

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 83.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1902

## AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT TEWKESBURY.



THE SHOW YARD.

ESTABLISHED OVER  
HALF A CENTURY.

TELEPHONE  
162.

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ALL SEASON'S  
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FOR ABSOLUTE CLEARANCE.

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HIGH STREET, CHELTENHAM.

## Prize Photography.

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

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

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

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 81st competition is Mr. Jesse Price, of Bank House, Tewkesbury, with his show series.

Entries for the 82nd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, August 2nd, 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 CONGREGATION OF 10,000.

Bishop Stretton preached on Sunday morning to 10,000 visitors in Braddam churchyard, Isle of Man, from the block commemorating the spot on which the late Vicar Drury, Father Vicar Burton, and Professor Wortley Drury preached for forty years. His lordship led the hymns, which the great congregation sang heartily.

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## ONE OF THE WORLD'S BENEFACTORS.

That the world knows little of its greatest benefactors is illustrated in the case of Canon Blackley, whose death is passed with little comment, although it was he who set on foot the great movement of national insurance, which has since developed in the direction of State pensions in France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and New Zealand. In November, 1878, he broached this important subject in "The Nineteenth Century," calling it a "cheap, practical, and popular way of preventing pauperism." The idea immediately began to spread, and the next year Canon Blackley gave it fresh impetus with a sermon on "National Improvidence," preached in Westminster Abbey. The National Provident League was formed in 1880, and ever since that time public opinion has not wanted for education on this subject. Canon Blackley, like many other cultured divines, has contributed several criticisms and essays to English literature, but it is by the advocacy of national insurance that he has done most to earn the affectionate remembrance of his fellow citizens.



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## The Homes and Haunts of Famous Authors.

V.

SHAKESPEARE,

By PROFESSOR DOWDEN, M.A., Litt.D.

(Author of "Shakespeare: His Mind and Art," etc.)



Shakespeare's House  
Stratford

There is a certain propriety in the fact that the greatest interpreter of the mind of England should have belonged to the midmost region of the English midlands—to Warwickshire, which his contemporary, Drayton, names "the heart of England"—and should have passed many of his days in London—"this mighty heart" as Wordsworth calls it—thus bringing into connection civic with rural England in the experiences of his life, as he has done in the creations of his genius. In Warwickshire, some influence of race and many local names remained as a heritage from the old Celtic population of Britain—the name Avon is itself Celtic—and critics have alleged that the English mind in Shakespeare may have been quickened by a dash of the more mobile and vivacious blood of the conquered people. In times comparatively recent at the date of Shakespeare's birth, the county had taken its full share in the turmoil of the Wars of the Roses; the great "king-maker," Richard Neville, was Earl of Warwick; the White Rose and the Red divided the allegiance of Coventry and Kenilworth; and memories of the fierce times must have survived in many a household until the days when Shakespeare was a boy.

The pilgrim to Stratford of to-day, who desires to become an intimate of the poet, should, if possible, remain in the neighbourhood long enough to hear the lapsing river murmur some of its secrets, to listen to the songs of birds, to gather wild-flowers of the meadow or the hedgerow, and to hold discourse with some ploughman or shepherd or drover, or woman standing at a cottage door. These, perishing and renewed from moment to moment, from year to year, from generation to generation, are the true immortals, and Shakespeare saw the daffodil, which "takes the winds of March with beauty," and heard the lark singing "hymns at heaven's gate" even as we may see and hear them to-day. But structures of wood and stone decay, and except the church by the riverside, and a few venerable walls and roofs and modest interiors, little in Stratford remains as it was when Shakespeare's eyes surveyed his native town. The country then not only enveloped the little town, with its scattered timber houses and its fourteen or fifteen hundred inhabitants, but ran in upon it, fields changing to orchards bright with blossoms in spring, and gardens where the housewives plucked their pot-herbs and gathered their simples. Yet Stratford in Shakespeare's lifetime was not a healthy town; the river rose, flooded the dank meadow-lands, and fevers and agues followed the flood; the plague was not unknown in Stratford; in the year of Shakespeare's birth it carried off no small proportion of the townsfolk. Sanitation had not become a popular superstition in the sixteenth

century, and the first mention of the poet's father in the borough records exhibits him as an offender, fined twelvecence for the pile of dirt which rose in front of his Henley-street house. Physicians found much to do in seventeenth century Stratford, and the case-book of Dr. John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, speaks well perhaps of the vitality of those patients who suffered his heroic remedies and yet survived.

### SHAKESPEARE'S SPORTING INSTINCTS.

The configuration of the surrounding country, beautiful with a quiet English beauty, less easy to exhaust than the beauty which Nature, the scene-painter, invents for more striking theatrical effects, is of course unaltered since Shakespeare's boyhood. But if the country had then been what it is to-day we might never have seen Rosalind, with gallant curtleaxe upon her thigh, encountering Orlando under the forest-boughs of the French Arden; nay, we might never have received a line of poetry from that respectable butcher of Stratford-on-Avon, William Shakespeare, who, finding no deer to kill unlawfully, might never have wandered to town and joined the players. Stratford stands on the edge of the old boundary of the Woodland—that division of Warwickshire, which, with spaces or patches of pasture and arable land, was still in Elizabeth's reign to a great extent covered with timber, the remains of the great forest of Arden.

How comes it to pass, asks our foremost student of Shakespeare in connection with Elizabethan sport—Mr. Justice Madden—that when people invented stories about Shakespeare, if they did invent them) they thought of deer and horses? Whatever the true answer may be, it is, as he observes, a matter of fact that Shakespeare's mind was so possessed with images and recollections of English rural life, that he attributes a like possession to men of all sorts and conditions, regardless of time, place, or circumstance: "Prospero sets on his spirits in hunter's language, by names well-known in Gloucestershire kennels. Ulysses compares Achilles sulking in his tent to a hart keeping thicket. The fallen Cæsar suggests to Anthony a noble hart, whose forest was the world, bayed and slain by blood-stained hunters. Titus Andronicus proclaims a solemn hunting after the fashion of Gloucestershire. Egyptians, Athenians, and Romans are intimately acquainted with the coursing matches of Cotswold. Roderigo of Venice and Pandarus of Troy speak the language of English sportsmen. Theseus hunts the country round Athens with hounds as thoroughly English as was the horse of Adonis." All the mirth and high spirits of life under the greenwood tree are refined in "As You Like It" to exquisite uses; all the terror of the "ruthless woods" is expressed in "Titus Andronicus." It was not only Perdita's flowers and the cuckoo of June, "heard, not regarded," that Shakespeare made acquaintance with in the old gardens of Stratford and the fields that led to Shottery. He shows himself in his plays a master of woodcraft; the author of "Venus and Adonis" knew all the points of a horse; and though he nowhere sings the praises of the dog as the friend and companion of man—unless it be the humorous praises of that ill-mannered cur, Crab—no one ever delighted more than Shakespeare in the deep-mouthed music of the chase.

### EFFECT OF ENVIRONMENT.

In Drayton's poetical description of Warwickshire—the thirteenth song of his Polyolbion—the wood-nymphs of Arden bewail the destruction of timber and the enclosing of the grounds. Yet many a shady grove still remained for them, and all the "feathered sylvans"—choristers of the forest—press into Drayton's verse, singing "hunts-up to the morn," as "the lark and not the nightingale" sang an unwelcome hunts-up to the lovers of Verona. The huntings of the hart, the windings of the horn, the yelling of the hounds, the cries of the huntsmen, the tears of the dying stag (such tears as Jacques moralised in the Arden of Shakespeare's comedy) are described as familiar to the Arden of Warwickshire. And then, as if Drayton remembered that "old

religious man" who met Duke Frederick in the skirts of the French Arden and converted the usurper to the life of a recluse, the poem goes on to tell of "hermits that have oft had their abodes in ways that lie through forests," and spend their happy time in observing the works of God. Drayton's hermit, indeed, seems to transform himself from the old religious man of "As You Like It" to Brother Laurence of "Romeo and Juliet," culling virtuous plants for the ozier-basket, in the solitudes outside Verona:

And in a little maund, being made of oziers small,

Which serveth him to do full many a thing withall,

He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad

Among which simples enumerated by Drayton is "your plaintain leaf," pronounced by Romeo excellent for a broken skin, but which was not perhaps quite so effectual for his malady, a wounded heart. The flowers and birds, the field and woodland sports of Warwickshire entered brightly into Shakespeare's plays; the townsfolk of old Stratford and the peasants of the neighbouring fields and villages moved him both to love and laughter. George Eliot, who was also of Warwickshire, and Thomas Hardy, historian of our "Wessex" tragedies and comedies, show much of Shakespeare's gift—that of dropping sympathetically from the heights of passion or of thought into the slow-moving rustic mind, the awkward, yet by no means always ineffectual, intelligence of the peasant. In "As You Like It," Corin and Phœbe are not of Warwickshire but of Arcadia—or, if it be not an anachronism, of the Dresden china shepherd and shepherdess factory; but that somewhat stolid youth William (outshone by the courtier Touchstone), and Touchstone's beloved, Audrey, whose ideas of poetry were undeveloped, and who on the way to wedlock might surely have borne her body "more seeming," are of the stock of the English midlands. Perhaps Dogberry and Goodman Verges may have assisted in "comprehending vagrom men" in Henley-street, and the Rother Market of Stratford, and to their honour be it recorded that when transferred to Messina, though wit and courage failed to unravel the plots of Don John, their majestic dulness and ineptitude triumphed.

### SCHOOL DAYS AND AFTER.

Let us hope that the schoolmaster Holofernes was no better than a caricature of Walter Roche, who taught Shakespeare his *quis*, his *quæ*s, and his *quod*s in the Stratford Grammar School. The Guild Chapel, the Guild Hall (where Shakespeare saw strolling companies of players, the first of which visited Stratford when his father was Bailiff), and the Grammar School may be viewed without any qualms of historical scepticism; and though Shakespeare may have smiled at the pedagogue, provided with Lily's grammar and the ferrule, as compared with those greater teachers, Life and Love, and such a smile can be perceived in the pages of "Love's Labour's Lost," still he cannot but have thought with gratitude of the education which gave him his first entrance into the world of Roman history and classical mythology. "Small Latin and less Greek" were his, as estimated by the scholarly standard of Een Jonson; undoubtedly he economised his time and brain-power by the use of translations, and what use he could make of a translation we know from the Roman plays; but his small Latin was not inconsiderable, if the ordinary grammar school teaching of Elizabethan days was in force at Stratford, and it may be that when he wrote "The Comedy of Errors" a Latin Plautus was open before him.

Birth and Death conduct the Stratford pilgrim to the house in Henley-street and the church by the Avon side, and it is indeed a fact of some significance that where Shakespeare was born, there he chose to die. Dante may have desired to return to his native city, Florence, but it was at Ravenna that his spirit departed. Goethe, though his relations with Frankfort had been so important and intimate in his earliest years, had certainly no wish to quit that house in Weimar, which had become his place of labour and his



place of repose. But Shakespeare, who knew the vivid and various life of London, made his choice at a comparatively early age that his years of dignified leisure should be spent among the fields and woods which were dear to him in boyhood. In such a resolution lay some of that wise spirit of conservation which Goethe expresses in the closing lines of his "Hermann and Dorothea"—"he who cleaves fast to his thought moulds the world to his will. Here, in Stratford, were the roots from which Shakespeare had grown, and here he would abide. Father, mother, wife, his daughters' faces, his son's grave held him to Stratford, and therefore he could not quit it for London or for any visionary Cloudecuckoo-town. His voyaging spirit had been that of a later Ulysses; all experience had been for him "an arch where thro' gleams the untravell'd world," but now he would return to his Ithaca, and—since with Birth and Death there is a third conductor of pilgrims in Stratford, Love, who guides their feet across the fields to Shuttery—why should we not add that he would return to the elderly Penelope? Critics may conjecture what they please about Anne Shakespeare and the second-best bedstead; the indubitable facts are that her husband looked forward to spending his years of ease and dignity in company with her who had been the wife of his youth, that he carried out his resolve, and that his favourite daughter inscribed on brass words in her mother's honour, which are full of affection, gratitude, and the sense of irreplaceable loss. We may add that in Shakespeare's latest plays, written perhaps during his Stratford retirement, there is a spirit of clear serenity—"the light-thrilled ether of your rarest skies"—incompatible with domestic unhappiness, and that never was his ideal of woman, of woman both in the budding years of life and in the years of advancing old age, more pure or more reverential than in these latest creations.

"RELICS."

With the thought of Shakespeare at Stratford mingles the thought of some of those drawn thither by the power of Shakespeare's name. It is pleasant to tread as one of a countless democracy in the steps of Scott and Dickens, of Hawthorne—in spite of certain kindly follies perpetrated on behalf of poor Delia Bacon,—and of that amiable humourist, "Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" carries us back to a time when coaches still ran on all the great roads of England, and country inns had little sunshiny parlours, and sanded floors, and rubicund paternal hosts. It was at the Red Horse that he took his ease. The birth-place was shown by a garrulous old lady, who zealously exhibited the relics of the shrine—the veritable matchlock with which the young poacher shot Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, Shakespeare's tobacco-box, the sword with which he played Hamlet, and other sacred objects, together with an ample supply of the famous mulberry tree, which the Vicar of Frodsham, proprietor of New Place, maddened by the invasion of devotees, had shamelessly felled. Washington Irving indulged himself as far as was possible in a wise credulity, being pleased to be well deceived when the deceit cost nothing; and he would even have accepted the statement that the garrulous old lady, with her frosty red face and artificial locks curling under an exceedingly dirty cap, was a lineal descendant of the poet, had she not put into his hands a play of her own composition, which, as he tells us, "set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance."

Relics such as those which were shown to the American pilgrim, and even more authentic relics, do not greatly help us to understand Shakespeare; but the fields, the hills, the river with sedgy margin or bordering willow and alder tell us of what he loved, and bring us nearer to Perdita and Florizel, the sheep-shearing feast, and the light-hearted and light-fingered rogue Autolyous. Among visitors to Stratford in recent years no one has written with more mentality than the founder of "The New Shakespeare Society"—Dr. Furnivall, youngest and most vigorous of septuagenarians. With his words we may close:

"Walk up the Welcombe road, across the old common lands whose inclosing Shakespeare said 'he was not able to bear'; when up Rowley Bank, turn round; see the town nestle under its circling hills, shut in on the left by its green wall of trees. The corn is golden beside you. Meon Hill meets the sky in your front; its shoulder slants sharply to the church where Shakespeare's dust lies; away on the right is Broadway, lit with the sun; below it the ridge of Roomer Hill, yellow for harvest on the right, passing leftwards into a dark belt of trees to the church, their hollow filled up with blue haze. In this nest is Shakespeare's town. After gazing your fill on the fair scene before you, walk to the boat place, paddle out for the best view of the elm-framed church. . . . then pass by cattle, half knee-deep in the shallows, slyly whisking their tails, happily chewing the cud; go under Wire-Brake Bank, whose trees droop down to the river, whose wood pigeons greet you with coos; pass many groups of grey willows, with showers of wild roses between; feathery reeds rise beside you, birds twitter about, the sky is blue overhead, your boat glides smoothly down stream; you feel the sweet content with which Shakespeare must have looked on the scene. . . . Yes, Stratford will help you to understand Shakespeare."

Next week:—"Ruskin," by W. G. Collingwood, M.A.

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Gloucestershire Gossip.

In its interesting notice of the life of the late Mr. Thomas Dainty, the owner of many houses in Gloucester, the "Echo" incidentally mentioned his connection with the memorable contest, over half a century ago, for the coronership of North Gloucestershire, and in which 200 faggot votes created for the house 21 Regent-street, Cheltenham, given and counted for Mr. S. Pruen, temporarily put him in a majority at the close of the poll over Mr. Joseph Lovegrove, his opponent. In those days, it may be mentioned, the freeholders elected the coroners, and when a contest occurred it excited almost as much interest as a Parliamentary election, but with the creation of county councils these appointments were transferred to those bodies. In supplementation of the "Echo," I can say that I have frequently heard the late Mr. Dainty tell with glee how he circumvented Mr. Robert Hudson (the Liberal agent at Gloucester, who was working for Mr. Pruen), by getting hold of a large number of the voters who had promised to vote for that candidate early on the morning of the poll and conveying them over to the Garden Town, where they to a man went for Mr. Lovegrove. Mr. Dainty said he studiously ignored politics in this contest, and that the line he took, and found successful, was to impress the voters at Gloucester that if anything happened in their families necessitating an inquest it would be very inconvenient and cause delay to have to send over to Cheltenham for the coroner.

I hope I shall not make our Volunteers of the 1st G.R.E. blush as scarlet as their coats by placing on record these words of praise which a correspondent on the spot has written in regard to their conduct when they were at Portland—in camp, of course, I mean:—"You are the nicest set of men that ever came into Portland, not like some we get here, rowdy, and using such language! Even if any of you have a glass over the mark there is no noise and shouting, and you are all so polite to the ladies!" "Well done, gallant sappers," say I.

Fancy 15,438 tons of jam consumed by our "Tommies" in South Africa during 1899-1900-

1901. Yet so it was, according to an official statement just issued. Apricot was the favourite fruit, gooseberry coming next, plum third, and marmalade fourth. This reminds me of the lines of the comic song:—"Real jam, more tender than lamb, sweeter than ham, better than marmalade." I regret to hear Mr. Brodrick's dictum that "Jam is not issued as a ration in peace time," and I trust that it will soon be a recognised article of the soldier's diet. I wonder how much of the 15,438 tons went out from Gloucester. The proportion, I know, must have been considerable, as I frequently saw wagon-loads of cases marked "Jam: Chief Officer of Supplies, Capetown," being drawn from the factory to the railway stations. Gloucestershire, after all, must have had spent in it many thousands of pounds of the millions of war expenditure, what with horses purchased in the county and the jam and ambulance and ammunition wagons that were manufactured in the Cathedral city and sent to the front. After all, "It is an ill wind that blows no good."

I see by a Forest of Dean paper that the Rising Sun Outing Club recently had an excursion from Lane End to Cheltenham, and thence by the electric railway to Cleve Hill. The report says:—"The return journey was a little late, in consequence of some of the members missing the train at Cheltenham, but it added to, instead of detracting from, the enjoyment of the day." What a pretty compliment to the charms of Cheltenham.

There is very natural regret in the ranks of the Cheltenham Primrose League at the impending removal from the town of its hon. secretary, Lieut.-Col. D. A. Campbell. The gallant officer has been the life and soul of the organisation for two or three years past, "Thorough" being his watchword. He has certainly proved an immense success as recruiting officer, and the award of the Champion Habitation Banner of this year must be placed to his credit. I hope he will not be allowed to give up the seals of office without receiving some tangible mark of appreciation of his signal services from the Habitation.

GLEANER.

MASS FOR THE "SILVER KING." A requiem mass was celebrated on Tuesday at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Chelsea, for the repose of the soul of Mr. John W. Mackay, the American "Silver King." There was a large congregation, among those present being a son and daughter of deceased and Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador. The body, which is at present lying in a convent at Notting Hill, will be removed to New York.

GENERAL FRENCH HONOURED. Lieut.-Gen. Sir John French was in London on Monday night presented with the honorary freedom and livery of the Cutlers' Company, together with a sword of honour, in recognition of his distinguished services in the South African War. Gen. French said he took the honour conferred upon him as an appreciation of the services of the division he commanded. Though their swords were now sheathed they would not be idle, and realised the work yet before them. General French was afterwards entertained at dinner, and, responding to his health, said the war had taught many lessons by which they determined to profit.

The phenomenon of a very large water-spout was observed off Ostend on Monday. It sprang up off the coast to the north-east and rapidly drove westwards in two spiral columns.

Lady Harriet Duncombe died on Saturday, at 49 Berkeley-square, at the age of 93 years. She was daughter of the fifth Marquis of Queensberry, and married, in 1841, the Very Rev. the Hon. Augustus Duncombe, Dean of York, who died in 1880.



## Dean Forest

AND THE WONDERS OF COAL.

By JOSEPH MERRIN.

For grandeur of tree forms, masses of foliage, and novelty of surfaces in this county, the artist and the naturalist must alike give the palm to the Royal Forest of Dean. The coal and iron seams of the Forest district have been worked from time immemorial, and the working is still in full swing.

Let us first briefly glance at the coal measures in general and the more important of the Dean Forest coal seams before referring to the wonderful constituents which chemical analysis of the more valuable kinds of coal in other districts disclose. The coal seams which enrich our country more than any other of its size vary in thickness from a thin layer to rocks of twenty or thirty feet in thickness. These are composed of mineralised vegetable matter, the remains of the tropical vegetation which flourished in long ages back. Geologists tell us that the rock known as the mountain limestone is often found to underlie and form part of the coal measures. In these cases the rock describes a more or less regular circle around the coalfield, and as it crops out on the edges it frequently presents picturesque mountain masses, as on the banks of the Wye.

Coming to the Forest coal seams, we find that the middle, or Park End and Bilson, series of veins extend over an area of about 7,000 acres; while the third, or lowest, series, which lie at a considerable depth below the middle series, are the most important, as they extend over about 15,000 acres. The veins range from one or two feet to six feet in thickness, and in some places to as much as ten or twelve feet. In spite of the depth of this series, it crops out on elevated lands, and is thereby enabled to be worked by means of levels; while the middle series crop out for the most part in low situations, and can only be worked by deep pits. Coal is known to have been worked in many elevated parts by the Roman occupants of our island. Cinders and pieces of coal have been found in Roman roads and walls, and Roman coins have been discovered in beds of cinders and refuse. The coal thus found came in all probability from where the outcrop was evident on the surface, as no evidence of deep Roman workings have been discovered.

### AN UNDERGROUND JOURNEY.

The Dean Forest pits are fortunately quite free from fire-damp, which is so dangerous with unprotected lights in many of our northern collieries, so that the Forest collier is able to work with naked lights. "Choke-damp" rarely gives any trouble. Horses, of which considerable numbers have worked in the pits for years, draw the trains of loaded trucks from the different workings to the bottom of the pit's mouth, from whence they are hauled up singly by an engine at the surface.

### THE FOREST COAL SEAMS.

The Geological Survey gives the thickness of the coal in the thirty-one thin seams of the Forest area as 2,400 feet. The basin-shaped valley beneath which coal is frequently found is very conspicuous in the neighbourhood of the Trafalgar Colliery, one of the largest in Dean Forest. An enormous thickness of tropical vegetation seems to have been compressed in long ages past, first into peat and then, from pressure and heat combined, into coal. At Sharpness, in excavating for the Docks, a considerable thickness of peat was found, with the remains of tree trunks in situ. The beautiful and elaborate impressions of large ferns and other plants found in the shales, which lie above and below the coal, show that an enormous depth of vegetable matter must have been compressed and mineralised to form the thick beds of coal we find in many of our collieries. It is fair to infer that the central part of the Forest coal formation adjoined part of the Welsh and Bristol coalfields. Geologists agree that the severance of these coalfields is due to upheavals and depressions that occurred long after the measures were deposited, and are the result of changes which must have taken vast periods of time to produce. Though the atmosphere of the workings strikes the visitor as stiflingly hot, the feeling soon goes off. Though the main workings of the Trafalgar Colliery, which are comparatively lofty, are easily traversed over the lines of rails laid in every direction, the tall visitor has to stoop to pass along the smaller workings, or his hat or head may come in unpleasant contact with the low roof, which, on being examined, is found to be deeply impressed with fern-like forms of foliage,

often of great beauty. These narrow passages lead to the actual places where the toiling collier, with scarcely more on than a canvas pair of trousers, is plying his arduous labours. For the most part lying on the ground, he drives his pick into the stubborn coal, raking out good-sized blocks, which are shovelled up by a little co-worker into the empty truck, which is pushed along the rails laid down along the workings. Sympathy for the begrimed and sweating collier is at once aroused, and deeper still for the little boy, his working companion, who clears the ground as the work of "getting coal" proceeds. Visitors are expected to leave something for the toilers, in which we may be sure they do not fail. Disappointment often dogs the collier in his work, for sometimes the vein which he has been profitably working at suddenly thins off, and beds of clay, sand, or marl are met with, including nodules of ironstone. The coming across fire-clays sometimes compensate for the loss of coal. Though our little island is favoured in regard to its mineral treasures, coal of course taking first place, in the search for this in the absence of sound geological knowledge large sums have occasionally been fruitlessly expended.

### LIFE IN THE RIDINGS.

Gladly we take our place in the ascending cage at the mouth of the pit, and are swiftly raised to the surface, where the fresh air seems to greet us with additional charm. The visitors look a grimy lot as they laugh at one another's caricature of "niggers," and gladly welcome a sluice of soap and water. After thus investigating the underground world, the surface seems to disclose additional beauties in the blue sky and white clouds and the fresh green foliage of numberless trees bordering the beautiful grassy ridings, which run in some places in a straight line for miles and in others mount hills or run in different directions, like the spokes of a gigantic wheel. These broad avenues left between the timber plantations, with their banks of ferns and wild flowers, are a beautiful feature, and land the tourist in a new world of life and beauty. The stealthy adder, which has been basking on the banks in the sunshine, wriggles off at our advance; birds utter their alarm notes and fly to cover; large butterflies flit to and fro over our heads, especially the Silver Washed, the High Brown, and the Dark Green Frillaries, while the lovely Grass Emerald moth hovers over the broom bushes, busy searching for its mate or for a quiet spot in which to lay its eggs; and bees and flies and brilliant beetles seem to kiss the wild flowers or gambol in the general rejoicing. If the visitor waits till evening a fresh army of insects seems to be let loose, including many lovely geometer moths, that only venture out in the evening gloaming, and later the dusky members of the Noctue family, with gem-like eyes sparkling in the dark, foraging among the flowers for honey, and often snapped up by bats, which flit about in all directions, until night closes in the scene and only the distant cooing of the wood-pigeon or the flutter of the owl breaks the solemn silence.

### THE WONDERFUL CONSTITUENTS OF COAL.

But we have not finished our search for the marvels of coal. If we accompany the chemist to his laboratory, he will tell us a good deal of the strange composition of what has been not inaptly called "black diamonds," and coals may be well classed as "diamonds," from their high value in ministering to the comfort and wealth of civilised nations.

Coal, considered analytically, is perhaps the most wonderful material appropriated by man. It has been termed "imprisoned sunshine," in view of the fact that it is the residue of large masses of vegetable growth, developed by the forcing sunshine of a tropical climate. When ignited, it is the most valuable material man possesses for giving out light and heat. In the process of "destructive distillation" of the coal known as Cannel coal by heat in retorts for the extraction of its gas, a large number of "bye-products" are evolved. These include coke, ammonia liquor, and tar, and when these are chemically treated we obtain acetylene, paraffin, naphthalene, benzene, aniline, and a long list of other products, mostly obtainable by distillation at lower temperature than that used for drawing off our coal gas, or by combining the bye-products or adding other compounds. The most wonderful of these products, perhaps, is aniline, which presents us, in the hands of the chemist, by the addition of re-agents, with a number of striking colours. Strange indeed are the metamorphoses which the black coal, or the

coal tar, or ammonia water is made to undergo, producing magenta, red, green, blue, black, brown, yellow, and violet colours, with intermediate shades. Several of these bye-products are obtained by what is known as the analytical process, or the breaking up of a substance into its constituents, while others are produced by the synthetic or constructive process. The chemist has hopes by this process of experimentation to still further increase the list of new compounds, and probably new colours.

Pigments, colours, and dyes are now in many cases produced much cheaper than many imported colours, which were formerly extracted from plants, while the range of colours obtainable is immensely extended, though often, unfortunately, more fugitive than our older colours were. The Germans are apt workers in this domain, and do not hesitate to come over here in humble capacities to pick up English methods, and often beat us in the cheaper production of valuable compounds. In colour, as in other things, fashion plays a conspicuous part; but novelty, variety, and beauty will probably always have claims to the widest recognition and admiration.

But, as a source of wide utility, as well as a parent of much beauty in colour-production, a high place is always likely to be accorded to what may be characterised as

### CONQUERING COAL,

as a powerful agent in war and a determining influence in settling the boundaries of Empires in the future. In the conflicts for supremacy or gain which may arise from the jealousy of rival nations or other causes, the victory would undoubtedly be for that nation which had established the widest command of the sea and the most impregnable coal stations to supply its fleets with the greatest mobility. Coal would thus be enabled to show destruction at longer ranges than the most improved land artillery, by sinking or conquering its foe or the most readily retreating in case of a menaced unequal contest. Railway and even aerial warfare might be immensely developed by applying the enormous power stored up in coal to the destruction of enemies, though we may hope that coal may continue to be the beneficent friend of civilisation rather than its merciless enemy.

All-conquering gem, more precious in Time's crown

Than diamond, ruby, or the starry stones  
That deck the Orient gods and potentates,  
Despite thy sombre shine. The depths of earth  
Are plenteous paved with thy blest tesserae,  
Feathered with print of foliage multiform.  
True register of life in æons gone,  
O'er which now nations march with stately tread.  
Promethean fire, hid in mask of dust,  
Awaiting but the touch of human hand  
To shape the iron rock to tireless limbs,  
That labour as man wills, and cold defy,  
For all the collier's toil in grimy pit,  
At risk of limb, of health, of very life,  
Amid the graves of ancient forest roots,  
Give we more radiance to his humble home,  
And all our toilers fill with happy hope  
Of brighter, purer, sweeter, holier life.

\*\*\*

The Shah of Persia is about to enlist some Belgian naval officers with a view to organising the Persian navy.

\*\*\*

When search was made on Monday in the ruins of an unoccupied house which collapsed at Dublin, the mangled body of a young man named Brennan was discovered under a pile of masonry.

\*\*\*

Sixty miles in sixty minutes was the record travelling made by Mr. Spencer, the aeronaut, in a balloon with which he ascended at Mcrey, Yorkshire, and came to earth near Thirsk.

\*\*\*

Sarah Ann Massey, who has died in Winson Green gaol from acute pneumonia, at the age of 47, had been convicted 123 times, in nearly every case for stealing.

Theatre and Opera House, Cheltenham.  
Special Attraction for Bank Holiday and Coronation Week.

RE-OPENING MONDAY, AUGUST 4th, for SIX NIGHTS, and Special Matinee Saturday at 2.30 p.m.

Messrs. Lloyd-Bostock and Roy Cathie's Company, including the popular Comedian, Mr. Victor Stevens, specially engaged for the part of "Dame Quickly," in the Musical Extravaganza—

### DASHING PRINCE HAL.

Times and Prices as usual.

Monday, August 11th—THE GAY PARISIENNE.



**Our Prize Pictures.**

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.--The Tewkesbury Meeting.**



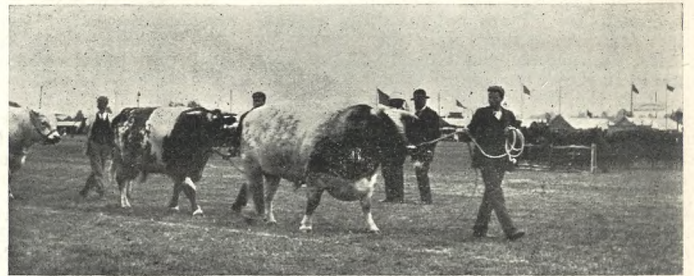
THE CIVIC PROCESSION IN HIGH STREET.



CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM AND HIS ATTACHE AND MR. AND MRS. COLCHESTER-WEMYSS.



LORD COVENTRY HONOURED.



SOME OF THE PRIZE BULLS, INCLUDING THOSE OF THE KING.



THE STREET DECORATIONS.

Photos. by Jesse Price,

Tewkesbury.



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## Betting.

BY THE BISHOP OF SOUTHAMPTON.

"All the Winners." Many of us, often as we have heard the hoarse cry, have resisted the temptation to spend a halfpenny on the information thus concisely described; it does not appeal to us, but if the newspapers for once in a way would tell us, instead of the winners of the races, the winners of the money, we should be greatly inclined to patronise it. Who are the winners? Can anyone find them among his friends and acquaintances? Many a man wins a bet or two, perhaps several, by backing horses; but the habitual gambler who wins in the long run is yet to be discovered. The reason is obvious. Just as the gamblers at Monte Carlo have to provide regular profits for the owners who, we are told, make nearly a million a year out of the 30 millions that change hands over their tables, so the betting that goes on in this country has to support some 20,000 professional betting men, many of whom make enormous gains by their trade. "All the winners" will be found in their ranks, and an honest record of their names and takings, from week to week, might open the eyes of their victims to the folly of betting. It would certainly confirm the recent remark of a French Judge: "The fact that you cannot win in the long run on the racecourse is established in these courts day after day."

### BETTING FOR EXCITEMENT.

It would seem, however, that true and obvious as the facts are, they are altogether lost upon the betting world. We waste our breath when we try to convince these people that they are merely enriching the bookmakers, trusting to tipsters who are far more often wrong than right, and backing horses at odds by which in the long run they must inevitably lose. They do not care whether they lose or not; what they want is excitement, and they get that in abundance from the bookmaker. I am not speaking at random. In an interesting study made by Messrs. Campagnac and Russell of the boys engaged in street trading in Manchester, published by the Board of Education in the 8th volume of its Special Reports, we are told that "half, or more than half the total income" which such boys make, "is spent regularly, unhesitatingly, and cheerfully upon gambling. The money is almost invariably lost . . . for though they bet upon games of their own, they are in the hands of sharpers, bookmakers, and others who live upon them. *The boys do not expect to win, though sometimes they are allowed to get the advantage. But they pay for the pleasurable excitement which they get, and even when they go beyond their surplus, and trench upon the living expenses, and have to go short of food, they feel content. They think they have had their money's worth.*" With such customers as these a bookmaker's trade is plain sailing indeed. He must indeed fling them an occasional winner, for even betting, if the losses were invariable, would lose the excitement which is the sole charm; but he may keep an almost indefinitely large percentage of the sums wagered as his commission on the excitement which he supplies. Messrs. Campagnac and Russell's observation explains a good many phenomena which, on ordinary grounds of reason, must always be unintelligible.

Now, how is such a disposition as this, by no means confined to the street boys of Manchester, to be dealt with? The ordinary appeals to self-interest are obviously ineffectual. "I want excitement; I am willing to pay heavily for it, and I get it." There is nothing more to be said. Indeed, not only self-interest but altruism is put out of count. "I do no harm to anyone. If I win from my neighbour, I earn it by giving him the excitement he wants; if I win from a book-

maker, it is all in the way of business." If the street boy cares for other people, he may save his conscience with some such reasonings as these; nor is it very easy to prove to him that he is wrong. At least we shall have to go some way back in his mental and moral history in order to do so. As he stands, an urchin who has passed his standards and escaped from school, he is quite impervious to our appeals. It may be said that he is not a very important personage. Possibly not; but the habits which he forms and the character which is moulded by them are carried with him into later life, when he reaches positions of "less freedom and greater responsibility," and becomes important to his employers, and indeed, to the whole community. And, whatever he is in himself, he is only a type of hundreds and thousands, who, in different ranks and occupations, are moved by the same desire for excitement, and gratify it in the same way.

### WANTED—A CURE FOR BETTING.

The love of excitement: that is the key to the whole mystery. If we are to cope with the gigantic evil of betting and gambling, it is with the love of excitement we must begin. Something, perhaps a great deal, can be done in the way of prevention by the legislature. Gradual measures alone can change the temper and the habits of the people; but in the meantime we can diminish the opportunities and modify the conditions which minister to the evil. In this case the conditions may be reduced to two: facilities for street betting, and the existence of the bookmaker. The habit of betting is formed in youth, and the boys have, as a rule, the streets for their betting-ring. Prevent street betting, and you will destroy at one blow a great part of the conditions in which the germ, the love of excitement, grows into the disease of gambling. No doubt the law, as it stands, prohibits street betting; but the law is notoriously ineffective. Boys, as Messrs. Campagnac and Russell point out, are punished for gambling, but they are also punished, and with equal severity, for obstructing. They "naturally decide that it is as well to be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb." As against the youthful gambler, then, the law seems to go out of its way to be ineffective; but it is equally futile as against the bookmaker. A mere fine, which is the only penalty allowed, does not meet the case. What does the man who is making hundreds care for £5? He pays it as he pays his losses, in the way of business, and perhaps offers another £5 note for the poor box, to shew that in his estimation, as in that of the Recorder of Dublin, "the infliction of a fine is absolutely farcical." Here then is a weak point in our defences which needs strengthening. Street betting should be made, if not quite impossible, at least far more difficult and dangerous than it now is.

### THE POWER OF THE BOOKMAKER.

In this way the bookmaker, who stands first among the secondary causes of widespread gambling, may have his power for mischief crippled. The public hardly realises the extent and the effect of his activity. Encouraged by the legal decisions which sanction what has been well called "an established gambling hell upon the racecourse in the shape of a Betting Ring," and by the practical facilities for reaching in the streets the classes who cannot frequent racecourses, the bookmakers, formerly a small class, are now estimated at over 20,000. On the average this gives considerably more than one to every parish in England and Wales. It would matter less if betting were independent of the bookmaker, but the gentleman who is counsel for the Jockey Club and for the Bookmakers—it is surely significant that the two offices should be combined in one person—assures us that "if the bookmaker were suppressed there would be no betting." Mr. Stutfield's professional zeal for his clients has perhaps led him into some little exaggeration here, but substantially, and in relation to the mass of the people, his statement is true. At all events, the existence of the bookmaker constitutes one of those facilities for betting which it is the aim of the law to suppress.

In view of the results of his action on the public welfare, according to the testimony of scores of competent witnesses, it is not too much to urge that so far as is possible his profession should be made illegal. No doubt he supplies a want, the want of a certain kind of excitement. But there are many desires which it is criminal to gratify, and we ought to regard the bookmaker as we regard the man who lives by making people drunk or baser wretches who gain their living by ministering to still more degrading desires. I do not say that they are all equally criminal, but they are all criminal in the same way.

### BETTING AS POSTERED BY THE PRESS.

There are other legislative measures, such as the prohibition of the publication of the betting odds in newspapers, which seem to me to be both possible and advisable; but the evil will not be cured by legislation. At the root of it lies the love of excitement, or rather the love of the wrong kind of excitement. This instinctive desire is, of course, natural and almost universal; yet betting, as everyone acknowledges, has so increased of late that it is almost a new thing among the great masses of our countrymen. The explanation is that by means of a cheap Press, and what is called education, we have put the means of gratifying the love of excitement within the reach of millions who formerly could not indulge in it. This general habit of betting is a new thing because universal reading and arithmetic and halfpenny papers are new things. A true and thorough education is the grandest benefit that a nation can confer upon its children; but an education that stops half way, and even less than half way, is a very doubtful boon. A boy of thirteen turned out into the streets with the power but not the love of reading, with the craving for excitement which is generated by the conditions of town life, and with cheap sporting papers ready to his hand, can hardly fail to take to betting. There is a very true remark in the report of the Manchester street boys to which I have already referred. "The origin of the evil is the dulness of their lives—the want of quiet sources of pleasure." But I would go further back still; it is the want of power to enjoy quiet pleasures. Even in towns such pleasures may be had, but the children are trained neither to seek them nor to enjoy them; and in the country where they abound, young men and women find life so dull that they flock into the towns. The fact is that while we are all discussing, as we are bound to do, the organisation of our national education, we are apt not to notice that there may be something radically wrong in the system itself. And the defect is not only that it comes to an end much too soon, nor that it is too intellectual—if the word can be used in this connexion—but also that it does not train the faculty for enjoyment. It needs training. Boys and girls can be taught by precept, by example, and by practice what things it is good to enjoy, and how they may best be enjoyed. Leave it untrained, and like all other human faculties it will do its work badly, fastening on the wrong objects and enjoying them in the wrong way, violently, one-sidedly, and selfishly. Observers of our national life, our Bank holidays, our Peace rejoicings, our football matches and horse races, are led to wish that our system of education, while not neglecting the duty of imparting knowledge, would do more than it now does to develop the power of using and enjoying it.

### ALL GAMBLING IS SINFUL.

A good deal of time and ingenuity have been spent in discussing the question whether all gambling is wrong. It is perhaps not easy to prove that whist for penny points is in itself sinful, but surely the whole discussion is beside the mark. I have my own opinion as to the morality, and still more the expediency, of even the minutest forms of gambling, but the case against habitual betting rests on broader and plainer grounds. In the last resort the practice is based either on sheer greed, which is despicably selfish, or on the love of a kind of excitement which all experience shows to be fatal to the highest



qualities of man's nature. I am not condemning all kinds of excitement; far from it. The excitement which arises from honest effort strenuously put forth, from keen interest in human achievements and great events, from the discovery of new truths, or from the enjoyment of the dramatic and romantic masterpieces of literature, is purely beneficial and stimulating, indeed ennobling to the mind and character. And there are many other kinds of interest and excitement which are good and healthy. I believe that the infinite variety of the world and of life is intended to afford men the help and stimulus which could not be gained in a monotonous existence. But base, frivolous, or empty excitement unfits the mind for these higher and purer forms of enjoyment; they become insipid and dull because the character has been coarsened and hardened by constant absorption in lower pleasures. Even the natural and wholesome excitement which most honest natures find in games and sports loses its zest when the false excitement of gambling is grafted upon it. We do not need any fine definitions or subtle casuistry to prove the evil of betting. It stands condemned by its effect on the character, by its power to deaden other interests, and to degrade the faculty of enjoyment. If the habit is to be checked it must be by leading men to realise this. Remove, so far as is possible, the opportunities and facilities for betting; but also begin at the beginning, and teach the child to delight in the real and lasting joys of life which alone can displace the morbid love of false excitement.

ARTHUR SOUTHAMPTON.

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## Tour of Our Churches.

### ST. LAWRENCE, BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER.

I cycled to the pretty village of Bourton-on-the-Water on Sunday, July 20, and attended service at the Parish Church there in the evening.

St. Lawrence, speaking architecturally, is not a pleasant building to look upon. The body of the church, of stone, is mixed in styles, and it has a tower out of all harmony with the rest of the building. The tower is said to have been erected about 1780, and is in the heavy Italian style peculiar to the Georgian era, with a cupola on the top. The interior consists of chancel, in which is a piscina and a sedilia, nave of five bays, and north aisle, added in 1891. There is a good east window, of stained glass, and the west window of the north aisle is a fine specimen of decorated work. The seats, modern and comfortable, are most of them free and unappropriated. There are a few mural tablets on the walls. With no aisle on the south the building looks rather lop-sided; but, perhaps, an addition will come in time, as this village on the Windrush is a place which seems to be increasing, lots of new buildings having recently been put up.

There was a full congregation on Sunday evening. The clergy and surpliced choir marched from the west end, the congregation standing meanwhile. Some half-dozen candles were burning on the altar, and these did not seem to me to be needed, or to be used in any way for the purpose of ordinary illumination. The minister gave the opening exhortations in a good voice, and kept well to his reciting the note, but the choir and congregation in the Confession were rather jerky. The Psalms were well chanted, and at a good pace. The first Lesson recounted the story of the two mothers with one child before King Solomon, and was well read. The Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were chanted. In the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer, also in some of the responses and Amens, the organ was decidedly too pronounced. The minister in his later intoning cut his last notes too short, remind-

ing me of a clergyman in a certain village, who takes a prominent part in helping the choir, and who cuts his own last note very short to enable him to take up the first note of the choir's response. It could not be for this reason that the Bourton parson seemed anxious to get rid of his own part. A special prayer for King Edward was said, and in the Thanksgiving a sentence was inserted for his Majesty's deliverance from imminent bodily peril.

The doctrine at Bourton, I gathered, is a little bit "high," but there were no undue symptoms of it in the service. An announcement was made of Matins daily during the coming week, and of Holy Communion on the Friday, the anniversary of St. James, Apostle and Martyr. The hymns sung were 527, 264, and 20 A. and M.

The preacher took his text from the first lesson he had previously read, I. Kings iii., 7, "I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or how to come in," and said these words of extreme humility were the words of one who became the wisest and most intellectual of all characters in Holy Scripture, whose wisdom excelled the wisdom of the children of the East, and of Egypt, renowned for her attainments and knowledge. Solomon was the wisest of all men; he spoke 3,000 proverbs, sang 1,005 songs, and was the greatest botanist and naturalist of the age. Kings from all parts of the earth sent people to hear him, amongst them being the Queen of Sheba. But it was the humility of this great man that was the thought of the preacher's text, and doubtless it was owing to the fact that he began his reign in that humble spirit that he became so mighty and great a monarch. Solomon asked the Lord for wisdom—not for his own aggrandisement, as he exhibited a complete absence of pride and self-seeking. "Who is able to judge this great people? I am utterly unequal to the task," he exclaimed. There was nothing hypocritical in Solomon. "Pride goes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." How many a spiritual battle had been lost, how many a contest with temptation had ended in defeat, because people had thought it sufficient to depend upon their own strength of will. A failure did not show that a man was not in earnest, but that he had neglected the one important weapon of distrust in self. Take, for instance, the two failures of St. Peter. That Apostle fell because he felt strong in himself; he believed his faith and love were sufficient to carry him through everything. Trust in self, reliance upon self, was an almost certain precursor of failure. They must examine their past faults in the light of God's trust. All imagined they had within themselves a certain strength and virtue, but all were far from having attained that degree of spirituality to which St. Paul had attained when he said, "When I am weak, then am I strong." All must learn to look to Christ in the hour of temptation, put aside all doubts and fears, and keep their attention steadfastly fixed upon the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sin of the world; Who came to seek and to save.

It was an enjoyable service, and a good sermon, and one might do worse than attend public worship at Bourton Vale.

CHURCHMAN.

\*\*\*\*\*  
An action to recover money paid for Coronation seats was dismissed by the Clerkenwell County Court, on the ground that the contractor had fulfilled his part of the bargain in providing seats.

\*\*\*\*\*  
An extraordinary mishap befel a man named John Allen, a woodman, of Hemsworth Norton, Sheffield, on Monday, in the belfry of St. Mary's Church, Scarborough. He accompanied a choir trip, and he and other members of a group of bellringers were given permission to practice with the bells. Whilst this was in progress Allen was pulled up by the rope and fell head foremost to the floor. He was severely injured, and was conveyed to the hospital.

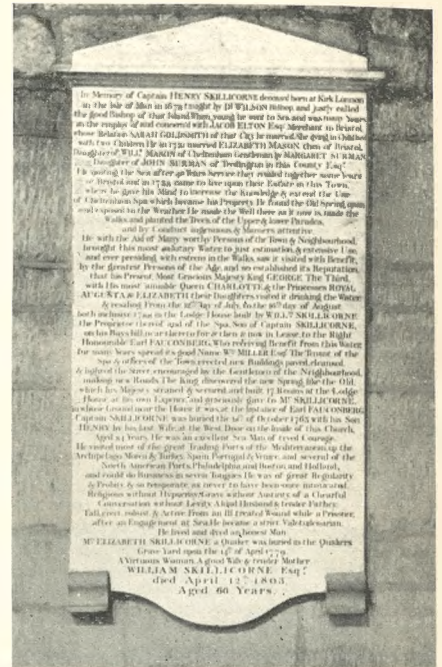


Photo. by Ethel Wheeler, Cheltenham.

A SERMON IN STONE.  
MEMORIAL TABLET IN CHELTENHAM PARISH CHURCH.

### IRELAND A NATION.

The Irish Parliamentary party on Saturday night entertained to dinner, at the Holborn Restaurant, London, Mr. William Redmond, M.P., and Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., in recognition of their services in establishing branches of the United Irish League in America. Mr. John Redmond, M.P., presided, and in proposing "Ireland a Nation," said the sentiment of Ireland a nation was the mainstay of their movement and of their party (cheers). They sought, it was true, to remove material grievances, and they were glad if they were able to obtain any remedial measure, however small, from the hostile Imperial Parliament. But none of the Irish party regarded any of these things except as a means to an end, and that end was the liberation of their country (cheers).

Mr. W. Redmond, replying to the toast of "Our Guests," which was proposed by Mr. Dillon, said that gathering was a demonstration, a living proof, of the fact that to-day, thank God, there existed in the ranks of the Irish party a spirit of unity, comradeship, and good feeling which had never been excelled (cheers). Irishmen in America were separated from Ireland by physical circumstances, and were not unnaturally bound up with Americans, but at the same time they were willing to give their people at home all the assistance in their power (cheers). The whole American nation, from the President downwards, were in heart and sympathy thoroughly in accord with the legitimate battle which Ireland was fighting for the restoration of her rights (cheers).

\*\*\*\*\*  
While singing at the usual weekly practice in St. Mary's Church, Maryport, Mr. John Saul Adair, one of the choristers, died of heart disease.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Two thousand weavers in Bohemia work 18 hours daily on seven days a week for an average wage of from half-a-crown to 8s. 6d. per week. This works out at about a farthing an hour.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Some 400 old Marlborough College boys saw active service in South Africa. Two won the Victoria Cross, while thirty others received the Distinguished Service Order.





**SLINGING A BICYCLE.**

A member of the C.T.C. gives the following as a satisfactory method of hanging a bicycle:—Get two galvanised meat-hooks at 2d.. With a hammer close one end of the S in each, and, if necessary, increase the curve of the other end on an anvil or other round surface. Sew some wash-leather round each hook. Secure one end of a rope or strap permanently to the closed part of one, and the other end of it temporarily to the closed part of the other. Pass the rope or strap over any convenient hook in the ceiling, and pull down one hook and pass it under the seat pillar or convenient part of the frame. Then take the other hook in the left hand and the handle-bar in the right, and it will need but little exertion to bring them together, and so suspend the machine. After a few days, experience will decide where to make the temporary knot on the rope into a permanent one. The writer's hangs six inches from the ground.

**SOME HOLIDAY DON'TS.**

When you are staying at the seaside or anywhere else don't presume on the meekness and kindness of your landlady by using the mirrors in the drawing-room and bedrooms to glaze your P.O.P. print's. Don't upset the bath-room and spill developer and hypo over the walls. Don't promise a photograph to any interesting study you may meet, man or woman, unless you intend to fulfil it. Don't leave your loaded camera about where the servants can open it and examine it in your absence. Don't snap at everything—study to get the best effects and to bring home not the uncertain results of "pressing the button," but pictures that will afford you satisfaction in the time to come.

**THE LIGHT BICYCLE.**

It is not apparent that any decrease in weight under 30lbs. adds appreciably to the speed which can be got out of a cycle, but it certainly increases the comfort for ordinary road work, and makes the machine particularly handy for carrying upstairs, for instance, or general handling. It is well, therefore, that cycle manufacturers are turning their attention to the question of weight reduction. With better material and improved methods of manufacture, there is no reason to believe that the weight of cycles has reached its lowest limit.

**THE QUEEN'S PHOTOGRAPHS.**

An old story is being revived in the gossip columns of the newspapers. The Queen, it is said, once snap-shotted a railway train as it passed over a bridge, and, noticing that the bridge appeared strained or bent, her Majesty took such steps as led to the building of a new bridge. Stories of a similar kind are plentiful. A photographer's journal cites one case, in which an amateur snap-shotted his bridge about 22 years ago, and during the first few weeks he wrote repeatedly to caution the company as to the danger, but as nothing was done and the bridge stands now, he begins to think that he may have been mistaken.

**CYCLE LAMP HINTS.**

In a pocket booklet, "Hints to Cyclists," by "The Veteran," published by Messrs. H. Miller and Co., of Birmingham, there are some useful tips on the proper treatment of lamps; and as the days are gradually drawing in, some of this advice may be useful. To ensure a bright and steady light, put a small piece of camphor into the reservoir. You will obtain a bright light, and the lamp will not smoke. To light the lamp easily, turn the wick up half an inch, spread it out at both ends, and get one or two threads to stand out separately. Light these threads, and the light will gradually creep along. Then turn down the wick to its proper height. Many cyclists experience great difficulty in obtaining a light during a high wind, even though they have a good supply of matches. To overcome this, take a wax vesta, strip off one or two strands of the cotton from the stem down to the "live" end, and then twist the strands round the brimstone and strike in the ordinary way, when the match will burn like a torch. Don't fill the reservoir right up, or the oil

will overflow when expanded by the heat of the lamp.

**ABOUT THE WICK.**

The proper form of wick is known as circular cotton wick. See that it fits the tube of the burner easily, for, if compressed, the supply of oil is cut off. By long standing in an unused state, the wick becomes clogged, and a new portion is rendered necessary. The wick should be of such a length as to reach the bottom of the well, and should always be dried before using. The wick should not be cut in trimming, but the charred portion rubbed level with the top of the burner by means of a bit of paper. A smoky lamp may be cured by soaking the wick in good vinegar and well drying, and often by cleaning the lamp. A smoked reflector should be moistened with paraffin or petroleum, and then polished with the usual polishing preparation. To clean a greasy lens, use a rag moistened with methylated spirit. Air holes should be kept free from dirt.

**A COMFORTABLE WAIST.**

"The Veteran" points out that if a woman would receive benefit instead of lasting injury to herself from the exercise of cycling, she must positively prohibit all constrictions of the body. The waist must be allowed freedom to expand, or the cramped muscles, in their efforts to move, will push out of place some delicate organ or some other muscle, perhaps doing a permanent harm. For cycling or other exercise for the lower limbs, the steels and whalebones should never extend below the waist line. An apparatus sometimes styled a 'bathing corset waist,' is the correct thing to wear awhile. It is very comfortable, and gives the necessary support to the body without being drawn too tightly. It is fitted with elastic bands under each arm, thus permitting full expansion of the chest. In preference to the corset or other corset waists, this waist should be worn.

**ENGLISH AND FOREIGN PHOTOGRAPHY.**

A recent number of "The Queen" contained an interesting article on photographic work abroad, and, referring to the question of exposure, remarked that English people taking cameras abroad for the first time almost invariably under-estimate the clearness and strength of the sunshine in other and perhaps more southern countries. The atmosphere of our island, even when the sun shines, appears to have a mist-laden quality, which detracts from its active strength. It is this which gives that softness of the distances beloved by the brush artist, but not by the snap-shotter. Foreigners, on the contrary, who come to England almost invariably miscalculate by under-exposing, with still more disastrous results. One of the largest photographic firms in London, and which develops great numbers of films, makes mention of the fact that hundreds of dozens pass through their hands each season hopelessly spoiled beyond even the remedy of intensification by under-exposure. The best way to avoid such an experience—even if one does not care to develop all one's work at the time—is to do, say, one out of each box, thus making sure that the exposure is approximately correct; also that the camera is in proper working order. This method is, of course, only possible where plates or cut films are used.

**A FEW PHOTOGRAPHIC WORDS.**

In view of the Customs authorities, it is always wise to provide oneself with a few photographic words in the language of the country to which one is going. In France, at least, the amateur photographer, like the motorist and the cyclist, is a person to be encouraged. He is not regarded with any suspicion or disfavour, and a murmured "photographic" or "plaques photographiques" will draw forth an amiable smile from the most stern of douaniers. Indeed, the kindly treatment of the amateur photographer is an added charm to a trip through France. After being repulsed, not merely with ignominy, but with every sign of the deepest suspicion, from Kew Gardens, from the Earl's Court Exhibition, from the Crystal Palace, even from Hyde Park, it is pleasant to be allowed to roam at will through the beautiful Allée of the Bois, through the lovely gardens at Versailles, and the Jardin des Plantes. The hand camera artist is usually a very harmless and well-meaning individual, and to allow him to waste as many dozens of plates as he wishes can injure no one, and is good for business.

**THE MOTOR INDUSTRY.**

The French motor trade is said to be very much disconcerted respecting Mr. Edge's recent success

in winning the Gordon Bennett Cup. They have, thanks to the company mongers who tried to make capital out of the industry here, almost had a monopoly for first-class cars and tyres for a long time, and are naturally jealous that one, every particle of which was manufactured in perfide Albion, should be able to beat them on their own ground. But the incident must give a great stimulus to the trade here. English buyers will naturally support local industry now we have shown them that we can turn out as good work as our neighbours.

**A CHEAP WASHER.**

An excellent idea for a quick and effective washing of plates with a cheap and simple apparatus has been published. Procure an empty biscuit tin and make a small hole in the bottom. Instead of putting the negative rack at the bottom of the tin, as is done with washers generally, suspend the rack at the top by thrusting a stick through both ends and resting the ends of the stick on the top of the tank. Connect with the tap by rubber tubing, and adjust the water so that the tin is always full. Hypo will sink readily to the bottom and be carried off, and the plates will be quite free from hypo in twenty minutes.

**CHATTER BY THE WAYSIDE.**

Some women seem to think they have pneumatic husbands, who are no good unless they are blown up every day.

There are stated to be 1,500,000 bicycles in France. Licenses are paid for 1,200,000, and the others are exempt.

It is astonishing how few chain breakages or other troubles there are now, in spite of the fact that so many light chains are in use. The reason is that chain manufacture as an art has undergone marked advancement.

The Automobile Club and the National Cyclists' Union are to enter into an agreement with regard to the control of motor-cycle racing.

Sunshades attached to cycles for ladies are just now the fashion.

Cyclists are growing bold. They have succeeded in introducing into an Electric Railway Bill for the North of England, in spite of strenuous opposition, a clause compelling the company to provide accommodation for bicycles in every train.

The railway companies are learning, slowly but surely, that cyclists are worth catering for. On the Cheddar Valley Railway the other day we noticed in the guard's van of a G.W.R. train a special cycle protector.

On a fine morning there is nothing more enjoyable than a spin before breakfast, which tends to improve one's appetite.

When cycling, always keep a good look ahead. Lady cyclists should not attempt too much. According to an eminent medical authority, cycling in moderation is beneficial to the fair sex, but long rides are injurious in many cases.

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE SUMMERS OF LONG AGO.**



"I sleep, but my heart waketh."

When silence falls upon the solemn night,  
And all in house and street is hushed and still,  
Bright visions rise before my happy sight,  
And come and go at will;  
And days long fled,  
Ghosts of the past, come to me from the dead.  
And friends I see in dreams, as fair and sweet  
As were the Summers of the long ago,  
When in the golden days we used to meet  
And talk in voices low,  
And often stand  
Within the sphere of an enchanted land.  
Awake, I die; in dreams, I live again,  
For then return the hopes I knew of old;  
Ere I had wept, or love had grown to pain,  
And left me sad and cold;  
When all the hours  
Were scented with the fragrant breath of flowers  
So when the waking comes, it comes too soon,  
For with it pass my bright and blessed dreams;  
My Sun sinks suddenly: goes down at noon;  
Leaving behind no gleams;  
Gone is my Spring,  
And life becomes a wintry frozen thing.  
So would I dream, and wake, and dream again—  
O love! O hope! come back a little while.  
What though the wak'ning must be full of pain!  
In blissful sleep I smile—  
Come, vanished years,  
Let me dream still, although I wake in tears!

THE LATE CANON BELL, D.D.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE

AND

# GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 84.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1902

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Theatre and Opera House, Cheltenham.

NEXT WEEK, COMMENCING MONDAY, AUGUST 11th,

Mr. Charles Macdona's Company

in the most successful Musical Comedy

**"THE GAY PARIENNE."**

Times and Prices as usual.

Monday, August 18th—"THE GAY GRISETTE."

### A SURPLUS OF BACHELORS.

The American census returns show an astonishing surplus of unmarried men. There is not a state in the whole Union that does not contain more bachelors than spinsters. In the entire country there are 6,726,779 men of an age to marry, and only 4,195,446 spinsters to marry them. The disparity is not confined to the Western States. Maine has 17,000 more bachelors than spinsters, New Hampshire 8,000, Vermont nearly 10,000, and Connecticut all but 20,000. In the West it is hard to see how any girl can escape marriage and live to be twenty. In California there are 150,000 bachelors who threaten to be laid permanently on the shelf. In Idaho there are only 3,556 spinsters to supply wives among 23,421 unmarried men. The State of Washington contains six bachelors to every spinster, and the difference grows greater every year. Evidently in the United States, as in South Africa, Government will have to establish a matrimonial agency.

### STOLEN DOCUMENTS.

The disclosure made in the Probate Court of the theft of Lord Cheylesmore's bag containing his will is an unwelcome reminder of the liability of this class of property to disappear during railway journeys. Not very long ago an officer in a crack cavalry regiment lost some valuable War Office papers at Waterloo Station, and was inconsolable thereat, whilst Mary Duchess of Sutherland had the misfortune to lose her valuable jewels at the Gare du Nord, Paris, a few years since because her jewel case was left unprotected in a railway compartment for a few brief moments. The most cruel loss of this kind happened to the late Duke of Devonshire. The Duke's married life, though short, was of unbroken felicity, and after his wife's death it was a habit of his Grace to carry about in a wallet the letters her Grace had written to him. A railway thief, imagining from the care taken of the case that it contained valuables (from the thief's standpoint), stole it, and although the Duke offered a big reward for the recovery of his wife's letters, they never were restored. Like the thief who stole Lord Cheylesmore's will, the purloiner of the Duke of Devonshire's letters, probably, finding them of no use to him, destroyed them.

While watching a fire which destroyed a farmhouse at Uffington, near Stamford, a middle-aged woman named Gunniver fell dead from shock.

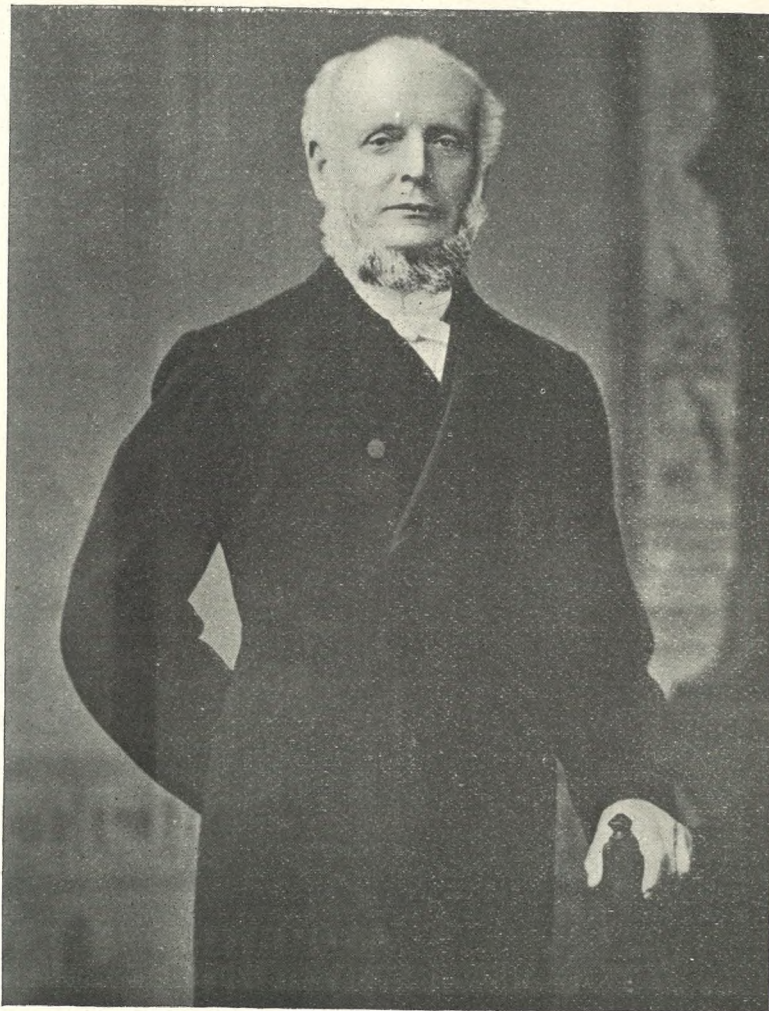


Photo by H. W. Watson,

Gloucester and Cheltenham.

### Rev Charles Edward Dighton, M.A.

Vicar of Maisemore, Chaplain to the High Sheriff of Gloucestershire, Treasurer of Gloucester Festival Charity, Chairman of Magistrates of Gloucester Petty Sessional Division of the County, &c.

Captain Donvig, of Tonsberg, has invented a life-saving boat. It is shaped like a globe, is eight feet wide and six and a half feet deep, and cannot capsise. It can carry sixteen passengers and provisions for one month. The captain will shortly come to London to demonstrate his invention.

It was officially stated on Tuesday in Cairo that the Nile flood will this year be probably the lowest ever known.

The Earl of March has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Elgin in the room of the Duke of Fife, who has resigned the appointment.



[All Rights Reserved.]\*

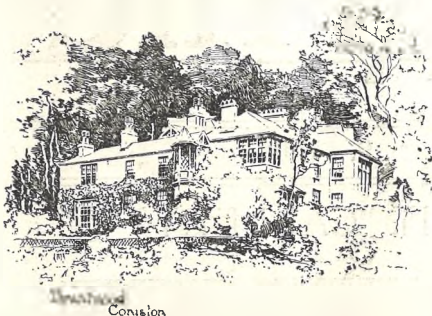
## The Homes and Haunts of Famous Authors.

\*

VI.—RUSKIN,

By W. G. COLLINGWOOD

(Author of "Life of Ruskin," etc.).



CONISTON

At 54 Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, London, one of the tablets of the Society of Arts tells the passer-by that John Ruskin was born there. That was a mere accident, so to say; his parents happened to be living at Hunter-street in 1819, but they did not live there long; and the only memory of his birth-place which stayed by John Ruskin was one of a dull and solitary nursery, and the forlorn amusement of watching the watercarts from the window. If we take his own words literally, London was never his home, though he always had what might be called a home in London. "There have been," he said, "in sum three centres of my life's thought, Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa." Elsewhere he talked of "My true mother-town of Geneva." Home is where the heart is, he meant; where one's thoughts dwell.

When he was four years old his parents moved out to Herne Hill, then a quiet and "select" suburb. The house, now numbered 28, was a comfortable, semi-detached, up-and-downstairs building in the old style, well set back from a tree-shaded road, with a drive and shrubbery in front, and a long garden behind, full of fruit trees and flower beds between its high brick walls. His nursery in early years, and study later on, was on the second floor with windows looking over a wide stretch of country, then clear of town-like buildings and almost out of London smoke. His daily walks, or rides when they put him, most unwilling, on a led pony, were along pretty, leafy lanes and footpaths through fields where now the Crystal Palace stands with its populous neighbourhood. Of this Herne Hill house and its surroundings he has gossiped pleasantly in "Praeterita," with the mystery of distant recollection and the charm of his best word-painting. His first book was written there, volume I. of "Modern Painters;" so that it was actually the scene of some of his best known work. Much later in life he took the old house as a sort of "diggings" in which to keep minerals and other materials for study, out of the way of the tidiness of his mother's household; and when his cousin, Miss Agnew, married Mr. Arthur Severn, he made the lease over to her, for it was only rented, not owned, by him. In this way, 28 Herne Hill has a connection with the name of Ruskin, both early and late; but it is not the place where he lived longest or did his best work. When he wrote the passages in "Fors," reprinted in his autobiography as "Herne Hill Almond-Blossom," that is to say twenty-five years ago, the neighbourhood was much as he knew it in his youth. But now its rural character, and with that most of its claim to represent the home of his boyhood, has quite disappeared in a world of bricks and mortar.

RUSKIN'S "REAL HOMES."

More closely connected with his life's work were many haunts, which he called his real homes, not exactly "sighing to think that he

had found his warmest welcome at an inn," but finding there what he most appreciated in life, charm of scenery and stimulus of art. He never cared for what is called Society or town life; his excitements and interests were in moving about among the mountains, or sketching in quaint streets where he was a stranger. He would say, on settling himself into a carpetless but spotless pine-planked room in a Swiss chalet-hotel, or in a deserted abbey turned into hostelry, "Now this is what I really like; it is so much nicer than those grand places." He would write hard in his bedroom before breakfast, walk and draw all day, and write again at night, with enthusiasm. He would make plans for a long stay and a speedy return; but after two or three days, suddenly "I've ordered the carriage. I daresay you can be ready in an hour, for we must be off, or we shall never get anything done." He must have been always like that from his boyhood. The real work of his schooldays was one out of school, in those energetic interludes they called holidays, and away from what they called home.

From the first he had been accustomed to a good deal of travelling. When he was three he was taken to Scotland, to stay with relations at Bridgend, Perth, where he got some early notions of river scenery by the side of the Tay, and of mountains in the background. At five he went to the Lakes, and at six to France and Belgium. Every summer he spent several months wandering about in a postchaise with his parents, visiting the same old neighbourhoods in turn; for his father went on business and deposited wife and child at some accustomed inn or with friends, while he did the less interesting districts. In that way John Ruskin came to know a number of places as second homes, and to regard them with much more interest and affection than headquarters at Herne Hill.

Among such places were the New Bath Hotel at Matlock, Lowwood on Windermere, the Royal Oak at Keswick, the old Salutation at Ambleside, and the old Waterhead at Coniston, long since pulled down. He was fond of Bolton Abbey, and the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells; his early impressions of Friar's Crag on Derwentwater are commemorated in the stone now set up there; but in many places he found the inspiration for the descriptive eloquence which was his peculiar gift. Most of his "purple patches" were written on the spot, or from notes taken at the time when the scene was fresh in his mind's eye; in some cases his fine passages are little more than transcripts from boyish diaries. Always he carried his work with him, and even when it was not merely description, but, for instance, political economy, he did it best in foreign hotels or country lodgings. He has told how he bit his etching-plate in the wash-hand basin at the Hotel de la Cloche at Dijon,—wrote "Unto this Last" at the Hotel de l'Union at Chamouni, and many a chapter at Danieli's at Venice; a preface to "Sesame and Lilies" is dated from the hotel at Avallon in France, and so forth.

"HOMES" ON THE CONTINENT.

The Hotel de la Poste at Champagnele in the Jura was "a kind of home to us," he said. "Home—the Simplon village inn was already more that to me than even Denmark Hill." "The Hotel du Mont Blanc at St. Martin's, to me, certainly, of all my inn homes the most eventful, pathetic, and sacred." And he drew in early years the Poste at Martigny, and in later days Dessenin's at Calais, and the housetops from the Bergues at Geneva just for the love of the places. Meurice at Paris, the Hotel d'Europe at Abbeville, La Cygne at Lucerne, L'Univers at Lucca, Verdun at Annecy, Trois Couronnes at Vevey, were also favourite haunts where at one time he used to be welcomed by the waiters as an old friend, and kept the carriage waiting to say good-bye to the cook. To London he came back only for the duller side of life; in the streets of Rouen or Dijon, on the bridges of Rhone or Arno, in the paths through the pinewoods of the Rifel or the Monteners, in the piazze of Florence and Verona, he was himself and at home.

Herne Hill was headquarters for about 20 years, from which must be subtracted, beside annual travelling, his years at Oxford as an undergraduate. He went up to Christchurch in 1837, with rooms at first in Peckwater, then in Tom Quad, and the third year in the faded magnificence of the old Bishop's palace in St. Aldate's; visitors to the exhibition of his drawings will remember his sketches of the last two places, done in the manner of Prout. Every day at Oxford he used to report himself to his mother at her lodgings over Mr. Adams's in the High. The Christ Church Club to which he belonged had its rooms at the corner of Oriel-lane, looking across to St. Mary's. The old Angel Inn, close to University College, was the place where he had often stayed before he "went up," and a good many houses in the city have sheltered him since. When he became Slade Professor, he settled at Corpus. His rooms were large and airy, with broad windows looking over the meadow; not so picturesque as some of the college fronts, but a good deal more comfortable; and his Turners and Titian Doge and other treasures made them rather glorious and awesome inside to the undergraduate who was invited to visit him. In those days he still dated his letters from Denmark Hill, which was his parents' house during all the middle period of his life, though very soon after becoming Professor at Oxford he broke up that best known home, and came to Coniston.

THE HOUSE AT DENMARK HILL.

It was in 1843 that his father, prosperous in business, moved from Herne Hill to a larger house, not far away, No. 163 Denmark Hill, which became the Ruskins' home for nearly 30 years. It was the ideal city man's residence, with lodge and drive, and stout columns to its front door, roomy and dignified when you entered, with solid mahogany furniture, and "a valet and a footman and a coachman," as an artist once described it, "and grand rooms glittering with pictures, chiefly Turners." People used to go there as to a museum; to get Ruskin to show his Turners was a sort of entertainment. He liked the comparative rusticity of the place, for they kept their own cows, and so on; "but," said he, "for all these things, we never were so happy again. Never any more 'at home.'" At Champagnele, yes; and in Chamouni—in La Cloche at Dijon—in La Cygne at Lucerne. All these places were of the old time. But though we had many happy days in the Denmark Hill house, none of our new ways ever were the same to us as the old.

In 1850 and 1851, after his marriage, he tried to make a home at No. 31 Park-street, Grosvenor-square, but kept it only about a year, and then took the next-door house to his old home on Herne Hill, and soon gave that up also. In 1860 he took a house at Mornex on the Saleve, near Geneva, and did a good deal of writing in the summer house at the end of the pretty little garden, afterwards made into a restaurant. He stayed often in the sixties at Winnington Hall, near Northwich, when it was a school, and at Wallington, Northumberland, with his friends, Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan, and at Cowley Rectory, Middlesex, with the Hilliards, and at Broadlands with Lord and Lady Mount Temple; but the only house that could ever be called his own home, and that chiefly as the retreat of his old age and shattered health, was Brantwood.

"BRANTWOOD," CONISTON.

This was a cottage built a little before 1800 by a Mr. Woodville on land bought from the Gasgaths, of Coniston, and sold before long to the Copleys, of Doncaster. Later on it was occupied by Mr. Hudson, whose son, the Rev. Charles Hudson, was the celebrated Alpine climber, killed in 1865, in the first ascent of the Matterhorn. About 1849, Mr. W. J. Linton, wood engraver, poet, and chartist, bought it; and here his second wife, Mrs. Lynn Linton, the novelist, wrote "The Lake Country," published in 1864. Gerald Massey, the poet, and Dr. G. W. Kitchin, now Dean of Durham, occupied it at times, and in 1871 Mr. Linton sold it to Professor Ruskin.



He had always been fond of Coniston, from earliest childhood. He had sung of its crags in his juvenile poems, and drawn its old Hall for his first work on architecture; and revisiting the place in 1867 he was delighted with the ascent of the Old Man. So when he bought the cottage, he felt that he had a place after his own heart at last. For some years he went there only in the summer, and put up with tiny rooms and inconvenient arrangements, giving all his interest to the improvement, in his way, of the bit of wood and moor. Most people on coming to live in the Lake District, set to work laying out grounds, and making the rocky knolls and ferny gills as unlike themselves as possible; his idea was to develop the natural beauties of his small domain by making every leaf-set rock and ivied stem accessible by little foot-paths, and gathering the water on the swampy moor above into ponds to fill his miniature waterfalls. Later on, as Brautwood became more and more a permanent residence, he had to build, and the cottage became a mansion, filled with continually accumulating treasures of art, and the busy workshop of the last 12 or 15 years of his eager and energetic activity.

THE INTERIOR DECORATION.

The study where he kept his books and the mineral specimens, which were almost as prized by him as his pictures, was a long, low room, made by knocking two of the original cottage rooms together; it was in fact the whole frontage of the earlier building. He had a special wall-paper designed for it, the pattern taken from the priest's robe in Marco Marziale's picture at the National Gallery. He lined the walls with glazed bookcases, and filled up the floor space with cabinets after his own design, grooved to hold sliding frames for drawings. As books and pictures overflowed the accommodation they were piled in heaps on the floor, until some new place could be found for them elsewhere in the house; meanwhile, as he was continually taking up new subjects, and wanting new masses of material close at hand, he was continually re-arranging his room until it got to be something of a standing joke, to himself as well as to other folk—"I've just been getting my study into order." No doubt every writing man is in much the same case, except those who work entirely "out of their own heads," as the public certainly thought he did. But his easy, confident manner of writing was the result of very much reading and research, and cooking up of facts, and verifying of references; only the information was passed through the crucible of his own brain and came out hot with emotion into the mould of his literary style.

He took at first one of the little bedrooms over the study for his own, covered it with pansies, and built out a turret to get a panoramic view of the lake and mountains. After his first illness (1878) the associations of the turret and wall-paper were too painful, and he migrated to the next room, which he lined with his pet Turners—always a great joy to him. With them to look at, he cared nothing about artistic furniture or modern elaboration of ornamental fittings; and much as he had written of decorative art he never gave a thought to the development of internal architecture and upholstery, which he himself had practically originated. The old mahogany which served his father was good enough for him.

LAST DAYS.

When at last his malady settled down on him, in 1889, he was thenceforth confined to these rooms, and never left the house, except for short walks into the garden and along the road by the lake to the seat at Beck Leven on the shore. His working and wandering life was at an end more than ten years before that stormy day in January, 1900, when he was carried to his "long home" in Coniston churchyard.

It is not a little strange that one who has written such words about the home, on the "sanctity of a good man's house," and the beauty of a long-accustomed dwelling-place—that he should have been, more than most people, a wanderer on the face of the earth; never, until he was too old and too stricken



Photo by A. H. Pitcher,

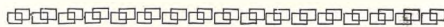
Gloucester.

Visit of the Crown Prince of Siam and three of his brothers to Gloucester Wagon Works, July 29th, 1902.

Mr. Vassar-Smith, Chairman of the Wagon Co. is on the left, and Mr. A. Slater, Manager, on the Right.

to make full use of it, resting in a house of his own. People used to write to him reproachfully of his sadness in life, saying how much they, tied to the desk or the shop or to the petty drudgeries of home, would enjoy his liberty and pleasure in constant travel. They had read "Sesame and Lilies," no doubt; but one passage in it they had missed, or thought it a mere burst of rhetoric—"This is the true nature of home—it is the Place of Peace. And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot, but home is yet wherever she is." That Place of Peace he never found.

Next Week: "Dickens," by George Gissing. [\*Copyright in the United States of America by D. T. Pierce.]



REV. G. MALLETT, Rector of Kemerton, Died Aug. 5th, 1902.

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 82nd competition is Mr. A. Bamber, of "Necnerby," Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham, with his Winchcombe series.

Entries for the 83rd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, August 9th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFT TO CORK.

The Lord Mayor of Cork has received a cheque for £10,000 from Mr. Andrew Carnegie to build a free library in Cork.

JAWBONE OF A MASTODON.

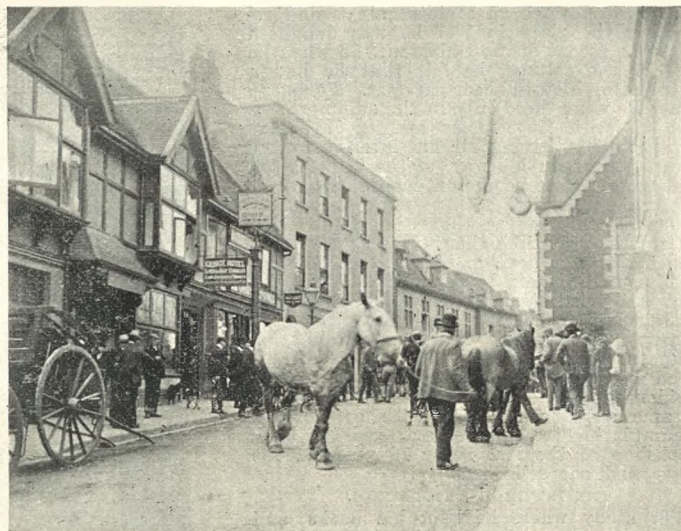
A party of students have discovered near Brosteni, on the Hungarian frontier, a fine fossil of the jawbone of a mastodon. Several old men and women were sitting huddled on it, as it was supposed to be a sure remedy for rheumatism. They thought it the bone of a giant.



CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, AUGUST 9, 1902.  
**WINCHCOMBE FAIR.**



THE ARRIVAL.



BEST HORSE.



THE CROSS.



SELLING A PONY.



HORSE FAIR, NORTH STREET.

Photos by A. Bamber,



NOT SOLD.

Cheltenham.



CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, AUGUST 9, 1902.  
CORONATION CELEBRATION AT GLOUCESTER, AUGUST 4TH.



Commemorative Oak Planting in Park by the Mayor, in presence of the Lord Bishop (Dr. Ellicott), Mayors of Cheltenham (Col. Rogers, V.D.) and Tewkesbury (Mr. T. W. Moore), the City Member and Mrs. Russell Rea, and others.



Photos by A. H. Pitcher,

Gloucester.

Wagon built by Gloucester Wagon Co. for Duke of Portland's Field Hospital, which was captured by the Boers and re-captured by Lord Roberts, who commandeered it for his Movable Quarters. It was escorted in the Procession by Artillery Volunteers.

## Poetry.

### BLUE-BELLS.

"One day, one day, I'll climb that distant hill  
And pick the blue-bells there!"  
So dreamed the child who lived beside the rill  
And breathed the lowland air.  
"One day, one day, when I am old, I'll go  
And climb the mountain where the blue-bells  
blow!"

One day! one day! The child was now a maid,  
A girl with laughing look;  
She and her lover sought the valley-glade,  
Where sang the silver brook.  
"One day," she said, "love, you and I will go  
And reach that far hill where the blue-bells blow."

Years passed. A woman now with wearier eyes  
Gazed towards that sunlit hill.  
Tall children clustered round her. How time flies!  
The blue-bells blossomed still.  
She'll never gather them! All dreams fade so.  
We live and die, and still the blue-bells blow.

GEORGE BARLOW.





**THE C.T.C.'S DECLINE.**

The correspondence in the club "Gazette" regarding the decline in membership of the great touring organisation still continues. There are those who argue that no good can come of publicly and persistently parading the fact that the C.T.C. is at the moment suffering from a "slump," but as it cannot be gainsaid, and it is generally admitted that "in the multitude of counsellors there may be wisdom," the editor hesitates to summarily close a discussion which is naturally nearing the end. One gentleman suggests that the name of the club should be changed, as a panacea for the trouble. He considers the designation "The Cyclists' Touring Club" is unfortunate. What proportion of cyclists, he says, ever think of really taking a tour, or, if they do think of it, actually accomplish that tour? He believes it to be infinitesimally small. And to those who have no idea of touring the suggestion of a club which seems from its name to exist chiefly for tourists comes with no sort of appeal. He adds that if the name could be altered to "Cyclists' Club," tout simple, there would be a distinct advantage, for, in fact, as matters stand at present, it really is misleading. The "Gazette" deals with all sorts of interests over and beyond those of the mere tourist, which practically occupy only a secondary place; it is, in a word, the "Gazette" of the cyclist, not only, or even chiefly, of the touring cyclist. Members know this; but many non-members do not, and the contention is that the designation of the club is not calculated to cause that spontaneous gravitation towards itself of all and sundry respectable cyclists which it is the object and aim to secure.

**AMERICAN WHEELMEN'S WAITS.**

The League of American Wheelmen, the membership of which is about a tenth of what it was during "the boom," is reverting to its prize-giving practices with a view to recruiting, e.g., if you obtain for the League one candidate you have your choice of a celluloid collar or a repair outfit; if you secure three candidates you are awarded a foot-pump or a jack-knife; five candidates will obtain for you a shirt, and so on, until the maximum is reached, when you are awarded a bicycle—of a sort!

**IMPORTANT LEGAL POINT.**

In a recent running-down case an interesting and important legal point was raised. The defence was that the cyclist, a lady, ought to have been able to get clear, and that there was no actual collision. She, however, tried to avoid the van, which suddenly came round the corner on its wrong side, and her efforts resulted in a spill. The learned judge gave it as his opinion that it was not necessary that there should have been an actual collision to cause an accident, and it was proved that the cyclist was unable to get out of the way of the van without falling. The claim of the cyclist was, therefore, as valid as if there had been an actual collision, and the driver of the van was responsible for the damage done.

**DISAPPOINTING SNAPSHOTS.**

If anyone doubt the popularity of the camera, let him stay a few days in any one of the beauty-spots that adorn our island home. We have recently spent a brief time on the North Devon coast, and at Clovelly and Lynmouth and Ilfracombe cameras of every variety abounded at almost every turn. At Lynmouth especially, cameras seemed to be as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, for this is a veritable fairyland of rocks and glens and waterfalls, of lofty tree-clad hills, rolling moors, and tumbling, tossing seas. Moreover, it is the land of "Lorna Doone." One sees hand-cameras being freely used in the deeply shaded glens, and as the exposure should be of seconds, or even of minutes, it is easy to imagine that disappointment must more often than not follow this heedless snapshotting. No doubt local professional photographers who develop amateurs' films and plates could tell many a tale of woe. At Lynmouth it is a case of chronic under-exposure; at Ilfracombe, with its open sea, the amateurs almost invariably over-expose on fine days, which is probably a repetition of what occurs at most seaside resorts. Talking of exposure, a professional told me the other day that



**Crowned To-day.**

amongst his recent clients was a lady who, having become possessed of a hand-camera, brought him some films to develop. She gave detailed information as to the various pictures she had taken, and amongst them, she pointed out, were two lovely photographs of the interior of a draper's shop. She had some little time to wait before being served, and so she just beguiled the time by taking a couple of snapshots with her Kodak of the many pretty articles displayed and the people at the counter. The photographer smiled when he was told what he had to develop, and as the films came out blank the lady will probably in future confine her hand-camera apparatus to the open air, and take a stand-camera with her next time she is likely to find the time hang heavily in a drapery emporium.

**VILLAGE NAME-PLATES.**

It is announced by the Touring Club of France that the preparations for the "jalonnement" of the national routes—Paris-Bordeaux, Paris-Marseilles, and Paris-Dieppe—are completed. This means that plaques are to be placed at the entrances of all towns and villages and at road junctions in conspicuous places, such plaques bearing at top the words "Touring Club de France" in small letters. Below this will come the generic name of the route, such as Paris-Bordeaux, with the distance in kilometres from each city below same. Then in the centre of the plaque will figure the name of the particular town or village, and beneath that on one side of the sign the name and distance of the nearest important place behind, and on the other similar particulars as to

the nearest important place forward. This is just one of the things they do better in France. It is an example that might well be copied over here.

**A PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNUAL.**

"The Year Book of Photography and Amateurs' Guide" for 1902 is, as usual, a portly tome of diversified interest, and Mr. P. R. Salmon, the editor, is to be congratulated upon the excellence of the fare he provides. The editorial article is devoted to a brief and simple account of stereoscopic work, which will prove of value to many amateurs. Mr. J. T. Ashby, for the third year in succession, supplies the pictorial article, "With a Camera at Bettws"; Mr. J. F. Hornsey, an authority on emulsions, supplies a useful article on "Dry Collodion and its Uses"; and Mr. J. E. Wall brings the very useful and handy "Tables and Formulae" section up to date. The "Gazetteer" section deals with a variety of places, and Mr. C. Winthrop Somerville, a specialist in bromide work, contributes a valuable article to the section devoted to "Winter Work." Altogether the "Year Book" is a marvellous shilling's-worth.

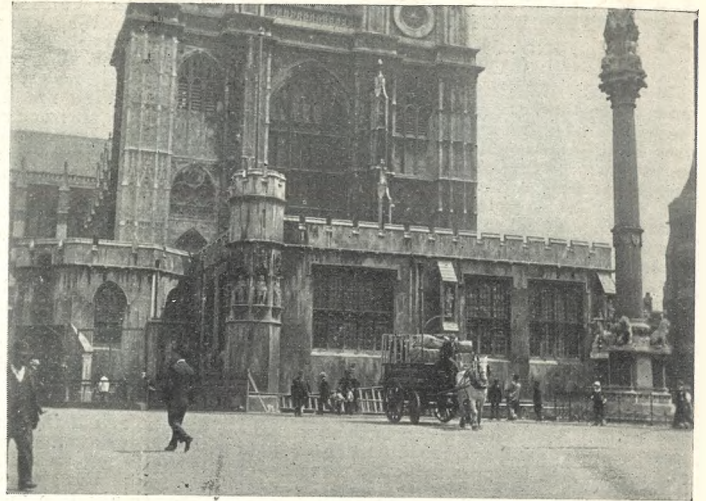
**YOUNG ROYAL WHEELERS.**

It is stated that on most mornings just now, in the Long Walk at Windsor, the King's little grandsons are to be seen careering on their bicycles at a good pace round the roads, apparently perfect masters of their machines. At the Windsor and Eton regatta the Princes came to the riverside, and on the senior v. junior event

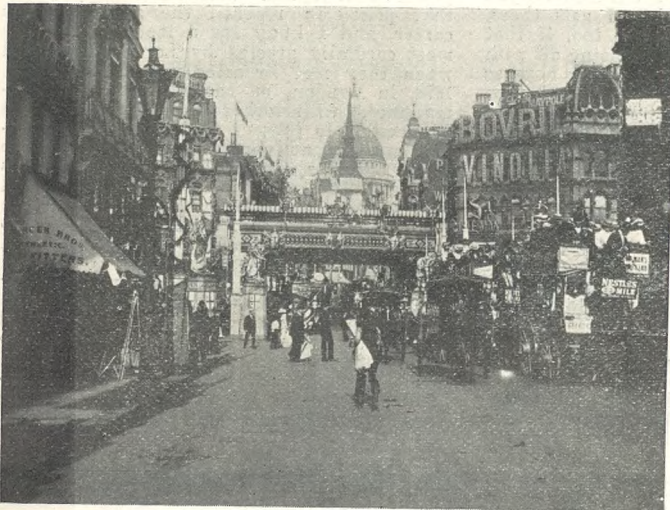




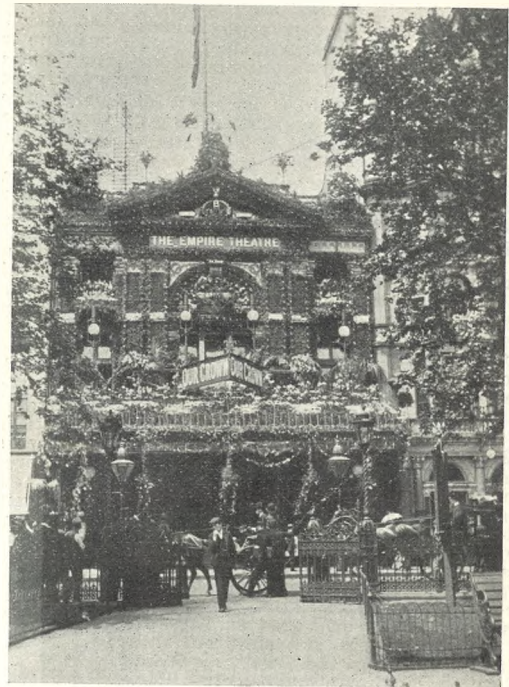
CANADIAN ARCH.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY ANNEXE.



HOLBORN CIRCUS.



EMPIRE THEATRE, ADORNED WITH NATURAL FLOWERS.

Cheltenham.

## London Coronation Decorations.

Photos by J. H. Butler.

taking place, the little fellows mounted their cycles at the start and excitedly followed the race to the finish.

### BRAKELESS MACHINES.

The Press has of late chronicled quite a long series of fatal accidents, many of which might seemingly have been prevented by the exercise of reasonable caution on the part of the cyclist. Not a few are attributed to the use of brakeless machines, and the question arises whether the time has not arrived when the riding of such should not, in the event of a fatality resulting to someone other than the rider, be held to constitute criminal negligence.

### THE SCORCHER'S PARADISE.

A reader of "Cycling" in Japan writes:—"Japan is the scorcher's Paradise—everyone rides as hard as he is able, especially along the narrow streets and round sharp corners. If he can take his hands off he does so, and if not good enough for this he sways back and fro across the road; also, if compelled by traffic or other reason to go at a moderate pace, he rides side-saddle or with one foot on the fork. It is absolutely true that I

haven't seen a single Jap ride without scorching or playing the fool. All the machines, I may observe, are American, which is surprising, seeing that locomotives, house-fittings, cisterns, etc., are English. Free-wheels abound, and all machines are modern, so that I was all the more surprised to come on a bare plot of ground at Kioto the other day and to find three boneshakers being ridden by learners! Not the high machine, but the genuine boneshaker of 1869—wooden rims, spokes, hub, iron tyres, solid backbone, vertical forks, etc., absolutely complete in every detail."

### CHATTER BY THE WAYSIDE.

A twopenny repair outfit which does away with solution and chalk is now being marketed. It is claimed that half-a-dozen repairs can be made in the same time as would be occupied in effecting one by the aid of the ordinary repair outfit.

Will tyres be cheaper in 1903? asks "Cyclers' News." A substantial reduction in the price of a leading make is promised, and this reduction must necessarily affect the prices of tyres all round.

Cyclists who ride at night on automobile-frequented roads will soon find it necessary to their safety to carry a red tail light. They are

no longer the overtaking, but the overtaken traffic.

The vicar of St. Michael's, Folkestone, in his annual sermon to cyclists, mentioned that three men with but two legs between them went out every week on their cycles. One who rode an invalid's tricycle was minus legs, and the others only had one leg each.

"Pure ozone hypodermically injected to inflate your mount's epidermis" is how an U.S. cycle agent puts forth the fact that he will pump up tyres.

Motorists are increasing steadily in Paris, the number of licenses issued being already over 10,000.

In an emergency a plate slightly fogged or exposed to matchlight for a moment, developed slightly, and fixed, washed, and dried, does well enough for an extemporised focussing screen.

The latest is a puncture preventive band made from the skin of an eel. It is claimed to be tough though elastic.

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At Broome, in Norfolk, Eliza Crickmore, who had been married but two months, hanged herself upon the stairs of her house.



"Selina Jenkins" Letters.

\*  
MRS. JENKINS  
ON HOLIDAYS AND THINGS.

My word! What a time for 'olidays it is now, wich never in my born days 'ave I 'eard tell of a week sandwiched in between two Bank 'Oolidays like this as we've just a passed thro', and Coronation sports and festivities at both ends, such as seeing who can eat the most treacle roley-poley while you counts 50, and 20 yards flats races for field-males over 60 years of age like as they 'ad at Stroud to show their loyalty. In my young days 'olidays wasn't so much considered nor sought after as they is now, and there wasn't the many cheap egsursions and sich-like, wich now they whirly you to the hends of the hearth, as you mite say, and back for 3 or 4 shillings, and it's really wonderful 'ow its did; but I don't know, meself, whether these 'ere Bank 'Oliday rushes does much good to the 'ealth. Now, there's James Sanders, who lives with 'is aged mother up to the end of our street, and believes in doing things very thorough while 'e's about it,—here, 'e went for a cicycle ride all round Lord knows where on Whit Monday, and injured 'is constitution so much that he were ordered a month at Weston to get over 'is 'oliday, wich 'e 'ad to go to the place called the Sanatarum, where the seckses is kept strictly apart, and you 'as to take several pills daily as is included in the menoo, and not charged for.

Then there's many a British workman as goes in so thorough for 'is Bank 'Oliday that he don't get back to work for a week afterwards, although 'e manages to spend well-nigh a month's wages in the one day to make up for it!

But, of coorce, we all 'as our own ideas of 'ow to spend a 'oliday. Fr'instance, they do say that when the Corporation employees 'ad their little outing some years back to London, 3 of the men was lost to sight all day; and, you mark my words, they men 'ad preferred the quiet shelter of a little public close to Paddington, rather than seeing the sights of London, wich they said was only a-tiring of oneself out with staring at things you couldn't 'ave!

Well, well! Of course we can't all think alike. There's they as will gladly pay their 1d. extra for the extra egsitement caused, on one of them 'ere roundabouts to the tune of the latest popular air and a brave smell of wheel-grease, and if so be as they gets took with the small-de-mare, as the French calls it, and feels downright hill, they thinks it worth 1d. extra for the extra egsitement caused. Wich there's also maniacs as puts on goggles and dust-proof coats, and goes at 100's of miles a hour over dogs and children and everythink as comes in their way, on these 'ere 'igh-speed motor-cars, and calls it a 'oliday. But for my part there's nothing as suits me so well as a few hours on Cleeve 'Ill, with a packet of fresh-cut 'am sandwiches (with not too much butter), and I always cooks the 'am meself, baked in a pie-crust so as to keep the flavor in, wich is a great secret, only known to me and "George's." 'Owever, it's very nice to sit on the slopes of the 'ill and to see the children playing around, and wot with the fresh air and the view, and the sandwiches and cold tea, it's fair heavingly up there this time of the year; not but wot I think that there Mr. C. and D.L.R. Nevins ought to be spoken to about overcrowding the cars on Bank 'Oliday, wich the people was fairly pressed down and runnin' over on the top and inside. "Oh, Lor'!" sitting down were quite out of the question. Not but wot the people was to blame for scrambling on to the cars so, wich I never 'ad my two feet trod on so in my born days; everybody as stepped in seemed to think they was a pair of steps or a door-scraper by the way they stamped about on them, I should think!

'Owever, the trams is a great public boon, notwithstanding wot some iggerant people says, and I think it a outdacious shame that there should be a law to stop a man from runnin' electric trams between 'ere and Stroud

for fear they should compete with the railway companies. Talk about Corruption and Trusts and Combinations and sich like in America! Why 'ere we are under the thumb of the railway systems, and it's for them to dictate to us what we shall do in the way of trams, so it seems, anywhere within a day's march of their roundabout lines. And it 'ave been said "Britons never shall be slaves!"

Well, as I was a-sayin', 'olidays sometimes 'as their drawbacks, especially in some cases. Last week I meself 'ad a very bad bilious attack coming on, but I remembered as Doctor —, as always attends me at the height of the attack, were away on 'is 'olidays, so I 'ad to postpone the illness, wich was awkward. 'Owever, I thinks to meself that perhaps the chemist would be able to give me some of the physic he'd suspended for me before, but, you believe me, he, too, were away on the same errand, and nobody didn't know nothink about the superscription, there being only a "local tenets," as they do call them, in charge, and 'e a man as wore "nipper" glasses, and if there's one thing I can't abear it's them as wears "nippers," as always seems to me to put on such airs as they looks over the top of the glasses at you.

So, thinks I to meself, "'Ere's a nice cup of tea, Selina," wich sets me on to think about tea and so forth, and I decides to go to my grocer's and get a bit of the same tea as I'd had last time from 'im, as were specially mixed to suit my palate, as is very choice and can't put up with ordinary tea sich as you buys in packets. Well, when I gets there, and a nice long walk it were, too, if that there grocer 'adn't gone gallivanting off with 'is wife and fambly, and the young boys as was left in charge didn't know the exact mixture of tea not between the lot of them, so that I were done once more, wich so upset me nerves as to bring on the tic doloroo and toothache ramping, so I goes to see my dentist, as lives in a very nice house, indeed, and all paid for out of pulling teeth out and putting them in again. Well, now, if that there dentist 'adn't gone away for a week's fishing, of all things in the world; as if 'e couldn't buy enough fish for 'ome consumption at a decent fishmonger's not many doors from 'is 'ouse; and 'ere all 'is customers 'ad to put off 'aving toothache and teeth took out until 'e'd returned from murdering a few innocent strickleybacks or trouts, as 'adn't never done 'im no 'arm! So you see it makes it very awkward to be left alone at 'ome while everybody else worth talking about is gone away 'oliday makin' in the great Cheltenham Exodus. So, Mr. Editor, the only thing to be did is to go and do likewise, so far as I can see, and as there appears to be only me and you left behind, I'll leave the latch-key with you.

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—Please put my departure in the list of arrivals for fear any Royalty should call, and me hout.—S.J.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

\*  
"Closed for the Long Vacation" is now, metaphorically speaking, posted up at the Colleges in Cheltenham, and with these I include the Dean Close Memorial School. The pursuit of knowledge there will be suspended for well over six weeks, and teachers and students will doubtless return like refreshed giants. I like to see the pupils go off by the special trains that the G.W.R. Co. puts on for their convenience, as their general high spirits have quite an infectious effect. Chance made a party of Collegians my traveling companions for a short railway journey last week, and I was very much interested and amused by some of their immedimenta. For instance, one boy had with him a cage of birds, a box with several rabbits, and a large tin can, which he opened and satisfied the company as to its contents, namely a snake, some two feet long, beautifully marked, feeding on lettuce. That boy evidently had a bent for natural history, and I hope it will serve him in good stead in after life.

An article in a recent number of the "Gentleman's Magazine" is devoted to clearing up the mystery of the early life of Lady Beaconsfield. The writer stamps the story that she was originally a factory girl as an invention, and he says it is evident that she and her mother were moving in good society in Clifton when Mr. Wyndham Lewis, her first husband, "picked her up." The statement that "she afterwards came into possession of Taynton Manor and gave the estate to Disraeli, who sold it to pay his election bills," reminds me that I can throw some light on this matter. The late Mr. Joseph Lovegrove, of Gloucester, several times told me that he acted as solicitor to Mr. Disraeli in the transfer of this property to Mr. W. Laslett, afterwards M.P. for Worcester, who bought it by auction at the Bell Hotel, Gloucester, on August 21st, 1862, for £13,000. Mr. Lovegrove stated that the purchase was completed in London, and Mr. Laslett brought the money in cash, and as it was paid over after bank hours Mr. Disraeli was at first in a quandary what to do with it, and he prevailed on Mr. Lovegrove to take it to his hotel, where he literally "slept on it for the night" in his bedroom, and banked it to Mr. Disraeli's credit early next morning.

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I have good reason to believe that Mr Lovegrove was very closely associated in his professional capacity with Mr. Disraeli before that politician reached the zenith of his career, and I know for a fact that he was most cordially greeted by Lord Beaconsfield when they met in after years, in August, 1878, in London, on the occasion of his attendance, with other Conservatives from Gloucester, to present that successful statesman with an address (drawn up by the late Rev. Dr. Smithe, Churchdown, Mr. Lovegrove's brother-in-law), congratulating him and Lord Salisbury on having brought back from Berlin "Peace with Honour." "I am very glad to see you here, Lovegrove," emphatically said the Premier, as he recognised the stalwart form of his former solicitor, and heartily wrung his hand when he filed before him in the reception room. Mrs. Disraeli was further connected with Gloucester as the lessee of Cathedral House, Gloucester, in which Capt. W. H. Stone (now of Cheltenham) lived when he was adjutant of the Royal South Gloucester Militia.

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My anticipation that there would be a battle royal over the light railway schemes at Gloucester was fully realised. Briefly put, the results were that the two heavy railways succeeded in disposing of, for a time at least, Mr. Nevins's comprehensive light railway scheme known as "The Three Towns' Tramways"; and that the County Council repulsed the Gloucester City Council in its attempt to enter the county and make and work 3½ miles of line. The Commissioners found themselves bound by the Light Railway Act, which provides, inter alia, that they cannot sanction lines which would create competition with existing railways; and, also, that in the event of objection by a road authority an outside authority cannot get power to lay lines on those roads. I think it's more the pity in regard to the application of Mr. Nevins, for although there was prima facie evidence that the Great Western Railway had £19,344 worth of traffic at stake and the Midland Railway about £6,000 worth, the evidence of the promoters, that additional traffic would be created by the opening up a new district, was really not combatted. But I have no sympathy with the City Council in their failure, as they took a very high-handed attitude towards the county from the first, and fully deserve their fall. The decision, after all, may be a blessing in disguise to the city, for it will certainly save the ratepayers many thousands of pounds if it leads, as seems likely, to the cancelling of the purchase agreement between the Tramway Company and the City Council.

GLEANER.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 85. SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1902

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Theatre and Opera House, Cheltenham.  
NEXT WEEK, COMMENCING MONDAY, AUGUST 18th,  
Mr. Charles Macdona's Company  
in the Musical Comedy  
"THE GAY GRISETTE."  
Times and Prices as usual.  
Next Week—"TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS."

### 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 83rd competition is Mr. F. R. Willis, of 7 Clarence-street, Cheltenham, with his Coronation series. The winner of the Coronation special prize is Mr. F. W. Ursell, of the Colonnade, Cheltenham, with his picture of the Colonnade decorations.

Entries for the 84th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, August 16th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

Princess Christian, attended by Mrs. W. H. Dick-Cunyngham, left London for Nauheim on Monday evening. Her Royal Highness will return to England in a month's time.

\*

The coming of age of Viscount Lewisham, the eldest son of the Earl of Dartmouth, Lord-Lieutenant of Staffordshire, was celebrated on Tuesday at Patshull House, near Wolverhampton. Eight hundred invitations had been issued, and the proceedings included a number of presentations from the tenantry and others.



Mr. Gilbert L. Jessop,

Captain of the Gloucestershire County Cricket Team.

A remarkable example of constant attendance in the House of Commons through a long series of years has been given by an Irish M.P. Mr. Donal Sullivan has been seventeen years a member, and has taken part in over 5,000 divisions. This year he has been in the House during every division.

\*

The Portsmouth Corporation on Tuesday gave permission for the officers and crew of H.M.S. Royal Sovereign, chief flagship of the review fleet, to erect in the public park a memorial to the thirteen officers and men who were killed by the gun explosion which happened aboard the ship whilst she was in the Mediterranean.

Colonel H. W. Smith-Rewse, R.E., has been appointed to command the School of Military Engineering at Chatham for three years.

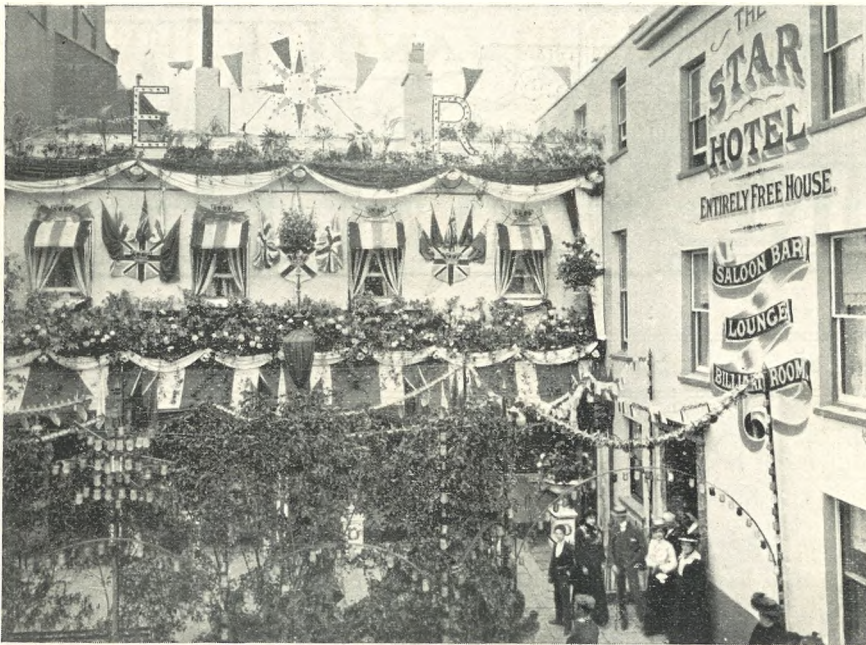
\*

We are indebted to Messrs. Harvey and Healing, printers, of Cheltenham, for the use of the portrait blocks of Messrs. G. L. Jessop and H. Wrathall.

\*

The Cecil family affords the only instance of a father and son being in succession the First Ministers of the Crown, as in the case of Lord Burghley and the first Earl of Salisbury. Nor is there another example of a nephew succeeding an uncle save that which we see to-day.





STAR HOTEL, REGENT STREET.

Mr. Trapnell is to be congratulated on having produced one of the prettiest and most effective decorations in the town, which remain up for the Cricket Week. Inside, the hotel is replete with every comfort.

## “Selina Jenkins” Letters.

### SELINA JENKINS GOES TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION.

Yes, you mightn't believe it, but I were there in spite of the confuion and the out-daciousness of the cabbys and so forth, wich I wouldn't 'ave missed it for worlds, seein' His and Her Majesties a-setting in a golden chariot for all the world like a fairy-tale, and hundreds of thousands of troops all strewed about for hornament-like. Ah! it were a great sight, and beat the Colonnade 'ollow, not but wot I will say that the people 'ad their names rote up on the postesses ought to be proud of theirselves, being Cheltenham and not London.

"Ow did I come to go hup? Well! you see, it come about like this: Pore Jenkins's sister is 'ousekeeper to a gentleman out to Shepherd's Bush, as they do call it, and she said as 'ow she'd give me a night's lodging if I come'd up for the Coronation, and would come and meet me at the station, which it was named Paddington. So I goes hup by a excursion on Friday, as were that crowded we 'ad to take it in turns wich should sit down and wich should stand up, there being upwards of 10 a side in the carriage. I know I 'ad two elderly parties a-sitting on my knees nearly all the way from 'ere to Chip and Norton, as scrambled me that unmerciful I couldn't stand hup when the time come to change trains, and the guard would 'ave it I were seas over, like 'is impurence, not 'aving 'ad nothink stronger than a drop of cold tea for 24 hours come 10 o'clock in the morning.

'Owsomdever, after a dreadful long journey, we drewed up to Paddington Station, so I asks a porter chap if he'd seen anythink of Martha Jenkins, as laffed in my face instead of answering a civil question; I didn't see anythink to laff at, not meself, wich I should 'ave thought everybody would 'ave knowed Martha, 'er 'aving been in the same sitiuation for upwards of 20 years, and her master being related to a Member of Parliament on his wife's side.

Wot to do I didn't know, there being sich a bustle and scuffle as I never did hear in all my born days, with whistles shrieking, and steam blowing away to waste on every 'and, and sich a smell of stables as fairly took my breath away, 'aving been used to the pure atmosphere of Cheltenham, wich to make it worse, a trainful of soldiers unloaded on to the platform, and I were wellnigh swept hoff me legs by the rush of the people to see the Tommies, and I don't know what would 'ave 'appened if I 'adn't been snatched from the jaws of death, as you mite say, by a perlice-man, who pulled me out of the millay by me shawl, and told me as "young gals like me ought not to go out without their mothers." Upon my word, ain't they Londoners impurent? 'Owever, just then, up comes Martha, as 'ad been contained by the crowds of people about "on root," and pilots me to a place of safety. When we gets out into the street there were crowds of persons of all sexes running and walking and driving like as if they 'adn't a moment to live. So I says to Martha, says I, "Where be all this crowd of people going to, Martha?" "Wot crowd?" says she; "I don't see no crowd!" "Well," says I, "you must go in for a pair of glasses, that you must. Sure-a-lie you can see all they people rushing along there?" "Oh!" says she, "you means the traffic! That's wot we calls the traffic; and that's nothing out of the common! The streets is always like that up here." Well, I tell you what it is, it seems to me that them Londoners lives in the streets, for there couldn't 'ave been many left in the 'ouses after all the lot I saw on the pavements and in the roads.

But I must be getting on, like the time, or I shan't never reach the point where I sees His and Her Majesties. Early in the morning we was hup and 'ad a bit to eat so well as taking a few sandwiches with us, and when we gets hout into the streets, at 8.30, around the root of the percession, the people was already there about 6 deep, with a row of perlice in front. But we managed to squeeze into a corner there, opposite what they do call the Duke of York's steps, between a statoo and a grand stand, and it were a squeeze, I can tell you, even at that time of day. There was cannons a-banging away like anythink,

and after a bit, just to make the crowd tighter, down comes a great crowd of red-coats and other millingtaries, and gets in front of the perlice again. It were very sultry in our corner by then, I can tell you, and when another detachment of Lancer chaps on 'orse-back come along, and walked right into us I really thought me last hour were come, wot with the screamin' and the shovin', and the dreadful words as was to be 'eard on all sides in the Cockney language, as the 'orses stepped on people's corns and whisked their tails in their faces. I call it scandalous that us as pays to keep up the millingtary shout be shoved out of the way for such as they, eggspecially the more me 'aving come all the way hup from Cheltenham to see His and Her Majesties, and 'aving nearly all the view blocked out by a 'orse, as didn't take no hinterest in the perceedings, and weren't 'alf so loyal as Selina. Martha, too, were very contracted in her area, wich she said she thought her system was 'opelessly injured, thro a man at the back 'aving knocked 'is elbow into her very 'ard, and as for meself, to the moment of 'riting these few words, I be percepably flatter than I were. Well, after we'd stood there for 6 mortal hours, without seeing nothink 'ceps a few gravel-carts pass (as was cheered by the crowd very hearty, and the dustmen bowin' right and left just for a joke, pertending like), there was more banging of guns, and the word went round as the percession were coming. Didn't I wish I were 6 inches taller, or 'ad somethink to stand upon. I'd 'ave brought along me clogs or a pair of sardine-tins if I'd a knowed it; but as luck would 'ave it, there 'appened to be a boarding up all round this 'ere statoo as we was squeezed against, wich some lively individual fetched a ladder from somewheres, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" me and Martha and about 50 others was literally swept hup this 'ere ladder by a rush of people and into the boarded-hoff space around the statoo, until we was all bulging out over the sides like a lot of flowers in a haperne! The perlice tried to clear of us hout, but there weren't no room to stant, so they give it hup as a bad job, and when His and Her Majesties did pass there was me, and Martha, and a lot of others, with our 'air all over our faces and our gownds torn to ribbons, packed into this 'ere Crimean statoo like 'errings in a barrel. But I SAW HIM! Yes, I saw him! in a golden carriage, with the Crown on 'is 'andsome brow and that there sweet young Queen aside of 'im; and Martha says HE SMILED AT ME! That I can't swear to, for just as His and Her Majesties passed in their coach I shouted "'Ooray," and fainted right hoff with the pressure and the eggscitement, and I don't know anythink further till I found myself being carried acrost the road by 6 ambulance men, with Martha smacking me 'ands, and all the percession gone by. I come to meself after I'd 'ad a drop of stimulant, wich I never takes eggsps for med'cine, as you mite say, and after about a 'our or two we was able to get thro' the crowd and wend our way to a 'bus. There was a good many incidents and accidents as 'apened to me in the corse of my walks abroad in London, but they'll keep, only I wants to make it clear to you, Mr. Editor, as I DID SEE HIM, wich I will say he looks very much like a 'uman being, altho' we all knows 'e 'aint, Kings being above the common 'erd and conserved by 'aving oil poured on their 'ead when they're crowned, wich it seemed a pity to me to chance making such beautiful robes greasy; but, there, I s'pose HE wouldn't be a real King if HE weren't oiled like that, so 'twouldn't be right to leave it out.

I 'ear as 'ow things went a bit queer at the Cheltenham celebrations, people not knowing where things was going to be did; wich it were a mistake, too, to try and put 8,000 Sunday School children onto a place as couldn't 'old more than 5,000. But then, ycu know, wot can you eggspect with Me and the Mayor and the Rector away from home?

SELINA JENKINS.

[Note.—The incident of the storming of the Crimean statue is a fact.—The Writer.]



# Cheltenham Coronation Decorations.



Photos by F. R. Willis,  
MESSRS. SHIRER AND HADDON'S.

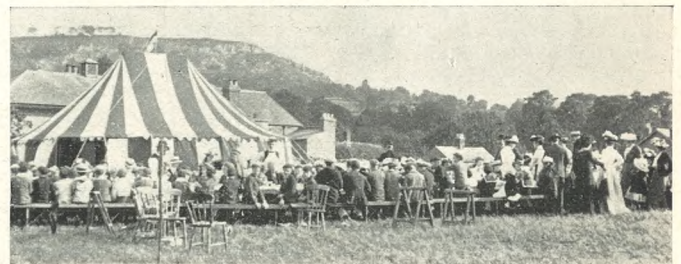


MESSRS. LANCE AND CO.'S. Cheltenham.



Photo by F. R. Willis, Cheltenham.  
THE RESIDENCE OF MR. W. W. BURROWS,  
WINCHCOMBE-STREET.

These decorations were the work of Mr. Betteridge,  
decorator, Winchcombe-street.



Photos by A. Bamber, Leckhampton.  
ENTERTAINING THE CHILDREN AT  
LECKHAMPTON.







**SUNDAY SCHOOL DEMONSTRATION at the Winter Garden, Coronation Day, August 9th, 1902.**





Singing "God Save the King" at Montpellier Garden, Coronation Day, August 9th, 1902.



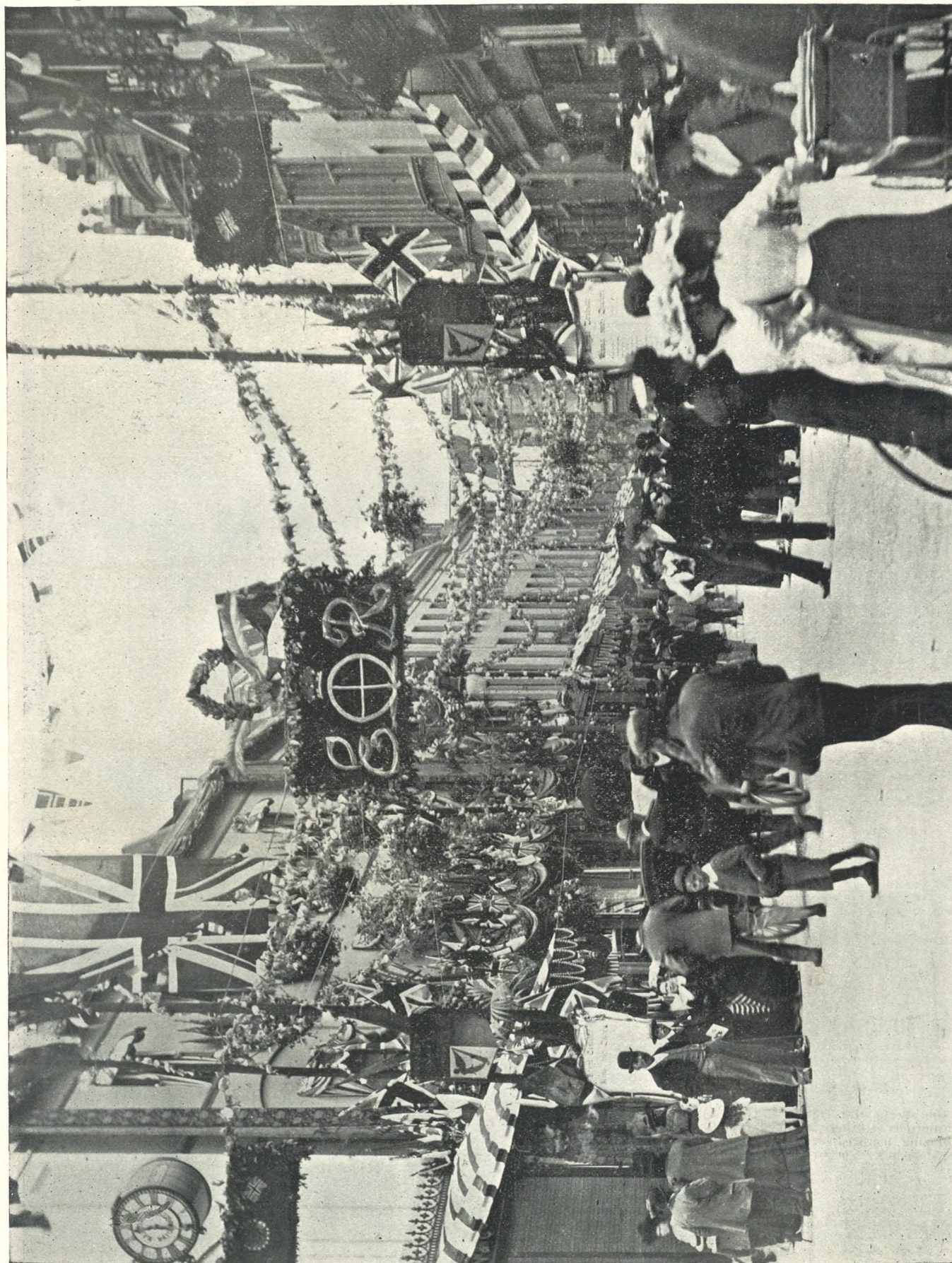


Photo by F. W. Ursell,

**SPECIAL PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH.—Coronation Decoration in the Colonnade, Cheltenham.**

Cheltenham.



Gloucestershire Gossip.

We can all breathe more freely again, for the King, previously crowned in the hearts of his people, has been formally crowned in Westminster Abbey, and we know that his Majesty bore the ceremony splendidly and felt remarkably well afterwards. The postponement certainly gave additional elements of novelty to the event. While making every allowance for the exceptional difficulties that faced the various authorities in deciding whether or not they would "coronate" on or about June 26th, I must deprecate the anticipatory festivities within a few days of August 9th. Cheltenham, I consider, did the right thing in having the held-over celebrations on that day. As subscribers found the money, I hold they had the right to call the tune, and, therefore, I abstain from saying anything as to the quantity or quality of the entertainments. I must, however, add my meed of praise to the excellent taste and spirit shown by many private individuals in the matter of decorations. It was "Coronating, decorating, and illuminating." These decorations soon acquired fame beyond the town, and many Gloucesterians came over and saw and were fairly conquered. The appropriateness of one legend rather puzzled me, and that was "By Me Kings Reign," exhibited at a bootmaker's in Clarence-street. As showing how quickly the troops which guarded the London streets were got away, I may mention that I saw two Volunteer Engineers who had been on duty there home again in Cheltenham by the 6.15 p.m. train.



CAVENDISH HOUSE DECORATED FOR THE CORONATION.

Gloucester was one of the few anticipatory places. There the uncompleted program was actually gone through on the Monday Bank Holiday, so that the following Saturday was practically a "dies non," except that the Dean came to the rescue with a very acceptable service in the Cathedral. The Church thus to an extent made up for the deficiencies of the Corporation, which, by taking £1,200 from the profits of the city water (equal to a 2d. rate) for celebration purposes have justly laid themselves open to public criticism. And they had plenty of that in the places where people most do congregate. They did leave up the devices for illumination at night, thus relieving a dismal, dull day.



THE HORSE PARADE PASSING THE ROYAL HOTEL.

Much amusement has been caused in good old Gloucester at the quiet dig which the Lord Bishop, when at the limited luncheon on the Monday, gave the Mayor, who was able to follow Lord Rosebery so far as to do vigorous spade work in tree planting. The Bishop's dubbing of the Mayor as the "King of Spades" deserves much wider publicity than it has hitherto received, and so I immortalise it in the "Graphic." The device "G.M." on one of the public buildings has caused some speculation in the city as to its meaning, and I venture to suggest that, on Saturday, it represented "Glorified Monday."

Among the spectacular sights that I, and I believe hundreds of others, enjoyed at night was the blazing bonfires on Haresfield and Painswick Beacons, Cooper's and Chosen Hills, and at Birdlip. And yet bold Robinswood Hill was in dismal darkness, the powers that be in neighbouring Gloucester having boycotted it on this auspicious occasion. I must record my appreciation of the ingenuity of the Stroud folk in getting a winner of a Coronation cloak for the first baby born on the Saturday. The mantle fell to a Mrs. Latham, of Middle-street, who was confined at 5 a.m. Might I suggest "Corona Gotham" as a fitting Christian name for the child.

The Rev. George Mallett did not hold the living of Kemerton, near Tewkesbury, long, for he died within ten months of his institution to it. I always thought it was a great mistake for him to seek, and the Gloucester Charity Trustees to appoint him to, the charge of a parish in which the religious teaching for many years past had been very much opposed to his school of thought. While I admired his courage and sincerity of purpose in undertaking his mission, I questioned the advisability of it. He found the local forces too strong even for a much younger man than himself, and no doubt that impaired his health. I wonder who the new rector will be. Rumour has it that the transfer of the right of patronage from the Trustees to the provisional purchaser has not been validly completed by registration; therefore the Trustees remain the patrons. Perhaps the difficulty in that case could be solved by their tacitly presenting the nominee of the provisional purchaser to the living,

and afterwards arranging for the sale and purchase on the agreed terms. It will be a great pity if the Trustees lose the chance of getting the cash consideration of £1,250 for divesting themselves of their piece of clerical patronage, seeing that this money is needed for and would be applied to charitable purposes. GLEANER.

The King and other members of the Royal Family are about to place a permanent memorial of the late Queen Victoria in the church of St. Mildred, Whippingham.

The King has caused to be addressed to Sir E. Bradford, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, a letter expressing his Majesty's great satisfaction with the police arrangements on Coronation Day.



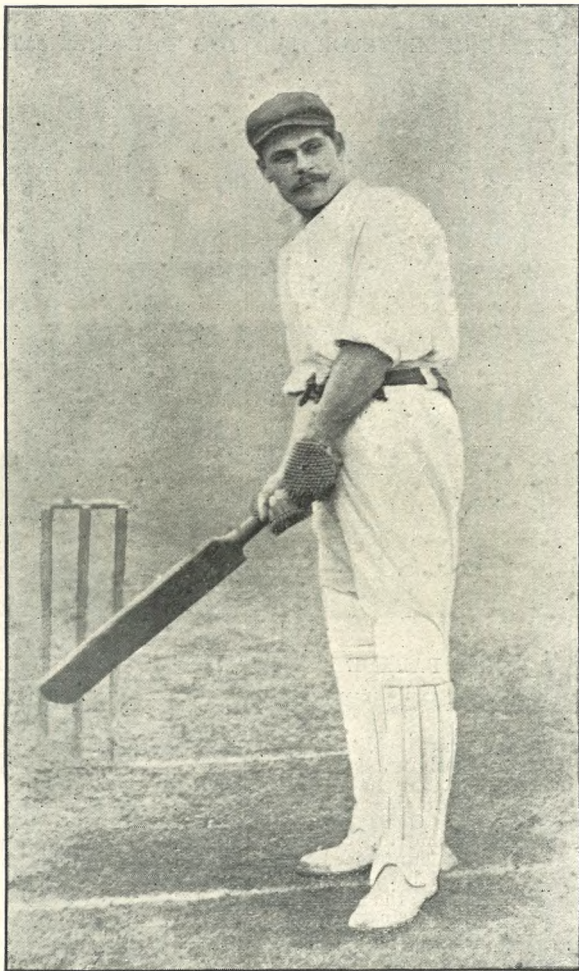


Photo by A. Bamber, Leckhampton.  
 PLANTING OF AN OAK TREE AT LECKHAMPTON BY  
 MRS. G. B. WITTS.



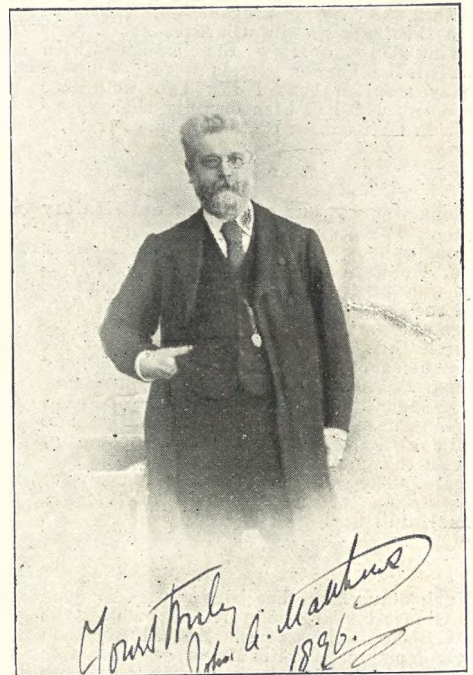
Photo by Jesse Price, Tewkesbury.  
 TEWKESBURY CORONATION FESTIVITIES.  
 VIKING SHIP.

Collins and Godfrey's "Viking" ship, which took first prize in the illuminated boat procession.



**A Famous Cheltenham Cricketer :**  
**HARRY WRATHALL,**

*One of the most capable, and the most popular of the Gloucester  
 County Professionals.*



MR. J. A. MATHEWS, F.G.L.D.O.,  
 Who conducted the music at Montpellier  
 Garden and the Winter Garden.



Photo by W. T. Slatter, Cheltenham.  
 WINCHCOMBE FESTIVITIES.  
 Ox Roasting on Bank Holiday, Aug. 4.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 86.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1902

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Theatre and Opera House, Cheltenham.

### Last Two Performances

TO-DAY AT 2.30 AND 7.45

of the Musical Comedy

### "THE GAY GRISETTE."

Times and Prices as usual.

Next Week—"TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS."

\*\*\*\*\*

### Prize Photography.

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

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 34th competition was so close that we have increased the value of the prize to 15s. and divided it equally between Messrs. J. H. Butler, Douglas Lodge, Cheltenham, L. G. Green, 2 Buckingham-villas, Wellington-street, Cheltenham, and Jesse Price, Bank House, Tewkesbury.

Entries for the 35th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, August 23, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

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### MUNIFICENT CLERGYMAN.

The Rev. Arthur Townley Parker, incumbent of Burnley from 1855 until last year (when he retired) and an hon. canon of Manchester, died on Saturday. The deceased gentleman was the owner of the Burnley advowson as well as incumbent. The income of the living is about £4,000 per annum. During his lifetime Canon Parker devoted the bulk of this to church extension in Burnley; six new churches owe their endowment to him. Under the Burnley Rectory Bill half the income goes to provide the stipend of the Suffragan Bishop, the remainder being devoted to church extension.



## The Rev. E. Brooke Bradley,

Vicar Designate of St. Luke's, Gloucester,

Now and for five years past Rector of Naunton, the Parish Church of which he restored at a cost of £700, raised by public subscription.



[All Rights Reserved.]\*

## The Homes and Haunts of Famous Authors.

\* \* \*

VII.

DICKENS.

By GEORGE GISSING

(Author of "Charles Dickens," etc.).



Gadshill Rochester

Not long before midsummer in 1870 one of the illustrated papers published a large wood-cut called "The Empty Chair." It represented a comfortable study, where, before a window looking upon garden leafage, stood a writing-table and a round-backed chair; that was all. In many an English home, and no doubt in many a home beyond the seas, this picture was framed and hung upon the wall, a memento of the day when one of England's great writers, he whom the people loved best of all, laid down his pen for the last time, and rose from the chair in which he would sit no more. On that day the thoughts of every English reader turned to a country house in Kent, standing at a spot on the road between Gravesend and Rochester which had long borne a famous name. "But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill!" Here was the scene of Falstaff's valorous law-breaking, and here, when the nineteenth century was young, a little boy named Charles Dickens, passing along the road with his father, used to gaze at the house called Gadshill Place and think, "If only I could live there!" So he might, said his father, if only he worked hard enough. And work he did, and all the world came to know of it; and on a certain day in 1856, when Charles Dickens was forty-four years old, he purchased that same house, ever afterwards to be associated with his memory.

### DICKENS'S EARLY RESTLESSNESS.

Never lived a more restless man. In early life he scarce knew the meaning of home; when prosperity came to him, the nervousness of his temper forbade him to keep quiet in any place for more than a few months at a time; and in the latter years his brilliant success as a public reader put tranquility out of the question for him. Only when excitement and labour had destroyed his health did he seriously think of withdrawing into quietness amid the Kentish fields where he had lived in childhood. For it was at Chatham, then a mere village, that Dickens spent the years between infancy and later boyhood; here, within sight of Rochester Castle, he began to observe and to read, and received the impressions which were to form his mind. Portsea, his birth-place, he quitted in infancy. At Chatham, where he lived till he was eleven, he made precocious acquaintance with the old English novelists, who had more influence upon him than anything he read in after time. "Every barn in the neighbourhood"—thus he wrote in a passage of reminiscences—"every stone in the church, had some association of its own in my mind connected with these books, and stood for some locality made famous in them. I have seen Tom Piper go climbing up the church steeple; I have watched Strap, with the knapsack on his back, stopping to rest himself upon the wicket-gate; and I know that Com-

modore Truncheon held that club with Mr. Pickle in the parlour of our little village alehouse." These few years were of infinite importance to the development of Dickens's genius. Had he been born and bred in London, and could hardly have looked upon life with all that breezy healthfulness of mind which is one of his most precious characteristics. Inseparably as his name is linked with that of the great city, he is so far from being exclusively a Londoner that few writers have given clearer expression to the delight in road and village which lies so deep in the heart of the English people. But for his memories of childhood in Kent I doubt whether some of the pleasantest passages of his books, those which tell of country highways, of wayside inns, of peaceful cottages and ivied church towers, would have been quite what they are. Whilst seeking inspiration amongst crowds, and happy amid the bustle and rush of life, Dickens ever kept in his mind an ideal of rustic quietude. There are novelists who have uttered that mood with deeper feeling and in happier phrase; it was Dickens's merit to represent in this, as in so much else, the sentiment of average Englishmen. What he felt, the multitude felt with him. Happy for English literature that, at the most impressionable time of his life, he did not dwell in a wilderness of grimy houses, with only a narrow strip of sky occasionally visible between rows of chimneys.

### HIS EVERY LODGING MADE FAMOUS.

As it was, that experience came soon enough. From eleven to nineteen, he saw nothing beyond London streets, and all the grim, squalid, grotesque aspects of city life became familiar to him. Never did novelist of the poor serve a more thorough apprenticeship. Soon after the settling of the family in town, the father was imprisoned for debt. Mrs. Dickens tried to start a school in Gower Street, but no pupils came, and presently the furniture was seized; the poor woman went to live with her husband in the Marshalsea, and Charles was provided with a lodging in Lant Street—where, you remember, that remarkable student of medicine, Mr. Bob Sawyer, subsequently had his abode. "If a man," we read in "Pickwick," "wished to place himself beyond the possibility of any inducement to look out of the window, he should by all means go to Lant Street." But the future novelist, we may be sure, often enough looked out of his window, noting everything and everybody in the dismal thoroughfare. It was not far from the Marshalsea. That prison, pictured so wonderfully in "Little Dorrit," has long disappeared; it stood near to St. George's Church in Southwark. Within the walls, little Charles Dickens used to spend his Sundays, and, when the first dread of the place was overcome, it seemed to him decidedly more homelike than either the dwelling in Gower Street or his Lant Street lodging.

### EARLY LABOURS.

Child though he was, he was already earning his own living. Everyone knows the story of his servitude in the blacking warehouse, which, with a few changes of detail, supplied one of the best chapters in "David Copperfield." The scene of his daily toil was Hungerford stairs, a spot between the Strand and the river, of which now no trace exists. Dickens tells us that for many a long year he never dared to go in search of the place where he had endured so much misery, and, when at length his steps did turn in that direction, he found the locality so altered as to be irrecongnisable. During the two years of his employment, the blacking business was removed to Chandos Street, Covent Garden, and this street, too, he was long wont to avoid. Of course the boy suffered much more than an ordinary youngster would have done. It was not the mere hardship of daily toil at so early an age which told upon him; nor yet was it merely the sense of being defrauded of education, by which he felt himself so well able to profit. Dickens had a keen sense of social distinctions, quite unaffected by the radicalism of his intellect. Once escaped from humiliating bondage he did his best, for many a year, to conceal from his acquaintances all he had

gone through in childhood. He felt it as a loss of caste. Happily, the artist was quite free from this besetting weakness of the man. In his books, no trace of bitterness disturbs the delightful humour and pathos with which he recounts, in the guise of fiction, his most painful memories.

### THE WAY TO LITERATURE.

At twelve years old, he was released, and had a couple of years' schooling (practically all he ever got) at an "academy" in Granby Street, Hampstead Road; after which came his engagement as clerk to an attorney of Gray's Inn. In this capacity, as we know, he did a good deal more than earn his wages; "the valley of the shadow of the law" had its precious fruits for the boy Charles Dickens. His home, with frequent changes, was in the north-west region; for a few years we find him living with his parents in Bentinck Street, Manchester Square. So far as one knows, his first quarters as an independent man were in Furnival's Inn, where, until a short time ago, an inscription on the front of the house indicated the birth place of "Pickwick"; but Furnival's Inn has now disappeared. Here then, he began his life's work, rapidly exchanging the tasks of the journalist (which carried him hither and thither about England in the days of coaches and post-boys), for the happier paths of literature. In the intermediate time, he had much resorted to the reading room of the British Museum, a haunt dear to the memory of almost all our men of letters, from Charles Lamb onwards; the old reading room, of course, which was by no means so comfortable and convenient as that which now offers its large hospitality to many a struggling beginner. In the spring of 1836 he married, and we note that his honeymoon was spent at the village of Chalk, hard by the home of his childhood. His wife shared for a time the Furnival's Inn chambers, but they soon removed to a little house in Doughty Street, near Mecklenburg Square. By this time Dickens's circumstances allowed him a certain freedom in the choice of his recreations; he enjoyed riding, and, often accompanied by his friend Forster, took many a half-day on horseback in what are now London suburbs, but in that day were villages and quiet country retreats. One of his favourite rides was to Jack Straw's Castle at Hampstead, where the friends ate and drank together joyously. The world was all before him, and never did man of letters do his work and take his reward in more exuberant spirits. Nowadays, one would have to be bound indeed to get much delight out of a trip to Hampstead and a meal at Jack Straw's Castle. Life is poorer in opportunities of simple pleasure than when Dickens was writing "Nicholas Nickleby."

### WRITING HIS FAMOUS WORKS.

The year 1837 saw his first journey abroad; he crossed the Channel, and amused himself in Holland and Belgium for a week or two. In the same year he found out Broadstairs, where, for many summers after that, he took his holiday, or rather, his change of air, for work generally went with him to the seaside. We hear of him, too, in cottages at Twickenham and Petersham, where, as a matter of course, he gathered friends about him, and held high mirth. Meanwhile, the house in Doughty Street became too small, and in 1839 he removed to Devonshire Terrace, in what was then called the New Road, the Marylebone Road of our time; this was his home till 1851, and here he wrote most of his novels. The house is still to be seen, presenting much the same appearance as when Dickens lived there; it stands at the corner where Marylebone High Street joins the road, and is almost hidden by an enclosing wall. As plain and dull looking a house as can be found in London but how many lovers of Dickens have stood to gaze at it, remembering that under that roof came into existence "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "David Copperfield"! Thither, year after year, came the leading men in English literary and public life, welcomed by the heartiest and most inspiring of hosts, who, ever at work, every busy with endless engagements, seemed to



take life as a sport, and to know nothing of ill-health or heavy mood. His chief exercise, now and to the end, was walking. A brisk spin of thirty miles when his day's task was done, served only to refresh his nerves. In and about London, he walked everywhere, day or night, his favourite direction being citywards. Modern London, the streets of the West End, had little savour for Dickens; he passed indifferently those older, but fashionable regions which were Thackeray's happy hunting-ground. It was the London of toil and stress, of poverty and gloom, yet also of homely content and hidden virtues, that appealed to his imagination; it lives for ever in his books, vastly picturesque amid its squalor, infinitely attractive in spite of its dreariness. In the "Commercial Traveller," he has told us something of these long rambles which occupied his leisure hours, and there you will find some of his best descriptive writing. Of course he was always on the watch for any bit of locality or human nature which could serve him, but I think that, for the most part, the material he uses in his novels had been gathered during those early years when his own life was lost amid the obscurity of London's multitude. If by chance he makes use of recent things—as for instance, the coming of the railway, in "Dombey and Son"—we do not feel the same pleasure as when he is writing of the older time; his hand was not so sure; his fancy does not play so freely. Above all, the river, that symbol of all life, had a profound interest for him. He loved to prowl amid waterside mazes, the lurking place of all manner of strange folk. Again and again this fascination declares itself in his stories; one of the latest, "Our Mutual Friend," begins upon the river, and shows the Thames in its grimmiest aspects. During those explorations of out-of-the-way London, his compassion met with many an appeal, and his generous hand was always ready. I like that story which is told in the Biography by Forster, how, walking late one night somewhere in the East End, Dickens came upon a row of men and women drawn up against the wall of a workhouse, to which, as he found, they had been refused admission; how he sent his card in to the Master, was received, and learnt that there was no room in the place for another casual; whereupon he gave a shilling to each of the poor wretches, and saw them flit away into the darkness—not one of them having uttered a word of thanks.

WANDERINGS ABROAD.

Twice did he make a sojourn of some months upon the Continent. At Geneva, in 1844, he wrote "The Chimes," and at Lausanne, in 1846, a good part of "Dombey and Son" and "The Battle of Life." In Italy and in Switzerland, his habits were as far as possible the same as at home; he worked with the same regularity (though not with the same ease) and performed great feats of pedestrianism; his one complaint was the lack of busy streets, in which to wander after nightfall. Later, he spent three summers at Boulogne, notable for his friendly relations with the owner of the villa he rented, one M. Beaucourt, whose peculiarities and virtues he described in letters among the most delightful he ever wrote—and Dickens's letters have always a peculiar charm. But one does not easily associate him with foreign surroundings; Dickens was a very representative Briton, and could never have been long at his ease away from England. In America, throughout both his visits—with an interval of five-and-twenty years—received as no public visitor was before or since, he felt even less at home than on the Continent. Unhappily, he crossed the Atlantic for the second time merely to make money as a reader, and the result was the malady which cut short his life.

GADSHILL—"REPOSE."

In 1851 he quitted Devonshire Terrace, and for nine years lived at Tavistock House, where he wrote "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," and "A Tale of Two Cities." The summer of 1860 when he was just entering upon his platform career, saw him finally housed at Gadshill, which, for a few years after purchasing it, he regarded only as a retreat for holidays. More and more he was drawn to

the Kentish abode, set amid scenes which linked childhood with his latter years. No sooner was he settled there (if such a word can be used of Dickens) than he wrote "Great Expectations," the opening scene of which story lies on the river marshes, not far from his house. All about Gadshill, as often as he was at home and at leisure, he continued his habit of vigorous walking. Could he only have contented himself to pursue his art in tranquility, there would have been a rounded completeness in Dickens's life such as few literary men are privileged to attain. Where he now rambled as a prosperous and famous man, he had dreamed and hoped as a poor child with seemingly the least encouraging of prospects. Like the greatest of Englishmen, he might have taken his repose amid the fields where once he played, and here have written perhaps the ripest, the most thoughtful of all his works. Fate denied him that happiness, having already granted him so much.

Gadshill was to him like a little Abbotsford; year after year he improved and extended it, always saying that now he could do no more, but ever tempted by some new idea. A friend having made him a present of a Swiss chalet, he had it set up in the garden, and used it as a summer study. "My room," he writes, "is up among the branches of the trees, and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows." Sitting there, he looked forth upon a delightful landscape, "great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river." Seeking a last subject for that last book, which was to remain unfinished, he found it in the old city of Rochester, close at hand. Was not Rochester the first stage on the first journey of Mr. Pickwick? From "Pickwick" to "Edwin Drood" was but three-and-thirty years, yet anyone who reads Dickens's life (to say nothing of one who attempts to write so much even as a sketch of it) has the feeling that his activity covered far more than the ordinary span.

The last improvement at Gadshill was the addition of a conservatory, which, we are told, gave Dickens more pleasure than anything else he had contrived. It was finished at the beginning of June, 1870; and only a week after the master of the house lay dead.

Next Week: "Carlyle," by Professor Patrick Geddes.

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



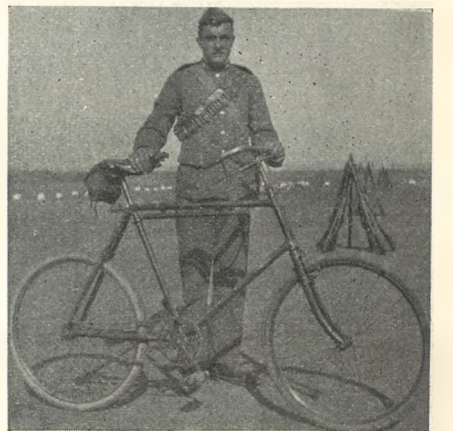
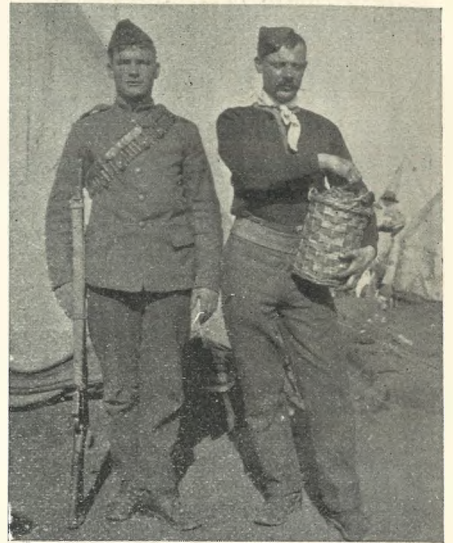
PRESENTATION TO A G.W.R. OFFICIAL.

On Saturday Mr. William Sparks, for six years past goods manager for the Gloucester district of the Great Western Railway, was presented with a testimonial consisting of a gold lever watch, by the staff (numbering about a hundred subscribers) as a mark of their regard and esteem towards him on the occasion of his leaving the district on promotion to the Reading one. Mr. Wainwright, the divisional superintendent, made the presentation, and Mr. Gallimore (the assistant to Mr. Sparks, who presided, Mr. J. Peck (manager to Messrs. R. T. Smith and Co.), and Mr. C. Cox (G.W.R. goods agent at Gloucester) endorsed Mr. Wainwright's testimony to the broad-minded manner in which Mr. Sparks dealt with matters coming under his control. Mr. Sparks having returned his cordial thanks for the handsome present, expressed great regret at having to leave the Gloucester district, where he had received great kindness from all members of the staff, and spoke of the assistance and cordial co-operation which had been extended to him by Mr. Keeling, the engineer, and Mr. Wainwright. Mr. Sparks extended a very hearty welcome to his successor, Mr. J. W. Lister, and that gentleman suitably acknowledged it.

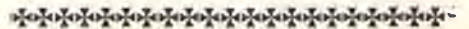


Some anxiety has been caused by the discovery of a crack two yards in length in the facade of the Gothic cathedral at Chartres.

Gloucestershire Soldiers in South Africa.



Private A. Hope, No. 5519, D Company, 2nd Gloucester Regiment, South African Field Force, writes as follows:—"I am forwarding two snapshots, taken the day that peace was proclaimed. The one is that of Pvt. Hope and Pvt. King, and the other is that of a bicycle orderly in the same regiment, who has done some good work for his King and country, and is a splendid cyclist. He belongs to Charlton Kings. His name is Pvt. Large. They all belong to the 2nd Gloucester Regt."



LORD SALISBURY'S RETIREMENT.

MESSAGE TO THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

Lord Powis has received the following letter from Lord Salisbury in reply to the address forwarded by the Grand Council of the Primrose League on the occasion of his retirement from public life:—

"Hatfield House, Herts. My Lord,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt from your lordship as chairman of the League, of a letter containing, on the part of your lordship and the Grand Council, a very favourable and too indulgent expression of your sympathy on the occasion of my retirement from public life. I am very grateful for the extreme kindness by which the expression of that communication is marked.—I am, &c.,

"SALISBURY."



At the instance of the National Union of Teachers at Liverpool on Monday, George Maguire was fined 40s. for a severe assault on the mistress of a national school, who had reprimanded the defendant's son for telling falsehoods.





CHELTHENHAM CORONATION CELEBRATION.

After the Procession.

Cheltenham.

Photo by J. H. Butler.



TEWKESBURY CORONATION CELEBRATION.

Assembly of Sunday Schools at the Cross.

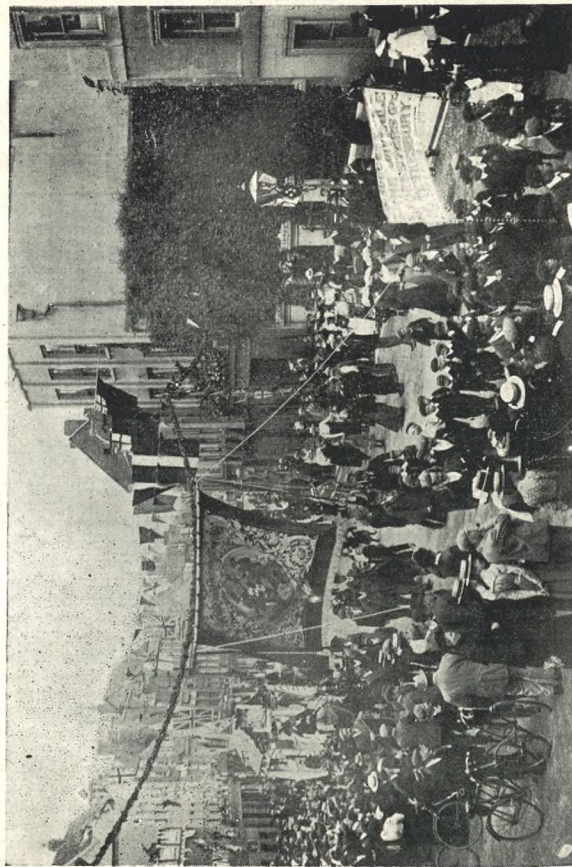


TEWKESBURY CORONATION CELEBRATION.

Foresters' Car in Procession.

Photos by Jesse Price,

Tewkesbury.



TEWKESBURY CORONATION CELEBRATION.

Procession to the Abbey.



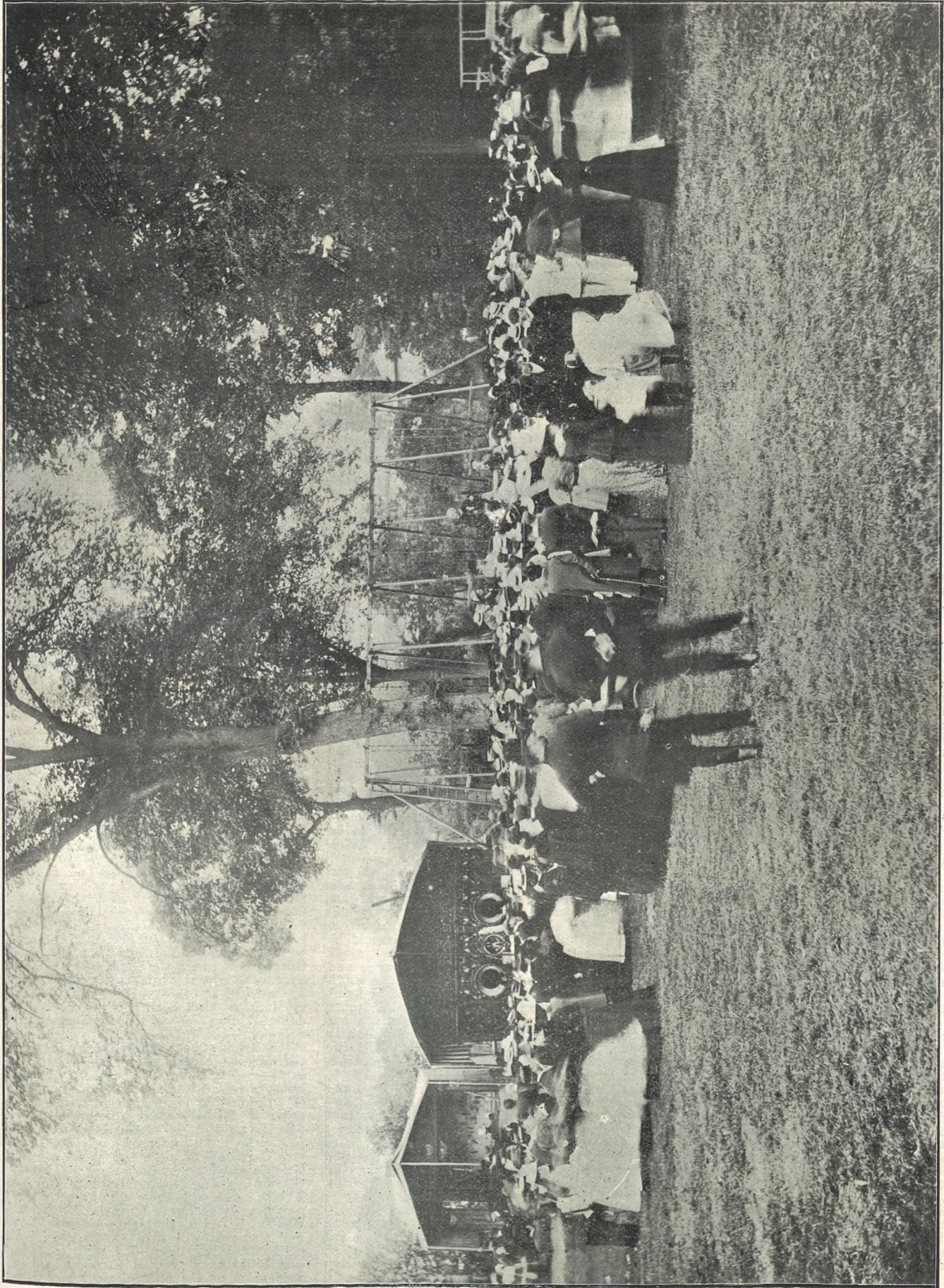


Photo by E. M. Bailey.

**CORONATION FESTIVITIES AT PRESTBURY.**

Cheltenham.



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## England and Germany in the Near-East.

\*  
By A. VAMBERY

(Author of "Travels in Central Asia," etc.)

Before entering upon the subject of this paper I beg leave to mention a speech made by an American German, Dr. F. W. Holls, on the 1st November, 1898, in favour of the Republican candidate of New York, in which the speaker, alluding to the animosity of Germans against America, said:—"It ought not to be forgotten that a great part of the German hatred against America must be traced back to the childish hatred against England, long ago regularly fostered in Germany, and where it even rages to-day. . . . England, the great, the glorious, and the liberal world-power, with her German language and religion, and her German law and manners, this our formerly inimical mother-country is now reconciled and allied with America, not through the paper treaties and clauses, but through the fact that the two sister nations have recognised themselves in the hour of danger, knowing that they are in need of each other, and their unity represents the invincible Peace-power of the world." In his further elucidations the speaker dwells on the necessity of an alliance between the three Teutonic nations, and he says:—"In the same measure as the child forms the connecting link between the parents so ought young America to play the mediator and pacificator between his two mother countries. England has conceived already the urgency of this mutual understanding, and neither will Germany be long in joining her natural alliance."

In reading these utterances, and in going back to a similar wording of the book, "Slav or Saxon," published in 1887 by the American writer, W. D. Foulke, one has really full reason to be surprised at the vehement outbreak of German hatred against England during the recent South African war. I have often asked myself what on earth may be the reason of this fanatical animosity, but since two great scholars, such as the late Professor Max Muller and Mommsen, were unable to furnish a satisfactory clue to the real cause of German hatred, I must abstain from further remark, and after stating the bare fact of an undiminished enmity of Germany against England, I intend to discuss rather a topic in closer proximity with the field of my own studies, and shall try to explain the German policy in the Near-East, which is looked upon and greeted by Germans, as well as by most Continental people, as a much promising plot against England's position in Asia, and as a scheme which is sure to bring ruin on British trade and political standing in the Old World.

### HISTORY OF TURKO-PRUSSIAN RELATIONS.

In speaking of the German political influence in Turkey, we have to discern between two different periods in the history of both countries, namely the first transitory one in the course of the eighteenth century, when Sultan Mustafa III., in 1771, sent an embassy to the Court of Frederic the Great in order to gain over the assistance of this ambitious prince against Austria and eventually against Russia. Ahmed Resmi Efendi, the ambassador of the Sultan, was well received in Berlin, and in his report he is full of praises for the high qualities of the King of Prussia, and for the excellent military institutions of the then small German State. The shrewd Turk goes even so far as to predict the ultimate victory of Prussia over the rest of Germany, and to foretell a hundred years earlier the unification of Germany under the auspices of the Hohenzollern. Since that time Prussia was rarely spoken of in the Turkish official world, and it was only after the accession of Sultan Abdul Medjid that a renewal of the diplomatic relations took place, and beginning from that time the Sultan has always been represented on the banks of the Spree. The second period of Turko-Prussian relations dates from 1870, when the victory of the German arms over France had raised at once the military reputation and the prestige of

Germany in Constantinople, for the Turks, like all Asiatics, are mostly overawed by military strength, and in the same way as the victories of Napoleon I. brought forward the name of France in Turkey, Persia, and everywhere in Asia, so the success of the German army surrounded the name of Prussia with the lustre of greatness and admiration. I say, the name of Prussia, for the name of German and Germany was until then unknown in Turkey, and the Turkish word *Nemse*, literally German, was applied, and is even now used to designate Austria. It was after the creation of the German unity that the Turkish official language adopted the name *Aleman* (from the French Allemand) for Germany, and Sultan Abdul Hamid was delighted to see that his overtures of friendship were readily accepted by the great Power of Central Europe, and that the great Chancellor willingly responded to the request of the Sultan regarding moral assistance on the way of civilisation. Prince Bismarck was not slow to understand the importance of German civil and military officers in the service of Turkey. The continual influx of Alemans in Constantinople dates from that time. Poorly paid in their own country, the Germans drew now fat salaries from the Turkish exchequer, and they enjoyed besides a good deal of consideration, for the Sultan, personally enamoured in the iron rule of the Prussian Government, felt very much flattered when the Emperor William proclaimed him publicly as his dear friend, and distinguished him by calling twice on him in the palace of Yildiz. There is no doubt that amongst the various European nations, who were called upon by Turkey to assist her in the process of introducing reforms, none had so numerous and so influential agents on the Bosphorus as Germany, although the result hitherto shown in the field of useful innovations is by no means commensurate with the favour bestowed upon these German officials of the Sultan. Excepting the valuable services rendered by General Baron von der Goltz in the instruction of the officers of the army, none of the Germans employed in the various branches of financial, educational, judicial, and postal administration are able to show palpable result equivalent to the pay they get, and in fact if you ask a Turk about the usefulness of these foreign Efendis and Pashas, he will shrug his shoulders and say:—"The Padishah wants them!"

### THE PERIL TO THE TURK.

Yes, they are the personal favourites of the Padishah, in whose eyes the friendly sentiments of the German Emperor are the much more precious, since he has not to apprehend any grab of country on the part of the German empire, as he says, and since he hopes the best results from German mediation in the hour of need; a fallacy, however, of which he might have been cured, should he consider that Crete was snatched from him at the very time when the Emperor William was his dear guest at Yildiz, and when both were overflowing with assurances of sweet friendship. We shall not discuss the question how and when will Sultan Abdul Hamid be disillusioned with regard to his expectations from the dear friendship of Germany, and whether he will not have to repent the sulkeness and defiance with which he is in habit of treating other European Powers. Suffice to say, the German Emperor himself was not at all lazy in seizing the good opportunity and in fructifying the Sultan's amity in the material interests of his country. Apart from the mentioned well-paid positions given to German civil and military officers, Germany succeeded in securing various privileges and rentable concessions, the most important of all being the Bagdad railway concession, by which Germany hopes to open Asia Minor to German trade and industry, and to become paramount in political influence in the countries bordering that line, namely from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf. It is very natural that this prospect has encouraged amongst the Germans far-going speculations, and we must not be surprised in meeting in the German Press with most venturesome schemes concerning the economical and commercial benefits which must accrue to the German spirit of enterprise in the regions to be opened by the new German

railway. The "German Asiatic Society," formed by men experienced and interested in Asiatic matters, is fairly moderate in its views, and although active in devising means for the furtherance of German economical purposes in Asia Minor, has never taken into serious consideration the idea of German colonisation, and of future annexation of the Eastern portion of the Turkish Empire. This dream is indulged in by that section of German patriots who act as apostles of the Pan-German idea, who are anxious to proclaim the Fatherland as the supreme arbiter of the destinies of mankind, and who desire nothing better than to see haughty Albion crushed under the feet of the German Colossus. The question when and how this *pium desiderium* of overheated German brains may be realised, we leave to the deliberation of the members of the "Alldeutscher Verband." We shall rather try to prove that even the calculation of the moderate and sober-minded Germans with regard to the great future in store for their nation in the Near-East is to a great extent over-estimated, and that many views pertaining to the sober and dispassionate judgment of matters are left out of account. Before all we beg leave to point to the indisputable fact that the much-extolled German influence in Turkey is to be found only in the higher or, frankly spoken, in the highest spheres of the Government; its roots have not at all penetrated the lower strata of the population, with whom even the name of Aleman is utterly unknown. The fountain and the hotbed of German sympathies in Turkey is the palace, it is a pet of the present Sultan, and as such it is only shared by some, not by all, of the high functionaries and by the officers of the Court. As to the bulk of the Turkish nation, I can state on personal experience the Germans are not only disliked, but even hated and despised; they are qualified as grasping intruders and as the most rapacious and pitiless explorers. In how far this scathing criticism answers to the real state of things, may be judged from the circumstance that the German is a new-comer on the field of Asia, he is over-zealous in the attainment of his goal, and he lacks the nobility of mind characteristic to his French and English rival. In a word, as he is an utter stranger in Asia, he has to go through the vicissitudes of apprenticeship, and it will take a good time before he assimilates with the Asiatics.

### GERMANY'S COMMERCIAL INFLUENCE.

As to the benefits accruing to Germany from the opening of a high road through Western Asia by the Bagdad railway, I have no intention to minimise the great commercial, cultural, strategical and economic importance of this eminently German undertaking, but I greatly doubt the possibility of its quick and easy realisation. The cost of this line, extending from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf in a length of 3,000 km., is roughly estimated to an amount of six hundred millions of francs, and admitting that the German and French shareholders will easily find the necessary funds, it is hard to understand how the work will be begun and carried on if the concessionaries expect the Turkish Government to pay the burdensome kilometric guarantee in a measure as the single sections are finished and in a working condition. The assumption, that each new section will suddenly develop the wealth of the country, and will enable the Turkish Exchequer, constantly on the brink of bankruptcy, to pay the guarantee by the outcome of increased duties and taxes—can only be made by those who do not know the character and the mode of thinking of Orientals in general, who ignore the disorder of Turkish fiscal administration, and who forget that accelerated communication, particularly adapted to the spirit of the restless European mind, is not at all genuine to Orientals, whose proverb says:—"Hurry is the devil's work, dilatoriness pleases God." I fully agree with those who expect from the new line an accelerated overland communication with India, the route between London and Calcutta will take eleven days instead of fourteen at present—I readily concede the possibility of a gradual increase in the development of the natural wealth of Mesopotamia, and the adjacent districts, which was highly flourishing in the Middle Age, and was



in fact the corn magazine of a great portion of Western and Eastern Asia. But we ought not to be over-sanguine in our expectations, and we ought never to leave out of mind the result produced by railways upon the life and doings of Orientals in other Asiatic countries. The changes wrought by Indian, Trans-Caspian, Trans-Caucasian and Central-Asian railways upon the mind of Hindus, Tartars, Turcomans, Ozbeges, Tadjiks, and Sarts are certainly not so evident and surprising as to justify the opinion of German writers, who say that the Bagdad railway will regenerate Turkey, that it will invigorate the rule of the Porte, and that the colonisation by new Mahometan elements of the fertile but uninhabited tracts of country will spread new life to the East. *Exempla trahunt.* But whilst I do not see an example of such an evolution in the Mussulman East, I have no firm belief in the vaticination of European writers. I am convinced that the railway opened in Western Asia will mostly benefit our own Western world, it will facilitate our trade and political influence, it will hardly give rise to a German or any other European colonisation of Asiatic Turkey; but it will undoubtedly augment and intensify the rivalry and enmity between the different Western Powers in Asia. It is from this point of view that the German enmity and jealousy against England will and must prove most injurious to German interests and to our general cultural progress in the East. It must be borne in mind that the great Northern Colossus hovering over the north of Anatolia and keeping long ago a watchful eye upon the Upper Euphrates will never look complacently upon a new and formidable rival in these regions. However quietly and modestly the Germans may move on, they will always give umbrage to Russia, and it is not on the banks of the Vistula and the Memel, but on the Upper Euphrates, that the collision between the two Powers is inevitable. It is therefore sheer folly on the part of the German ultras, if they nourish the hope of reconciling Russian suspicions and if they dream of the possibility of disarming Russian ambition by exhibiting bitter enmity against England. Encouraged by the English indifference, manifested by the Cabinet of St. James, during the negotiations, which have taken place between the Kaiser and his dear friend the Sultan, concerning the concession of the Bagdad railway, these German ultras have gone even so far as to throw an eye upon Kufeit in order to secure a firm footing on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and to invite Russia to seize Bushir and Bunder. Abbas in order to exclude England from the Indian Ocean, for their devise is *Britannia delenda est*, and they are really childish enough to think that they will derive the greatest profit from this much desired collapse of Britain's power.

**SCHEMES FAR FROM REALISATION.**

Happily, as I said, these high-flowing schemes are yet very far from realisation. At the present juncture England has not yet sunk to the low level of a *quantite negligible* and will not be so easily handled as the exalted German politicians imagine. It ought to be further considered that those who decide the destinies of the German empire are of a quite different opinion with regard to the friends and foes of their country. Their policy is not dictated by passion, but by ripe consideration, and judging from what has taken place at present, we may fairly surmise that the great idea of a Teuton alliance against the threatening increase of the Slav will never cease to be the regulative of the Anglo-German relations in the Near-East. The exuberating German megalomania will have to give place to this natural development of things. Nobody has ever doubted the great future of the highly gifted, laborious, and much capable German nation, from the moment when the formerly distracted members of the national body gathered into one mighty unit of sixty millions, nor will anybody blame their desire of extending their power beyond the limits of their Fatherland, but in this process of aggrandizement and of external influence they will only prosper by a combined action with England, and not by the suicidal policy of hatred and jealousy against the sister nation. A. VAMBERY.



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CHELTENHAM RIFLES (CYCLISTS) AT SALISBURY PLAIN CAMP, 1902. Photos by L. G. Green, Cheltenham.



SCENES FROM SOUTH AFRICA.



PRIESKA "BLACK WATCH!"

\* \* \*

Under date Capetown, July 16, 1902, Telegraphist G. J. Sumption, Prieska Garrison, late Cheltenham G.P.O., writes:—"I send herewith two photos for your 'Graphic,' should you find them interesting enough. I am an Old 'Prestburyterian,' so I read the paper with interest in these parts."

IMITATION THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY."

Gloucestershire Gossip.

\*

With the termination of the cricket week, considerably curtailed by the prowess of Gloucestershire's opponents and the weather which respects not affairs mundane, the Cheltenham season of 1901-2 has finally passed away. The unsatisfactory end was but a reflex of the whole. The shadow of the war still had a paralysing effect on the gaieties of the winter, hunting was much interfered with by fog and frost, and the generally unseasonable weather of the spring and summer upset the capital programmes of the Corporation Committee for all fresco amusements. The biennial celebration of the Ladies' College Guild can be written down as the most successful event, and there was no mistake about that. The two days' steeplechases must be classed next. As for the G.C.C., they must pull themselves together and introduce some new blood if they intend to make a cricket week last the full period in future. Surely in the many clubs in the county there can be found a few promising members with "field marshal's batons" in their bags or real live bowlers dead on the wickets. I hear that a difficulty threatens the county team in regard to its future fixtures at Gloucester, for a few teetotal zealots have notified the Corporation, who own the only possible ground at the Spa, that they will apply for an injunction restraining them from allowing intoxicants to be sold on the ground as contrary to the terms of the trust deed under which the property was handed over to the city. I would willingly drink "Confusion to their mischievous activity." A county cricket match run on gingerpop principles would soon fizzle out.

\* \* \*

Last November I foreshadowed heavy expenditure by the Great Western Company for new works in order to deal with the great glut of traffic at Birmingham, and the recent vote of £100,000 by the proprietors for widening the railway between Acocock's Green and Snow Hill and enlarging the station there confirms my information. I believe these extensions are not unconnected with the shortened route between the capital of the Midlands and the Western ports that the Honeybourne line, when made, will provide, bringing an increased volume of traffic.

People little realise what the laying out of railways, heavy and light, in the vicinity where they reside, means in the expenditure of ready money amongst the local tradesmen. Cheltenham certainly has good cause to be thankful in the last two years for the grist that the railway navvies have brought to its mill. And, although the work of doubling the Banbury line up to Lansdown end is rapidly nearing completion, there is yet a good time coming when the Honeybourne railway works are in full swing in and near the town. It is a sign of the times that the great railway companies are beginning to discuss the probabilities of electrifying their lines. The Great Western have also something on in regard to the improved lighting of their stations and yards. Is electricity going to largely supersede gas?

\* \* \*

Mr. H. Y. J. Taylor tells the following nice little story of local interest:—When I was a little boy I often heard a story told about George III. during his sojourn at Cheltenham in 1788. The King, the Queen, and members of the Royal Family, were taken in a carriage from Cheltenham in the direction of Birdlip Hill. Not far from the summit of this hill the King alighted, and expressed his wish to walk a little way alone and incog. The coachman was directed to proceed slowly in front, and his Majesty would follow on foot. His Majesty, who was as plainly draped as a Cotteswold farmer, as he proceeded, saw a little country boy, with a red face as round and as plump as an apple dumpling. He was singing as cheerfully as a skylark, and though roughly clad, was as happy as the scion of a Dukedom. He was eating a chump of brown bread and a huge piece of fat bacon, and was playing at swig-swig on a five-bar gate. His Majesty stood and looked at the happy lad with admiration and astonishment. "You seem happy my boy!" "Eass, zur, I be," said the lad fearlessly, as he chewed his fat bacon and swung backwards and forwards on the gate. The King said in the exuberance of his usual good humour, "What would you do, my boy, if you were the King of England?" "I knows what," exclaimed the boy, "Whoy I wud yut bread and vat bacon and play swig-swig on the geyut all day long." The King gave the lad a shilling, and left him in bewilderment at his good fortune.

\* \* \*

"Long to reign over us. God Save the King." This aspiration first caught my eyes

a week ago as I was whirled over Lansdown Junction, and I was glad to see it over the garden hedge, where so many appropriate mottoes have been displayed to travellers' wonderment. I was glad, too, to observe that "Britain-Boer" were still represented in hearty hand-grip, some rain-soaked letters having been renewed. I hope the real De "Wet" will come this way and put his seal to the alliance.

\* \* \*

I hear there is a movement afoot to revive Druidism in Cheltenham and that a well-known townsman has been initiated at Gloucester into the mysteries of that ancient order with the view to his forming a nucleus of the lodge. As the A.M.C. is due in the Garden Town next Whitsuntide there ought in the fitness of things to be an A.O.D. lodge to give the Oddfellows a friendly society welcome. It is really surprising how many secret societies there are. I once heard a worthy baronet say that he was everything but a Buffalo, and he intended to become one at the first opportunity. I don't know if he has ever become a "Sir" of that order.

\* \* \*

Differences between the parson and the choir at Bentham Church have been maturing for some time past, and they culminated at Coronation time in the latter refusing to "Come let us sing." They are not, however, the first ecclesiastical minstrels who have temporarily struck, for I have known even Gloucester Cathedral choristers to do so. It is to be hoped that the interregnum in the appointment of a vicar for the parish will soon cease and that there will be a smoothing of matters at Bentham. It does not require a jurisprudent like the famous Jeremy Bentham to instil harmony in the hamlet bearing his name. GLEANER.

\*\*\*\*\*

ARTISTIC and  
General PRINTING.

"Echo" Electric Press.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 87.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1902

Theatre and Opera House, Cheltenham.

## Last Performance

TO-NIGHT AT 7.45

of the great Princess's Celebrated Play

## "TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS."

Times and Prices as usual.

Next Week—"THE DANDY DOCTOR."

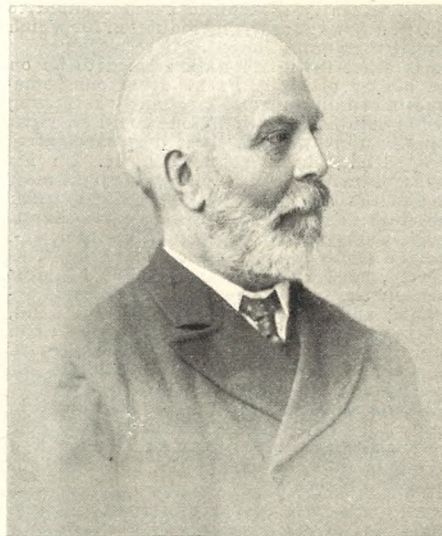
## Gloucestershire Gossip.

It was a strange coincidence that on the first anniversary of the day on which the Cheltenham and District Light Railway was formally opened and a considerable number of Cheltonians partook of the accompanying hospitalities of Mr. Thomas Nevins, the promoter and chief proprietor of the line, that gentleman should have gone over to the great majority while peacefully following pastoral pursuits on his beautiful estate in County Limerick. One can scarcely realise that Mr. Nevins has gone from among us never to return. But he has left his indelible mark from Lansdown to Clevee, and his name will live long and be honoured as that of the pioneer of light railways in this county, who selected Cheltenham as the base of his operations, and had the will to girdle neglected districts of Gloucestershire with safe and easy means of locomotion.

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I thought the "Echo" admirably described Mr. Nevins as "a captain of industry." While I am no admirer of the American trusts and syndicates which are seeking to secure the trade and commerce of this country, I cannot shut my eyes to the hard fact that the investment of their capital in desirable industries and works of which British capitalists fight shy or tacitly neglect must be very beneficial to our own countrymen. I remember, too, that Mr. Nevins planked down his dollars in a speculative enterprise that no one else would tackle, and that success apparently rewarded his faith and undertaking. I frequently had pleasant chats with Mr. Nevins during the progress of the building of the line, and I invariably learned an acceptable wrinkle or two from the astute yet cheery gentleman. He made no secret of being handicapped through a scarcity of native skilled electricians and the difficulty of getting material, especially special class bricks, speedily delivered. One of his statements particularly impressed me. "Your mechanics," he said, "are making a great mistake. They are always striking for higher wages or shorter hours. Now a German works ten hours a day

## Our Portrait Gallery.



The Late Mr. John Frederick Shirer, one of Cheltenham's leading Tradesmen, and for 25 years Warden of St. Paul's Church. Died Aug. 19, 1902, aged 70.

and seldom or never strikes, your men work eight, an American works nine and occasionally strikes, but we have a very quick way of turning out things, and that is where we beat you. I can get iron rails from America delivered in Gloucestershire at £2 per ton cheaper than I can get them in England." And " 'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

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Somdech Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh, the Crown Prince of Siam, appears to be an "Admirable Crichton." I have occasionally referred in these columns to his Royal Highness and several of his numerous brothers who are sojourning in Gloucestershire and often come to Cheltenham for riding lessons. And I mentioned some time ago that the Crown Prince was engaged in writing essays on the "War of the Polish Succession." Now the Prince has recently appeared in another role—that of amateur actor and playwright—at an "At Home" at Westbury Court, which is really the home in this country of the aforesaid younger brothers. The stage name of the heir to the Siamese Crown is "Carlton H. Terris," and he actually performed in three plays—"In Honour Bound," "Old Cronies," and "The King's Command," the latter being from his pen.

The cast was made up by gentlemen of the Prince's suite, and by the Misses Colchester-Wemyss and Mrs. Stillingfleet, wife of the new vicar of Westbury. After all, it is still "the play's the thing to catch the conscience of the King's" (son).

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Townfolk talk invariably about the weather in the summer in relation to cricket matches or their holidays or own personal convenience. They give little or no thought of how the bad weather is affecting the crops in the country. Farmers have been experiencing a very anxious time of late because of "the rain it raineth every day." I don't know anything more disheartening than the case of a farmer seeing his promising crops, on which he had expended much time, labour, and money in bringing to maturity, standing out in the fields spoiling or deteriorating by the cruel elements which prevent him from cutting, carrying, and garnering them. I have taken a particular interest in what was a fine crop of oats in stooks in a field near Churchdown, upon which swarms of rooks and crows have fed and fattened for the past three weeks. Their toll of it must have been enormous. I am glad that at the time of writing the harvest prospects are more cheerful.

GLEANER.



## THE BEST ARMY IN THE WORLD.

Lord Wolsley has replied as follows to a correspondent, who asked whether his lordship was correctly reported to have described the American army as the best in the world:—"Lord Wolsley presents his compliments to Mr. Skeen, and begs to inform him that he believes the newspaper cutting contained in his letter to be a good description of the army he refers to."

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The marriage arranged between Percy Edward, fourth son of Ambrose D. Hussey-Freke, of Hannington Hall, Highworth, and Ruth Evelyn, only child of the late Lieut.-Colonel Henry Boileau, Indian Staff Corps, and of Mrs. Boileau, of Undercliffe, Leckhampton, Cheltenham, will take place at Hannington Church on October 2.

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## WORCESTER'S VACANT CANONRY.

No announcement has yet been made with regard to the successor of Canon Melville, who has resigned his stall in Worcester Cathedral. The appointment is in the hands of the Prime Minister. It is generally understood that the Rev. W. H. Carnegie, M.A., Rector of Great Witley, will be the new canon. The patron of Witley is the Earl of Dudley, the new Viceroy of Ireland; so that Mr. Carnegie would have plenty of influential backing. He is an able scholar and theologian, and an eloquent preacher, and it is believed that for some time past he has been marked for promotion. Canon Melville was formerly Rector of Witley.



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## The Homes and Haunts of Famous Authors.

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VIII. CARLYLE;

By PROFESSOR PATRICK GEDDES.



CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE—ECCLEFECHAN.

For the studious youth of five and twenty years ago there were, despite many obvious disadvantages as compared with the conditions of the present generation, more great teachers than there are now. Ruskin's, Emerson's and Tennyson's influence were of course widely spread; and of the two contrasted poles of literature, that of clearest, keenest scientific writing on the one hand, that of deepest moral passion on the other, there stood out Huxley and Carlyle—the "Lay Sermons" of the first, the "Sartor Resartus" of the second, each in its way opening up a vivid outlook for adolescence into maturity.

About this time of highest appreciation of these two writers my own wise and sympathetic father, who had hitherto largely guided and freely encouraged my earlier education, gave it fully henceforward into my own hands; and so allowed me to give up previous plans of a Scottish University education for a wandering one, to begin in London with the first of these two teachers; yet the selection was not without attraction from the second. And so I settled down to work at Kensington in Huxley's laboratory, and to live in lodgings in Chelsea as near as possible to Carlyle, as it happened a stone's throw from his door.

### CARLYLE'S CHELSEA HOME.

Never can I forget my disappointment on finding it; the house itself indeed plain, comfortable-looking, red, old-fashioned, free from that dreary West End stuccoed respectability which is even more depressing than the gloom and grime of poorer London, but alas, in a dull narrow street, with only a dead wall in front, scarcely relieved by a row of weak and struggling little trees. One could not see, of course, from the street the fairly spacious back-garden, still less the goodly vicarage park; and so from the street Carlyle's house seemed but a poor dull cage, a prison rather than a home of genius. But in a moment one came out upon the Chelsea Embankment. This was already practically in its present form, thanks to the Metropolitan Board of Works, though then without most of its new red houses, and with older and more irregular, simpler, quaint trees, leading up to and centring round one really picturesque group, that dominated by Chelsea Church, with its not undignified old tower.

At either end of this mile or so of regular embankment stood a bridge, of Chelsea and Battersea respectively; the lower, a commonplace piece of modern engineering, but vulgarly prettified; the upper, a quaint old wooden structure, with its many piers, simple, practical, homely, yet picturesque with its waving reflections, indeed often at evening almost sublime, the red sun-glow on sky and river burning through its black ribs as

through the phantom ship of the Ancient Mariner. Here, I soon found, was Carlyle's walk; there was no mistaking the figure already familiar from photograph and engraving, with its still vigorous and steady stride, the shoulders only slightly bowed, the long overcoat, the broad-brimmed hat, the hair and beard only grizzled, not white. A vigorous, well-preserved, healthy old man, a good touch of colour still on each cheek-bone, the teeth (apparently genuine) white and well-preserved; in short by no means the worn dyspeptic I had expected from his own and other accounts, and not by any means looking his years—then eighty-three or thereby.

### THE GREAT TEACHER.

Here then at length was the great teacher before me, my then hero as man of letters. To give him more than ample space to pass, yet to take off one's hat reverently as becomes the student to his most venerated teacher was instinctive; one did not think of never having been introduced. The salutation was courteously yet absent-mindedly returned, with eyes that only looked half into, half beyond my own; and so this liberty of salutation was never repeated. And though meetings in the body frequently took place I never dared to seek in any way for the introduction for which I notwithstanding longed.

His other favourite walk seemed to be on the border of Hyde Park. Here one sometimes met him, or more frequently returning on the omnibus, in which one could sit right opposite and look into those deep meditative eyes without his ever noticing it. On his walks he was generally alone; one might meet him in the afternoon or late at night under the stars; and it is on this favourite haunt of the Embankment that I still see him, and that he seems most in place, his portrait, as it were, most vividly framed, upon his seat between the two bridges. He is walking upstream, and that stoutly; against the wind, but towards the sun, his back turned upon the iron bridge of modern utilitarianism, with its sham ornament and garish gilding, his eyes toward the gray yet gleaming river, or upon the upper wooden bridge; its old-world simple, honest, rugged craftsmanship lending itself to effects of colour and shadow now as strong, now as unexpected and lurid, as those of his own style.

### CHELSEA IN THE OLD TIME.

Here too in the scene was that contrast—of the open world of nature in sky and stream, each a presence of the eternal, with our hurrying and thronging human evanescence—which makes a city and peculiarly a bridge sublime. On land also the same contrast was not wanting, in appropriateness to our philosopher's favourite walk. Near the lower end of the Embankment stood the railway bridge, the Chelsea waterworks too with their huge engines pumping day and night, the beam of each swinging solemnly up and down "like a melancholy mad elephant," as my studious landlord was wont to call it, perhaps quoting consciously or unconsciously from Dickens. Beyond this the coal wharves and clothing factories of Pimlico, its mostly mean and monotonous streets; beyond these again the squalid labyrinths of Westminster crowding up to its very towers. Up the stream, however, from the waterworks, the view went on improving, even beyond Chelsea Church, with its memories of a gentler and yet greater social thinker—Sir Thomas More, of the "Utopia." For beyond this, where the Embankment stood unfinished began the real Chelsea, as Carlyle saw it when he had settled there nearly half a century before; and his own description, still the best, shows that despite all his meditative inwardness and hermit-like moods he was by no means insensible either to the human aspects or the landscape influences of his environment.

To one who knew so well the life of interior reflection this whole environment could not but largely pass out of sight, leaving only for a background "the infinities, the immensities, the eternal stars" of his great monologues; yet he was also an observer. One of the greatest of all word-painters who could either take in a man or a scene with a flash, or reproduce a battle upon the spot or from the map with patient constructiveness, he

could not but have "sketched" scenes in words as carefully in his way as Stevenson or Tennyson in theirs.

### CARLYLE'S COMPANIONS.

He was generally alone, as Old Age and Thought must never be. Only two or three times have I seen him in company; once with a taller, thinner man with close-shaved, deep-lined hatchet face, whom I take to have been Froude; another time with a man somewhat resembling the portrait of Ruskin, but whom I imagine was not he. The third time was near midnight with a companion not to be forgotten; a scene startling then, curious to recall even now; for here in the moonless dark, and but faintly shown by the poor street lamps were to be seen—incredible, yet it seemed at first assuredly—two Carlyles! Carlyle for one sure enough with another old gentleman, almost his double; big overcoat, broad hat, grizzly beard and all; and without superstition one felt startled by these two old wizards; one looked with perplexed awe not felt before or since. Who it was I never knew, doubtless some old friend, who may have put on one of Carlyle's own characteristic overcoats before sallying out with him for a final talk before going to bed. But never before or since have I seen two such figures, more strange, more satisfying also of one's dream of ancient peripatetic sages.

These then are all my own personal impressions; but they remain sufficiently definite to associate for me, as for most others, Carlyle with Chelsea and Chelsea with Carlyle.

With right feeling Chelsea has since his death continued and developed this association. First came the naming of a square by the local authorities; next Boehm's statue in the Embankment garden—by no means unsuccessful, surely meriting higher praise than it has had as a presentment of the meditative yet impatient thinker—and lastly, best of all, by the permanent preservation of Carlyle's house, and the reconstitution of its furniture and the rest, so far as may be. This scheme for a time indeed was in danger of failing; yet even then some other plan would doubtless have been found: for instance, it was already under discussion as a London house in connection with Edinburgh and perhaps other Scottish Universities, where the northern student in London might lodge or settle for a time. For Carlyle, so characteristically a Scottish student, was also a lost Scots professor. He was indeed rejected once and again, as so many other great Scotsmen have been—Robert Burns even, and many others before and since.

### CARLYLE AND THE LIBRARIES.

His biting description of his Alma Mater cannot be forgotten despite his later rectitude, his final generosity to it; and to him the real University was, as he said himself, a collection of books. Hence among his London homes and haunts must we not indeed put foremost of all the British Museum? And as his main material monument may we not take the London Library, in the founding of which he had no small influence and practical part. In the same way it is fitting that his bust in Edinburgh should be in the Library of the Philosophical Institution rather than in the University.

So Carlyle must not be grudged to Chelsea, the more since in these days beginning a new chapter in its history, one not unworthy of its great traditions, and likely to continue and develop these. For while the antiquary mourns the sweeping away of the old walls, the rebuilding of the old houses, the uprooting of old associations, these last cannot wholly vanish, but must ever linger round their one main and prominent focus—around the old church tower. Moreover, the tall, fashionable red-brick houses of the Embankment, its tidy gardens, and plane-tree lines are not the last developments, not even the two-penny tube, and all the further reconstruction it may bring. For now that the great scientific schools and museums of London, the University itself, are growing up within a mile of the river, here in Chelsea is evidently the future residential University town of the greater London; at least the most distinct and convenient of its various partial centres. For thanks to river and Embankment, to Battersea



Park too over the way, thanks also to ready access by boat as well as road and rail to the country, Chelsea is still the best place in London for the student.

CARLYLE'S POWER REVIEWED.

It is no doubt true that Carlyle's work may now be considered mainly done, so far as sharing in the discovery of intellectual Germany, as rehabilitating Oliver or writing Frederick; his main political work also, since that was in educating the generation who have now mainly passed "from" Liberalism to Empire. Yet surely the vital passages of "Sartor," the portraits of his "Heroes," the main scenes of his "French Revolution," will all survive. Not indeed any of them as definite and final history, but as revelations of human personality, in writer and in subject, as arousing personality too in the reader.

The student will always need his watch tower of solitary meditation, his garret of strenuous labour; and in each of these at least Carlyle's name and influence may remain, and even deepen once more to a generation younger than the present rising one, which has rarely read him at all. In short, as his living career culminated in his Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh, so in his later influence he may be counted among the truest and earliest spiritual rectors of the still only incipient University of London.

Yet in a deeper sense Carlyle is not really of Chelsea, and cannot really be identified with it like the gentle Sir Thomas More. He was nearly forty when he came there; and with his essential education long ended, his main book written, and others planned; it is thus his earlier homes and haunts that any really biographic student must look into. This survey should range from Ecclefechan to Edinburgh, even tracing the hundred weary miles as he literally did on foot on his way to College, an experience which must surely have had much to do with his translation of "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," with its insistence upon the value of wander-years. His student life in Edinburgh with his struggles and his spiritual new birth; his notable friendship with Edward Irving at Kirkealdy; his love stories there and at Haddington; his visits to Germany; his settlement after marriage first in Edinburgh, and his six years of formative solitude at Craigenputtock; these are the essential points for whoever seeks to reconstruct the antecedents and environments, and discern their influences upon the growth of this man, our last great force in prose literature.

Next week: "Tennyson," by Canon Rawnsley.

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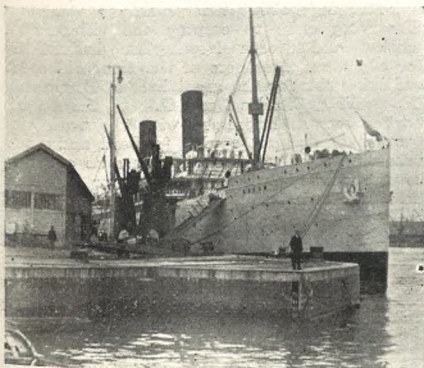


Photo by F. E. Hughes, Cheltenham.

Union Castle Liner "Saxon," which brought Boer Generals to England.

WELL SHOD!

Successful Cheltenham Candidates at examination in practical shoeing of students at County Council classes. Reading from left to right they are Hawker, Winter, Head, A. Carpenter, and Nicholls.



Royal Visit to Manxland.  
A GRAND RECEPTION.

His Majesty the King, Queen Alexandra, and Princess Victoria landed at Ramsay Pier, Isle of Man, just before noon on Monday, and were welcomed by Sir James Gell, acting governor of the Island, in the name of the Manx people. The head of the pier was reserved for representative ladies and gentlemen. After bouquets had been presented to the Queen and Princess Victoria by Mrs. Cruickshank, wife of the High Bailiff of Ramsey, and Mrs. Moore, wife of the Speaker of the Manx Legislature, their Majesties entered a carriage which was drawn by men along the half-mile length of Queen Victoria Pier. At the gates the royal party and suite entered carriages and drove to the Bishop's Court. Thousands of people from all parts of the island lined the route and gave their Majesties a very hearty welcome, which was smilingly acknowledged. As the carriage passed through the lines the people broke the cordon and followed acclaiming their loyalty. The press at last grew so great that the horses had to be put to the trot, and at this speed they went through the principal street of the town. At Bishop's Court, the Palace of the See of Sodor and Man, the King and Queen and party partook of light refreshment, after which they were photographed, when the journey to Peel was resumed.

A very pretty incident occurred as the carriage containing their Majesties was bowling along the road. A little boy ran bravely alongside and threw to the King a sprig of white heather. His Majesty caught the offering, and called out to the giver, "Thank you, this will bring me luck," whereat the boy bounded away delighted with the pleasant acknowledgment. Peel was reached at 2.30 o'clock, the journey of sixteen miles, including the half-hour's stoppage at Bishop's Court, having occupied nearly two and a half hours. In the old fishing town of Peel their Majesties were most loyally greeted by the fishermen and their families, by whom the streets were lined. The royal party drove by way of the quay and causeway to the fine ruins of Peel Castle on St. Patrick's Islet, the castle being in the days gone by one of the residences of the Kings of Man. Their Majesties were much interested in the ruins and in the description of them, which was given by the Acting-Governor, the Speaker, and Mr. Hall Caine. In the grounds luncheon, which had been sent on from the King's yacht, was partaken of *al fresco*, and was thoroughly enjoyed. The party was here joined by the High Bailiff of Peel, Mr. A. N. Laughton, and Mrs. Laughton.

After the ruins had been inspected closely, the journey was resumed, the direction taken this time being that of Douglas, the chief town of the island. En route Tynwald Hill, whence all acts of the Manx Legislature must be promulgated on July 5 yearly before receiving the force of the law, was passed, and the historic ceremony was explained to the King. An hour's drive brought their Majesties to Cronkbourne, the ancestral home of Mr. A. W. Moore, Speaker of the House of Keys, where afternoon tea was enjoyed, and subsequently their Majesties drove to Douglas and proceeded through the principal streets and along the superb marine promenade. Douglas is just now thronged with holiday-makers, and these vied with the residents in the enthusiasm with which they hailed the King and Queen. The houses were gaily decked with flags, and the numerous steamers at the piers and in the bay were dressed in honour of the occasion. Their Majesties ended their drive of 27 miles at the electric tramway station, where they were received by the High Bailiff of Douglas and Mr. Alderman Webb and the Corporation. The scene at the station was one of most wild enthusiasm, the crowds closing their lusty cheering with the vigorous singing of the National Anthem. With some little difficulty a passage was kept clear for their Majesties, who, when they left the carriage, walked to a special saloon. The King undoubtedly was hugely pleased with the display of the Manxmen, and he did not appear to be fatigued in the slightest degree. The electric car left Douglas at six o'clock, and made the run of 17 miles to Ramsey in about one hour, crowds gathering and cheering at the stations en route. Their Majesties were much struck with the fine mountain and marine prospects which were unfolded during the journey. On reaching Ramsey there was another display of loyal enthusiasm on the part of the populace, and at about eight o'clock their Majesties returned to the Victoria and Albert.

Before leaving the Queen's Pier at Ramsey for the royal yacht, the expressed himself as being greatly pleased with his experience of the island and the warmth of his reception. At night Ramsey was illuminated, the sea-front especially being most admirably lighted up. Visitors and residents gave themselves up to rejoicing, and it was not until a late hour that the jubilation finished.

The day is regarded as the greatest in the history of the island. In 1849 Queen Victoria paid a visit to Douglas and Ramsey, but did not land, although the Prince Consort went ashore, and in commemoration a memorial tower called Albert Tower was erected on the crest of the hill he ascended to view the island.





The Morning Wash (5.30).



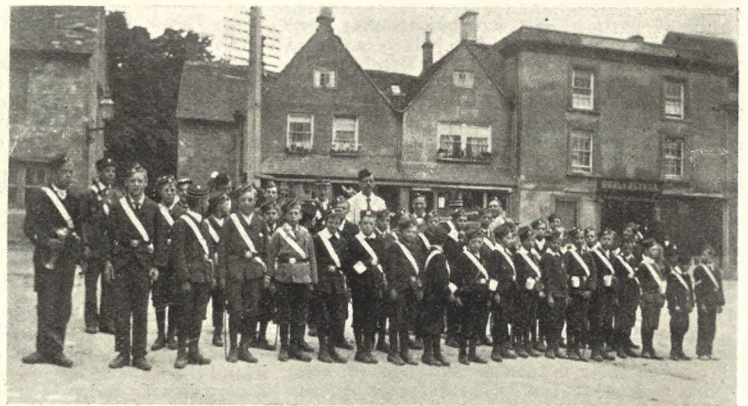
The Cookhouse.

BOYS' BRIGADE  
CAMP AT  
CHEDWORTH.



Breakfast.]

Photos by C. F. Mayos,



The Company at Northleach.

Cheltenham.

Prize Photography.

\* \* \*

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

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

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 85th competition is Mr. C. T. Deane, 5 Orrisdale-terrace, Cheltenham, with his Cricket Week photos.

Entries for the 86th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Aug. 30th, 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 SEA-POWER OF THE NATIONS.

The advance of Russia to the sea should not in any way surprise us. That she should possess a seaboard in only in correspondence with national necessities, and among her growing millions the need of reaching the sea is instinctively felt. While the British Empire has open access to every ocean, Russia is strangely circumscribed, and her progress to the Baltic, her growth of power in the Black Sea, and her final and most important advance to Port Arthur, were all steps in a natural expansion. The Russians were not new in the Far East. They established a settlement on the sea of Okhotsk in 1634, and concluded with China the important treaty of Nerchinsk in 1689, while the Cossacks had reached the Amur from Yakutsk in 1644. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance of Port Arthur, with the railway behind it, although Lord Salisbury, four years ago, expressed the opinion that Russia had made a mistake in seizing the place, and that it was not of any use to her whatever. But, as a matter of fact, Russia is strengthening her position there, adding to the fortifications, and increasing the docking accommodation, and within a few years her position will be almost impregnable, and Port Arthur will be as formidable as Cronstadt or Sebastopol, while Vladivostock will remain as a valuable secondary base.—John Leyland, in "Navy and Army."

SUCCESS OF VILLAGE WOOD CARVERS.

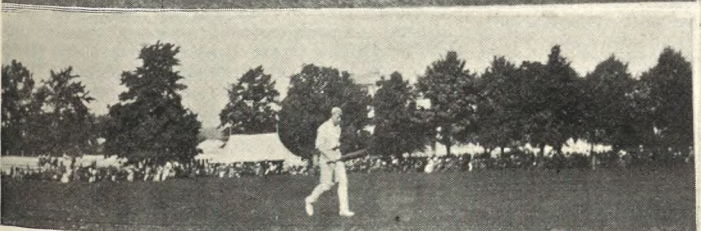
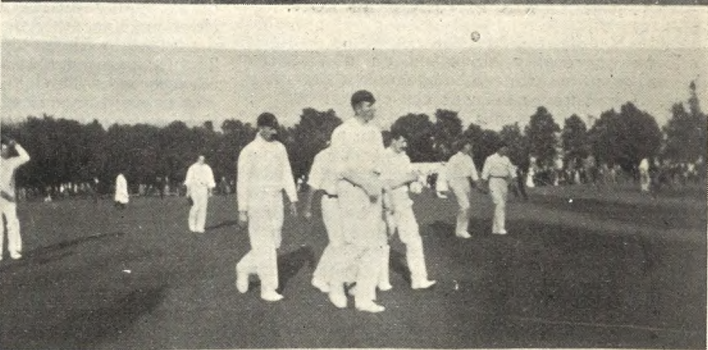
Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, Broughton Castle, Banbury, about two years ago started a wood carving class to employ the villagers of Broughton and North Newington during the winter evenings. Members of the class did some carved oak work for the great hall of Broughton Castle, and Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, the American artist, was so impressed with the beauty of the work while on a visit to Lord and Lady Algernon that he has given the class an order to make the whole of the panelling for the new house which he is building in New York.

FALL OF THE OLDEST IRON BRIDGE.

Late on Sunday night the inhabitants of Iron-bridge heard a report similar to a heavy thunder-clap. People rushed out of their houses, and soon learnt that a portion of the famous bridge, the oldest of iron in construction in the world, had given way and fallen into the Severn below. Some thirty feet of palisading had become detached from the girders, the foundations having probably been shaken through the recent pipe laying. The bridge was visited on Monday by hundreds of people. The bridge was erected in 1779, and was the first iron bridge known. It has a span of 110½ ft., rises 40ft., is 24ft. wide, and weighed 378 tons.



❁ CHELTENHAM CRICKET WEEK. ❁



Photos by C. T. Deane,

Cheltenham.

## Gloucestershire v. Australians.

- (1). Scene at close of match.
- (2). First Australian wicket down (R. A. Duff).
- (3). G. I. Jessop returns run out (second innings).
- (4). F. H. B. Champain sent back (second innings).
- (5). W. A. Woolf at the nets.
- (6). J. Darling and W. W. Armstrong coming in at close of match.
- (7). Australians coming in for lunch.
- (8). W. Troup running in at close of match (not out 45).





**Pulpit Rail at Charlton Church**

Presented by Mr. W. Price, Churchwarden.

Executed by Hancock and Son, Bennington-street, Cheltenham, from a design by Mr. J. Villar. The rail and standard are brass, and the filling-in in wrought iron scroll-work, treated with the lily pattern.



**Tour of Our Churches.**

\* \* \*

ST. ANDREW'S, SEVENHAMPTON.

I was agreeably surprised on a visit to Sevenhampton Church on Sunday morning last. I had never been at the church before, and imagined it was a poor building, hardly worth a visit, but found it quite an up-to-date place of worship. The present Vicar was appointed some twelve years ago, and would appear to have at once set himself to work to obtain a thorough restoration of the building, and the renovation has been carried out in a sympathetic and complete manner.

It is a cruciform building, in the Early English and Later styles, and consists of chancel, nave, transepts, south porch, and embattled central tower with three bells. The roof of the chancel contains some new oak work, and the roof of the nave is of old oak. There are two inside flying buttresses, curiously placed, to support pillars of the roof. The altar is nicely furnished and draped, and the sittings are modern and comfortable. There are several mural tablets to members of the Hinckman family who died during the 18th century, and memorials and brasses to members of the Lawrence family. The font is a very beautifully carved marble and stone modern piece of work, in memory of Mary Lawrence.

The bells ceased at eleven o'clock. The small organ, under the hands of a lady, gave forth the notes of a soft voluntary, and the cassocked and surpliced choir and minister marched from the vestry at the west end to their places in the chancel, the congregation standing meanwhile. The opening responses were well intoned; the Venite was well chanted, as were also the Psalms, but some of the country voices in the choir were rather hard and unmusical. Contrary to usage in most churches, the day of the month was not given out, this being placed under the hymn-board, and the congregation turned to the Psalms from the figures on the board or from knowing the date of the calendar. The setting of the Te Deum was quite a pretentious one, the chant changing some half-dozen times. It

was very fairly got through. The conclusion of the Apostles' Creed was rather startling. After going through it in an ordinary manner up to the two last sentences, there came in "the resurrection OF THE BODY, and the LIFE EVERLASTING, Amen." The Lord's Prayer was rather overdone by the choir and organ. The first hymn was "Captains of the Sainly Band," 452, A. and M. The Ante-Communion Service was then rendered, but the Kyrie used was far from being a tuneful one. The minister's thoughts were somewhat wandering, as he went on to pray for Victoria, our gracious Queen and Governor. The collect used was the one for St. Bartholomew's Day. During the recital of the Nicene Creed the Vicar did a good deal of posturing before the altar.

Hymn 419, for St. Bartholomew, having been sung, the clergyman ascended the pulpit, and took for his text Colossians iii., 24—"He served the law of Christ." He said the collect for that Sunday spoke of the service of God, and in it they prayed that they might faithfully serve Him. They had an example of that service in St. Bartholomew, who was a type, although an Apostle, of unknown and unremembered service—and so both the Sunday and that feast reminded them of the service to which they were called as Christians. "He served the law of Christ," and the Apostle connected that service with every-day matters, and showed that in the faithful doing of their daily duties they were serving the law of Christ, and from Him these faithful ones shall receive the reward of a heavenly inheritance. The words were addressed to servants, and servants of the New Testament times were slaves, and very many of those slaves received the Gospel of Christ and became Christ's freemen, though they remained faithful and devoted to their duties, and were lifted up above the bitterness even of slavery. The Gospel knew nothing of social distinctions. All could gain His smile, whether bound or free, whether master or servant. "He served the law of Christ" was a good motto for all Christians. They had not to please themselves, but to serve Christ in the station in which they were placed—in the performance of every-day duties, which tried and tested their patience. "The trivial round, the common task, will furnish all we have to ask." The Gospel just read said the greatest was he who served. The Gospel of the present day was to get, to accumulate wealth, to command the service of others. The Holy Gospel taught very differently. Their Lord came, not to get but to give, not to be served but to serve. He gave the greatest and best gift—His life, as a ransom for many. The Apostles were unable to learn the lesson; they disputed amongst themselves, and said, Who shall be the greatest? And Jesus placed among them a little child, saying they must be as that little one to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." The lesson was hard, and the Gospel abounded in hard sayings, and it was much easier to leave its precepts undone. That day they commemorated St. Bartholomew, a type of a disciple they knew little of; and so it was with many now-a-days—not remembered here, but living before God's throne.

The announcement was made of morning prayers Wednesday and Friday. There were indications that the doctrine at Sevenhampton is rather "high," but the Vicar certainly gives bright and enjoyable Sunday services. The congregation was far from a full one, and the parishioners of the village and of the neighbouring hamlet of Brockhampton apparently do not realise what they miss by absenting themselves.

CHURCHMAN.



Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, who has just been promoted to the rank of general, is only fifty-seven years of age, so that in ordinary circumstances he would have ten years before him in the higher rank. His future depends, of course, largely on his obtaining employment. As yet there is no talk of his re-employment, great as his merits are. The truth is, it is difficult to provide for an officer of his seniority. His case is one which exemplifies the dangers of too rapid promotion.

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**The Dangers of Present Day Living.**

By LADY JEUNE

(Author of "Lesser Questions," Etc.)

Every age and epoch in the history of the world, and of nations, has had its own distinctive characteristics, the result, if not the cause, of the changing conditions which time works with unfailing certainty in its career. We are, however, only able to judge of the days in which we live; to endeavour to account for the changes, the improvements, and the dangers under which our country develops; and to discover, with some measure of certainty, the influences and causes which causes were more obscure, and worked is more easy to generalise in these days, when the conditions vary widely and rapidly, than when causes were more obscure, and worked more slowly; but in the history of every community there have been times of great changes, affecting its political and social life which have baffled the greatest historians and philosophers as to their cause and effect. In former times, the progress of social evolution was so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and the even tenour of life was undisturbed by any cause more important than those which from time to time must affect every community, however primitive and simple. It stagnation was not the distinctive quality of life, a colourless atmosphere surrounded it, and people lived and died without even dreaming of the wild pulsations which are an every day occurrence in our stirring times. The lives of our grandfathers and grandmothers would seem to us insupportably monotonous. The hunting, drinking, and coarse amusements of the men stand out in strong contrast to the dull, quiet lives of the women, and the domestic cares which absorbed their time and attention; and yet they seem to have had no uneasy desire to add any excitement or variety into what to us appears an existence of intolerable monotony.

**HOW WE STAND.**

The history of the last fifty years, with its marvellous scientific discoveries, is more wonderful than any fairy tale, and if we are only on the threshold of still greater discoveries and revolutions than those which the last half of the past century has witnessed, we can hardly dare to picture what the next fifty years will bring forth. There is no one left now who would deny that on the whole the great changes which have come have been for the better. The world is more enlightened, better educated, the standard of comfort is higher; the lives of the poor are easier; there is a greater sense of the brotherhood of humanity; and the great wealth of the world has given birth to the consciousness of its responsibilities, and has elevated the lives and ideals of its possessors. But side by side with the great riches and prosperity around us are the dark contrasts of poverty and sin, which constitute the overwhelming problem of existence—a problem we are no nearer solving than when the Great Preacher preached His sermon on that ever absorbing subject, on the Mount. All the wisdom and knowledge of ages, the passionate desire to redress the inequalities of life, and the efforts of philosophers, politicians, and philanthropists to adjust the balance have left matters as they have been ever since the formation of a recognised state of society. The problem remains unsolved, and so the evil will continue so long as human nature and life, as we understand it, run side by side. Modern civilisation, with its wonderful developments, has forced a situation upon us which we cannot fail to recognise, nor can we shut our eyes to its existence, and the greater sharpness of the contrast meets us at every turn.

It is not, however, true that the temptations and problems of life are the monopoly of a class, for in their own way the difficulties of existence press as hardly on one as another. They are of a different complexion and nature—in the one more sordid, but in the other none the less pernicious. The daily struggle for bread is not the most degrading anxiety



that affects us; there are many other causes, attractive and apparently harmless, that are as baneful in their results, and the influences of to-day are of a nature which specially tend to lower the standard of life, and invest it with a false and unreal conception of what constitutes happiness and contentment. A life of simple, easy contentment is unknown to the mass of mankind, and everyone is possessed of a spirit of emulation and discontent, which finds utterance in the endless struggle among all classes to emulate the example, and copy the life of the one above it.

DEMORALISATION BY LUXURY AND AMUSEMENT.

The two dangers of modern life are the great luxury which seems to be an absolute necessity to the well-to-do classes; and the exaggeration, or absence of any sense of proportion, with regard to our work, our amusement or indeed in any matter that affects us. The luxury of to-day is a fact so patent that no one can dispute its being a serious blot on our social system. The possibility of adapting one's income to one's expenditure appears to be a lost art, and each class endeavours to live up to the ease, elegance, and display of the one above it. Even servants emulate their employers in their elegance in dress, and the factory girl pays her tribute to the prevailing fashions in her large hat and feathers, on which a large portion of her weekly earnings are spent. The luxury of dress is only equalled by that which prevails in every establishment, where more servants, choicer wines, a costlier cuisine, and a larger number of horses and carriages are indispensable to anyone who aspires to a position in society. The greater comfort and ease which is exacted inflicts our servants, and they work less, and expect more assistance, and it would be considered derogatory to their dignity if they were expected to do the same work which fifty years ago would have been expected of them even in well-appointed houses. The example set them by their masters is not a high one, and they, seeing extravagance and indulgence on every side, lose their sense of responsibility to their employers, and emulate their example as much as they can. It is not perhaps that the actually, apparently lavish, expenditure of to-day is greater in proportion than formerly, for many of the necessities of life and dress have cheapened; the increased amount of the superfluities of life but gives the tone of lavishness which characterises it; it is the *luxu* in flowers, in decorations, in the small wants of every day, in the quantity that we require, and the variety of what, in most cases, are things we could perfectly well dispense with, that the great extravagance of to-day consists. And the ball, once set rolling, goes on, getting greater impetus in its flight, and the wants of to-day are succeeded by the wants of to-morrow—a never-ending catalogue which grows and grows.

There is no visible check to it that one can see. The war, we were told, was to cure it, and that we should come through that ordeal wiser and more careful, and less extravagant. But the war is over, and we are just where we were—no better, perhaps a little worse.

The problem becomes increasingly interesting, because in so many cases when incomes are stationary, and expenditure increases, the means of paying for the necessary things of life will have to be found, or there will be a widespread breakdown of the financial system under which thousands of people are now living. Personal experience teaches us that taxes must be met, tradesmen must be paid, and the most long-suffering tailor and milliner cannot afford to exist without something "on account," and how is it to be done, who is to pay the piper? In fact it is not a problem to be easily solved; it is being slowly worked out, and is a question of the deepest interest. No explanations that are forthcoming are satisfactory, but the multifarious developments which are the striking feature of our day must throw some light before long on this hitherto obscure question.

EXAGGERATIONS OF MODERN LIFE.  
The exaggerations of modern life leaves one with a sense of fatigue; everything is out of proportion, and we seem unable to look at

any question from a calm and unprejudiced point of view. We are either in a state of high excitement over some absolutely trivial matter, or we view some of the most serious and complex questions with apparently absolute indifference. The high pressure at which we live gives no time for reflection, nor does it allow us to cultivate the faculties which would enable us to discriminate as to the relative importance of the various questions which affect us as a community, or as individuals. The Press has carefully ministered to the state of hysterics in which we so constantly find ourselves, and of which, after the fit is over, we are ashamed.

No sense of physical or mental fatigue appears to exist to check the exaggerations of life, and as far as human fancy can prophesy, there is no sign of anything which is to restore us to a calmer and more rational condition. The malady of the time is the outcome of our nervous existence, which wears away all power and strength, and leaves us prostrate. The hurry and bustle destroys rest, digestion, and real enjoyment, and every medical man of any position bears eloquent testimony to the way in which modern life is destroying the nervous system of the community, and undermining its health and vitality.

The facilities for communication bring everyone into touch with the centres of life, and this restlessness spreads like a great wave to the distant parts of the country; and on a lesser scale, the same conditions of life exist in places which fifty years ago were far out of the way of towns, or were hamlets buried in the calm and beautiful moors and valleys of Merrie England.

LIFE A RACE—NOT A PLEASURE.

Life in London and the large centres of life in England has ceased to be a pleasure—it is a wild, exciting race after promotion, pleasure, wealth, and all that tends to lower the standard of what one's existence should be. To everyone the pleasure and enjoyment of the moment is the object of life, and not to enjoy it in a natural and legitimate course, but in an unceasing attempt to live up to the standard of those richer and more ambitious than the class below. The spirit of contentment, the pride of birth, has gone, in an uneasy struggle to be one of the huge crowd that has but few aims save that of enjoyment and pleasure, and the dignified life and career of our ancestors is now looked on as an old-fashioned and impossible, and shuddered at as humdrum and monotonous.

The sense of responsibility and its example which manifested itself at the beginning of the time in which we live, and which promised to become the breakwater against which the follies and weaknesses which resulted from the growth of wealth, and the luxury which it developed, would beat themselves, and expend their strength, seems to have disappeared, or to have grown weaker in the unequal struggle, and the safeguards they afforded have become proportionately less. It would be quite untrue to maintain that a deep sense of duty does not animate a great proportion of the community, an earnest spirit of helpfulness and sympathy is a distinctive feature of to-day. These emotions, however, are ephemeral, and superficial, and the rapidity and excitement of to-day allows them no scope or chance of developing, and in that one fact lies the danger of our modern life. There is no time for reflection, no leisure for repose, or for self-examination, and no conception of the real importance of the problems of life. There can be no idealism, no real religious spirit, while life is one ceaseless whirl of excitement, and while time is not long enough for the pleasures with which we overload it. The stronger side of character, the deeper emotions, must be blunted and dwarfed, when they are starved of the influences which all human nature craves for, and without which it cannot develop or improve. The decay of religious belief has tended to harden and materialise every impulse, while the impossibility of finding time for reflection, or consideration of the higher duties and aims of life, increases day by day.

THE LESSONS OF THE WAR ON SOCIETY.

The effect of the late war on our national



Photo by W. A. Walton, Gloucester.

The "real" Painswick Hill Coronation Bonfire which was burnt on August 9, 1902.



character is an instance of how little impression the greater events of life make on us. How little evidence is there of the struggle through which we have passed. There are empty homes and desolate hearths, and there are wounds which can never heal, but on the country, and the community at large, the impressions it has left are fast disappearing. We have not become less luxurious, more economical, more serious, more earnest than before. The cloud has passed, the sunshine has burst forth again, and we have forgotten the days of storm and stress, the hours when we were passing through a bitter and terrible ordeal. The war did not last long enough, was not severe enough, to call forth any great national sacrifice. Our riches are too great, or life is too busy for it to leave any really permanent effect on our national character. The transition from the feelings of patriotism which is called forth to the deep anxiety and dangers of its opening scenes was too rapid, too instantaneous, and the demand on our endurance and fortitude was not great enough to alter our mode of life. Some greater cataclysm, some prolonged effort could alone steady our national character, and bring the realities of life into better focus and proportion. The Napoleonic wars acted on us as a moral stimulus, and we could well stand a harder strain than even they proved on the resources and the patriotism of the English people.

Like the hurry and bustle of to-day, the impressions left on us are only fleeting, and there is no time to apply the lessons they teach. If our modern existence ever balances itself, and a period for reflection and repose returns, we may again find self-restraint and dignity; but we shall search for it in vain in the influences and events of to-day.

M. JEUNE.

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With the death of Sir Henry Davies, K.C.S.I., who expired at his Welsh residence in his seventy-eighth year, a distinguished member of the Indian Civil Service passes away, who, in his time, helped largely to consolidate our influence in the North-West provinces. His father, Sir David Davies, physician to William IV., had him educated at the Charterhouse, and in 1844 he went out to India, where he very soon gained for himself a high position. For six years after 1871 he acted as Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and afterwards, from 1885 to 1895, he was a member of the India Council. For his services, Queen Victoria honoured him with a Knight Commandership of the Star of India and the Companionship of the Indian Empire.



## Nature-Study: Its Aids and Aims.

By JOSEPH MERRIN.

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In the hope of more readily opening the eyes and the minds of the young to the wonders, beauties, and teachings of the natural world, and to look with care and attention at the life surrounding them, an important step has been taken in the opening under the highest patronage of a "Nature-Study Exhibition" in the gardens of the Royal Botanical Society. As this movement is likely to bear important fruit, a glance at its bearings on our educational system can scarcely fail to interest us. France some time since led the way in this object by the wide circulation of Paul Bert's "First Year of Scientific Knowledge" (London: Relfe Brothers, Charterhouse Buildings), in which science is profusely illustrated, and brought down to the capacity of the young, by which school life is brightened, and the power for thought and discovery developed.

It is nothing in disparagement of nature-study being included in the curriculum of elementary, and even secondary education, to recall the fact that the eminent Swiss educationist, Pestalozzi, really first inaugurated it in the system of object lessons in the open, which he so successfully carried out. Though scorned as a visionary by those wedded to old systems, his love for the young induced him to take neglected children into his house, and afterwards to carry out a regular school reformation. Though unbusinesslike, and failing in many of the schools which he started in 1798 and in later years, owing to the explanatory works which he issued his system became widely adopted on the Continent, which then, as now, was more readily appreciated than in this country. The leading object of the system was to produce an independent and continual development of the mental powers by means of the instruction offered, in the most attractive forms, largely in the open air, amidst objects which it was desirable for children to gain a knowledge of. This is really the grand aim of the promoters of nature-study in our schools, the advocacy of which is now coming to the front, and it is gratifying to note that it is taken up in high quarters.

The giving of "object lessons" has for some years been recognised as a great aid to useful instruction in our schools. But the movement has not been universally followed, or, indeed, very successful in its results, owing, in some measure, to the scarcity of competent teachers, who have not been thoroughly grounded in the true art of teaching—educing, or educating the young mind to shape the knowledge it acquires into language, thus stamping it indelibly upon the memory; thus really carrying out the principle of the child becoming its own teacher, by being called upon to observe closely, and then by eliciting from the child, from its own observation and reflection, the knowledge it is desired to impart.

Roughly speaking, man may be said to have two things to do on this earth: to study, and to work, to elicit the full beauty of existence. Study directs work in both old and new channels. We may define study as the collection of ideas for work to carry out. Nature-study is one great source of man's advance. Without it he would have remained an undeveloped savage. With advancing civilization the field of nature-study expands. Under it man's horizon is widened, and his capabilities multiplied. Here becomes evident the importance of child-study, for children study more than we give them credit for. They see much which they cannot comprehend, cogitate as they will. They see and feel much that pleases, and much that displeases. Let the teacher bring a bright light in front of the enquiring child, and he may secure its interest and attention. As one thing is compared with another, the corrected dimensions of the object thought about is obtained. Children love nature-study above all things. Confine a child in the house or the schoolroom, and he mopes. Let him loose in the country, and he makes up a new being, with new panoramas passing before him, with new pleasingly puzzling problems challenging his solution. This nature-study throws open the windows of his soul; lets in the fresh breezes of

distant worlds, and gives him a telescope to aid his distant vision, and a microscope for enlargement and clearing of near objects. He is charmed with the variety around him. He revels in existence, and if encouraged in his endless investigations, and aided in fitting language in solving their mystery, he may grow up to shine among his fellows. The wonders, beauties, and teachings of the natural world gradually unfold themselves to his ever-searching vision. When a new idea is developed it is often the parent of a number of others. Discovery after discovery is made, each aiding the other.

The child in his helplessness pleads for aid, for counsel, for kindness, for love. If these are judiciously administered, gratitude is born, sympathy is roused, hope is built up, and promise shines on the expanding soul. What happens if the child is left to his own devices, if little or no attention is paid to his enquiring eyes, to his listening ears, to his growing wants for something to do or to play with? He becomes dull, and does little more than sleep, if his physical wants are supplied. If they are imperfectly attended to he may grow up listless, diseased, a cripple, or, under the temptations aroused, a criminal. By being alive to the evils which may result from error of judgment or neglect, we may be able to avoid them. Our growth in excellence and efficiency is very much a matter of self-teaching which has received its first impetus from judicious instructors and favourable surroundings. As we get older we are liable to become crystallized in our convictions and prejudices, unless we are careful to preserve an open mind. Our hope must always be in the young. Many a well-intentioned nature is thrown back upon itself by parental coldness, and indifference is developed, which may harden into selfishness or worse. While on the alert for promise of excellence, it is our duty not to pass over those who have already suffered from neglect, but to endeavour to remedy this by extra attention. This business of self-teaching can be largely facilitated by close observation, thought, and labour. By a pleasing manner, and without undue preaching, we may encourage the young to persevere in what is worthy of perseverance.

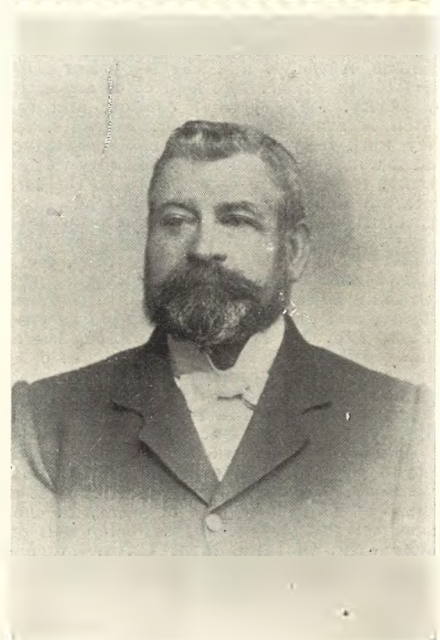
Nature-study may be largely promoted by the teacher reminding his charges of the great life-work carried out by many eminent men, notably by Linnæus, whose wonderful genius for classification enabled him to arrange thousands of unclassified forms of life, so that their continuity and functions could be placed before the student in such orderly and beautiful sequence that most of his systems of arrangement have been accepted by the scientific world to this day, and probably as long as natural history is studied by man. It is true he could not have achieved this gigantic work if he had not been supplied with specimens by collecting students almost all over the world. The study of Linnæus's great work is indeed a nature-study in itself, and, rightly considered, furnishes a brilliant incentive to all future students to closely observe and soundly reason from structure and habitat, to indicate the life of innumerable species in the natural world. The lives of many other writers and natural history observers furnish themes of study yielding interest and delight.

But besides study and thought, much may be done in shaping character by work. Indeed, most children, if healthy and encouraged, love nothing better than work, provided that it is not in the shape of a task, and that it enables them to achieve something deserving of approval. By study and work, as much as possible in the open, the eyes of the young may be trained to observe hundreds of operations going on in nature which the superficial and unobservant altogether miss.

Before much can be done for the child in regard to nature-study, steps must be taken to train efficient teachers. The Board of Education must become more open-minded in its dictation of the code. Some of the old requirements must be dropped, and nature-study, rather than parrot repetition, encouraged as far as possible. Most of our elementary school teachers have been crammed with college routine, while the exigencies of modern life have been largely ignored. Examination tests need severe overhauling and modification to meet the new requirements of our time. We shall do well, therefore, to welcome the advent of nature-study as a step forward in

the development of character and increased interest in life. The essentials of teaching must be recognised as the cheerful awakening of young minds to teach themselves by closely observing what is happening around them, and developing the memory to retain all that is worthy of retention. It is pleasing to note that Cheltenham has awakened to the value of nature-study, and has in the Ladies' College found striking means of encouraging it in directions likely to prove worthy of wide imitation.

A taste for the reading and study of our standard and generally-approved literature should be encouraged to the utmost for the valuable store of knowledge thereby attainable, and as the best defence against wasting idleness or degrading pursuits. While thought should be thus developed, the nobility of truthfulness and feeling and sympathy for suffering should be continually inculcated. A good foundation for a sound Christian character may by this means be most safely assured. The competent teacher can easily find subjects to work upon, and it is hoped that those in authority will strengthen the teaching staffs of our country in the directions indicated, in the assurance that the general level of education will thereby be raised, and the higher position assured to the teacher to which he and she are entitled, in consideration of the important work they are engaged in, and the great influence it must exercise in the moulding of national character.



**Mr. Thomas Hawkins Perkins,**

Secretary of Gloucester Conservative Club,  
Formerly Lieutenant and Quarter-Master of the Royal  
Monmouthshire Engineers (Militia).



It was notified in Tuesday night's "London Gazette" that the King has been graciously pleased to give orders for the appointment of Capt. Jean Eugene Samuel Forestier, of the 3rd Regiment of the French Colonial Infantry, to be an Honorary Companion of the Distinguished Service Order, in recognition of his services during the combined operations undertaken by the British and French troops on the Gambia in 1901.

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