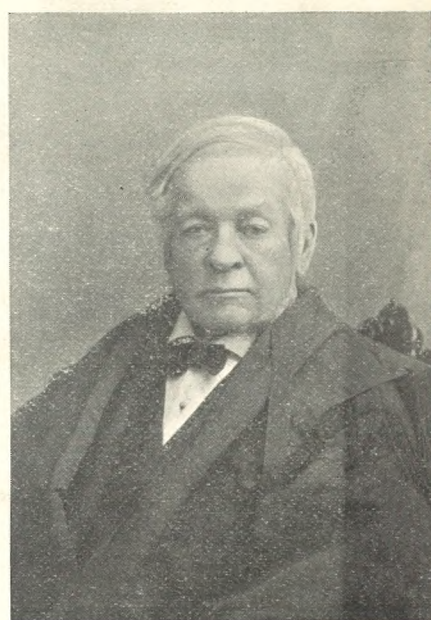


Photo by E. Debenham, Gloucester.

The Late Mr. Thomas Dainty.

Died July 21st, aged 87 years; ex-Guardian, City Councillor and Surveyor of Local Boards; a pioneer of building in the Barton Ward, and owner of the largest number of houses, in Gloucester.

Halifax is considering a scheme for the establishment of a municipal hotel and restaurant near the corporation reservoir at Ogden.

The Mississippi has overflowed its banks above St. Louis, flooding the surrounding country, and doing serious damage to the crops.

Amongst the new features of the Great Eastern Railway Company's freshly illustrated "Tourist Guide to the Continent," published at sixpence, are particulars of the new tours in the Tyrol, express services to Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, via the Royal Mail Harwich Hook of Holland route; of new tours in the Luther Country and Thuringian and Hartz Mountains, a series of continental maps, and a chapter, "Dull Useful Information," giving particulars as to the cost of continental travel.

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The Homes and Haunts of Famous Authors.

IV.

STEVENSON,

By H. BELLISE BAILDON, M.A. CANTAB.

(Author of "Robert Louis Stevenson: A Life Study in Criticism," etc.).



VAILIMA.

A good many years ago, as I hurried, a hot-foot student, on early summer mornings, eager to sit at the feet, or rather a good deal over the head, of the venerable Professor of Botany in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Edinburgh, sorely tempted to linger outside, with the purloiner of alluring roses—I passed unconsciously, then, the birthplace of the now world-famous, I think I may say world-beloved, author, Robert Louis Stevenson. As the cable-car swings round Cannon-mill's Bridge at the foot of the long descent from Prince's-street to Inverleith-row one finds, on one's right, a row of comfortable, two-storey dwelling houses, each with a miniature garden in front, defended by the usual stone parapet and iron railings, admitting to its grass and trees all the sunlight that can overtop or outflank the opposing tenements. In these gardens the trees have sometimes grown to quite respectable dimensions, giving the houses a more rural air than is the usual manner of pr.m suburban flower-plots. This row of grave, yet cheerful little houses, bear the high English-sounding title of Howard-place, whether named—as Stevenson would have loved to think—after the English Admiral, or, as some might prefer, the great philanthropist, or some less noteworthy personage, I know not. In No. 8, which has its tree or tree-and-a-half of woodland, was born the delicate boy whose life was to be as brave as any admiral, as devoted to his own ideals as that of the philanthropist himself. Here were passed the early years of a childhood, perhaps more brightly and vividly recorded than any other in the "Child's Garden of Verses." Here, probably, must we look for the topography of the "North-West Passage" and "The Land of Counterpane," and here first, in all probability, the little child in short frocks watched the lamplighters speeding nimbly from lamp to lamp "knocking luminous holes in the dusk."

Curiously enough, though we were already living at quite a distance, in the now famous "House at Murrayfield," we were quite frequent visitors at a house in Howard-place, only a few doors—I forget the number—from Stevenson's first home. What I remember, and what probably would impress Stevenson also, was the outlook to the back and north, which gave on open meadows, a bowling-green, and the fine woods of Warriston House. There is thus just the possibility that the little Louis and I may have met in this neighbourhood and stared at each other with the curious hostility of strange children. One of our favourite diversions in the course of our

visit to three kind old maiden ladies was to go in charge of our nurse into the beautiful Botanic Gardens already mentioned. I like to cherish the notion that there we three, probably much more robustious little folk, may have encountered the large-eyed girnish-looking lad clinging to the hand of Cumme, and already peopling those well-kept lawns and shrubberies with the creatures of his childish fancy.

HERIOT ROW.

It seems a little curious that the Stevensons, of whom two at least, the mother and son, were far from robust, should have clung so tenaciously to the cold northerly slope of Edinburgh, and never have made trial of warmer districts to the south or west. One cannot help wondering whether, had they done this, Louis might have had a less hostile regard to the bitter winds or his wind-swept birthplace. From Howard-place Mr. Stevenson moved to Inverleith-place hard by, and thence to the well-known historic home of No. 17 Heriot-row. No doubt Heriot-row is one of the most attractive of Edinburgh streets as a place of residence. It faces due south, and the beautiful belt of garden between it and the towering houses of Queen's-street gives free access to light and air. It is no great thoroughfare, and is often as quiet and devoid of life's bustle as a country lane. But on east-windy days, the bane of the Edinburgh climate, that chilling, soul-depressing wind enflees the street persistently from end to end. The north side of the houses, too, two stories deeper than their fronts, must in winter be cold and cheerless. The house, No. 17, had no very distinctive features. It had the usual sombre, respectable, almost stately, dining-room of that class and date of Edinburgh house, with furniture and fittings solemn as a meeting of Kirk-Session; a room in which much port would have to be drunk before jokes could crack and laughter crackle round the solid mahogany; so no wonder that port is the tippie over which Louis waxed most enthusiastic. Louis had a room near the top of the house, firstly the nursery or play-room, then schoolroom, and finally study of the budding author. In that room I remember his reading a first draft of "Deacon Brodie"—a theme that never appealed to me—while we were both in our teens. This featureless attic, as we may almost call it, probably witnessed not only Stevenson's long and unwearying efforts at self-development, but also the writing of most of his best early work in essay and short story. There and in our frequent walks, and at my father's house, Duncliff, Murrayfield, we discussed the gruesome story we began to collaborate and other matters weighing on the joint editors of our school-magazine.

This curious tendency or fatality whereby we find the Stevensons located on northward slopes, with some portion of the full-circle of the round day's sunlight cut off, is exemplified both in Colinton and Swanston, both on the northern slope of the Pentlands. The manse at Colinton was one of the favourite haunts of Stevenson's childhood, and, in all probability, is the scene of the "Garden Days" section of the Child's Garden of Verses. His own delightful descriptions in "Memories and Portraits" forbid my attempting to add anything thereto. Swanston Cottage, taken as a summer dwelling by his father when Louis was about sixteen, lay near a tiny sequestered hamlet of that name nestling on the folded skirts of the Pentlands, not far from the scene of the luckless "Rising" which was the subject of his earliest printed work. Here it was he knew the old gardener, Robert, and the herd John Tod, whose vivid and yet tenderly-finished portraits he has bequeathed us in the same volume. The neighbourhood of Swanston, one of the most charming bits of mingled pastoral and arable country in the Scottish Lowlands, is fully described in Stevenson's story, "St. Ives."

SPOTS STEVENSON LOVED.

Through Colinton Dell passes the naturally beautiful stream, the water of Leith, which finds its way by Coltbridge, and the village of Dean (now called the Water-of-Leith village) and Silvermills, and under Cannon-mills Bridge, along to Howard-place to its

outfall at Leith Harbour. Passing over Coltbridge daily from Murrayfield, I had probably more frequent opportunity of comminuting the polluters of this unobtrusive but often charming little river than Stevenson himself. Thank heaven now matters are immensely improved, and trout again leap from the renovated water by weir and dam and old mill-pool. Stevenson loved this ill-used and abused stream "more than all the rivers of Damascus," and well he might, for the valley of the little water from Colinton to the sea was to Stevenson the very heart's-core of his native land. And much as Stevenson travelled in the most choice and lovely parts of the world, he has done more than all we stay-at-homes to make the country-side of his childhood a part of that immortal country, which genius illumines with brightness that never wanes, with a sun that never sets.

My own acquaintance with Stevenson began, as I have said elsewhere, at a small school, kept by Mr. Robert Thomson, at 40 Frederick-street, Edinburgh, a house, I observed, not without a pang of regret, being lately demolished. My father's house at Murrayfield, so vividly described as the scene of a murder in "The Misadventures of John Nicholson," situated on the crest of the east-most slope of the Corstorphine Hill, and commanding even from its one-storied windows views of Inchkeith and Largo Law in the east, to Pentland range in the south, became a centre from which Stevenson's walks, with me and other school friends, radiated. To the north lies the mansion of Ravelston, with its legends and ruined tower, surrounded by the home grounds. Westward from these, covering a considerable part of the Corstorphine Hill, lie the woods of Ravelston, to which for many years of our childhood we had free access; and in these Stevenson and our comrades often strolled with me on Saturdays. At the crest of the Kirk-road leading to Corstorphine is the famous coign of vantage for a view of Edinburgh, known as "Rest-and-be-thankful"; and here it is that Stevenson locates the parting of David and Alan in "Kidnapped." Or we amused ourselves in the old high-walled garden at Duncliff, then a picturesque low-built house with iron-work trellises, smothered in summer with creepers, jasmine, and wistaria, and roses, and especially a fine large heart-leaved plant we called Dutchman's pipe, from its quaint little green pitchers of that design. Trees of quite forest growth, birch, oak, purple beech, cedar, acacia, and sycamore gave the garden—somewhat over an acre—quite a woodland air; large laurels and hollies were rife in the shrubberies, and the latter in Stevenson's story acquire, by a favourite expedient of his, a weird significance, as they gleam in the flickering candle-light. Stevenson's depiction of the house and garden is in the main accurate, and his description of the dead body, as it lay on the dining-room floor, haunted me for years like a spectre. The house has been altered and enlarged by the new proprietor so that only the south front, with its trellised windows, is now recognizable.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

One incident of slight importance, but curious, in which Stevenson was an actor, occurred a few years later than our school-days in Duncliff garden. Stevenson, who had been riding out in our direction, put his horse up in the stable at the top of the garden, and was coming down towards the house, when a fugitive hare, pursued by boys, rushed in at the other garden gate, which was promptly shut on her pursuers. But I am afraid puss had the fate of those not content to remain in the frying-pan. No sooner was she inside the closed garden than several young, untrained dogs we had started in hot pursuit. The "humans" soon joined in, headed by Stevenson in riding dress, whip in hand. The hunting fever seized us all, and we ran in full cry across country, so to speak, regardless of flower or flower-bed. In vain poor puss leapt into the window of the gardener's cottage, only to be hounded out again. At last the very mixed pack fairly ran her down, and the gardener, as master of the hounds, took her unresistingly up, and with a deft pat behind the head put her out of

NOTICE ! NOTICE ! NOTICE !

**LIDDINGTON
LAKE**

and PLEASURE GARDENS,

(Adjoining Leckhampton Station) **CHELTENHAM.**



The Proprietors have again arranged a varied Programme for

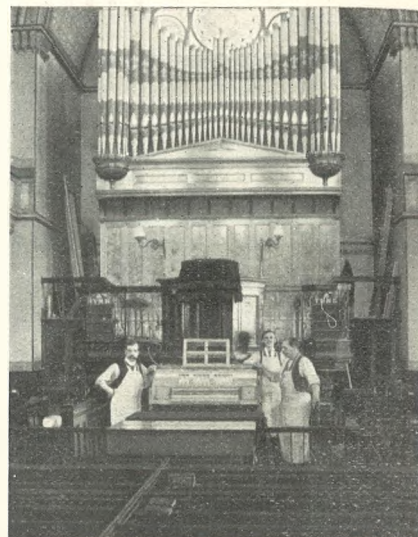
Bank-Holiday, Aug. 4, 1902,

Which will include

CANOE RACES for Boys (under 16 years), Egg and Spoon Races for Boys and Girls (under 16 years), Flat Races for Children (under 7 years), Potato Races for Boys and Girls. A PRIZE

WILL be AWARDED the WINNER of each EVENT. Canoe Racing in Comic Costumes, Comic Water Scene by Cribb Bros., Novel Musical Programme, BALLOON ASCENTS both afternoon and evening by Palmer Bros. A laughable scene will be witnessed by Walking the Greasy Pole for a Prize of one of STROULGER'S CELEBRATED SUGAR-CURED HAMS, value 12/-. THE STAVERTON BRASS BAND (under the able Conductorship of Mr. W. E. Butler) has been engaged for DANCING ON THE LAWNS afternoon and Evening. Swings, See-Saws, Giant Strides, and out-door Gymnasium. At Dusk the Gardens will be brilliantly illuminated with Fairy Lamps, Chinese Lanterns, and Coloured Fires. REFRESHMENTS provided at Moderate Charges. Ices, Sandwiches, &c. Tea ready at 3 p.m. Gardens open for Boating at 10 a.m. ADMISSION 2d. Children under 5 years, 1d. Steam-boat ride 1d.

Proprietors: STROULGER & CO.



NEW ORGAN AT WESLEY CHURCH, CHELTENHAM.

her sufferings. I think we all, except the gardener, the cook, and the puppy dogs, felt abashed at this issue of the adventure. If we undoubtedly ran with the hounds, our hearts were, some of them, hunting with the hare. Neither Stevenson nor I had the true English or British instinct "to go out and kill something." He preferred staying at home and imbruing his hands in the blood of pirates and highwaymen. Yet we all, except Stevenson, took our share of the hare soup. But I think I see Stevenson's lank form and his thin, tight-gaitered legs, as, whip in hand, he led the van of that motley hunt.

One of the places I always associate very intimately with Stevenson is the Prince's-street Gardens, gardens which, marred as they are by railway encroachments, form on sunny days a sort of paradise or happy valley separating the grim minatory castle rock with its massive shadows from the shining morning face of Prince's-street, whose gay length on sunny days is like a long parterre of moving flowers. Diving down into the deep green bosom of the swarded gardens we lose the sight of the diadal modern throng, and the hearing of its buzz and murmur and the rattle of traffic, and look on the sombre mass of the Castle and the serrated edge of old roofs marking the spine of the ridge up which the old town of Edinburgh climbs from the palace of Holyrood to the Citadel. Seated in the present within hail of cab or car we look out on the home of the historic past. Here as schoolboys we went almost daily, at an interval between lessons, and no doubt expounded to each other the callow wisdom of the boyish mind. Here, too, later, when that wisdom had some show of feather, we went for quiet to report progress to each other in confidential chat. I think if there was an object more than another that dominated Stevenson's imagination in Edinburgh it was the Castle. He often alludes to it, and he is not satisfied till he has his hero (and his readers) cast into prison there, and has brought them safely forth at that dangling rope-end in "St. Ives."

LATE WANDERINGS.

It would be impossible in the space at my disposal to enumerate, except in dry catalogue, the places intimately associated with Stevenson, even within that cradle-land of his to which I have confined myself; to attempt to follow him even up to manhood, through every change of scene which left its mark on a mind at once extraordinarily impressionable and retentive. He had often to do with the swallows to the South of England or France, such as Torquay and Mentone; and these interruptions to his

learning, and this influx of bright new impressions must have done much to keep sharp the edge of interest in his surroundings, and to practice and strengthen his fresh and keen powers of observation by which he at once stimulated and schooled his ardent imagination.

I have been on Stevenson's track in distant parts of the earth, as in Australia and New Zealand; I talked of him with James Chalmers in New Guinea, not far, as we reckon it from this distance, from the scene of the cruel murder of "Tamate" and his party last year. I was to have visited him in Samoa, but, alas, let the opportunity go by; and after his death I brooded sadly over these things in the pine woods above Davos Platz, within view of the house he occupied there.

Everyone knows that Stevenson's last residence was on his Vailima estate, near Apia, on one of the Samoan islands, where he spent the last years of his life, and where he died. Here he lived with something of the dignity and regard, if not the pomp, of a great Thane or chief, dispensing reward and punishment like a very patriarch, but beloved and honoured by his dusky myrmidons as few men have been honoured and beloved. Here he fought out his long struggle against disease and death to its inevitable end, with the same heroic resolve and gay Mercutio-like courage he had always displayed. Here even amidst certain forebodings of death, which appear clearly in his letters to me, he produced among other good work the magnificent Torso of Weir of Hermiston, which beggared the praises of his warmest and most discriminating admirers alike. Hence was his body borne by his faithful and sorrowing henchmen to the summit of steep Vaca, where he lies as another beacon and landmark on the world-track of an indomitable race.

I may perhaps best conclude this sketch with a story of his school-days, which has never been fully told in print, though well in the recollection of all our schoolmates at Mr. Thomson's. There was a family of four boys—I have their photographs by me now—who all attended this school, and the eldest of whom was a couple of years younger than Stevenson, but nearly as big and strong, the three others being of course a good deal younger and smaller. These three youths were full of mischief, and one of them played off—unthinkingly perhaps—what was really a cruel joke on Stevenson, and one he remembered to his dying day. Louis one day caught this young gentleman by himself, and, as we say in Scotland, "gave him his parks"—*Anglice*, a bit of a thrashing. Whereupon the three, or, perhaps, even the four, banded themselves together, and waylaid Stevenson

on his way home to Heriot-row. The odds were too great, and Louis naturally got the worst of it; so that like Mr. Kruger, but with more success, he had to seek for intervention. With a grin on his face, for he could not resist the humour of the situation, though the joke went so much against himself, he narrated the circumstances to Mr. Thomson, who took means to put a stop to these unequal contests. So ended what I suspect was Stevenson's first and last essay in the role of bully, if it deserves so harsh a term.

Next Week: "Shakespeare," by Professor Dowden, M.A.

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Prize Photography.

* * *

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

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

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

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

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 80th competition is Mr. W. Ornsby, Durbin Cottage, Folly-lane, Cheltenham.

Entries for the 81st competition closed this (Saturday) morning, July 26th, 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 man, supposed to be John Williams, of Penrhinweiber, Militiaman, was run over and killed on the railway near the Mumbles. He was sleeping on the line when run over.

THE LECKHAMPTON DISPUTE.



The Damaged Cottage.



Photos by W. Ornsby,

Remains of Summer-House,

Cheltenham.



LECKHAMPTON DISPUTE.—THE DAMAGED COTTAGE.

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Can a University help me to Earn a Living.

AN AMERICAN STUDY,

BY

POULTNEY BIGELOW, M.A., F.R.G.S.

(Author of "White Man's Africa," "Children of the Nations," &c.).

What shall we do with our boys? is the cry of many a distracted parent—and its echo is heard by every Captain of Industry who searches in vain for the men who can act as his lieutenants in the great army of industrial workers!

Talk to the owners of manufacturing establishments, to railway managers, to mining engineers, to bankers, to ship-builders—you will find that all are seeking for men at high wages in order to develop schemes for making more money. But they look in vain amongst the graduates of the most famous universities. These turn out theologues and pedagogues by the hundred—lawyers, idlers, and scribblers by the thousand—but do they turn out the men who represent the vital force of the great Anglo-Saxon family to-day? Do we look to them to lead us in conquering new colonies and markets—is it from those institutions that the men come forth who solve the riddles of nature and push forward the electric chariot of the world's commerce?

This sort of argument was running through my mind as I strolled about Cornell University, at the centre of the State of New York, in the midst of a rich dairy and fruit country.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

Here is a typical American university. The buildings speak eloquently for the wealth and generosity of the founder after whom the institution takes its name. The chapel has no peer for beauty of internal decoration, and though attendance is not compulsory, the students fill it each afternoon, when the organ proves a great attraction. The College stands a few hundred feet above a lake many miles long, where boating and sailing are prime attractions. Amidst the splendid buildings rises a library whose huge and shapely tower is a landmark far and wide. The inner arrangement of this building leaves nothing to be desired—whosoever constructed it had evidently exhausted the experience of the British Museum and other institutions famed for facilities in this direction.

Cornell has all the usual classical courses—Latin, Greek, modern languages, higher mathematics, philosophy, theoretical science and theologies. The course is the usual four year one, and the entrance examination is about the same as that of older institutions like Harvard, Yale, Princeton, etc.

But side by side with this classical work, if I may use that much abused word, there go courses of a practical, if not revolutionary nature. These deserve to be watched—if not imitated—by our venerable seats of learning who have hitherto acted on the principle that education meant the stowage of dead languages shaken down with a trifle of pure mathematics.

YOUNGEST OF AMERICAN COLLEGES.

Cornell is one of the youngest of American colleges—founded in 1886, an infant in years compared with Harvard and Yale, each of which has existed more than two centuries, but Cornell has had the courage to break away from hampering traditions, and to regard the University as more than the refuge of the scholar. Cornell regards herself as an institution emanating from the people and accountable to the people for the manner in which she conducts herself. She does insist upon leading—but she takes care not to walk too far in advance of the public sentiment that sustains her.

She is practically supported by an endowment from private sources, but that endowment is inadequate to the work she seeks to do, and therefore she appeals successfully to

the State Legislature for a grant—much after the manner of the British Museum.

For instance, Cornell regards the dairy, garden, and orchard interests of the State of New York as peculiarly within her province, and each year she sends out amongst the farmers members of her faculty who superintend practical experiments to test the value of certain soil for certain products. The College has special short winter courses for young farmers, who are unable to give more of the year.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE AGRICULTURIST.

These short courses do not, of course, qualify students for a degree, but they are invaluable as a means of bringing farmers in touch with scientific methods, and as a means of raising the standard of agriculture throughout the community.

Professor Roberts, who heads the Agricultural Section, is the ideal man for such a charge. Throughout the State his name is synonymous with justice and benevolence, and no doubt much of the popularity of this University springs from the fatherly manner in which Professor Roberts meets the difficulties of his farmer pupils.

He does this work partly by correspondence, partly by printing and publishing leaflets on special subjects, partly by organising classes in various part of the State, partly by assisting farmers to conduct experiments—and chiefly of course by the students who come to Cornell for study in the class rooms, of which there are now 346.

Here are some of the pamphlets that have been printed latterly and circulated by the College by means of funds furnished by the State. They deal with potato culture, giving detailed and elementary information on the best manner of planting and cultivating—how to combat vermin—how to raise the best varieties. Then fruit trees call for another set of leaflets. These are sent by way of text books to classes throughout the State; these classes represent some 83,000 people on the rolls who deceive the benefit of farming education through correspondence, leaflets, and occasional personal visits.

This is all a species of University Extension—a very practical work which is being constantly put to the test of experience by thousands of workers in a common field.

EDUCATION BY PAMPHLETS.

I have before me a large number of these Agricultural pamphlets—all handsomely illustrated, and all covering a practical question in a practical manner.

The Hessian Fly is discussed in one—the best means of fighting entomological nuisances. Then another deals with the best rations for farm animals—another helps the farmer to preserve moisture in his soil—another deals with best-root sugar. In short, this branch of the University, in return for its small annual grant of some 35,000 dollars, conducts what may be roughly regarded as a State Agricultural department for the promotion of the farmers' well-being.

When we reflect that the dairy and fruit interest of New York represents a large and increasing export trade from the United States to Europe, we see at once that here is a college whose teachings have a direct bearing on the American invasion of Europe.

After leaving the machine shops I strolled over to another building where farmers were taught scientific dairy processes—the students were actually themselves making butter and cheese as part of a course of four years, at the end of which they receive a degree as Bachelor of the Science of Agriculture.

These young men do not necessarily go back to their farms in the State of New York, but they are in a position to fill important positions on large estates—and for some time, at least, there will be an ever-increasing demand for teachers in other American colleges where cognate courses are being developed.

There is a large farm belonging to the University, where cows, sheep, and horses are kept, and where a four years' rotation of crops is made—where, in short, a student can observe pretty much every phase of American agricultural life, as it exists in the Northern State and Canada.

There was at one time a plausible fraud

constantly practised upon the British public, namely an advertisement in the daily papers purporting to give sons of gentlemen an agricultural education in order to fit them for the colonies. For this alleged education payment was asked, when every American knows that the same education could be secured on any American farm, not only without payment being exacted, but, on the contrary, the apprentice would be earning wages.

GENERAL EDUCATION.

Cornell gives a gentleman's son not merely a practical farming experience—a theoretical knowledge of agricultural chemistry—but at the same time it gives him the broad education of a gentleman, and all the social amenities of a varied student community.

If I had a son to-day, with a taste for the farm, and had a chance to take up a large tract in South Africa or Australia, or Canada, I should not hesitate a moment—I should enter him for a four years' course at Cornell.

What does it cost, you ask? No more than it does anywhere else—it could not be got in England at any price—not in Germany half as well.

The cost of living in the neighbourhood of Cornell for board and lodgings (no extras) averages anywhere from 3.50 to 5.00 dollars per week—less than one pound a week let us say. It could certainly not be done cheaper in England.

The instruction is free to those who take the agricultural courses with the intention of finishing it—that is to say doing the four years which lead to the Degree of Bachelor of Agricultural Chemistry.

Aside from strictly professional studies related to farming, such as veterinary surgery, forestry, entomology, geology, etc., the student includes in his course free-hand drawing, botany, political economy, physiology, mathematics, hygiene, French, German, military drill and gymnasium, and he may also take civil and mechanical engineering.

THE QUESTION OF COST.

There are a few fees incidental to the full course. They need not be noticed, for they are so slight. For instance a fee of 5.00 dollars on taking the degree, and one of 7.50 dollars per term for the last two years.

In general I am inclined to think that an English lad could to-day take a University course at Cornell, fit himself for the battle of life, and at the same time spend his long holiday with his family at home, and yet spend less money than in any English institution affording anything like a corresponding education.

I have limited myself in this cursory notice to Cornell alone—but this is perhaps unjust to other institutions further west. For the European, however, Cornell has perhaps the greatest interest because it is the nearest to the seaboard, being only seven hours by rail from New York. Cornell has at present a very strongly cosmopolitan representation amongst its undergraduates—I was told that pretty much every nation of the world had a representative—including the Islands of the Pacific.

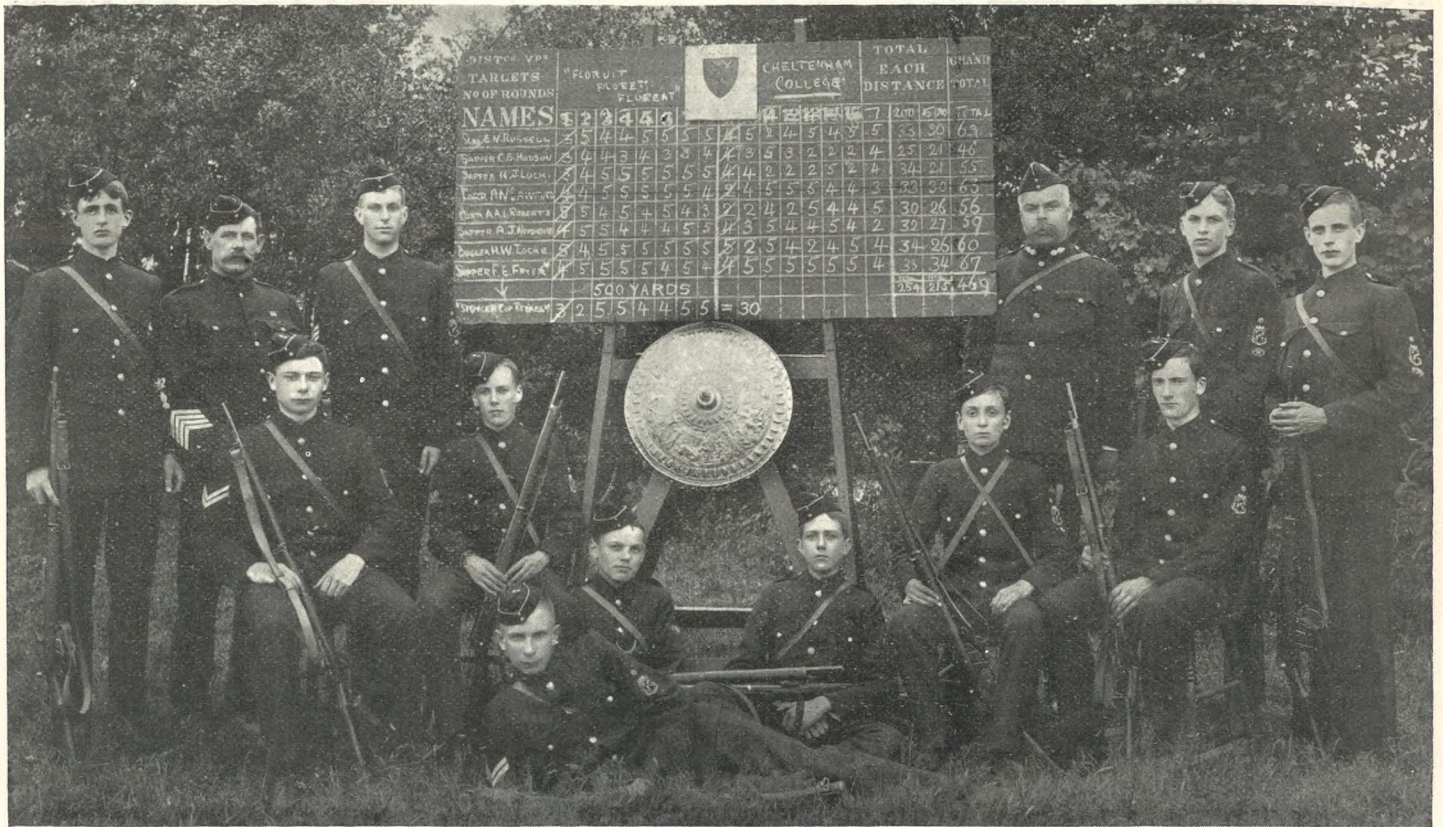
The President of Cornell, Mr. Schurman, is a Canadian by birth, a man of wide travel, of broad sympathies, of admirable administrative capacity, an author and teacher of the first rank. The College feels his touch and responds.

It may amuse and disconcert the European to see the long list of colleges and universities credited to America. And even after discounting this list by rejecting a large number of those whose instruction is barely above the standard of an ordinary high school, there yet remains a very long list of universities whose attendance of students run into the thousands and whose faculties represent a broad choice of department. For instance, here are a few:—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Johns Hopkins.

OTHER AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

Of these Harvard represents pre-eminently the literary and scholarly element of America—the school that has sent forth men of the Lowell, Emerson, Motley stamp.

John Hopkins represents more nearly the spirit of original research after the manner of



CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CADETS.

Winners of the Ashburton Shield, Bisley, 1902.

Back Row standing (from left to right):—Sapper C. B. Hodson, Sergt.-Major W. Musgrove, R.E., Sergt. E. N. Russell, Capt. W. Bell Haworth, 1st G.R.E.V., Corpl. A. N. Lawford, Sapper A. J. Woodhouse.
 Second Row:—Corpl. A. A. L. Roberts, Bugler H. W. Locke, Sapper F. E. Fryer, Sapper H. J. Lock.
 Under Shield, Squatting, Cadet Pair:—Sapper H. L. Woodhouse, Sapper N. O. Griffiths.
 Lying, 9th Man:—Corporal J. G. Willoughby.

The team, under Capt. W. Bell Haworth and Sergt.-Major Musgrove, journey to Bisley Camp to-day to receive the Shield from the hands of General French.

a German university, with less reference to the æsthetic side of our life.

Yale may be said to appeal most strongly to Americans in active professional work—the successful and pushing lawyers, politicians, preachers and organisers of corporations.

These three tendencies of university life are well represented in the older part of the United States—in the original 13 Colonies. But there has grown up on the other side of the Alleghany mountains a spirit which rebels against the old methods and which demands something good not only for the scholar and the man of wealth, but for members of every craft who can pass the entrance examination.

This movement is, after all, merely a groping back to first principles. What was the university in which Plato and Socrates graduated! What is the law that insists upon our learning one thing and not another! The citizen of our Western states regards his university as a sort of universal provider that is bound to pour forth at short notice every form of knowledge that may be sought—from calisthenics to Hebrew.

There are forty-six states in the American Union, and there is no reason why there should not be at least as many universities, if only to supply the teachers required by the schools of the states, to say nothing of the medical, legal, and theological fraternities.

THE STUDENTS AND THEIR WORK.

The remarkable feature of the Western uni-

versities is the large number of students they have attracted without materially affecting the attendance at the older seats of learning. One reason for this is that a large proportion of western students are too poor to afford the journey to the east, do not care to run the risk of failing at their entrance examination, and therefore attend their state institution. A graduating certificate from the state school fits one for the state university, and where the fees are merely nominal to citizens of the state.

Then enters the consideration of great importance that at the Western universities—of which I take Cornell as the prototype—the instruction is more in touch with the real needs of the people than at the other seats.

The principal universities of Western America are largely, if not wholly, supported by grants of land made by Government—or by legislative appropriation—I refer to strictly state universities so called, such as Wisconsin and Madinon Madison.

The universities of the Atlantic seaboard stand mainly upon private endowment, and are subject to a board of trustees who frequently fail to keep in touch with popular progress.

Of late years a strenuous effort has been made by the colleges of the East to meet the Western competition by strengthening the practical or scientific side of their curriculum—but the result would have been better had it come earlier. To-day the Western spirit

has taken up the university question with vigour, and the faculties realise that they must keep in touch with popular ideals if they are to continue in receipt of public funds. The States are generous in this matter—each state seeking to rival its neighbour in the beauty and efficiency of its academic assets. In a rough way we have here somewhat of that rivalry which produced the many universities of Germany—the competition of neighbouring princes—each seeking the fame of a Mæcenas by making his court the most illustrious by reason of its attraction for men of learning.

A hopeful sign of the times is in the fact that this extraordinary expansion of university work over territories which in my lifetime included wigwams of red Indians, represent no material lowering of standards. The work done by students in the West compares favourably with that done elsewhere in the States. Tuition may be low—it may be altogether remitted—but the mere cost of tuition is after all insignificant compared with the amount of time and energy which the student is compelled to surrender during years when he or she is capable of earning a good living at almost anything.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

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"Selina Jenkins" Letters.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT LECKHAMPTON.
BY SELINA JENKINS.

Upon my word! Wot a power of fuss some of the London and Birmingham papers did make over that there right-away case on Leckhampton last week. Anybody would 'ave thought from reading down the news and looking at the advertisement boards as Cheltenham were gone over entirely to them there Hooligans, as goes about in London a-seeking who they may devour, as the sayin' is; and the more they puts 'em down, the more they springs hup, like a crop of weeds, wich I consider as they ought to be put in the Army and the Navy, willy-nilly, whether they likes it or not, secin' as 'ow they be more likely to get their fill of knocking about people in case of war, and to a more useful purpose than upsetting decent bodies in the streets, as they do now.

Wen I 'eard of that there cottage 'aving been burnt down, I can tell you as I were 'ighly hindignant, not because it were did, but because I wasn't hinvited to the entertainment! I spose there's a good bit of the hold Hadam in me yet, in spite of me years, wich I always makes a point of attendin' fires, not knowin' but wot I might be called upon to render existence to the brigade or the perlice, and I shouldn't 'ave minded a front seat in the orderly throng of seven or eight thousand people as was spectators to the work of substruction to the strains of "Soldiers of the Queen" and "Rule Britannia." And, from all accounts, there was a very tidy panorama up on the heights; not that I altogether agrees with this 'ere "arsenic," as they calls it when you sets a 'ouse a-fire a-purpose, wich it mite be very awkward if we wos to take the law in our hands and burn each other's 'ouses down, regardless of hexpense, if we 'ad the idea that they wos standing on a spot of ground where we used to play skittles or shy at cocoanuts. If everybody's 'ouse as stood on a right-away was to be permitted to the flames, there'd be a nice old blaze, wouldn't there, now!

But, wot I will say is this: where there's the Devil's Chimney there's sure to be smoke, and where there's smoke sooner or later there's bound to be a fire, so we must admit there was several contaminating circumstances in the case, and, wot with the above, which 'aven't been mentioned in print before, and that there Mr. Russell's letter, really you can't wonder at wot happened, egspecially after the 3 or 4 men as 'ad trampled down the peas and so forth 'aving been forgave so generous by the magistrates for wot they 'adn't done.

That there letter was a fair caution, and no mistake! I've spent well-nigh all my hevenings for a week trying to find out wot 'e do mean by it, wich I will say Mr. Russell ought to 'ave been a curate, 'e knows 'ow to wrap up things so well. According to wot 'e says (as must 'ave took 'im several days to put it together), it looks as if we has to believe that Mr. Dale bought the hill just for us to run about on and tumble down over, wich, instead of demonstrations and trampling on the peas and burning down cottages belonging to him and the large and extinguished list of nobility and gentry as is fellow shareholders in the concern, we ought really to be getting up a testimonial to Mr. D. and carving the top of the Devil's Chimney like his features, so as to 'and down to posterity (wich is them as comes after us) our thankfulness to 'im (Mr. D.) for buying the hill and keeping it for us to ramble and roam on! But now the Public Persecutor, as they do call 'im, is going to intervene, so they says; and if he does, they do say as Mr. D. 'ave ordered 40 iron-clads to play on the people if they attacks 'im or 'isn. 'Owever, that I can't tell; but I gives it to you as it's gave to me.

But, now to come to the point—and just 'ere I wants to be a bit nasty, wich I can be if I wants to. The working men and others who have pushed this business on, and who have claimed the hill as their birthright all along, was promised by the Town Council and the District Council that the matter should be thrashed out forthwith, wich is to say, to once; but here month after month 'ad gone by and nothing done, thinking, I spose, that the working man wasn't of much count and he could wait, maybe until Mr. Dale and the 11b. sharers 'ad removed the difficulty by removing the hill, as they will do in time with their quarrying.

But, bless yer 'eart, nobody never 'eard of a Council doing anythink in a 'urry! The officials be too well paid to 'urry themselves, as isn't included in the agreement, as reminds me of a case I 'eard of only one other day, wich it took exactly 4 years for a Council to open up the right-away across a meadow, and when it were done weren't no manner of use, because there wasn't no way out for them as went across it, the other end 'aving been blocked up with a row of 'ouses and a police-station meanwhile! If this 'ere rumpus 'adn't 'appened, 'ow much, I should like to ask, would the 2 Councils 'ave done in a practical way to decided the matter? Why, nothink! wich all the great men as is on the peoples' side when there's speaking going on is too busily engaged cycling on the Halps or boating in Norway on a Cook's tower to worry about such little odds and ends as the rites of the people, and the matter would 'ave rubbed along until next year, without anybody being a penny the wiser except the lawyers, like Mr. Russell, as would be most of their time composing letters and other discourses with a lot of words in them. Now just a word about the perlice! I won't 'ave anythink said against they, as is a very hard-working lot, and generally anxious to please, and will take a man, when he's misbehaved 'imself, to the lock-up, all round back streets so as he shan't lose 'is reputation! The perlice 'ave 'ad a very 'ard nut to crack in this matter, wot with duty on the one hand and fair play on the other, and we must give them their Jew, wich is very difficult for them to know wot to do. 'Owever, the force is always very respectable to me, wich they touches their 'elmets and salutes me quite milling-tary like, and—there's mistakes made in the regularist famblies, as the sayin' is. Wich a wink is as good as a paragraph, so no more from

SELINA JENKINS.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

We have to revert to more than six centuries to find a precedent for the Coronation in August, the last occasion of this kind being the crowning of Edward I. and his Queen on August 19th, 1274. We all know that in 1216 Henry III., when 10 years old, was crowned at Gloucester, and that Richard III. went there after his Coronation and issued the order for the murder of his two nephews. But, in connection with Edward I., it is not generally known (though the Rev. Canon Bazeley has placed it on record in a highly interesting article on Hayles Abbey, near Winchcomb) that in the year 1295 Earl Edmund, the patron of the Abbey, gave to it a portion of the true Cross of Christ, and that when he died, in 1300, he was buried at Hayles in the presence of his cousin and heir, Edward I., and a great concourse of abbots.

I am glad to find the hope I expressed a few weeks ago, that Mr. Freeman Mitford would revive the title of Redesdale in his peerage, has been realised, for the "London Gazette" has since announced that he will take the title of Baron Redesdale, of Redesdale, in the county of Northumberland. Thus the new peer will perpetuate the name of his kinsman, to whose estates he succeeded, and whose memory will long be kept green in Moreton-in-Marsh and that district.

Some time ago I gave a few instances, picked out locally, showing that the Boer war nomenclature had furnished a fertile fund of names at christenings, and I more particularly cited "Genevra Ladysmith Transvaal" at Painswick and "Victor Redvers Baden" at St. Mark's, Gloucester, as striking martial appellations. I see that lately the situation has been seized by a proud parent in the country, named Messenger, whose wife having presented him with a little girl on Peace Sunday, he promptly called the child "Peace," so that her full name now is "Peace Messenger." I hope that it will, at least, be always "Peace, perfect peace" with her, even when she, in ordinary course, changes her

surname, as the fair sex frequently do in after life.

Before the appearance of the next issue of the "Graphic," a battle royal will have commenced at Gloucester over the three light railway schemes presented to the Commissioners for sanction. The Gloucester Corporation are going for ten miles and three furlongs of line, including three miles and five furlongs between the city boundary and Cross Hands Inn, Brockworth, for which also the County Council have put in an application on prudential grounds. Mr. Nevins seeks for powers to make some 28 miles of line, connecting the Stroud Valley district, via Painswick, with Cheltenham and Gloucester. The real fight between the applicants will be with the County Council and Mr. Nevins acting jointly on the one hand and Gloucester Corporation singly for the three miles five furlongs piece from the Gloucester boundary to the Cross Hands. It is a case of "Hands off, Gloucester, from the county," and I still maintain my contention that it is to the interest of Cheltonians to support the scheme, the whole scheme, and nothing but the scheme of the County Council and Mr. Nevins if they desire to see complete communication with the three towns established. The matter will, however, be further complicated by the interposition of the Midland and Great Western Railway Companies, which, I take it, will open their heavy ordnance on all the light railway schemes in self-defence of their vested interests, and also as very big ratepayers to whom it would be most unfair to sanction speculative schemes to be run in competition by public bodies with the rates at their backs. This latter view has much to commend it to my mind, but I would point out that this difficulty could be met if Mr. Nevins could be entrusted with the powers to make the 38 miles in all of lines. There would then be no municipal or county trading mixed up in it, and the ratepayers of Gloucester would save at least £26,000, the excessive purchase price of the old tramways, "lock, stock, and barrel." At all events, the enquiry will be a most important and highly interesting one.

GLEANER.

CONGRATULATIONS TO LORD REDESDALE.

The elevation to the peerage of Mr. Freeman Mitford, C.B., has afforded great gratification to the North Cotswold country, where the new peer is exceedingly popular. The interest he has always taken in agriculture and the practical aid he has given to the industry in the encouragement of shire horse breeding and in many other ways has gained for him the warm esteem of farmers generally. Lord Redesdale has been president of the North Cotswold Farmers' Association since its formation, and the members met at the Noel Arms Hotel, Campden, on Monday night and unanimously adopted the following resolution:—"That the warmest congratulations of the members be offered to the president on the event of his elevation to the peerage. It is a further source of unqualified satisfaction to the association that the honoured title of Redesdale has been revived in one who will adorn the high position to which his Sovereign has called him by the continued exercise of those qualities that have so deservedly won the admiration and regard of all who have come within the wide circle of his influence."

It is estimated that the loss from the miners' strike in the United States amounts to \$55,000,000.

WILL OF THE LATE MR. PETER LOVERIDGE.—The will, dated January 16th, 1894, of Mr. Peter Bullock Loveridge, of 12 Oxford-place, Cheltenham, who died on May 7th last, aged 52 years, has been proved by his widow, the sole executrix. The gross value of the estate was sworn under £2,640 £s., including £1,568 14s. 4d. net personalty. The testator left the whole of his personal and real estate and effects to his widow absolutely.