

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC



No. 88.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1902

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

Last Two Performances To-day at 2.30 & 7.45

OF THE  
"DANDY DOCTOR."

Times and Prices as usual.

Next Week—Return Visit of "FLORODORA"

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

The surprise visit paid by the King to the Isle of Arran on his voyage round the coast and his acceptance thereof the hospitality of Mary Louise Duchess of Hamilton and her husband, Mr. Carnaby Forster, and his Majesty's indulgence with the latter in a brief spell of stag-shooting, lead me to rain hope that the King may in the near future visit his hosts at their residence near the borders of Gloucestershire, and hunt with the Ledbury Hounds, of which Mr. Forster is master. So far as I know—and my memory goes back a good time—Royalty has never favoured his pack with their presence, but the King, before he ascended the throne, had several days' hunting in this county with the Duke of Beaufort's, Lord Fitzhardinge's, and the Vale of White Horse Hounds. We are certainly waiting anxiously to hear if his Majesty is coming into Gloucestershire to pay that visit Batsford Park, which for some reason or other was abandoned last autumn. The pheasant-shooting is now within measurable distance again, and I am sure that Lord Redesdale would have plenty of the long-tails to put up before the King for his Majesty to soon bring down.

I have frequently favoured the idea of placing permanent memorials to our fallen heroes in their native places, and that the churches are decidedly the most suitable buildings in which to put them. Tablets, I know, have already been erected in some churches. I am glad to see by a letter from Lord Elcho that a movement is afoot in the Winchcombe district to erect in the church of each parish a simple commemorative tablet, giving the name of the soldier or sailor, with the date and manner of his death. The Lord Bishop of Gloucester has given the movement his support, and the Chancellor of the Diocese has done all in his power to make the granting of the necessary minor faculties as little onerous as possible to the funds now being raised. It is well that this question of faculties has been foreseen and settled, for in the recent past some incumbents have found to their cost that it was incumbent upon them to have obtained a faculty before putting up or removing at their own sweet will certain things in their churches.



A NATURAL CURIOSITY.

Gorse root like a King Charles spaniel. The eyes only are added. Original (probably two or three hundred years old) may be seen at Stibbs's Saloon, North-street, Cheltenham.

Although it has been a case of "murder will out" in the Saddlewood tragedy down Badminton way, I very much fear that the motive which induced William Wright Williams to treacherously shoot his companion, John Dudley Scott, when out together cycling will remain a mystery. Certainly the inquests on the murdered gentleman and the suicide, by reason of their restricted character, did nothing to unravel it. The case was sensational, and, coming as it did in the dull season, the Press of the country were able to make, and did make, the most of it. It was left to one London journal to make the remarkable discovery that the crime was perpetrated on or near the scene of a "witch's curse." I think the smart and expeditious way in which the "Echo" reported the true facts at the inquest on Mr. Dudley Scott deserves to be placed on record. Their reporters decidedly carried the day from among the twenty-five present. Although the enquiry took place in an isolated district, some 30 miles away from the "Echo's" base of operations, commencing at 3.30 p.m. and lasting an hour, the full purport of the evidence and verdict was published in that paper's 6.10 p.m. edition. It was the convenient cycle and then the telephone after a seven mile ride that enabled the "Echo" to take the lead, as it very often does, among its contemporaries. Good old up-to-date "Echo."

Cheltenham is keeping up its reputation as the "garden town," and turning to ad-

vantage, by auction competitions, the fruits of the earth that abound in and near the town. Already Gloucester, which started the auction sales of fruit and vegetables, somewhat feels the effect of the leaf which its near neighbour took from its book. I confess I should like to see the more satisfactory prices to the sellers reflected in the retailers' shops. For instance, I cannot reconcile the 5d. or 6d. per lb. for greengages with the 2½d., the highest figure they fetch at the auctions. The full benefit has evidently not yet reached the consumer. Still, I hope the step in the right direction of this public market for fruits will be followed by the establishment, say somewhere in the neighbourhood of Lower High-street, of a jam manufactory. The quantity of fruit that is to be bought cheap, and the abundance of female labour in the town, and its contiguity to Gloucester, the great importing place of sugar, are desiderata favourable to the success, I think, of such a venture in Cheltenham.

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A Stroud man is said to be the introducer of an original side show at a recent church bazaar in the Black Country, and I give the idea for the benefit of those whom it may concern in organising "pious swindles" or other means of extracting money from the pockets of people willing to be bled. In bold letters over a miniature theatre was the announcement: "The Handsomest Woman in Dudley. Admission 2d. Ladies only admitted." On entering each lady passed along a narrow passage, at the end of which she was confronted with a large mirror. On leaving each was requested "not to give the show away," and, judging by the constant rush for admittance, they evidently kept their word, each no doubt believing that she really was the Dudley Venus.

GLEANER.

### AMBULANCE MEN IN THE WAR. DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS.

The South African war medals gained by members of the Birmingham City Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade were distributed on Saturday at Highbury by Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain. The men were afterwards addressed by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., who referred to the libels that had been circulated as to inhumanity on the part of British soldiers during the war, and said that there never had been a more sincere desire to reduce the evils of warfare of a minimum; never before had greater consideration been shown by a conquering army to its defeated opponents.

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### WAR OFFICE AIRSHIP.

A shed is being built at the Alexandra Palace, at a cost of £400, to provide room for the construction of Dr. Barton's airship for the War Office. The trial flights will be made from the palace grounds.



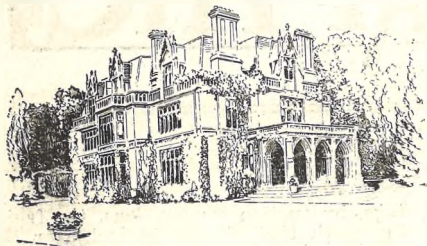
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## The Homes and Haunts of Famous Authors.

IX.—TENNYSON.

By CANON RAWNSLEY, M.A.

(Author of "Memories of the Tennysons," &c.).



Of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, as of Wordsworth, it might be truly said, "Fair seedtime had his soul. For simple loveliness and rural peace there are few villages on the skirts of the Lincolnshire wolds that can be compared to the little hamlet of Somersby, where on the 6th of August, 1809, Dr. Tennyson's fourth son, the Poet Laureate, was born. August 5th is the date generally given, but I had it from the Laureate himself that he was not born till after midnight.

It is not a very easy place to get at, this Somersby home, but one can reach it either from Horncastle after a drive of six miles to the south-eastward, or from the little town of Spilsby, going by Hundley and Sause-thorpe and Harrington, after a drive of four miles through rolling grass country where soft wooded hills rise from the broad sheep-covered valleys, and where the stream which comes down from Somersby flows down Halton and the Boston deeps at Wainfleet. As one nears Somersby the wolds seem to lift up on the right hand, and the sheep walk up the windy wold, and the quarries trenched along the hill and haunted by the wrangling daw are in evidence. Far off villages with their whirling windmills are seen, and one remembers how at the little red-roofed town of Spilsby one has left behind, there grew up the Arctic navigator, Sir John Franklin, whose niece afterwards became the Laureate's wife. His is not the only memory of men who have helped England that haunted the scene, for there on the hillside to the east lies Langton, and Stephen Langton's descendants are said to have given their name to the home where still the family name is found.

### HARRINGTON HALL.

As one moves along the road with its wide borders of turf and its many ash trees towards Somersby, one is struck by the beauty of the thatched cottages and their garden plots. Suddenly the road bends to the right, and one sees a picturesque Elizabethan hall, with its fine terraced garden, backed by a clamorous rookery. This is Harrington Hall. In the little church a crusader lies cross-legged, and there is an old-world feeling about the place which must have touched the young poet's heart long years before he heard the birds in the high Hall garden calling

"Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,  
When twilight was falling."

Again the road takes a turn to the left, and we pass through the swampy copses filled with tussack grass with their strange clumped growths, and so win entrance to the long straight that leads us to Bag-Enderby. No one who has passed along that road will forget the beauty of the wych-elm on either side, nor the "laburnums dropping wells of fire" that are found in the hedgerows. Nor will anybody who passes Bag-Enderby forget the beauty of the great elm tree upon whose drooping arms generations of children have

swung, that stands on the little village green. The church down the lane there is one of the two churches which were served by Tennyson's father, "th' owd doctor," as they called him, and had we visited that church and climbed its towers in the days of long ago we should have met the Tennyson boys there. The owl that "warms his five wits" to-day in that tower is the descendant probably of those the poet put off from their nest or watched as he sat and hissed and blinked upon the belfry rafter.

### THE TENNYSON FAMILY.

The old folk who remember the Tennyson boys have now all passed away. Had we been here a few weeks ago we might have talked with the veterans of Bag-Enderby, and they would have told us what a "howdacious boy Mr. Halfred was," and "what a boy for study he was; never without a book in his hand," and "what a scholar the old gentleman was," and "what a smoker he was," and "how he would never go to church without a bit of baccy in his mouth," and how he "drilled his boys and taught them his high larning, and was the greatest scholar that ever was in that part of Lincolnshire, and knewed everything that could be knowed, and a deal more too." And if we had asked these old men and old women about the poet's mother, they would have told us that "she was the gentlest, kindest lady that ever lived, but ter'ibly afflicted in them days, poor thing! and moastly went about in a wheeled chair, drawn by a dog as big as a donkey amoaist. The kindest woman as ever stepped, and no pride about her, and no pride about him, and no pride about the children either, just one of themselves."

And so passing Bag-Enderby with memories of the Tennyson family whose life seemed to have been part of the village life, and whose kindness was remembered years after they left Lincolnshire, we come after a short half-mile to Somersby itself. There on the right stands the little church where Alfred was baptised. No hands of reform have touched the churchyard cross with its pieta at the head. The snowdrops are white on the graves and the violets will soon be coming, and as one stands by the unsightly iron railings that surround the father's grave one remembers how those Lincolnshire violets that abound hereabout were dear to the poet's mind. Just past the church is a quaint embattled building, said to have been the home of the original of the Lincolnshire farmer, old Baumber. One must take that *cum grano salis*; many Lincolnshire farmers went to the making of the portrait Tennyson drew; and just on beyond it and on the same side of the road is the quaint little half cottage, half hall, the manor house of old time, the rectory of Tennyson's time, where the poet was born. "The poplars four, which stood beside his father's door," have long since fallen, but there high up at the northern end is the little attic window of the room which was the dear delight of Alfred, and his elder brother Charles, their top room and study in one, and here at the southern end are the quaint Gothic windows, and the tiled roof of the dining-room, of which the old doctor was his own architect and sculptor. Inside, one may still see the quaint carved mantelpiece, outside the "Hadams" and "Heves," which the doctor's chisel hewed from the living stone, for Dr. Tennyson was by nature a builder, and fortunately for himself had a manservant named "Horlins," who was fond of bricks and mortar also, and between them the little house became a larger house, fit for the upbringing of an ever-increasing family.

### EARLY SURROUNDINGS.

But the interest of Somersby lies really in the lawn and the garden, that hedged on one side by a grove of hazel nuts and fenced on the other by a rosy-red wall, where apricots ripened and plums became sweet as honey stretches down to the grey meadow where the famous brook that Tennyson knew wandered towards the sea. Nobody who has read Tennyson's "Ode to Memory," and stood by that brook but must feel how unerringly he describes it as it swerves from right to left

and draws into its urn the filtered tribute of the rough woodland; the cressy islets white with flower are here, and here the dimpling and there the shallows ribbed with sand, where the minnows play and flash from silver light to nothingness; and those of us who wish to see where the boy poet won his love for woodland wonder and faerie, must just take this brook for a guide, and pass the road, and so to that cheerful hollow behind the little house, where sandstone rocks are filled with strange writings of those who in the olden time came to the holy well for healing. One never enters Halliwell Wood without remembering how it was on one of these sandstone out-crops that Tennyson, when he heard that Byron had passed away, went, and with all the passionate regret of one who felt a power had passed away from earth, carved on these rocks the words, "Byron is dead."

The village itself is just as it was when Tennyson was a boy there. The same kind of ricks stand in the same comfortable farmyards, the same thatched cottages with their dormer windows in the thatch are surrounded by the same luxury of hollyhocks and sunflowers in the autumn tide, and roses and carnations bloom at Somersby as they scarcely bloom anywhere else. But it is the wild flower life of Somersby that is so enchanting, and Tennyson, who wrote that verse,

"Our father's dust is left alone  
And silent under other snows.  
There in due time the woodbine blows,  
The violet comes, but we are gone."

knew very well that the violets made sweet all the hedgerows in April, that the woodbine ran riot in the hedges in June, that wild roses danced by the wayside, and cowslips and the faint sweet cuckoo flower filled the fields

The sea is far off, fifteen miles away, but its sweet breath is felt even at Somersby, as you may know by looking at the golden lichens on the side of the barns and church towers that face the sea. Tennyson's haunt in his boyhood's time was not only the high-rigged wold above the village near Keal Hill, where he often went to gaze on that mighty fenland plain near beautiful Halton-by-the-Holegate that leads down to the marsh, though often he went thither also, for there his guardian, the rector of Halton, lived, and there he spent many a happy day. But every year the Tennysons went down to the sea coast, passing through miles of marsh, where the reeds whispered in the wind, and the cattle lowed in the pastures, and the mills whirled in the distance, and the "trenched waters ran from sky to sky."

### SEASIDE ASSOCIATIONS.

The part of the shore he knew best as a boy was Skegness and the coast as far as Gibraltar Point. Mablethorp he knew also, and this especially at the time when he was a schoolboy at Louth. Nobody who has studied Lord Tennyson's poems, and has visited the Lincolnshire coast at Skegness or Mablethorp, but will see how much of the scene of that wonderful landscape, as viewed from the rushy rampire of the sea, entered into his being. The sea there at this part of the coast at low tide recedes nearly a mile, leaving behind it the most beautiful stretches of sand and gleaming shallows and shelly beaches. It comes in with strange rapidity, and with the wonderful sound of long lines of breakers flung lead-heavy on the shore, and as we walk these sandy flats "marbled by moon and cloud"

"that hears all night

The plunging seas draw backward from the land  
Their moonled waters white,"

one feels one is in the land of dream and mystery which must have touched the poet deeply.

Quaint stories are still preserved of the way in which the young boy revelled in the wonders of the scenery; walking bare-headed without his coat long midnight walks charmed by the charm of the sea to restless wandering; how he made friends with the fisher folk; how he gathered those shells "frail, but a thing divine," and wondered at the passive jelly fish with their rainbow



colours fading away beneath the noontide sun. The Lincolnshire coast gave him great gifts, and he repaid the gifts by song.

Of his other homes, Faringford and Aldworth, it may be said that they had something of the old Lincolnshire beauty about them. The sound of the sea and the noble down were his at Faringford, and the great stretch of fair Sussex melting into blue, that one grey glimpse of sea, must have always recalled to his mind that wonderful view from Keal Hill, where beyond the miles of gleaming fen and blue-green marsh he saw the grey sickle of the Boston deeps.

To Faringford, in the Isle of Wight, Tennyson went in 1853. He describes the coast and the little bay near his house in the opening lines of "Enoch Arden,"

"Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm,  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands."

Could Freshwater Bay be more tersely or more correctly described? But he sadly missed at Faringford the rosy tiles and comfortable thatch of the Lincolnshire cottages. Speaking of Freshwater he says,

"Yonder lies our young sea village,  
Art and Grace are less and less;  
Science grows and Beauty dwindles,  
Roofs of slated hideousness."

FARINGFORD.

The house itself at Faringford is swathed with ivy and clematis and magnolia; so green it is you might almost miss it at the end of the garden glade, but when you are near it you are aware that in the midst of the greenery there are projected two rooms with fine oriel windows from the rest of the body of the house, and you may know that that upper room was the workshop of the poet. As for the garden itself what strikes one is the absence of flower life and the beauty of tree life. Cedars cast their shadow on the lawn, and you are led over mossy paths hushed and quiet into woodland retreats where even the sun dare scarcely shine, and where even the birds are hushed. Thence by a wicket gate one passes on to the down, and one realises how true was that picture that the poet drew when he invited Maurice to come and see him,

"Where, far from noise and smoke of town,  
I watch the twilight falling brown  
All round a careless-order'd garden  
Close to the ridge of a noble down."

To that down on almost every evening when twilight fell the poet went forth to hear the great sea fall as he stood at the beacon height to watch the lights of the Solent flash and shine and to commune with the stars. But it is not to be thought that Tennyson did not delight in a garden of flowers. One side of the house there might be put cloistral groves and mossy lanes and cedared shade, on the other side of the house in the direction of the home farm, whose roofs he always insisted should be thatched, I suppose in memory of Lincolnshire days, there lay the kitchen garden part, of whose delight for the poet were the long lines of standard roses and Madonna lilies and the hollyhocks and the sunflowers and the sweet briar, and the lavender bushes of old-fashioned English horticulture. It was at Faringford he went to be separate from the world to work at his high calling in simplicity and quietude; but he could not be hid, and many were the stories he used to tell of the way in which people pushed themselves into his presence, invaded his garden, watched for him at the roadway corners, determined, if possible, to have glimpses of him. An American lady met him on his lawn and said, thinking he was the gardener I suppose, "Could you tell me where Mr. Tennyson is?" He said, "I saw him half an hour ago down there." And she scuttled off like a thing possessed. "It was quite true you know," the poet said, with a grim smile, "I had been down there half an hour before."

ALDWORTH, HASLEMERE.

To Aldworth, where the poet died, he went in 1869. He selected that spot beneath the ridge of a noble down, because of its grand

view across green Sussex fading into blue, and because of its retirement. No noisy village was near it; to reach it from Haslemere one must go through the deep winding lanes that seldom hear the feet of horses, and as one stands among the heather above the house there rings up in one's ears the description that the poet wrote of the Lincolnshire plain from Keal:—

"Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers  
And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main."

I think that Lincolnshire haunted him to the end. The house itself at Aldworth was designed by Mr. Knowles, the editor of the "Nineteenth Century." Mr. Knowles may have had the Abbey ruins in Sir Walter Vivian's Park in mind,

"High-arched and ivy-claspt  
Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire."

A large porch of five pointed arches gives a certain nobility to the entrance, and in the tiles of the hall is set a Welsh motto, "The truth against the world." In the west corner of the second storey the two large windows looking over the pine grove and embracing that beautiful view that Gen. Hamley was so fond of, was set the poet's study. But there is an absence of poetry about the house; one feels that it was much more fitted for a new-made millionaire than for a laureate lord of song, and indeed it is not till one has forgotten the house and its somewhat pretentious aspect in the exceeding beauty of the garden grounds or the delight in the walk upon the moor above the house that one can be reconciled to the thought that this was the poet's last home. Here he died, and hence in the gathering twilight of a glorious autumn day a very simple village lurry, entirely over-woven with moss and laurel, bore the remains of the poet in a simple coffin towards Haslemere and the train for Westminster. Nothing could have been more picturesque or solemn, or more fitted for the Home-going of a bard, than that simple carrying of the poet's body from the Aldworth door. The stars had already lit their lamps above and the lamps upon the coffin's wain shone out upon the darkened hedgerows as they passed. No words were spoken, only the heavy breathing of the horse and its solemn footsteps were heard, and the friends walked either side in quiet sorrow. They had come from the poet's last home, they were bearing him to his rest in Poet's Corner, and they left that last home, haunted by a memory which shall not fade as long as men read Tennyson.

[THE END.]

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Prize Photography.

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

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 86th competition is Mr. W. A. Lusty, of Montpellier-villas, Cheltenham, with his Weston series.

Entries for the 87th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Sept. 6th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

Curious Coronation Celebration.

RIPPLE REVELS.

There still survive in remote villages old customs which remind us of the picturesque past. Such is the Coronation of a village Queen for each reign. Such a ceremony has just taken place at Ripple, near Tewkesbury. On the Accession of Edward VII. the formal election was made by all the girls of the parish, and on the Coronation celebration the elected Queen was duly crowned, chaired, churched, and carried through the parish. We give a photo by Hill, of Upton, of the young Queen, Dorothy Steadman, on whom the choice of her companions fell—a pretty child of six. The duty of the rector was to supply her Majesty with a white silken gown and pink sash, and to crown her with a wreath of roses. All the parish, attended by the Upton band, assembled before the Rectory, where a company of guests from Tewkesbury, including the venerable Bishop Perowne and his family, were present to witness the Enthronement and Coronation of the little lady, whose calm dignity delighted all spectators. Her companions, under the direction of Mr. Houghton, the much beloved schoolmaster of Ripple, gave an exhibition of may-pole dancing, after which the National Anthem was sung by the whole parish; and after the Queen on her red-draped throne had been borne aloft by four sturdy young men of the village, the procession, headed by the rector and accompanied by the martial strains of the band, marched through the village, round the crops and stocks, and to the west door of the grand old church, one of the chief glories of the country side. Passing with difficulty through the crowded aisle, the Queen's chair was placed in front of the lectern while the service proceeded, at the conclusion of which the Bishop advanced from the Sacrament and gave the Blessing in tones of deep feeling. It was a sweet and solemn scene—a united parish worshipping God and honouring the King while maintaining the ancient customs of the place. After the service the village Queen was borne out of the church by her four stalwarts, and the procession, headed by "her Majesty," Canon Gell (the rector), and the band, paraded the village, amid the vociferous cheers of the villagers. The Queen crowned at the Accession of Queen Victoria (now an aged person, and, we suppose, the "Queen Dowager") is still alive, and occupies one of the church cottages belonging to the parish. It is well to keep in touch with the past, as we do by these quaint old customs; and this Ripple custom seems to be quite unique.



THE "QUEEN."



THE PRIZE PICTURES.===Cheltenham=by=the=Sea.

(WESTON-SUPER-MARE).



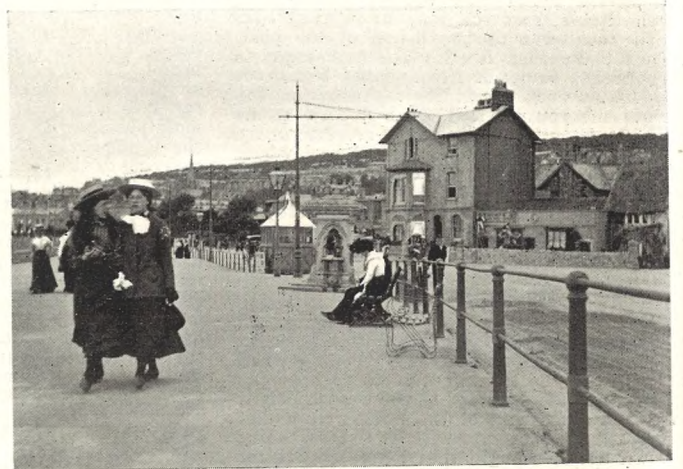
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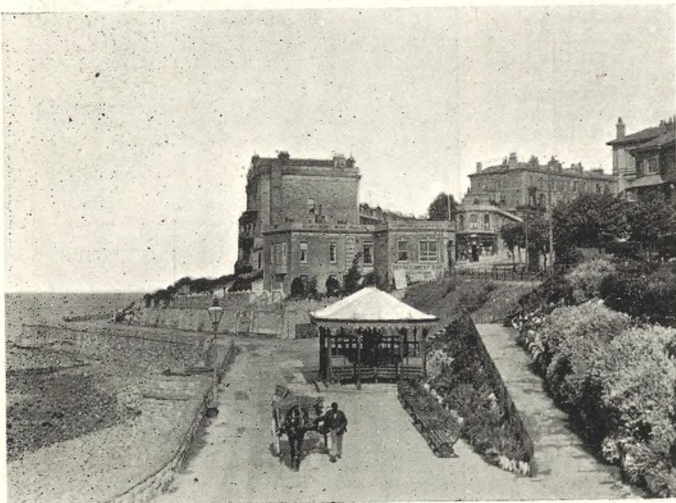
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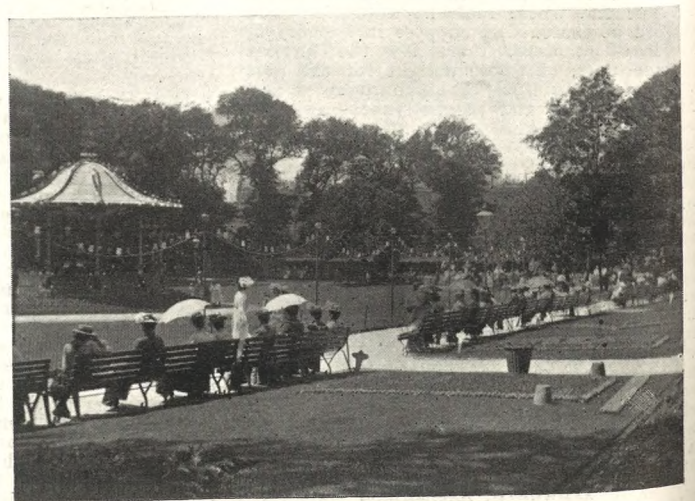
ENTRANCE TO PIER.



ESPLANADE.



MARINE PARADE,  
Photos by W. A. Lusty.



GROVE PARK.

Cheltenham.





**THE PRINCE'S NEW BICYCLE.**

The Prince of Wales has just been supplied with a new bicycle, and as it is practically to his Royal Highness's own specification, the details will probably prove interesting to many. It is a Beeston Humber light roadster, fitted with Dunlop tyres, gear 70in., with 7in. cranks, fully equipped with gear case, comfortable saddle, and back-peddalling band brake. The pedals are rubber and 4in. wide. The black enamel is relieved by two fine crimson lines, and pearl handles with solid silver ferrules are fitted. The cycle also bears the Prince of Wales's crest surmounting the Garter, which encircles the single initial "G." It is exceedingly pleasant to the cycling community at large to know that not only the King, but also his successors for two generations, are cyclists—the Prince of Wales a keen one and his two sons bidding fair to be no less ardent wheelmen than their sire. In fact, the British Royal Family are almost all cyclists.

**PUNCTURE REPAIRS MADE EASY.**

Puncture repairing is not the formidable operation it used to be, and its terrors will still further retire into the background as the result of a new patent repair patch which the Components, Ltd., have brought out. This, known as the "Liberty Ever Ready" repair patch, does away altogether with the repair outfit, no solution or chalk being required. All that is necessary is to clean the sulphur from the tube in the ordinary way, pull the specially prepared protecting paper from the face of the patch, and apply the patch over the puncture, using a fair amount of pressure with the fingers to enable it to adhere to the tube. The tube can be put in immediately and inflated to full pressure. After being a short time under pressure, the tube absorbs the moisture from the patch and makes a secure and permanent repair. The adhesive qualities of the patch are not impaired by keeping, and it can be carried loosely in the pocket, as one would a stamp, without losing in effectiveness. For a cut cover there is the "Liberty" repair band, which has simply to be put in position and the ends tucked under the edge of the cover before inflating. Should the tyre be small, it would probably be necessary to cut a portion of the length of the band to facilitate fixing. The repair band, including two repair patches, are sold at 6d. per box, and the repair patches, containing six in a packet, at 4d. per packet.

**PRINTS THAT STICK.**

A method advocated for removing squeezed prints that refuse to leave the ferrotype plate is to sponge the back of the dry prints with 40 per cent. formaldehyde (procureable from a chemist or photographic dealer) until the paper is well saturated. Leave for twenty-four hours, and then stand the prints with their backs towards a fire to become thoroughly warmed. They will then easily leave the plate.

**THE C.T.C. HOTEL SYSTEM.**

A communication has gone the rounds of the Press all over the kingdom to the effect that cyclists will be well advised if they eschew all connection with the Cyclists' Touring Club, because of the inability of that body to obtain for its members the benefits of the special and reduced hotel tariffs the official handbook justifies them in expecting. The communication is signed by a gentleman, who is a M.A. (Oxon) and a life member of the C.T.C. As the statements made are calculated to seriously injure the C.T.C., the secretary (Mr. E. R. Shipton) writes that he shall esteem it a favour if we will allow him to say that the published inferences and warnings are not justified by the facts, and that the gentleman referred to apologised in "The Queen" some months since for the publication of the damaging and groundless assertions he now repeats, and nothing has happened in the interval to justify his action. The Cyclists' Touring Club has never hesitated, and it will not hesitate, to enforce the contracts it enters into with hotel proprietors and others for the benefit of its members; but it has insisted, and it will continue to insist, upon the production of proof that any alleged overcharge has really taken place before it demands for the aggrieved member the redress to which he thinks he is entitled. This the receipted hotel bill at once supplies.

**THE BICYCLE AS CAPITAL.**

Bicycles in these days are so commonly used that the public may think they have discovered all the virtues of the machines. Machines, however, have an unsuspected potentiality for good. A large employer of labour stated the other day that if two men applied for work and other conditions were equal, his instructions were that the man who owned a bicycle should be chosen. That man, he said, is a capitalist. He has made an investment, and he has something to lose. Therefore special provision is made at the works for the accommodation of cycles. This is a hint (says a contemporary) that may prove useful to men in search of employment.

**A SEA-GOING MOTOR-CAR.**

It is stated that trials have just been made on the upper reaches of the Thames of Mons. Zimer's sea-going motor-car. It can develop a remarkable speed, and steers with great ease. It is a long, narrow craft, having projecting from its sides two floats or buoys, which render a capsize impossible and enable the craft to ride the waves smoothly. The motor is driven by petrol, and develops six horse power, and is fixed at the stem. The idea is to attempt to cross the Channel with the boat shortly.

**TEMPORARY RED LAMP.**

The cycle-photographer when on a tour occasionally finds himself in unexpected need of a temporary red lamp, and an easy method of meeting the difficulty is thus given:—Carry a sheet of ruby paper, and fold it to make two thicknesses or more, according to requirements. After well blocking up the bedroom window at night, open the front of the cycle lamp and put the paper at the back of the glass, well up against the hinge, and close it up. The paper should be larger than the lamp, and be so arranged as to obscure the white light from the vent holes.

**THE TOWN-DWELLERS' BOON.**

Eugen Sandow is a great believer in the bicycle as a means of recreation. Indeed, to the town-dweller in general, he says, there is but one sport which is within the reach of all, and that is the bicycle, which provides healthful exercise, and with it easy access to the country to practically everyone except the very poor. The universal appearance of the safety bicycle in the heart of great towns, in the far country, in the ever-growing suburb, is so extraordinary that one often wonders if there are any individuals of the human race who are not possessed of one. To stand by any of the great roads leading from London on a Sunday morning, which only a few years ago were almost deserted, save for an occasional pedestrian or dog-cart passing, and to witness the never-ending stream of cyclists, of all ages and conditions, brings one dimly to realise the inestimable benefits which the safety bicycle has brought with it. These cycle runs bring health and fitness, the steady head, and the clear eye to numberless fagged brain workers, denied of any other outdoor sport, reanimate with a life-giving blood and send it thrilling joyously through the veins.

**CARRYING THE CAMERA AWHEEL.**

The fault of many camera-carriers is that they fail to sufficiently absorb the vibration which is inseparable from travelling over bumpy roads, with the result that the apparatus suffers to some extent during a season's riding, to say nothing perhaps of the negatives presenting an undesirable crop of pinholes. The remedy, of course, is a carrier built upon springs, and the neatest device of this kind we have yet seen is the "Rex" camera-carrier, which is unquestionably one of the most valuable novelties of the season. It is as compact and light a carrier as the most fastidious could desire, and the spring coils are strong and apparently incapable of getting out of order. Easily fitted to the machine, and as easily detached, the "Rex" is just the carrier which cycle-photographers have long been waiting for, and it should appeal equally to the hand-camerist and the stand-camerist, both of whom can appreciate having their apparatus in safe keeping while on the bicycle. The Rex Patents, Ltd., of Clapham High-street, London, are the manufacturers of this ingenious and useful accessory.

**CHATTER BY THE WAYSIDE.**

Amongst recent applications for patents is one for a photographic camera in the shape of a walking-stick handle!

The Touring Club de France has voted 12,000 francs for making a road over the "Garges du Lcup," in the Alpes Maritimes, well known to all visitors of Montone and Nice. Only cycles and motors will be permitted on the road.

A pocket-camera stand is the latest thing out for photographers. It consists of a steel bar, six inches in length, which can be screwed up to a fence, a tree, or any other wooden support, to hold the camera in position.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard

Just to give her new cycle a dust,

But when she got there she uttered a sob

On finding the back tyre had bust.

Miss Maggie Foster made a surprisingly successful attempt on the North-road one hundred miles, beating Mrs. Grace's record of 6 hours 29 minutes, which has been standing for many years by the large margin of 54 minutes 30 seconds.

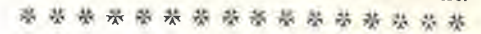
A correspondent to "Photography" writes:—To stop up pinholes, scrape the films off some old negatives and grind them up with a little thick gum on a thick slab of glass. When finely ground, apply a little at a time with a sable brush to the pinholes. This mixture has a better covering power than Indian ink.

Among other fantastic cycle "sports" indulged in at some French holiday resorts is one in which "cyclists of both sexes go in zig-zag fashion round rows of flower pots, into which they have to fling potatoes!"

The J. K. Starley Memorial Fund now amounts to £223 19s. Amongst recent subscribers is the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

It is stated that in New York any driver who tries to escape after colliding with a cyclist is fined first for so doing.

A Lancashire surveyor told his District Council last week that one bicycle kicks up more dust than a hundred horse vehicles! His statement was the one huge joke of the week in Lancashire.



**Poetry.**

**THE WAY OF WOOLING.**

A maiden sat at her window wide,  
Pretty enough for a Prince's bride,  
Yet nobody came to claim her.  
She sat like a beautiful picture there,  
With pretty bluebells and roses fair,  
And jasmine-leaves to frame her.  
And why she sat there nobody knows;  
But this she sang as she plucked a rose,  
"The leaves around her strewing:  
"I've time to lose and power to choose;  
'Tis not so much the gallant who woos,  
As the gallant's way of wooing!"

A lover came riding by awhile,  
A wealthy lover was he, whose smile  
Some maidens would value greatly—  
A formal lover, who bowed and bent,  
With many a high-flown compliment,  
And cold demeanour stately.  
"You're still," said she to her suitor stern,  
"The 'prentice-work of your craft to learn,  
If thus you come a-wooing.  
I've time to lose and power to choose  
'Tis not so much the gallant who woos,  
As the gallant's way of wooing!"

A second lover came ambling by—  
A timid lad with a frightened eye  
And a colour mantling highly.  
He muttered the errand on which he'd come,  
Then only chuckled and bit his tongue,  
And simpered, simpered shyly.  
"No," said the maiden, "go your way;  
You dare not think what a man would say,  
Yet dare to come a-suing!  
I've time to lose and power to choose;  
'Tis not so much the gallant who woos,  
As the gallant's way of wooing!"

A third rode up at a startling pace—  
A suitor poor, with a homely face—  
No doubts appeared to bind him.  
He kissed her lips and he pressed her waist,  
And off he rode with the maiden placed  
On a pillion safe behind him.  
And she heard the suitor bold confide  
His golden hint to the priest who tied  
The knot there's no undoing:  
"With pretty young maidens who can choose,  
'Tis not so much the gallant who woos,  
As the gallant's way of wooing!"

W. S. GILBERT.

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## An Ideal Post-office,

By J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

I have laid it down as an axiom that the true measure of civilisation for a state or an epoch is its postal progress. The letters posted in the various countries of the world to-day show that every person in England receive on an average 57 letters a year; in Germany, 48 letters; in France, 35 letters; in Austria, 40 letters; in Turkey, 18 letters; in the United States, 50 letters; in Australia 65 letters per annum.

## THE BRITISH POST-OFFICE.

The British post-office is an intellectual highway, a great social vascular system which must be kept clear at all costs. In dealing with the subject of an ideal post-office and the present state of things I naturally turn to the British Postal Guide. An able writer has well described it in the "Pall Mall Gazette" as a quarterly joke. It is the most exasperating publication in the English language. It is like an examination paper "full of springs to catch woodcocks." It is drawn up on the model of a legal document. In place of being clear and helpful, it abounds with phrases like a fraudulent insurance policy. The great Archbishop of Canterbury, who now rules over the Church of England, recently complained that Acts of Parliament are not drawn up in plain language. The British Post-office Guide is worse than any Act of Parliament I am acquainted with. There are more exceptions and conditions than rules. The Postmaster-General is protected in an extraordinary way, and in an unparalleled manner. Take for example these rules: 1. The delivery of letters is the exclusive privilege of the Postmaster-General. A penalty is incurred of £5 for every letter and £100 per week in which the law in this respect is violated. 2. The Postmaster-General is not liable for any loss or inconvenience which may arise from the damage, delay, non-delivery, mis-sending, or mis-delivery of any letter.

I have before me cases in which postmen have been found in possession of stolen postal orders, yet the victims, the owners of the postal notes, could not get compensation. I have before me "hard cases" in which through the want of attention, carelessness, or want of education of telegraph clerks heavy losses to the extent of thousands of pounds occurred, and no compensation whatever could be obtained by the victims of the blunders.

The Postmaster-General has a monopoly; yet he is protected by Act of Parliament from being liable for losses. No private carrying firm in the world is so protected.

The duty of a great Postmaster-General should be to begin at the fountain head and reform the "Post Office Guide" in the direction of simplicity, and on the principle of consulting above all things the public convenience.

## EGYPT AND THE UNITED STATES.

I have before me nearly all the post-office guides of the civilised world. Most of these contain suggestions calculated to save the public from falling into error or suffering worry and delay. Two of the best are those of Egypt and of the United States of America. There is a tendency of late years among the officials of other countries to desert their simple and clearly expressed rules for those in the English Postal Guide. The warnings, I hope, will not be thrown away, because, as I have said, the British Postal Guide is drawn up for the protection of the officials and the harassing of the people. The Egyptian Postal Guide opens with a most useful table which might be copied with the necessary additions when the ideal Postmaster-General sets about compiling a British People's Postal Guide, as distinguished from an official protection from postal blunders.

Here is the first page of the Egyptian Postal Guide.—The Egyptian post-office undertakes the following services:—1. Transmission of

Correspondence, comprising—(a) letters; (b) postcards; (c) newspapers, and subscriptions to newspapers, printed matter, periodicals, commercial papers, and samples; (d) registered articles. 2. Insured letters and boxes. 3. Transmission of Money, comprising—(a) Inland money orders, ordinary and telegraphic; (b) foreign money orders, ordinary and telegraphic; (c) specie and valuable articles. 4. Transmission of Parcels—ordinary, insured, and value-payable. 5. Recovery or collection of Debts, Bills of Exchange, Invoices, Promissory Notes, etc. 6. Identity Certificates. 7. Transport of passengers by postal steam-boats. The next page evidently written in the interests of the people sets forth that the secrecy of letters and post cards entrusted to the post-office is inviolable; and that any official of the post-office suppressing or opening letters is liable to imprisonment for a period of from three months to three years. All through there are the most minute instructions to the people how to avoid error.

The United States Post-office guide is delightful reading, and perfect in arrangement. No headaches occur like those brought about by reading pages 4 and 5 definition of a book packet" of our own guide.

Turning over the pages of the American guide one is struck by the evident desire of the Postal Department of the United States to make clear to the people the way the work is conducted, and the charges made under each classification. If space permitted I would show by extracts that the Egyptian Postal Guide is also a model of simplicity.

Some of the highest permanent officials in the head office at St. Martin's-le-Grand have informed me that the task of re-writing the "Post-office Guide" has been in abeyance for the last twenty years, because they could find no one fitted to undertake the work. There are two gentlemen in the post-office, who thoroughly understand all the rules and regulations, but these gentlemen hopelessly disagree in their rulings as to what is "of the nature of a letter."

## HOW TO CONSTRUCT AN IDEAL POST-OFFICE.

Sometimes postal magnates complain that my programmes are continually growing and unfolding like an Oriental roll. My reply is so are the needs of commerce and society for which the post-office, I contend, ought to make an adequate provision.

As a matter of fact it is very difficult to get the postal authorities to accept any reform proposed from outside. The would-be reformer's experience is not unlike that of the adventurous keeper at the Zoological Gardens, who was to administer a bolus to the wild-cat. Be the dose never so neatly wrapped up in tempting guise, it is rejected with a contemptuous sniff. There is nothing left for it but downright compulsion, and with that the grave, dignified patient, so like the placid ornament of the domestic hearth, is transformed into a raging, yelling creature of the primeval forest, fighting tooth and nail against its benefactor. This characteristic is in either case instinctive, and therefore pardonable. The cat's ancestors had never swallowed boluses, nor would he. The postal official has traditions which he is prepared to defend to the last. Our practical neighbours across the Channel encountered the same difficulty (for official nature is everywhere the same—*coelum, non animum mutat*) and their solution of it is embodied in the following suggestion:—"Let us have a Postal Consultative Committee, consisting mainly of business men, selected for their extensive knowledge of the public wants, and the machinery available for satisfying them; with a stiffening sprinkle of the official element; the whole to be presided over by the Postmaster-General." I should be content with this one concession, for obvious reasons. But for these very reasons the Secretary's staff would resign en bloc rather than agree to it. Our bolus must be pounded to fine particles, and administered in gradual fashion.

Let me here once for all explain that my criticisms are not specially directed against the Postmaster-General. Whatever may have been the case in the past, the Department has now a Chief zealous for reform,

But he is almost helpless. He reigns but does not govern. The real Mayor of the Palace at the bottom of Newgate-street is the secretary; who again is but the inscrutable exponent of Departmental opinion. And this opinion is collected from a score or so of gentlemen forming the Secretary's staff, all carefully instructed in dead languages, and all supremely ignorant of commercial operations and principles.

## THE OFFICIAL VENDETTA.

This is how the system works. Many years ago, as a young and sanguine man, I urged the authorities to establish a parcel post to the United States. Negotiations were at last begun, but the American postal plenipotentiaries expressed themselves with too much trans-Atlantic freedom, or in some way (for the affront has never been disclosed) hurt the feelings of our representatives at St. Martin's-le-Grand. And this is why, while our people buy 50 per cent. of the American exports, and diplomatists arrange treaties of friendship, and both countries glow with amiable sentiments, resentment still prevails in the Secretary's office; and while the United States has a parcel post with Germany, and a number of British colonies, the sullen announcement once more appears in the current "Post-office Guide" or the United Kingdom, "United States of America: no parcel post."

## HOW TO HELP THE BRITISH FARMER.

The postal authorities profess themselves willing to help the agricultural classes to communicate with their markets by providing moderate facilities. But, says Johnson, "Moderation is not always a good thing. No man likes a moderately fresh egg." Yet millions of our countrymen have to eat dubious foreign eggs, and strong foreign butter, and goat-scented foreign cheese, all their lives, because the Post-office will not institute a cheap "Agricultural Parcels Post" to distribute British produce in large towns. Each year we pay to French, Belgian, Dutch, and Danish growers at least £40,000,000 for dairy goods, flowers, and vegetables, which might all be supplied from home soil. One stroke of the Secretary's pen would turn the southern counties of these islands into an endless flower garden, and set the stream of emigration back from the congested streets to the deserted land.

I must leave these examples to return to the great question of general reforms.

In framing a postal guide, always remembering that it is the intellectual highway for communication for not only the people of the United Kingdom, but between the people of the Empire and with all foreign countries, the writer would take the opportunity of introducing the great reforms demanded by the people.

## AN IMPERIAL POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

The work of postal reform, and establishing an ideal post-office should be undertaken by an Imperial Postmaster-General. The day he enters office he should summon to his assistance a committee of business men to consider what is necessary to meet the wants of the public. This committee should consist of the leading bankers, presidents of Chambers of Commerce, managing directors of shipping companies and railway companies, and in a word chairmen of commercial, industrial and social institutions.

## THE FIRST LIST OF REFORMS.

a. Universal penny postage. b. Telegraph money order system to all parts of the civilised world. c. A cheap agricultural post. d. The introduction of the value payable or cash on delivery system. e. Parcel post to the United States. f. Post-cards to be sold at their face value. g. Sixpenny postal orders, and a series up to £1. h. Guinea postal orders. i. Counterfoils with postal orders. j. The mandat carte system. k. The charge for registration of letters reduced to 1d. l. The fine for insufficient postage ½d. inland, 1d. foreign, in place of double the deficiency. m. Three classes of postmen for great cities: (1) for letters; (2) for newspapers and circulars; (3) for parcels post. n. The cables to be owned by the British and Indian and Colonial Governments. o. Telephones to be owned by the



State. p. Telephone calls to all parts of the Kingdom—1d. per call. q. Telegrams to all parts of the British Empire—1d. per word, with a minimum of 1s. to India and Australia. r. Parcel post rates 1d. per lb. minimum. s. Letter boxes on all through trains. t. The money for all telegraph money orders to be brought to the house of the addressee. u. Letters containing lottery notices to be seized and destroyed. v. Letters containing immoral literature, etc., to be seized and destroyed. w. Writers of letters to have right to reclaim them before delivery on giving proof they are the senders. x. Perfect postmarking machines in place of the blurred, smudged, and indecipherable postmarks now given. y. All postage charges for telegrams to be abolished. z. Compensation to be given for any wilful neglect or default of postal or telegraph officials.

There are an extraordinary large number of other reforms before me, but sufficient have been given for the present to occupy the attention of the Postmaster-General for some time.

J. HENNIKER-HEATON.

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## A Victoria Cross Grievance.

### WHY SENIOR OFFICERS ARE DEBARRED.

A public agitation has recently arisen that the Victoria Cross warrant should be amended, "if it has been decided that senior officers are not eligible for the decoration." It is asked "by whom and by what authority this new rule has been made." As a matter of fact, Sir (writes "An Amazed Veteran" to the Times"), whatever the wording of the warrant may be, its interpretation, except in a very few cases, has always been the same. Nearly forty years ago (when we practised more reserve in such matters) Lord Strathnairn, then Commander-in-Chief in India, decided that personal gallantry on several occasions during a hard-fought campaign on the part of certain majors in command of regiments was no more than their duty, and should be recognised by other rewards than the V.C., for which they had been recommended in his published despatches by the general under whom they had served; they received instead a step of rank and the C.B., as more conducive to their future promotion and usefulness. In the same "Gazette" several subalterns were given the V.C. Lord Strathnairn argued that a captain or a subaltern might stake his life and lose it for the sake of the decoration, without playing with the lives of others, but that a field officer in command risked not only his own life, but possibly the success of the operation devolving upon him, by an unnecessary display of personal valour. This decision was and has been generally accepted as a sound one by soldiers of experience. Every officer and man has his appointed place in the fighting line, according to the nature of the ground and the tactics of the enemy. Good troops require direction more than leading, except in supreme moments, such as came to Wolfe and Abercromby, Crawford and Picton, Cathcart and Nicholson, who fought and died at close quarters with the enemy, without any reflection on the readiness of others to do their duty. In a profession the members of which are all supposed to be brave, a badge of superior courage, in addition to the usual rewards of a successful commander, is more or less an invidious distinction, and should be beyond the reach of challenge, whether on the grounds of desert or of expediency. It is said "that the decoration has now become a close borough for the junior ranks." A reference to the Army List of January 1, 1902, will show that on that date 151 officers and 75 of the lower ranks were entitled to wear the V.C., which does not indicate that the latter have yet invaded the "close borough" in undue

proportion. There is more reason in the remark that "the general public do not wish to see the V.C. made into a land Humane Society medal," and any change of existing rules would probably take that wish into account; but if the warrant, which has served its purpose very well for fifty years, is wisely administered it needs no change. Its main objects are sufficiently clear. The unwritten laws of chivalry, as of justice, are easily interpreted by professional experts, who are guided by good precedents, and are not afraid of the general public.



## Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry.

### A NEWENT TROOPER'S ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME HOME.

On Monday about twenty members of the Imperial Yeomanry who volunteered and were accepted for service in South Africa some eighteen months ago returned to Gloucester from Aidershot, they having landed in England at the end of last week. The first batch arrived in the city by the train due at Gloucester at five minutes to six, and among these was Trooper F. H. Davis, of Newent, son of Squadron-Sergt. H. Davis, of that town. Trooper Davis was met at the G.W.R. station by his father and mother and other members of the family, and driven home in a carriage and pair. When within a mile of Newent the returning hero was met by a large and enthusiastic crowd of his townsmen, which included members of the Ledbury Yeomanry, local courts of Foresters, and other friendly societies, who had determined to give the warrior a hearty welcome home. The horses were soon taken from the vehicle, to which ropes were attached and the party pulled round the town, headed by the band. Behind the carriage were about twenty members of the Gloucester Squadron of the Yeomanry, which had been driven over by Regimental Quartermaster A. Perris to take part in the rejoicings. After a parade round the town some 150 of the principal residents sat down to a dinner, generously given by Squadron-Sergt. Davis in honour of his son's safe return. Dr. Marshall occupied the seat of honour, supported by Trooper Davis, who will in due time return to South Africa, on the right, and the Rector of Newent (Rev. S. Bentley) on the left. Others present were Mr. P. Cooke, Regimental-Sergt-Major Allitt, Squadron-Sergt-Major Robins, Regimental-Quartermaster A. Perris, Sergt. Barnham, Corporal Beard, and a good number of Troopers of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry. At the conclusion of the meal the loyal toasts were honoured, as also were "The Bishop and clergy of the Diocese" and "The Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces," which were responded to by the Rev. S. Bentley and Regimental-Sergt-Major Allitt respectively. The toast of "The hero of the day" met with a most enthusiastic reception, the company singing most heartily "For he's a jolly good fellow." Interesting presentations followed, Trooper Davis being the recipient of a silver watch from the inhabitants of Newent, a silver cigarette case from the members of the Gloucester Squadron who attended the gathering, and a photograph of himself from townspeople. At the conclusion a concert was given, followed by a dance, which was attended by about 200 guests and kept up with much spirit until four o'clock on Tuesday morning.

Among others who reached Cheltenham from the front on Monday night were three Cheltonians who had served right through the campaign with the South Wales Borderers, including the siege of Ladysmith, viz., Privates Cox, Campden, and Pledger. The former was wounded in the leg at Tweebosch early in the present year in the fight against Delarey, being shot through the leg, and was twice captured. Another local soldier due to arrive on Tuesday was Private Morton, of the Northumberland Fusiliers.

### ALL THE MEN ACCOUNTED FOR.

Now that the balance of the 3rd Co. (Gloucestershire) of the 1st Battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry have landed in England, by the s.s. Aurania on August 28th, and been disbanded and returned to their homes, it is possible to obtain a correct account of the fate of those gallant fellows who enlisted in Cheltenham in February of last year, and were posted to the company bearing the name of their county. We are glad to say that the great bulk of the minority of the men attested in Cheltenham who went to the Gloucesters were returned safe and sound to the old country. Some fifty of them were, on reaching Elandsfontein between March 15th and April 4th, 1901, posted to the 3rd Co. under Capt. W. H. Playne, of the R.G.H. This company, or squadron, numbered some 150 all told, and the greater portion consisted of Scotchmen and Irishmen. It speaks well for the personnel of the company that no undesirable had to be expelled from it. They were in the field all the time, in the 16th Brigade, under Gen. Campbell, forming part of Rundle's "Starving Eighth" Division. They did much trekking in the Brandwater Basin of Orange Colony, and got as far as Standerton. They took part in the great De Wet drives, after a turn of building block-houses and rounding up farmhouses, and were frequently under fire. Capt. H. T. Edwards, of the Glamorgans, took over the command of the company when Capt. Playne left. The following list shows how the men sent out from Cheltenham are accounted for:—

Returned on the Aurania: (Lieut. S. Long Innes in command; Lieut. H. Selfe Leonard and Lieut. and Quartermaster Gilbert H. Fox, two of the original Gloucesters; with Lieut. Grey attached).—Sergt-Major Robert Pope, Gloucester; Signaling-Sergt-Major J. T. W. Price (attached to the Wilts Co.), Cheltenham; Sergt. W. H. Godby, Sergt. J. H. R. Boon, Farrier-Sergt. W. Turk, Sergt. W. Bailey, Privates Sidney Allen, J. P. Holder, E. W. Etheridge, George W. Davis, Randell R. Sly, A. E. Berry, E. T. Cross, and Bugler Bert Hunt, Gloucester; Septimus Walker, Arnold J. White, and W. A. Mather, Cheltenham; W. J. Davies, Chepstow; F. H. Davis, Newent; Albert J. Harris, Bath; Gilbert G. Fowler, Standish; A. B. Carpenter, Trowbridge; H. H. Gough, Taynton, near Gloucester; T. H. Woodland, Barrett Stone, E. Williams, H. O. Morgan, and A. E. Righton, Bristol.

Invalided home: Sergt. Anselm Davis, Privates M. G. Jelf, T. Marshall, E. Blake-way, John Rowland, Leslie Dent, J. Evans, and H. Taylor, Gloucester; H. A. Walwyn, R. H. Wesley, and H. C. King, Cheltenham; J. Churchill, Berkeley; H. B. Bloxham, Tewkesbury; E. Iles, G. Neale, and H. A. F. Lewis, Bristol.

Remained in South Africa: Corporal Trotman and Private A. C. Sansum (Stroud), who have joined the police; and Private Albert Edward Lloyd, in Ficksburg Hospital, suffering from wounds received at Moolman's Spruit, but now progressing favourably.

Deaths: Private Alec Spence, Gloucester, died of enteric; Private C. H. Lane, of Gloucester, died of dysentery; Private Aston, of Newent, and Private A. M. White, of Bristol, killed at Kasteel, on June 16th, 1901.



Henry Stowe, an infirm shoemaker, is making a claim to estates near Bristol worth about £20,000. Until recently he was in receipt of parish relief.

\* \* \*

The Bishop of Gloucester, who is holidaying at Birchington-on-Sea, does not, as erroneously stated in several quarters, this week complete the 40th anniversary of his episcopate, but enters upon the 40th year of that work. He is the last of the Palmerstonian Bishops, and has had but a single See.



“Selina Jenkins Letters.”

GERMANIZING THE CHELTEMHAM WATERS.

Dear, dear! just to think of it! there's them waters to be revived, and this time by a German gentleman as knows a thing or two I don't doubt, wich 'e'd be turning our beautiful Winter Garding into a Kursaal, as they calls the water-drinking mania in furrin parts, and running opposition concerts to our Corporation at half the price, and sich like and so forth and so on, wich I will say as 'ow its wonderful wot these Germans will do, as I knows for a certainty as 'alf the German bands as goes about upsetting quiet neighbourhoods is thankful to live on a crust of bread and a honion with a bit of polony once a month for a treat, as proves they be a sight more simpler in their tastes than we Britishers be, and that's 'ow they gets on.

But, as I was a-sayin', speaking about this 'ere survival of the waters, they tells me as there's a sulphur well up there under the road by the coal tower in Montpellier as is bein' opened hup, and I can't say as I agrees with all this 'ere groping about in the very "bowels of the hearth," as you mite say, for mineral waters as can be obtained in bottles and them there syphons, as is very 'andy if they didn't burst out so suddint when you first turns on the tap, wich hoften and hoften I've very nigh been drowned with the hegs-plosion, not to speak of 'aving spoiled a black silk body with the fumes of the aerated gas as comes out with the soda-water; no, I don't 'old with fussing about down in the bowels of the hearth, as mite as soon as lief let loose a hearthquake or a volcanic interruption onto us like that there Hercules and Pompey where the people was all turned to statoos as they was going about their or'nary occupations, as they do say you can go in to see 'em at 6d. a head if you'm round that way near Italy, wich I wouldn't give 6d. to see a cartload, not meself, altho' there's no accounting for tastes, there being them as will 'ang about for 'ours looking at mummies and other remains, as really isn't 'ealthy, so I considers, and I'm very glad they've removed them two hout of the Hart Gallery and put 'em down to Pittville Pumproom, as is very good company for the mineral waters, het cetera; not but wot they fnds that they can't get the Hart Gallery sweet again without putting in a steam fan to drive the mummy hatmosphere hout, being some of them Egyptians as was very high in their way and 'ave remained 'igh to this day, not to mention the Town Clerk 'aving been took ill with the "ighness" and 'aving asked for 6 months' 'oliday to work off the effects!\*

Well now, as to these 'ere waters. You asks me wot I thinks of 'em, and if they're any good. I'll tell you straight, Mr. Editor, wot I thinks, you being one of they as don't mind 'earing the truth now and then. I think the Cheltenham waters is like Beecham's Pills—not a bit of good to anybody or anythink unless they're advertised regardless, as the sayin' is. They never don't cure anybody now, but if we was to advertise all over the country as they was a cure for everybody and everythink crowds of people would come along and be cured (or think they was, as is much the same thing). I tell you wot it is, we don't take them waters serious enough! If a stranger comes here and 'appens to split as 'e's a-gonig to take a course of Cheltenham waters every Tom, Dick, and Harry laughs at 'im; when 'e goes hup to Montpellier to

\*Resolved to accede to an application received from the Town Clerk for six months' leave of absence.—Ald. Norman reported that he had ordered a fan and electric motor for improving the ventilation at the Art Gallery, which inclusive of cost of fitting would cost about £50. Resolved that the action of Ald. Norman be approved.—Resolved to instruct the Surveyor to have the mummy at the Art Gallery removed to Pittville Pump-room.—Town Council Minutes.



Photo by W. D. Norris, Uley.  
CORONATION PROCESSION OF SCHOOL CHILDREN AT DURSLEY.

take 'is daily portion the old lady at the bar very nigh 'as a hapileptic fit when 'e asks for a glass of the Cheltenham waters, 'aving forgot wot she were placed there for long ago since; and when the pore wretch 'ave drunked down 'is glass of water, when some 'ave been found, 'e do find that there's a mistake in the little book as the Corporation prints about the waters, so that he've a-taken No. 4 in mistake for No. 5! Then why do they 'ave respectable elderly fieldmales to 'and out the waters, as is very decent in their way, I don't doubt, but as that there doctor said at the Chamber of Commercials, "you must 'ave your water-bar as attractive as a whisky-bar, young ladies and all, if you wants to do business," as was a very clever remark for a medical doctor to make, and shows he knows a thing or 2!

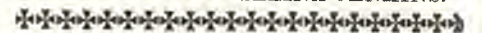
However, if we ratepayers wants to boom these 'ere waters, as the Yankees do call it, we must be prepared to put our 'ands in our pockets pretty frequent for some time, seein' as 'ow in other places where they'm just a-seein' a bit of benefit to the shop-folk, they've been spending £1,000 a year for a good many years in advertising all about the country; wich wot I asks myself is this—Will the ratepayers of Cheltenham do this? And when I calls to mind that there Ward-'Umphreys and 'is magic-lantern scheme and the shameful manner 'e were abused by everybody, after 'aving superscribed to every little Sunday school cricket club in the place, just because 'e saw we 'ad to face the moosic and do the thing as well as Bath or 'Arrogate—when I calls to mind all this—why, I says to meself, "No, Selina! never in this world! There ain't enuff public spirit 'ere to risk 6d. unless they could see a shilling in 'ard cash a-waiting at the hend of the deal," as is a very 'ard thing to say, but all the same it's very truthful, and truthful things is 'ard! Why, only the hother day I were talking to a permanent tradesman in our favoured town, as the papers do say, wich I asked 'im wot 'e thought of the Cheltenham waters, and 'e told me 'e never knowed of but one party as took them reg'lar, and he went bankrupt soon after! A nice pretty recommendation to print in the London papers, that now, isn't it?

Well, seeing as 'ow most of us seems a bit doubtful wot to do with the waters, as is like a Gorgonzola cheese, very nice to them as likes 'em, but outrageous to those as can't abear 'em, and as we don't feel inclined to spend much more money after that there mansion for the sheep to gaze upon down to the East Ward Recreation Ground (wich most of the children now in the East Ward will be men and women, or dead and gone, mebbe, long afore it's open for traffic, as the sayin' is, at the present slow speed it's going on),

and the new Town-'all, and the new roof and dancing floor to the Winter Garden as can't be used for the purpose it were done—I s'pose the best thing will be to strike a fair bargain w th this 'ere German gentleman, and let 'im attract the people 'ere and advertise the waters out of 'is pr'vate pocket-money, wich it will leave the Town Council free to look after the 'oles in the road and so forth, as they do say there were a child very near drowned that Sunday when the severe shower were, coming 'ome from Sunday school, as fell into a 'ole in the road where the water 'ad collected, and wouldn't 'ave been saved if it hadn't known 'ow to swim a few strokes, wich I considers as no one d'ldn't ought to be allowed to go near the water until they'd learnt to swim, and it's my opinion they ought to teach swimming at every Sunday school.

Well, we shall see; and wot with a German kursaal, and a "Murrican" tramline, and Egyptian mummies at Pittville, we shall be getting quite a mixed varieties entertainment after a whiles.

SELINA JENKINS.



INLAND REVENUE RETURNS.

THE ANNUAL REPORT.

The Inland Revenue Commissioners have submitted their report for the financial year ended March 31 last. The gross receipts, including a balance of £2,944,036 on April 1, 1901, were £110,798,836, and there was a balance on March 31 last of £3,394,410. The Commissioners report of the above gross receipt of £103,818,452 the following amounts were collected by the three departments concerned: Inland Revenue £94,851,833, Customs £6,537,025, Post Office £2,429,594. Comparing 1901-02 with the previous year 1900-01 there was an increase in net receipt of the total revenue collected (including that allocated to the Local Taxation Accounts) of £7,346,273. This increase was mainly attributable to the income tax and to the estate, etc., duties. There were decreases under excise and stamps. During the period 1891-2 to 1901-02 the net receipt of the duties under our administration increased by £37,857,000, or nearly 60 per cent. The revenue from excise was responsible for £6,566,000, estate, etc., duties £7,420,000, stamps £2,324,000, inhabited house duty £284,000, income tax £21,526,000. Land tax showed a decrease of £263,000.



One of the draughtsmen in the Austrian arsenal at Pola has been sentenced to sixteen months' imprisonment for selling plans of warships to a foreign Power.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 89.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1902

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

Next Week—The Ben Greet Company in the  
"BELLE OF NEW YORK."

This Afternoon and Evening—"FLORODORA."

Times and Prices as usual.

## Poetry.

### THE STORY OF A LIFE.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born  
A helpless babe, to greet the light  
With a sharp wail, as if the morn  
Foretell a cloudy noon and night,  
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,  
With sunny smiles between—and then?

And then apace the infant grows  
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,  
Happy despite his little woes.  
Were he but conscious of his joy!

To be, in short, from two to ten,  
A merry moody child—and then?

And then, in coat and trousers clad,  
To learn to say the Decalogue,  
And break it, an unthinking lad,  
With mirth and mischief all agog;

A truant oft by field and fen,  
And capture butterflies—and then?

And then, increased in strength and size,  
To be anon a youth full grown;

A hero in his mother's eyes,  
A young Apollo in his own;  
To imitate the ways of men  
In fashionable sin—and then?

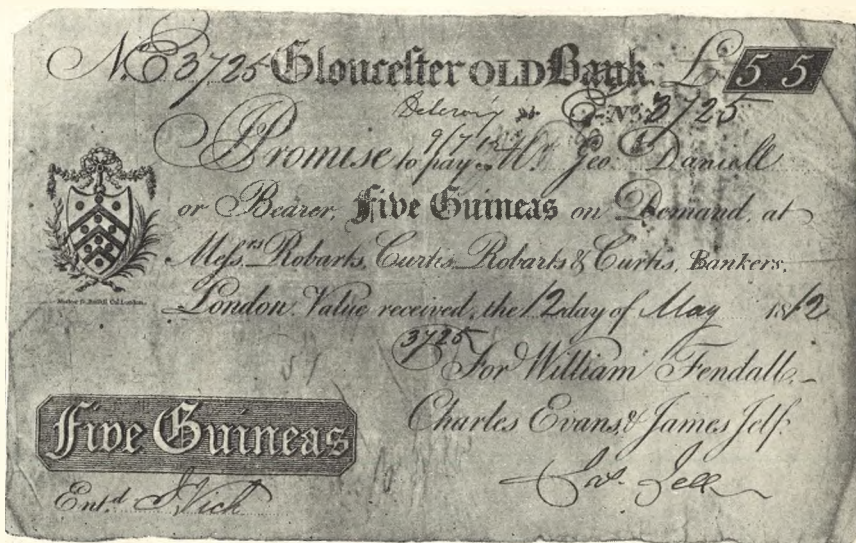
And then at last to be a man,  
To fall in love, to woo and wed!  
With seething brain to scheme and plan  
To gather gold or toil for bread;  
To sue for fame, with tongue or pen,  
And gain or lose the prize!—and then?

And then in grey and wrinkled old  
To mourn the speed of life's decline;  
To praise the scenes our youth beheld,  
And dwell in the memory of lang syne;  
To dream awhile with darkened ken,  
To drop into the grave—and then?

\* \* \*

### THE IRISH BISHOPS.

We have no doubt that the majority of the rulers of the Roman Church in Ireland are at heart strongly against the new agrarian movement and that their opposition is based on genuine convictions. Unless, however, we are greatly mistaken, the Roman Church will be beaten in the contest, as it always has been in Ireland. The Bishops, when it comes to the point, dare not risk being disobeyed, as they almost certainly would be if they used their authority in opposition to the agrarian agitators.—"Spectator."



### Fac-Simile of a Note of a Gloucester Bank that failed.

The collapse of the bank was due to an injudicious heavy advance in the promotion of a gigantic commercial venture. One of the partners, Sir James Jelf, was respected for his honour and integrity, and great sympathy was expressed with him on the failure of the bank. His second wife was Miss Mary Kidman, of Whitminster, and

she was the mother of Dr. Jelf, and therefore grandmother of the present Mr. Justice Jelf. The "J. Vick" by whom the note was entered, was father of the late Mr. John Vick, veterinary surgeon, and members of this family have lived at Kidman's Farm, Whitminster, for some years.

## 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 37th competition is Mr. John A. Probert, of 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, with "Cotswold Scenery."

Entries for the 38th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Sept. 13th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

### RESIGNATIONS AFTER WAR.

Although Mr. Brodrick assured the House that he was only confronted with sixty resignations by officers of their commissions as an outcome of the ratification of peace in South Africa, one cannot but feel that this, as all other big wars before it have done, will find a large percentage of better educated men who took part in it disgusted with the methods and barbarity of war, and it will not be surprising if a very considerable number of the younger men now relinquishing their calling as soldiers take to themselves the office of priesthood in the Church. Precedent point to a very considerable number of officers having thus changed the sword for the Prayer-book after the Peninsular War, Russian War, and Mutiny. It can be easily understood how the horrors of war—and they are many—are able to play upon natures which are more sensitive than in the ordinary calibre of men, with the result that men think themselves into that state of mind which is sufficient to lead them into Holy Orders; and, as a rule, such men make good priests and spiritual teachers.—"Navy and Army."

\* \* \*

A further award of the Volunteer medal to Volunteers who have given twenty years' efficient service is to be made early next month.





Photos by W. Ornsby,

## The New Cheltenham Fruit Market.

Cheltenham.

### A Nursery of Statesmen.

"In his youth the 'Premier,' Lord Aberdeen, was one of an interesting circle of celebrities," says a writer on Haddo House and its owners in the September "Windsor Magazine." "He had chosen William Pitt and Henry Dundas (Lord Melville) as his guardians, and it was at Bentley Priory, the residence of Lord Melville, that he met Sir Walter Scott, the Sheridans, Kemble, the actor, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, the famous artist who painted his wife, and many of whose works adorn the walls of Haddo House. There is a curious relic remaining of his friendship with Kemble the actor. Just off one of the many winding paths that lead through the park, in a shady nook, is a rough seat made of flat stones. Upon the flat rock which forms a back for the seat is the following inscription: 'Sedes haec saxea et inculpta Joanni Philippo Kemble, per aestivos anni MDCCCXVII menses multum diuque secum meditant praeter omnes semper ridebat,' from which we learn that Kemble made no short stay at Haddo with his old friends in the summer months more than sixty years ago, and that for many a long hour he played the 'absent-minded beggar' when comfortably resting upon this sunny seat."

"A great event in the history of Haddo House during the great Earl's time was the visit which Queen Victoria and the Prince

Consort paid their old Minister in the year 1857. The visit was strictly private, but for more than a mile the approach to the house was lined by the tenants, who turned out and escorted their Queen to the house, just as they acted years before, when Lord Haddo brought home his bride; and when Mr. Gladstone visited Haddo in 1884 he was honoured with a similar escort. A relic of the former visit remains in two fine Wellingtonias, planted one by Queen Victoria and the other by the Prince Consort, which are now flourishing on the east side of the terrace; and in one of the principal rooms of the house is a fine bust of Queen Victoria, presented by her late Majesty as a token of regard to her old Minister shortly after his retirement from office.

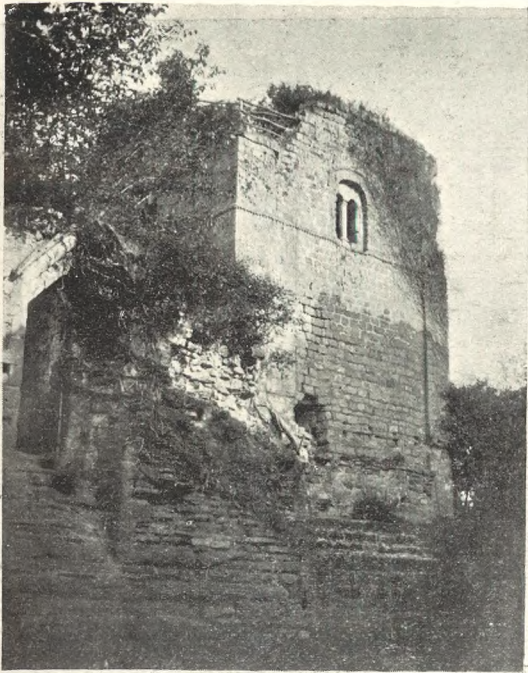
"Another record of the old earl's time is the lofty monument standing in the middle of a wide, open space in the park, placed there by the family in memory of the Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, who was killed at the Battle of Waterloo. A like monument to the same gallant officer stands near the farm of La Haye Sainte, at Waterloo. He was no less distinguished for his gallantry than beloved by all who knew him, and by none more than the Iron Duke, who burst into tears when he heard of his death.

"Haddo House is full of associations with the 'Premier' Earl. Like the Chancellor Earl, he was always longing to get free from the cares of State and back to Haddo,

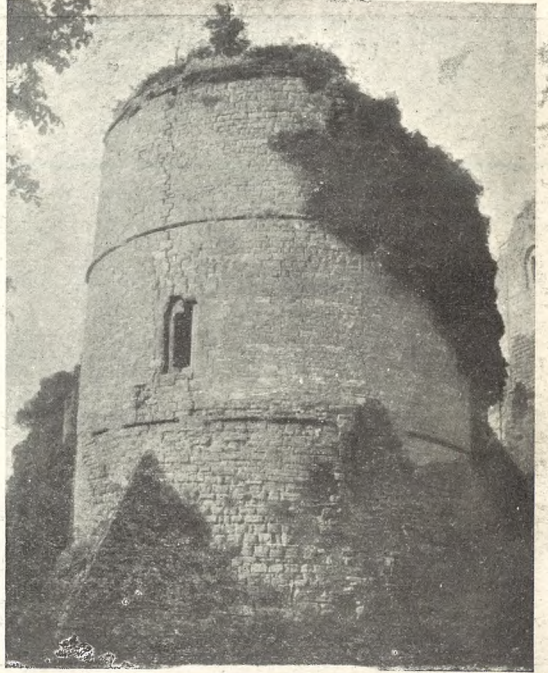
which he regarded as his home in every sense. M. Guizot, one of the many distinguished guests from home and abroad who came to see the veteran statesman in his retirement, describes his manner of life at Haddo as 'Cette grande existence feodale, vie de grand seigneur'—a relic of feudal life, for he scrupulously filled his part as a great Scotch landlord. On a Saturday morning for many years he would hold a levee on the flight of stairs in front of his house, and there he received all who had any request or enquiry to make, or who sought his advice, and till the later years of his life he kept up this quaint old custom. His favourite amusement, we are told by Lord Stanmore in his interesting biography, was driving himself about in a light pony carriage, thus being able to visit works in progress at a distance and to wander about the beautiful parts of his estate. On Sundays a long array of carriages regularly conveyed the whole household to the Parish Church, in the neighbouring village of Methlick. Outside the old church can still be seen a steep flight of stone steps, up which his lordship would climb with his family and enter the family pew in a kind of gallery, all the rest of the churchgoers remaining outside until he had entered. At the close of the service, after pronouncing the blessing in quaint fashion, the minister would turn to the gallery and make a low bow, which was returned with great gravity by his lordship, standing."



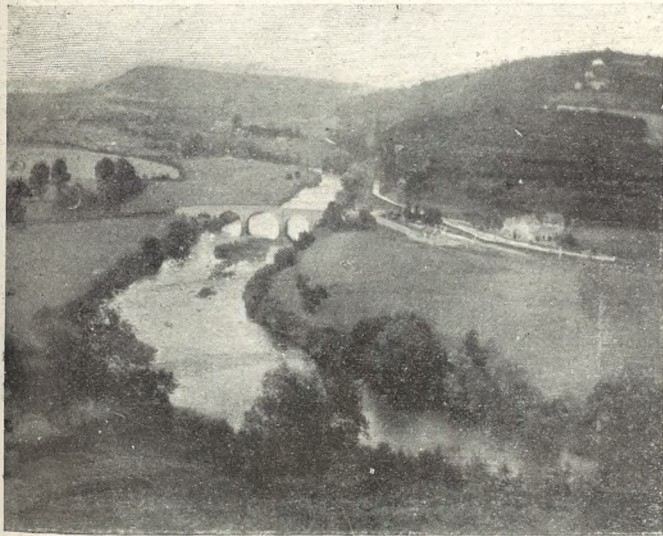
## A Visit to Goodrich Castle.



NORMAN KEEP.



ROUND TOWER.



KERNE BRIDGE AND THE WYE FROM GOODRICH.

Photos by W. A. Walton,

Situated on the banks of the river Wye stands Goodrich Castle, amidst some of the charming scenery for which that river is so justly celebrated. The castle was garrisoned for the King in Cromwell's time, and surrendered after a siege in 1646, when it was dismantled by order of Parliament. It is distant about five miles from Ross, Herefordshire, the nearest station being Kerne Bridge, on the Wye Valley line.

The river here has to be crossed by the picturesque stone bridge, the penny toll being still in force. A more beautiful district it would be difficult to find, and when higher ground is reached as the castle is approached, the views are superb.

Very little can be seen of the castle from the outside. Perched on a hill overlooking the Wye, it is so surrounded by trees that the stone walls are scarcely allowed to peep out. It is not until what was once the moat

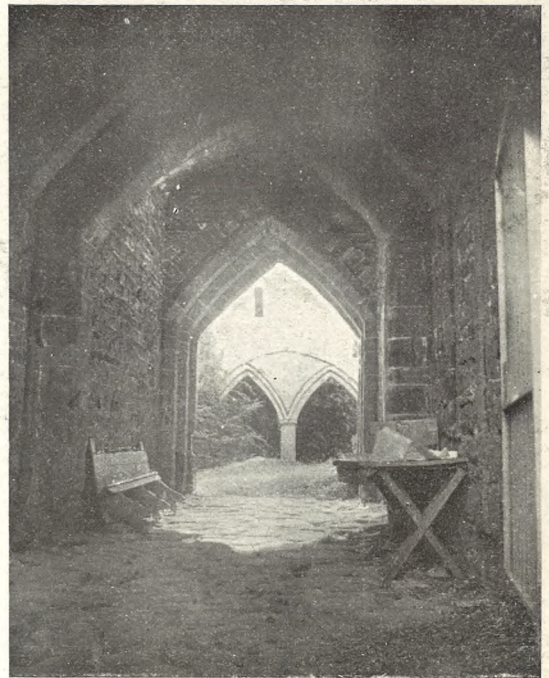
has been crossed, and one gets beyond the main entrance, that the extent of the castle can be judged.

The square Norman keep, with its windows and zig-zag mouldings, is the oldest and most celebrated portion of the ruin, and can be climbed by the spiral stone stairs. An object of great interest is the apartment that was once the chapel, which is on the immediate left as one enters the courtyard. The chapel dates from the 4th century, and still bears its pre-Reformation features, though roofless and floorless. There, on the right of the entrance and outside the doorway, is a niche in the wall for holy water; the stoup or bowl, however, is missing. Entering, one can see the stone corbels that formerly carried the beams for the floor, and those for carrying the floor above, which was occupied as the priest's chamber. Beneath the chapel floor was a basement; but for what it was

used does not now appear to be known. The east and west Tudor windows were probably of Henry VII. date, being added to the chapel at that time. There are three piscinæ in very good preservation—one to the right of the chancel and one on each side wall. There is also a sedilia in the chancel close to the piscinæ. A rood loft formerly existed, and the corbels which carried it are still there, carved in the form of angels. A winding stairs in the thickness of the wall gave access from the floor level to a small doorway leading to the rood loft, and completes a very interesting study.

The caretaker, Mr. Bennett, is a man of antiquarian tastes, and takes a real interest in describing the notable features of the castle, the history of which he has made a special study of for some years.

W. A. WALTON.



BARBICAN ENTRANCE.

Gloucester.



## The Cass Presentations.



SENIOR BIBLE CLASS.



JUNIOR BIBLE CLASS.

The photos were taken by Mr. W. Moorman, Bath-road, Cheltenham, and the enlargements and frames as presented were the work of Mr. W.

Hyett, Suffolk Studio, Suffolk-road. A brass plate affixed to each frame bore the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. G. W. L. Cass by

the members of his Senior (or Junior) Bible Class on his leaving St. Stephen's, Cheltenham, September, 1902."

### THE CANADIAN PREMIER.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier have arranged to leave Liverpool for Canada on the 7th prox. in the Beaver liner Lake Erie.

\* \* \*

### SIR T. LIPTON AND THE CUP.

Sir Thomas Lipton, who left Greenock on Tuesday for a cruise in the Western Islands, has not yet made up his mind as to entering on another contest for the America Cup. He is willing to stand aside to anyone who will issue a challenge. Sir Thomas says he would give all the assistance in his power to a new challenger, and would gladly lend Shamrock I., now in the Clyde, as a test yacht. Sir Thomas, however, added significantly: "There is yet ample time to issue a challenge."

### A DUKE'S SILVER WEDDING.

There were a series of celebrations at Maiden Bradley on Tuesday of the silver wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. The village was gaily decorated, and all the tenantry were invited to a garden party, where, on their behalf, an illuminated address of congratulation was presented to the Duke and Duchess.

\* \* \*

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has promised to give Battersea £15,000 for the erection of three branch libraries.

\*

Some sculptured white marble has been found in Colne Park, Essex. The authorities of the British Museum pronounce it to be a portion of the celebrated frieze of the Parthenon Temple, Athens, erected in the year 444 B.C.

Conway has just celebrated the 618th anniversary of the signing of its charter.

\*

Viscount Kitchener arrived in Ireland on Tuesday morning, and on landing at Strabane immediately entered a motor-car and was driven to Glenveagh Castle, county Donegal, where he will be for a few days the guest of Mrs. Adair.

ARTISTIC and

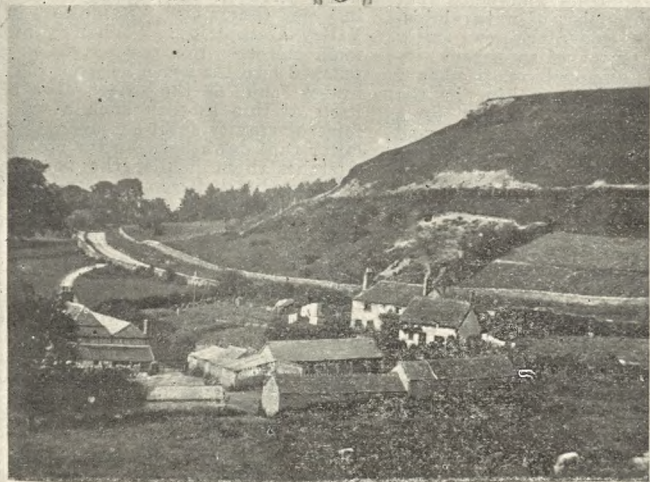
General PRINTING.

"Echo" Electric Press.





COTSWOLD SCENERY.



1 Castle Moat & Church Brimpsfield.  
2 Caudle Green Near Birdlip.  
3 Black Edge Farm Leckhampton.  
4 Caudle Green Near Birdlip.  
5 A Typical Cotswold Labourer.



## A Gossip about Butterflies.

\*

### CHARMS OF THE COUNTRY.

Though the present summer has been far from distinguished for its sunshine, so attractive to butterflies, we may pass a pleasant time in a chat about these

"Light-winged dryads of the trees."

Few things are more beautiful and more suggestive of charming thoughts than a butterfly as we ramble in the country, and note

"The fair Earth, that willeth to be here,  
And cares not yet  
To mount up like a coloured cloud  
To God,"

Where in wild freedom, with

"Wings all tinged with Iris hues,"

We almost envy the insect that flits from flower to flower for honey, unlike the tireless bee, content with its present enjoyment.

"With arch of azure overhead,  
Cloth of gold below, the soft herbage seems  
Spread for a place of banquets and of dreams,  
As if no foot of man for ages had intruded there,"

We press forward, and find we are soon in

"A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,  
A populous solitude of bees and birds,  
And fairy-formed and many-coloured things,  
That innocently open their glad wings,  
Fearless and full of life,  
Numerous as shadows, haunting fairyly  
The brain new-stuffed in youth,  
With triumphs gay of old romance."

### OVER-SEA JOURNEYS.

The popular idea is that butterflies are unworthy of much attention, though they are pretty enough flying about our fields and gardens, with their boyish associations connected with chasing them. But a very slight study of them opens up wide ranges of interest and thought. Some few of the butterflies we meet with are not "native born," having in some numbers

"Set forth their airy caravan over seas,"

and in landing on our shores occasionally increase the number of species of butterflies we meet with in this country by three or four over sixty. They have passed through their critical caterpillar and pupal stages in more favoured climates, and by some instinct or accident have winged their way across the Channel, for some are occasionally seen resting on the rigging of shipping, and they find pleasant resting-places among the flowery lanes and woods of Devon or Kent, where, as though "on a royal progress tired they had pitched their fair tents, and in fragrant converse lay upon the enchanted ground." In gazing at these products of recurring summers the thought is forced upon us that their predecessors were eyed, it may be curiously,

"In ancient days by Emperor and clown."

While some butterflies confine their flight to definite distances, some few are veritable cosmopolitans, being found from Europe to the Antipodes,

"In likeness of an angel, to and fro,  
High wing they through the tumult of the dome  
In the red windy music."

### BUTTERFLY HOMES.

Others confine their flight to limited localities where their food-plant when caterpillars abounds, and find congenial homes under seemingly adverse conditions,

"From the burning plains  
Where Libyan monsters yell,  
From the most gloomy glens  
Of Greenland's sunless clime,  
To where the golden fields  
Of fertile England spread,  
Their harvest to the day."

We find that on the lofty ranges of mountains on which there is identical vegetation, there are also identical insects, which are not found in the adjoining countries lying at lower levels. Dense forests, where "the pine is bending his proud top," and areas "yet virgin from the kisses of the sun," each have their worlds of butterfly and other insect life not found elsewhere.

### THE HUNTING INSTINCT.

The education of the eyes, as well as of the mind, which is involved in the study of any branch of natural history is accompanied by a rare pleasure, which only those engaged in it can fully appreciate. A constant interest is sustained in the loving observation of Nature. Many a prize of beauty may be disclosed as "a light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread." The promotion of health which follows the active exertion in the open air thereby involved is certainly no unimportant matter; while a sweetening thought comes from the contemplation of the beneficence of the Creator towards even the most insignificant of His creatures. This can but exercise a potent influence in adding a charm to life, and filling the receptive nature with a calm and holy joy. Into whichever branch of natural history we may dip, or make our hobby, we are struck by this important fact, while admiring wonder is aroused at the multiplicity, variety, contrivance, and beauty which are so universally exhibited. The more extended spreads our knowledge, the wider grows the field of investigation before us, and the more closely do we seem to hold communion with the Creator.

We find that butterflies are the most numerous and most beautiful in those parts of the country which are farthest removed from traffic of towns and the dwellings of man. On the breezy down, by the leafy wood-side, amid the ample glades of the lonely forest—these are the places where we find our beautiful insects in the greatest abundance, not only those of the order known as Lepidoptera, or butterflies and moths, but of all the other orders of insects, numbering many thousand species. These may not be so showy as the butterflies and moths, but to collect them and work out their history and habits is to many minds still more interesting.

The hunting and killing instinct is very strong in Britons, and cruelty often seems to accompany its gratification. In the case of insects this charge hardly applies, for in most, if not all, insects, although endowed with the instinct to escape injury or death, their anatomy shows an entire absence of the complicated nervous system of higher animals. A butterfly or moth if asleep may be pinned without showing any indication of pain, and in the case of a moth will not struggle to be free until the usual hour for taking flight.

### THE LITERATURE OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The charms of natural science have been well illustrated of late years in the publication of numerous admirable books; and the appreciation of the English mind for this charming class of literature has been satisfactorily shown in the extensive demand for it which has arisen. In no other country perhaps, with the exception of Germany, are there such earnest students and competent teachers of various branches of natural history. While here the lepidopterist can freely go where he will in search of specimens, except where the dreadful notice-board threatening prosecution stares him in the face, the Parisian entomologist has some difficulty in getting permission to go beyond the city boundaries at night for night-flying prizes, unless he can satisfy the authorities he is not a revolutionist. Here, happily, freedom can generally be got to visit even game preserves, where often good insects abound, by applying for the needed permission. The study of and working at some branch of natural history is as worthy of commendation for its physical advantages as the pursuit of athletics; while something more than exhilaration and physical development result in the shape of rare or interesting specimens which may be garnered, bearing not unfrequently when very local, or rare, some substantial money value. But in most cases higher motives than this will actuate the natural history student.

### BIRTH OF A BUTTERFLY.

It may be new to many to learn that butterflies, like moths, spring from minute eggs, which are generally laid by the parent insect on the plant on which the caterpillar feeds after it emerges from the egg. The eggs of

some species are globular, about the size of an old-fashioned pin's head, which the microscope shows to be finely sculptured. Others are somewhat of the form of a sugar loaf. The eggs laid often number over a hundred, and when the little caterpillar appears it generally makes its breakfast off the egg shell, after which it falls to on its legitimate food. It grows rapidly, making short work of the leaves of its food-plant, and changes its skin several times as it increases in size, the new skin often showing different markings to the former skin. Some caterpillars are curiously marked and coloured, generally in harmony with their surroundings, as though to avoid capture by hungry birds. When it has become full grown it looks anything but the winged creature it is destined to become. A quiet place is now sought for, on or near the food-plant, where, having spun a pad of silk, it fastens itself to it, throws off its skin, and becomes a chrysalis. In this condition it remains quiescent for some weeks or months, when, punctual to the usual time of its advent, it bursts its cerements and crawls forth a perfect butterfly, except that the wings are crumpled up, but on exposure to the air they soon straighten out to their full dimensions, and the brilliant markings and colourings of the perfect insect shine forth. As the wings dry they stiffen, and if the weather is sunny the butterfly soon flies off, as though quite familiar with its change of life, and, having found some flower to its taste, it finds rest and refreshment in sucking up its honey by its long proboscis. Some butterflies live only a few weeks, and others some months, passing the winter in some quiet corner or tree hollow. Soon after it takes wing in the spring it lays its eggs and dies.

### INFANT MORTALITY, AND A CRUEL DEATH.

Sometimes one of its enemies in the shape of an ichneumon fly cuts off its promising career. This fly, of which there are a large number of different species, ferrets out the caterpillar, and plunging its ovipositor into the flesh of its victim, deposits a number of eggs. These in time hatch into little grubs, which feed upon the vitals of the poor caterpillar faster than it can grow; and, having perfected their growth, they each spin a little silken cocoon, and in time emerge from the dead caterpillar's skin or pupa case as perfect little ichneumon flies, ready to follow the buccaneering policy of their progenitors.

### DECORATION OF THE BUTTERFLY.

Having traced the growth of the butterfly through its caterpillar and pupal stages, we will briefly refer to the scales with which its wings are covered, and which give the title to the family as scale-winged. Under the microscope these scales show a closely tiled structure on each side of a transparent membrane, with nervures, which give the wings strength and rigidity. As Mr. Tutt, in his charming "Rambles in Alpine Valleys," explains: "When a butterfly or moth emerges from the chrysalis, a fluid is pumped into the space between the two membranes, and, as the insect always supports itself at this time in such a way that the force of gravity shall act upon the fluid, the latter runs down between the membranes and stretches them, whilst the nervures themselves gradually become extended. The wing attains its full size in about half an hour, when the fluid between the membranes solidifies, or coagulates, binding them into one solid whole, and enclosing the nervures firmly between them. The scales covering the wing membranes vary much in shape and size. They usually contain a pigmentary substance, and this, by its power of light-absorption, determines the colouration of the wing. But besides these pigmentary colours which are produced by the absorption of part of the rays of light which fall upon the pigmentary substance and the reflection of the other part to the eye, there are other colours which are due to the breaking up of the light by fine striæ and by filmy surfaces. The scales of some butterflies' wings act in the latter way, and it is the colour thus produced which varies so much when the butterfly changes its position, so that



the sun's rays fall upon the scales at a continually differing angle. The wonderful beauty and harmony of colour of butterflies is most striking, especially in the case of a large number of exotic species; but many of those common in England display brilliancy and beauty of marking equal to the exotic kinds, though in size they may fall far short. A glory of colour is presented by the butterflies of Brazil and India and other tropical countries, where they are often mistaken for humming birds, which similarly hover over the brilliant flowers of the forest and the jungle.

ALPINE BUTTERFLIES.

"The Alps, besides being remarkable for the grandeur of the mountain scenery, produce butterflies in great abundance, and are, to the entomologist, a veritable Eldorado. This abundance is supposed to be owing to the variety of the mountain surface at successive elevations above sea level. As we ascend, the vegetation changes from olives, oranges, and evergreen shrubs to vines, maize, and tobacco; then walnuts, sweet chestnuts, beeches, oaks, and wheat; then a great track of conifers, then brilliantly-coloured flowers, and lichens, closed in by the perennial snows of the higher peaks. While some species of butterflies occurring in this country may be reckoned as one, in many Alpine districts the proportion would be over twenty, besides more local races and geographical varieties. Still, compared with the Tropics, the Alps furnish a poor collecting-ground as regards the number of species. The further we recede from the Tropics the smaller is the number of species we are able to meet with, but the number of individual increases. Although tropical butterflies have numerous enemies, many species in the Tropics have been permitted to accumulate without the restraint of glacial periods for many thousands of years. Several species are found above the line of congelation wherever small patches of vegetation can secure a foothold among the rocks, where the midday heat forces the hardy dwarf vegetation into luxuriance at elevations as high as 5,000 or 6,000 feet." The lovely purples and greens of our butterflies, then, continues Mr. Tutt, are "surface colours, due to the peculiar structure of the scales which break up the light that falls upon them. The dark, black-brown is a pigment colour, and remains constant, whatever the quantity and whatever the direction of the light that falls upon the scales. . . . On these dry and sunny hillsides it is remarkable how bright the colours of most of the insects are. Wherever abundance of food and sunshine are present, the brilliancy of tint of the insects is remarkable. The rock-resting insects resemble very closely the rocks or the lichens growing on them, on which they rest. At very high altitudes, however, where herbage is sparse and food scarce, the colouration fails again. But the flower-haunting insects at various altitudes are brightly tinted, so long as an abundance of food is obtainable, and the banks they haunt are lighted up by the life-giving rays of a powerful sun. . . . The puddles in the road are surrounded with living gems of beauty. See that beautiful flower of various shades of blue, the slight change in its position makes its sapphire-beauty appear quite iridescent in the sunlight; but as you stretch out your hand to pick the flower, it disappears, breaking into fragments, whilst a little cloud of blue butterflies rises around you, leaving in the road a little wet spot, at which they were slaking their thirst. It appears, then, that butterflies require drink as much as we do. How helpless they often are at noon; the bright activity and remarkable energy of the early morning have then disappeared, and they hang listlessly sucking nectar from the flowers around, allowing themselves to be picked up by the fingers; or else they seek a stream or puddle where they imbibe the muddy fluid until satiated."

JOSEPH MERRIN.

Mr. Hill (Republican) has been elected Governor of the State of Maine.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES AT GOTHERINGTON.

Well, well! now! to be sure! Fancy people flyin' to each other's throats about 'ow much punishment they'm to 'ave in the next world, as is a very hedifying site, that I will say, and I don't wonder at that there Julius Cæsar or one of they antiquities saying after sich a set-to ' Upon my word, 'ow these Christians do love each other!"

Not but what its very hiritating to 'ave to sit quiet in the pews, and listen to some of the remarks as is remarked from the pulpit, and so is generally considered to be the correct thing, wich I will say its a hexcellent idea to do like they did out to Gotherington, and get up and heckle the minister after the sermon before the closing hymn, as must be a very good safety-valve to the feelin's; but, come to think of it, there would be some very lively times in the churches and chapels, as mite lead to a free fight and would be very awk'ard for the pew-openers or sidesmen, as they calls 'em nowadays, as mite be injured in the melay! As for me, I never disagrees with anything as comes from the pulpit, not meself, wich I always thinks every man to his business, and seem' as how the ministers knows French and German and Greek and Latin and all manner of furrin languages, 'tisn't for the likes of such as me to criticise what they says, as don't lead to no good purpose, and is very injurious to the refutation.

But out to Gotherington things is a bit mixed, so it seems, wich they gets a hard-shell Baptist one Sunday, and a Methody the next, with a Presbyterian a-following, as must be very bewildering to the young, and very nigh enough to keep the old people from dropping off to sleep during the sermon! I s'pose they goes on the idea that a bit of each, bein' a sort of mixed diet, is better for the village folk than too much of a sort, but these 'ere mixed varieties don't answer very well as a rule, it being considered the thing to belong to one or the other of the secteses, even if you don't know why you do!

But in my young days I used to go to a village chapel reglar, and we was never upset like they be nowadays with missions and Gipsy Smith's and making the punishment fit the crime and Ass. Priests, and sich like. We used to put on our best things and go along to service, and go to sleep in the sermon or else think about what we should do in the week, and sometimes about the young men we was goin' to meet after service; but bless yer 'art, when you goes to a chapel nowadays you don't get a minute's rest, wich I 'ave, afore now, got to feel downright uncomfortable and depressed like, and not able to sleep a wink for the minister sayin' sich nasty things about people very much like me, wich I calls it outdacious and personal to talk so as a respectable body don't know whether he be referring to 'er or not from one minute to another, as keeps her on tempting-looks, as the sayin' is, all the time.

Why, only the hother day I took along a French penny to put in a collection for the Perpetration of the Gospel amongst the Jews, and, you mark my words, if that there minister didn't eye me hup an' down hall the while 'e were making 'is remarks about them as didn't give wot they ought and defrauded the collection and sich like and so forth, as made me that furred I actually dropped in a 2s. piece as were in my other pocket and were to go towards a new bonnet as I were saving up for, and all becos of his personal remarks! 'Owever, I s'pose the Jews is that much better off. Not that I agrees with Jews as a class, bein' a untidy lot and very cantankerous not to 'old their Sunday on the same day as 'onest Christians, as makes it very awk'ard for them as 'as dealin's with 'em, and eggsplains why there 'ave been so many "Anti-cemeteries" in France and other parts, wich they do say the reason why that there Dreyfuss were made sich a fuss over were

becos he were a Jew and would keep up his Sunday on a Saturday, as hupset the plans of the French Government, and very near made a "coop-de-tat," as is what they calls a "nice old mess of it" in French!

Well, as I was a-sayin', this 'ere little storm in a cup of tea at Gotherington only goes for to show that there's plenty of people as would gladly hang each other on account of a slight difference of religious persuasions; first the young man as shau be nameless is attacked by his flock, and then the flock is attacked by a Cheltenham wolf, so to speak, then the Ass. Priest (as might have spelt 'is name "CURATE," like as they used to in my young days, so I consider) goes for all three, and in his turn is cheved by "A True Protestant." But for downright belief in hisself, give me the Ass. Priest, as can tell you all about the next world, 'aving studied up the matter and took lessons in that particular line, so that it's only necessary to name your crime and he can give you all information about the punishment straight off! For my part, I'm quite content to leave all that kind of thing to Higher Powers, but as for going to a young man as couldn't sien hisself no better than "Ass. Priest,"—well, thank you, not to-day—S.J. is not taking any!

Hof course, time is very queer along now-a-days, wot with this 'ere evolution and the hired criticisms as is like when pore Jenkins doctored the 8 day clock, which he took it all to pieces and then couldn't put it together again; and these 'ere hired critics they pulls the Scriptures all to pieces and then generally forgets to put 'em together again; why, only the hother day, I 'eard a minister start 'is discourse by sayin' that there weren't no sich a thing ever happened as the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, and then you mark my words, if he didn't go on to preach a beautiful sermon on the meaning of this 'ere Tabernacle as never didn't exist; wich I always says there's plenty of things to preach about without telling us about things that *ain't* true; and many a anxious moment 'ave I 'ad since 2 year ago come this Sunday week when I 'eard a young man say as it weren't possible for the ark to 'ave held all the hanimals let alone the birds and the insecteses, not but wot I'd thought meself that it were a mistake of Noah to give 'ouse-room to cock-roaches and fleas, as could 'ave been missed! But as I said before, I bain't a doubter, wich I never allows meself to think about things I can't understand, and so I never has no worries on religious spekulations, as I 'ave 'eard tell is very bad for the liver.

SELINA JENKINS.

THE CRUEL MILITARY RIDE.

LIEUTENANT GIBBON EXPLAINS.

The Rev. F. Lawrence, hon. secretary of the Church Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals, in the course of an address given on Sunday at the parish cross, in the churchyard of Westow, near Kirkham Abbey, said that Lieut. Gibbon, the only Englishman who took part in the so-called military ride from Brussels to Ostend, had written to him as follows:—"I joined this ride simply to see the various foreign officers, my intention being to go quietly as far as my horse could with comfort, and then, supposing he was tired, to stop. My horse, however, went with apparent ease all the way to within about two or three miles of the end, when I noticed that he was becoming very tired. He was given a little beer, after which he went on again, I walking, the horse being apparently much refreshed. About 600 yards from the end he suddenly stopped, shook his head, and fell down dead. I can only imagine that he broke a blood-vessel, for at no time was he more tired than as though coming home after a day's hunting. Had I imagined there was any possibility of his death, I should have stopped before, but he had been going along his own pace, a quiet jog, without requiring either whip or spur."



## Gloucestrians in South Africa.—Three Brothers in Arms.

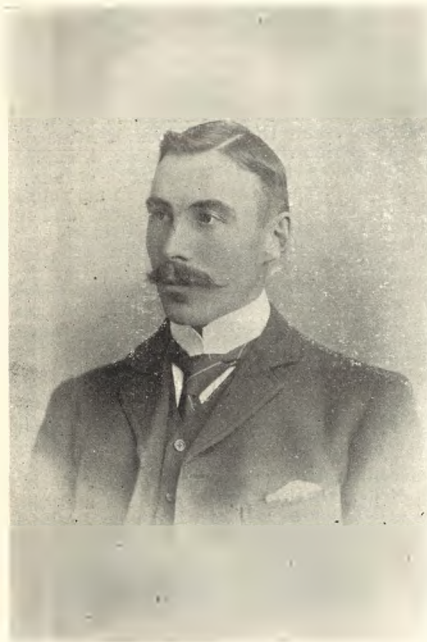
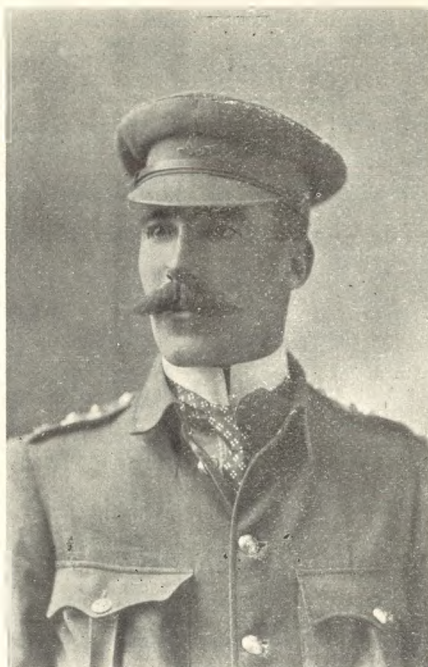


Photo by H. W. Watson, Gloucester.  
LIEUT. LEONARD PRIDAY HAINE,  
Intelligence officer, Natal Volunteer Composite  
Company.



LIEUT. CHARLES CUMMINS HAINE,  
2nd Imperial Light Horse.



SERGT. WILLIAM EDWARD HAINE,  
Rand Mine Guard, Johannesburg.

The above are three sons of Mr. G. E. Haine, of Sandycroft, Churchdown, all born at Churcham Court, near Gloucester, and, being settlers in South Africa, fought against the Boers.

Mr. L. P. Haine, a railway contractor, first joined the Dundee Town Guard; was in the Natal Carbineers during the siege of Ladysmith, and was one of the hundred volunteers who went out at night and destroyed "Long Tom"; he was

wounded on January 6th, 1900, and a second time at Middelburg; while a scout he captured the Boer General Cherry Emmett, and Louis Botha just escaped him; he was mentioned by Lord Kitchener, and received a commission as an intelligence officer.

Mr. C. C. Haine, who was compound manager at the Robinson Gold Mines, served in the Natal Carbineers and Imperial Light Horse, in the

latter of which he was commissioned. He was also through the siege of Ladysmith. In one of the many engagements that he took part in he had a remarkable escape, a Boer shell carrying away his hat. He captured a Boer flag and English Bible in the tent of Marais.

Mr. W. E. Haine, who was an electrician in the Simmer and Jack Mine, joined the Rand Mine Guard, and became sergeant.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

The talk of Cheltenham and a large district around it for several weeks past has been in appreciation of the comprehensive "Local History of the War" in the "Echo" and "Chronicle." Now that it is concluded I may be permitted to bear my tribute to the very able way in which it has been compiled, and the lucid manner in which it was presented to the public by the journalist of the staff solely responsible for it. He is to be congratulated on having achieved a marked success in an original field of literature, namely, a localised history of the war, which must have involved great expenditure of time and the exercise of much intelligence. I see that the author has connected no fewer than 2,000 officers and men with Gloucestershire by birthright or residence or various ties and associations. "Gallant Gloucestershire" the county can rightly claim to be. I hope the local historian will see his way clear to accede to a general request to issue this most interesting record in permanent form; but, at all events, those who, like myself, have portfoliod the papers have, I think, done wisely, for I understand there are none to be had now for love or money.

\* \* \*

I am glad that in Cheltenham, at least, there is to be a dinner and presentation to the

second contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry and the Volunteers and the Reservists. Funds are, however, needed for this purpose, and we should all remember the injunction "Lest we forget." The "Graphic" has published the portraits of a considerable number of our local heroes, but I venture to think that none of them will have exceeded in interest those of the three brothers Haine, all Gloucestershire born and bred, which, I understand, are to be given a prominent place in this issue.

\* \* \*

The patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester Cathedral to livings still extends over a wide area, but in recent years they have by arrangement with those of Welsh ecclesiastical authorities interested, divested themselves of the responsibility of finding suitable and eligible clergymen to present to incumbencies in their gift in the Principality, and in which the bi-lingual question has to be studied. It is not generally known that the Chapter had the vicarage of Marlow, Bucks, in their gift for four centuries. But it was so, as they appointed mainly from the year 1495 until 1862, when the right of presentation passed to the Bishop of Oxford. The vicar has compiled and just placed on the walls of this historic church a list of his predecessors, together with the date of their institution and the names of patrons, etc. One of the vicars was the Rev. Anthony Ellis, appointed in 1729, who became Bishop of St. David's in 1752, and was buried in Gloucester Cathedral. The name is de-

cidely Gloucestershire, and the circumstances remind me that the Rev. A. W. Ellis Viner, for many years vicar of Badgeworth, was proposing to place a similar list in his church, but his death, last May, frustrated this intention.

\* \* \*

There are at present several vacant livings, though not very fat ones, in Gloucester Diocese, and the patrons, both public and private, judging by the delay that has occurred, apparently find considerable difficulty in filling up the respective ones in their gift, not, however, because there is a rush of applicants for them. The vicarage of Badgeworth has been vacant nearly four months now, and I think it is high time that the college at Oxford, to whom it was willed, or someone else in default, filled it up, as the deadlock in the singing arrangements at Bentham chapel-of-ease might then be removed by the new vicar. I understand that the Gloucester Charity Trustees will again present to the rectory of Kemerton—the transfer of the advowson to a private person not having been technically completed—and that a satisfactory appointment will be made. The congregation of Salem Chapel, Cheltenham, are evidently not in a hurry to elect a pastor in place of the Rev. Gordon Fairbairn, who left them last March.

GLEANER.

Earl and Countess Granville have been on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Samuelson at Achauy Lodge, near Invershin, Sutherlandshire.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 90. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1902.

## Our Portrait Gallery.

## A Trip to Plymouth.

### THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

TO-DAY—Last Two Performances of

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

NEXT WEEK—

"The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown,"

as played at the Court, Vaudeville, and Terry's Theatres, London.

Times and Prices as Usual.

### Cheltenham Musical Festival Society.

Conductor—Mr. J. A. MATTHEWS, F.Gid.O.

CHORAL PRACTICE of Concert Music on Tuesday Evenings at 8.

ORCHESTRAL PRACTICE of Concert Music on Saturday Evenings at 7.30.

SIGHT READING and Elementary Class on Thursday Evenings at 8.

HARMONY and THEORY Class on Saturday Afternoons at 3.30.

ORCHESTRAL CLASS on Wednesday afternoons at 3.30.

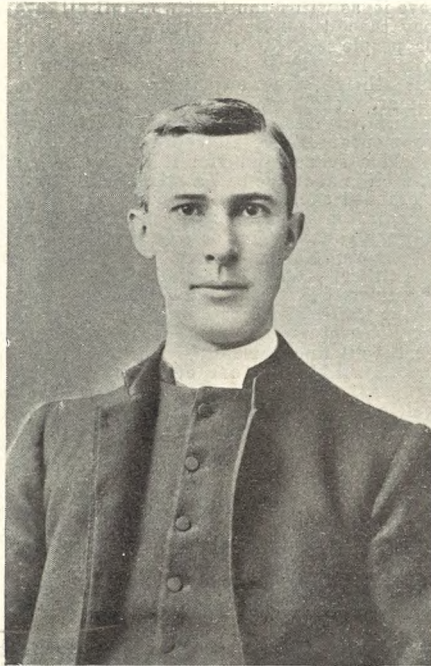
Subscription Concerts with Festival Artistes and Complete Band during the Season.

Programmes and Regulations now ready.

### DEATH OF M. ROSENTHAL.

#### A CHESS CHAMPION.

The death is announced of M. S. Rosenthal, the celebrated professor and master player of chess. A Russian Pole, he took refuge in France, being implicated in the Polish insurrection of 1864. He became naturalised, and resided ever since in Paris, where he was held in high esteem. As a chess professor, he introduced the game into society, and established the Paris Cercle. He was chiefly instrumental in organising the International Tournament during the last Exhibition at Paris. M. Rosenthal was not successful in practical play, owing to constitutional nervousness; but as a correspondence player and analyst he had no equal. In tournaments he generally played some fine games. In the Vienna Tournament, 1878, he beat Blackburne, which cost the latter the first prize. In the London Tournament, 1883, he gained the prize for the most brilliant game by beating Steinitz, and he played some fine games previously in a match against Dr. Zukertort. M. Rosenthal has had the privilege of resuscitating the taste for chess in France, and he was a persona grata in the Paris Salons. He was chess professor to the Duke of Brunswick and Prince Napoleon. In acknowledgment of his indefatigable labours he received the Order of Charles III. from the Queen of Spain in 1886.



Rev. G. W. L. Cass,

Eight years Curate of St. Stephen's, Cheltenham.

#### THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS.

In consequence of the lateness of the harvest, the Cotswold Hounds commenced cub-hunting a week or ten days later than usual, and Southfield Farm was the fixture appointed for Monday, September 15th. The Master (Mr. Algernon Rushout) had not yet returned from his foreign trip, but Travess, with same two Whips as last year, made a punctual appearance with the dog pack, and well indeed they looked. Mr. Lord had a litter of good healthy cubs waiting at Mountain's Knoll, and four were quickly viewed away, but hounds kept to one in cover, and killed him within five minutes. They then got on the line of another near the farm, and hunted him prettily along the hill to the Devil's Chimney and back to Mountain's Knoll, where he, too, was brought to hand. None were at home in Hartley Bottom, but a quick find in Chatcombe resulted in a third kill, and we then spent an unprofitable hour in Whistley Larches before coming home. Reports speak favourably of the show of cubs in all quarters, and with open weather we may look forward to a better season than the last.

G. R.

There is a train passing through Cheltenham at two o'clock on a Monday morning which comes from somewhere the other side of Birmingham, and if you are blessed with three days' holiday it will take you to Penzance or Newquay for the price of a return ticket to London; but if you are only "out for the day" you cannot go farther than Plymouth. Our boys had such pleasant recollections of Portsmouth last year that with one accord they chose a trip to a similar place. Providence, proverbially kind to children, gave us a lovely day, after three days of rain, and as we skirted the sea at daybreak, past Exmouth, Dawlish, and Teignmouth, they were all very wide awake.

Plymouth possesses an enterprising Mercantile Association, a member of which not only sent us an admirable guide, but kindly gave us information as to the best way to see the various places of interest in the time at our disposal.

We first visited the historic Hoe, where the objects of interest are so numerous that the twenty boys were never together long enough to get them all in front of the Kodak at once.

The bathing cannot be described as excellent, though the Corporation have made all the provision for it possible under the circumstances.

Drake's imposing statue, facing like a sentinel seawards, took us back to the stirring days of Elizabeth, and we mentally reconstructed the famous game of bowls as we looked out over Drake's Island and Mount Edgecumbe, though we fancied the Hoe must have been much more level in those days.

We climbed Smeaton's Tower, and from the top saw a still wider panorama, and had a peep at the Tower's successor on the Eddystone through the telescope of the obliging custodian.

Next we explored the Citadel, which we were amazed to find was constructed by Charles II., not in order to defend the town, but to overawe the turbulent citizens!

We boarded a tiny steamer, which took us to the Breakwater, through Cawsand Bay and up the Hamoaze to Saltash Bridge, passing the old Impregnable, with many of its 2,000 boys drilling on deck, and at Saltash we saw the Torpedo School and many black and wicked-looking destroyers.

After dinner we took a long ride on the electric tram through the three towns to the Royal Dockyard at Devonport. Here many wonderful things were seen, among them the battleship Queen, approaching completion, and the King Edward VII., in its initial stages. The boys were allowed to walk under this mighty vessel of 16,500 tons, and each one touched its keel and brought away some memento from it.

The machine shops, perhaps, interested them most—the shears and punches cutting through two inches of cold steel, and the steam-hammer, capable of delivering a blow of a hundred tons, with which the clever workman could close a watch case without leaving a mark on it.

We returned to the Hoe in time to see the finish of the Channel yacht race from Dartmouth, and after tea made our way to the station, tired but satisfied.

J.D.

For Illustration, see Page 4.



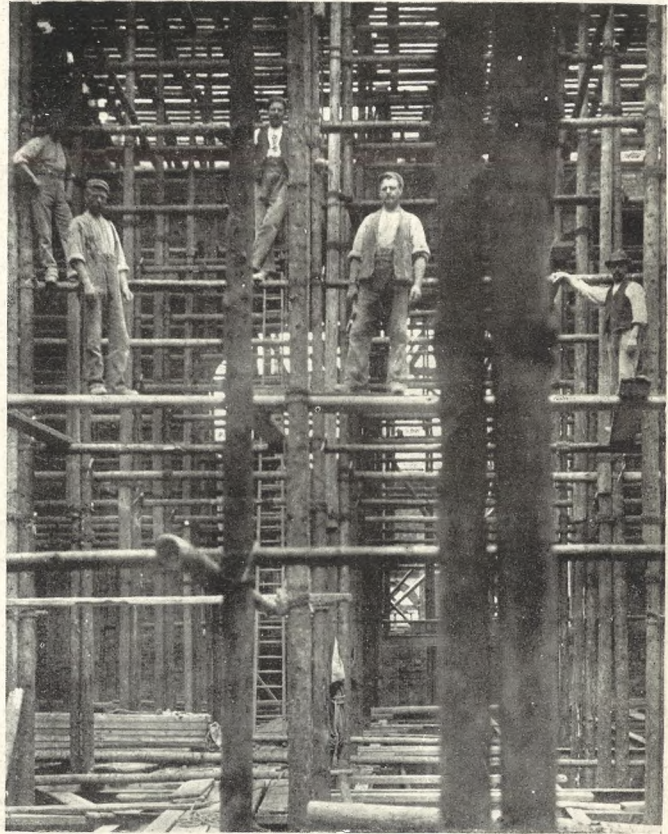




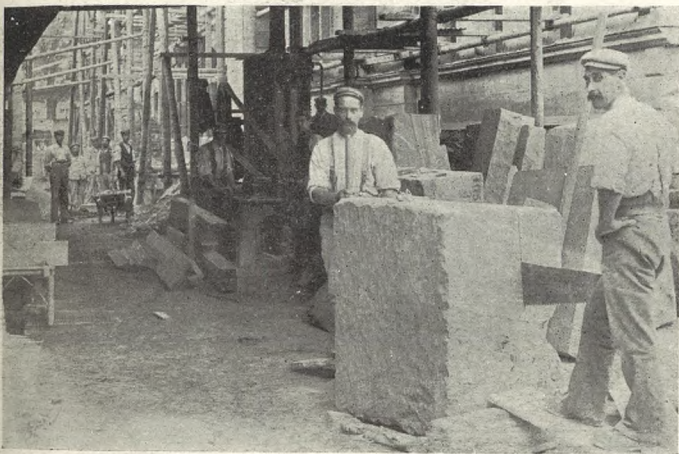
## CHELTENHAM TOWN HALL.—Now in course of Erection.



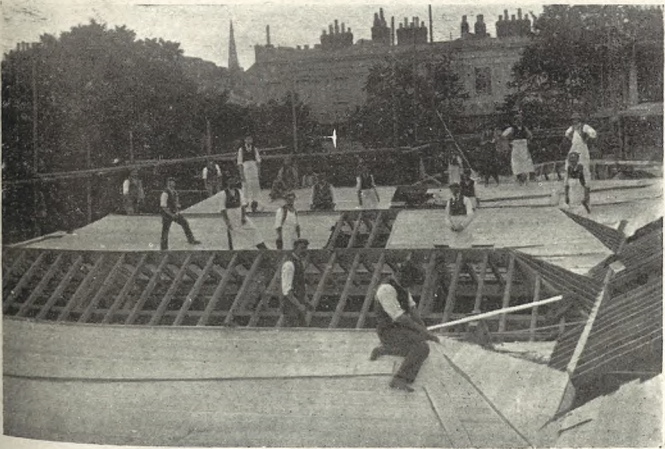
ENTRANCE TO WORKS.



MAIN HALL.



ENGINE, SAW BENCH, AND HOIST.



ROOF OVER ANTE-ROOMS.



SKY VIEW.

Two hundred thousand pounds was spent by the Shah and his suite during their three week's stay in Paris.

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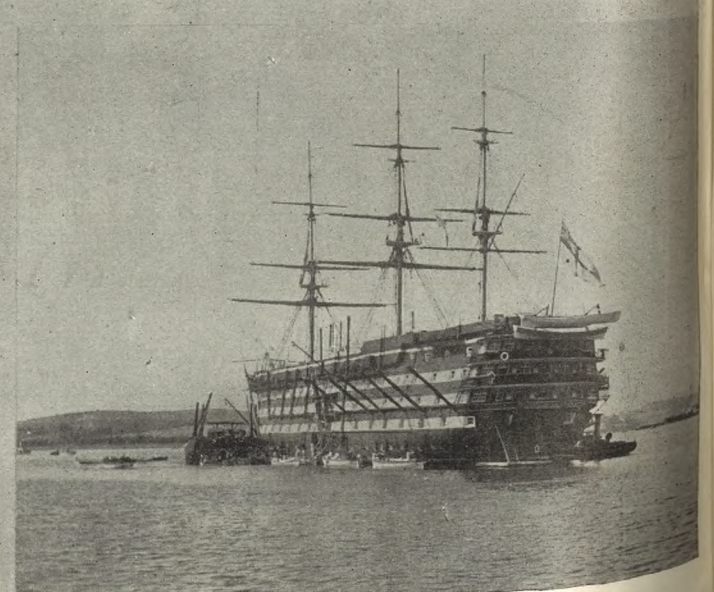
Count von Eulenberg, German Ambassador at Vienna, who is at present absent on sick leave, is about to resign his post.

Sir Alfred Jones has contributed £1,000 to the Home for Epileptics at Maghill, near Liverpool. He promised on condition that the committee raised £9,000. This they have done, and Sir Alfred has fulfilled his promise. The money is to purchase land to provide farming occupation for patients and to make some extensions.

Lieutenant-Colonel Davidson and Captain Holford have succeeded Captain the Hon. Seymour Fortescue and Captain Ponsonby as the Equerries in Waiting on the King at Balmoral. Colonel Davidson has also replaced Captain Ponsonby as assistant private secretary to his Majesty.



CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, SEPTEMBER 20, 1902.  
**CHRIST CHURCH (CHELTENHAM) BOYS AT PLYMOUTH.**



Photos by John Davis,  
 1. Plymouth Hoe from the Pier.  
 2. Evening.

3. Bathing.  
 4. The Pier, Drake's Island, and Mount Edgumbe.

5. Group on the Hoe.  
 6. The Impregnable.

Cheltenham





Photos by Jesse Price,

Tewkesbury.

1. A Seaside View.  
 2. Where's that Crab?

3. A Striking Attitude.  
 4. Storm Brewing.

5. Storm Raging.  
 6. ,, Clearing.



**CHELTENHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL SOCIETY.**—The thirty-third season opened on Tuesday evening in Bennington Hall. Dr. E. Elgar's latest composition, "The Coronation Ode," was taken in hand, and will be rendered during the season, as also will "The Hymn of Praise," "The Golden Legend," "The Messiah," and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3. The usual subscription concerts will be given. The sight-reading, orchestral, and harmony classes will be carried on as heretofore by the conductor, Mr. J. A. Matthews.

The Order of Leopold was on Tuesday conferred by the King of the Belgians upon Mrs. Oddie, of Horsham, Sussex. It is stated that the Order is only held by one other lady.

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Information has been received in London that three of the six battalions of Foot Guards lately on war service in South Africa have embarked for home, and are expected to arrive at Southampton about October 5th or 6th.

Although the strength on paper of the First Army Corps is 15,695 of all ranks, the total number now available for duty at Aldershot is only 9,454 officers and men.

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At Ashby-de-la-Zouch on Tuesday, the Marquis of Granby opened a new grammar school for girls, erected at a cost of £10,000 by the governing body of the Grammar School Foundation, which dates from 1567. Accommodation is provided for 200 pupils, including 38 boarders.





**FICKLE SEPTEMBER.**

September, so far as it has gone, has proved rather uncertain in its favour to wheelmen. There have consequently been less cycling tourists on the road than usual at this time of the year. With the average rider, who desires to spend his holiday on the wheel, it is mainly a question of the weather, and bright days, alternated with wet ones, such as we have for the most part experienced this September, are not very much to his taste. The home rider, however, has been able to enjoy some occasional but delightful spins, and so drive away the dumps into which the gloomy weather of this summer of 1902 has been calculated to force him. Speaking of the dumps, by the way, Mr. Haydon Perry tells us he finds, as probably we all do, a smart spin out in the fresh air of either summer or winter—shine or rain or snow—to be a remedy for this complaint little short of magical. One realises once again a healthy and joyous relationship with Nature, which relationship is entirely incompatible with any form of despondency. Shadows and darkness flee away

"On the long brown road  
Where the tired spirit's load  
Slips off as the leagues go by!"

**THE REAR-LIGHT QUESTION.**

Mr. G. Lacy Hillier, the well-known cycling authority, has come to the conclusion that rear lights for cycles are certainly necessary in view of the advent of the motor. In pre-motor days the cycle was the fastest vehicle on the road, overtaking, not overtaken, by other road users. The matter is one, Mr. Hillier considers, for our lamp-makers to tackle. We want only one lamp, and an attachment—a forward light, as now, and some distinctive arrangement which shall proclaim the cyclist to anyone overtaking him. He thinks a front fork end lamp on the right side of the steering wheel will effect these purposes. The lamp should have a back light or a prism in the right side, and a white light on the left side—this latter so arranged as to illuminate the wheel. Where a rim brake is used the rim is bright, and would light up effectively, producing a very distinctive object at night, enabling a motor driver to recognise at once that a cyclist was in front of him. Special attention would have to be given by cycle makers to the bracket for carrying this lamp, as some of those used in earlier years were of very flimsy construction, and always breaking.

**A PLEASANT DAY.**

To "Cycling, which well keeps up its reputation for news and illustrations, Mr. Sydney F. Taylor contributes an interesting little satire in verse recounting what may easily happen to mar a pleasant day if the cyclist is not on the look out:—

I sing the delights of a summer ride,  
When the wind blows fresh and free,  
And you say to yourself in the height of your bliss,  
"To ride through the lanes on a day like this  
Is the highest joy there can be."

I sing the delights of the dusty road,  
And the heat of the noonday sun,  
The little inn, to the roadside near,  
And the tempting bottles of (ginger) beer—  
And how you invest in one.

I sing the delights of the cooling draught,  
And how much hotter you feel,  
And how you lie down to sleep in the hay,  
And a tramp, who happens along that way,  
Rides off with your cash and your wheel!

I sing the delights of a long walk home  
In the darkening eventide,  
And how much longer the miles appear,  
How you curse that bottle of (ginger) beer,  
And how you've enjoyed your ride!

**THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITIONS.**

The "exhibition season" is now about to commence, and in a few days the doors of the two principal shows will be opened to the public. The tenth annual Photographic Salon at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W., opens to the public on the 19th inst., and will

close on the first day of November. Ten days after the Salon opening, the forty-seventh annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, at the New Gallery, 121 Regent-street, W., opens to the public, and will close on November 4th. It is stated that there are nearly a thousand entries at the Salon this year.

**THE MILITARY CYCLIST.**

In a recent order on cyclist training which has been issued, a military cyclist is: "An infantry man mounted on a machine which enables him to cover ground at a rapid pace." The following are among the duties that may devolve upon cyclists in war:—They may be employed in support of mounted troops, or may, in emergency, even be utilised in place of them, to seize points for protection of flanks, to keep touch with and harass an enemy, and to cause him every possible annoyance by enterprises against his flanks and communications. They may be of great service in anticipating a retiring foe at important points by rapid movements along roads parallel to but some distance from his line of retreat.

**TO SENSITISE POST-CARDS.**

To sensitise paper, post-cards, menus, etc., says a French authority, take of water four ounces, sodium chloride fifteen grains, and sodium phosphate fifteen grains. Brush this over the paper and leave it to dry. Then sensitise by another brushing with a ten per cent. solution of silver nitrate. The prints are toned, fixed in a weak solution of hypo or ammonia, washed, and dried.

**TRADE IN ROLL FILMS.**

For some time past there has been an uneasy feeling with regard to the manufacture and sale of roll films, consequent upon the attempt of an American company to secure a monopoly. Referring to the matter, an English firm of plate manufacturers observes that it may well have been incomprehensible to those not behind the scenes that until very recently British manufacturers have given so little attention to the production of rollable celluloid films. However, the old order of things will soon be altered, and we venture to forecast that just as British dry plates have heretofore gone ahead of American, German, and other foreign makes of plates, as regards quality, so in like manner British rollable films will in the near future take the lead.

**CYCLISTS' THRILLING EXPERIENCES.**

This is the subject of an article in one of the weekly papers, and stories are told of cyclists having been pursued and confronted at different times by a mad donkey, a lion, an elephant, and a tiger. Mr. Foster Fraser, in his bicycle ride round the world, had many most thrilling experiences, especially in the Celestial Empire, the natives of which by no means, it seems, take kindly to cyclists. On more than one occasion he narrowly escaped with his life, and it was no rare occurrence to have to run the gauntlet of a fusillade of stones and offal. Only practical demonstrations of the pugilistic art, backed up by an ever-threatening revolver, enabled the intrepid cyclist to emerge scathless from his many dangers. Last autumn six cyclists who were on tour through Hungary had an equally unpleasant experience. Towards the end of the day they were passing the cemetery of the village of Wilka-Prodorsdorf, when they were suddenly set upon by the superstitious villagers, who, thinking that they had to do with evil spirits, proceeded with sticks to beat them into insensibility. Which done, the natives, stricken with panic at having thus courted the vengeance of the unseen, fled for their lives!

**IT WAS THE TYRE.**

A thrilling story of adventure is told by a Leeds paper of a cyclist, who reported to the police one dark night that he had been pursued by a cycle-mounted highwayman, that he had been shot at, and that the bullet struck his back tyre, the gash in which he showed as evidence in support of his narration. The police judged the affair to be only a case of tyre bursting, the loud report of

which had suggested to the cyclist's imagination that he had been the victim of a dastardly outrage!

**HAND-CAMERA UNIPOD.**

We are now approaching the time of year when the usefulness of the hand-camera is curtailed by reason of a longer exposure often being required than it is possible to give holding the instrument in the hand. To surmount the difficulty, while at the same time saving the necessity of having to carry about and erect a tripod, an American recommends what he calls an "Unipod." It is simply an alpenstock with an iron-shod point, and having at the other end a screw which fits into the socket of the camera. The length of the stick is such that both the finder and the focussing scale can easily be seen when the camera is on it, while a brass cap covers the screw when this is not in use. The idea seems a good one.

**CARE WITH THE TRAILER.**

Some care is needed in the use of a trailer, and by carefully picking the road the one who hauls the trailer can make the passenger's progress much more pleasant. Corners must not be taken too close, lest the near side wheel foul the kerbstone, and complete turns should be made in fairly wide sweeps. Those who are used to tricycling, observes "The Cyclist," will know what precautions are necessary, but bicyclists who are accustomed to "hug" the roadside should never forget that they have a broad gauge machine behind them.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITIONS.**

An incentive to good photographic work amongst amateurs is undoubtedly to be found in the various competitions that are organised from time to time by various manufacturers and photographic journals. Many of these competitions are confined to the summer months, and the wane of the season is indicated by the announcement of the closing dates. One of the most tempting competitions of all, that initiated by the Thornton-Pickard Company, comes to an end on October 1st. The prizes offered amount to £105, being divided up into thirty-five cash prizes of £3 each. This competition in past seasons has drawn forth some excellent work done with the company's apparatus, and last year a very fine album was published giving the winning pictures, which, it is to be presumed, will be repeated this year. In sending in for the competition, negatives are not required to accompany prints in the first instance, but they are demanded afterwards from prize-winners. The rules of this competition, by reason of their freedom from restrictions, are a pattern to organisers of other competitions.

**CHATTER BY THE WAYSIDE.**

It has been computed by someone with a taste for figures that there are 10,000,000 bicycles in use in all the world. He goes on to say that if these wheels were placed in one procession, with thirteen passing a minute, it would take nearly a year, day and night, in passing a given point.

A party of cyclists riding near Warrington were attacked by bees, which accompanied them for half a mile, severely stinging some of the riders.

The following amusing notice is affixed to the church gate in a German village:—"Cyclists and hens are forbidden to wander round the churchyard."

Blood-poisoning, following injury to a finger when cleaning his chain, brought about the death of a Liverpool cyclist.

The French executioner travels now from one place of business to the other on a motor-car, which also carries the guillotine.

In glancing over the past season, it is satisfactory to note that serious accidents on the cycle racing path have been very rare at home; but, on the other hand, fatal accidents have been rather numerous abroad.

It is stated that France only has about eighty photographic societies, while in Germany we find about one hundred and twenty-five societies, two hundred in the United States, and more than three hundred in England.

Free-wheelers should take warning from



the experience of a rider who met with an accident through having his roller clutch literally jammed with dirt. For two years he had never cleaned the clutch by the injection of paraffin, or oiled it in any way.

It is reported that a feature is to be made of indoor cycle racing at the Alexandra Palace during the coming winter.

RIDER HAGGARD ON AGRICULTURE.

On Tuesday Mr. Rider Haggard presided at the annual dinner of the Mutford, Lothingland, and North Suffolk Agricultural Association's Show at Bungay. He said it was impossible for anybody acquainted with agricultural affairs to be jubilant at the present time. There had been promise of a good harvest, but that promise he regretted to say, had to a large extent disappeared. He had read a speech recently by Mr. Hanbury, and he had been intensely interested to see a member of the Government urging farmers throughout the country to combine against the Government for the purpose of compelling them to force the railway companies to lower their rates. But railway companies were not philanthropic institutions, and if they could see their way clear to keep up the rates they would do so. There were things which might be done to help farmers. Taxation might be readjusted, for instance, if anybody would readjust it; but this was not likely. Unless farmers could make the Government realise that they had weight and voting power behind them they would never do anything. Farmers had grievances which could be redressed, but they would never be altered until the agricultural interest of England brought home to the mind of the Government that they could no longer be neglected (cheers).

CHANGES AT SANDHURST.

A Camberley correspondent telegraphs that many changes in the personnel of the educational staff at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, are announced consequent upon the opening of the new term on Wednesday. Lieutenant-General Sir E. Markham, the retiring Governor and Commandant, on Tuesday handed over his duties to Colonel C. G. Kitson, his successor. Colonel Talbot, the retiring Assistant-Commandant, also handed over the duties of his office to Major J. E. Caunter, the newly-appointed second in command of the college. The officers of the educational staff who have severed their connection with the college since the end of last term are Major FitzHenry, who goes to Canada; Major Macpherson and Captain E. G. Wynyard, who rejoin their regiments in South Africa; Major Ward, Colonel Ponsonby Watts, Major Pollock, and Major B. W. S. Van Straubenzee. Several of these officers only held temporary appointments at Sandhurst. It is announced that several other officers are only retained in their appointments for the present. For filling some of these vacancies Earl Roberts has selected Major W. F. Walter, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, now Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General at Cork; Captain Pilleau, of the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment; and Captain R. E. H. James, of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. The two latter officers have also each been given the command of a company of gentleman cadets. Captain C. P. Higginson, D.S.O., of the Shropshire Light Infantry, and Major H. Wills Cole, D.S.O., of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, both of whom are at present serving in South Africa, have also been selected for the educational staff at the Royal Military College. The professorship of tactics, military administration, and law is vacant through the promotion of Major Caunter, who has held that appointment for the past two years, to be second in command of the cadets.

The "London Gazette" of Tuesday night stated that Second-Lieut. Edward C. Baddeley, of the West India Regiment, has been removed from the Army, "his Majesty having no further occasion for his services."

Devonshire-street School, Cheltenham.



Photos by Miss E. Wheeler, Cheltenham.  
 1. The Cricket Team 1902 (won 7, lost 0).  
 2. Old Gloucestershire Game—Jump, Jimmy Wagtail. 3. All on.

The Earl and Countess of Bradford have just had placed in the church at Weston-under-Lizard a beautiful stained-glass window to commemorate the safe return from the war in South Africa of their two sons, Viscount Newport and the Hon. Richard Bridgeman. The window is a double one, and on the one side Peace is represented holding up the olive branch, while on the other the figure of War is shrinking discomfited before it.

AN ARTIST IN HAIR.  
 "You are in business as a hair-dresser?" said a solicitor to a defendant in Peterborough County Court on Tuesday.  
 "No I am not," was the reply.  
 "As a barber?"  
 "No."  
 "What, then?"  
 "I am a tonsorial artist," was the proud reply.



### Gloucestershire Gossip.

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September is more than half over, and chill autumn has been upon us much before its due time, on the 24th of this month. It has been a most disappointing summer, and I fear that the rain and wind which prevailed on too many days have considerably damaged the very fine corn crops and appreciably increased the cost of their ingathering. I have heard of as much as 19s. per acre being paid for cutting and binding wheat. And yet at one time the prospect looked so rosy, and even as early as July 17th I saw a little piece of wheat, with straw 5½ feet high, cut at Churchdown. But a great deal has happened since then. We must all now hope that the weather will continue sufficiently fine to enable the corn crops on the hills, where harvest is always later than in the vale, to be safely gathered in.

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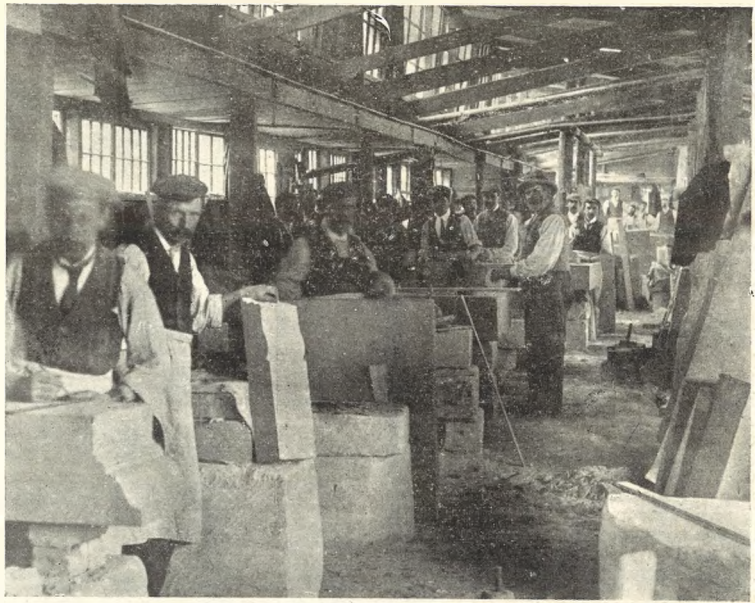
Fancy having between 1½ and 1¾ inches of rain fall during twenty-four consecutive hours in September in this county! Yet this was the extent of the downpour on the 10th inst., constituting a September record for 12 years, and almost equalling the total rainfall for the whole of the corresponding month in the previous year. I see that Lord Eleho and many of the guests had to lunch with an umbrella in one hand and a knife or fork in the other at Winchcombe Agricultural Show, for the time-honoured tent in which it was held was like a sieve. This reminds me that I have had one or two similar experiences to this, and that when Gloucester Park was flooded by the Sudbrook, in the early seventies, and a number of tents had to be hurriedly removed to higher ground, it was jocularly suggested that a regatta would have to take the place of the cattle show. One of my dinner experiences was the interruption of the post-prandial proceedings at a football function at the Ram Hotel, Gloucester, by a beam in the ceiling catching fire from a gas jet. And I have a lively recollection of a wild October night on Bromsberrow Heath during the Hon. John Plunkett's election campaign in the Forest of Dean, when the late Earl Beauchamp, who acted as chairman on an open wagon-platform, kindly held a carriage lamp to enable me to see my notes until his lordship's nice ruddy complexion got quite black from the smoke which the wind blew in his face.

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I was pleased to recently recognise in a photograph in a London illustrated paper Capt. Cecil Spence, son of the Dean of Gloucester. It was in a group representing Gen. Alderson and his pack of hounds at Pretoria. Capt. Spence looks quite at home there, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that before he entered the Army he was a frequent follower of the Berkeley and Ledbury Hounds, and was one of the introducers of polo into the Cathedral city. Really, it does not seem so very long ago that he was under a "coach" at Cheltenham. He is one of the gallant Gloucesterians who kept the flag flying from the very start in South Africa, and, as aide-de-camp to Gen. Alderson, I have no doubt he also renders his chief yeoman service in the hunting field.

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My anticipation that the Gloucester Charity Trustees would once more present to the rectory of Kemerton has been realised by their appointment of the Rev. Jerome A. B. Mercier to it, although some papers erroneously give other patrons. It is but fitting, I think, that the mantle of the father should fall on the son in the parish where the former was so much beloved. The present appointment appears to be satisfactory to all concerned. I will venture to make another prophecy, and that is that this is the last time the trustees will make a rector. £9,680 net. The money he left to his widow.



MASONS' WORKSHOP AT THE NEW CHELTENHAM TOWN HALL.

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There will be a highly interesting extra-Masonic function in Cheltenham on Sept. 30th, on the occasion of the "coming-of-age" of Sir Michael Hicks Beach as Provincial Grand Master of Gloucestershire. The brethren, who generally do things well, decided some time ago to celebrate this event by offering presentations to Sir Michael and Lady Lucy Hicks Beach, and a gold repeating watch and portrait of his wife to the former and a diamond and sapphire pendant with pearl drop and a diamond and sapphire bracelet to the latter were ascertained to be acceptable gifts. The presentations would have taken place earlier if Sir Michael's official duties had permitted, but when he got in a position of more freedom and less responsibility a fixture for Sept. 30th was arranged. It is satisfactory to find that the presentation function will not be "tyled," as ladies will be admitted to it, and it is very much to be hoped for that it will partake of a semi-public character, for a much larger circle than the Freemasons naturally take an interest in Sir Michael and his doings. GLEANER.

### 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.

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

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

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

The winner of the 88th competition is Mr. Jesse Price, Bank House, Tewkesbury, with his Sidmouth series.

Entries for the 89th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Sept. 20th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

### Prize Drawings.

The proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" also offer a weekly prize of half-a-guinea for the best drawing submitted for approval.

The competition is open to the county, and any subject may be chosen—sketch, portrait, or cartoon—but local subjects are preferred.

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board.

In both competitions all specimens received will be retained and may be reproduced.

Entries for the first drawing competition will close on Saturday morning next, Sept. 27th, 1902, and the result will appear, together with the reproduction, in the issue of the following Saturday. In subsequent competitions also entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award.

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### JUDGE'S BRIEF WILL.

Judge French, of the Bow and Shoreditch County Courts, who died on August 4 last, left a will a model in brevity. The document is in his honour's own handwriting, and covers a sheet of ordinary ruled foolscap, containing in all just over 200 words. The usual legal phrases are conspicuous by their absence. Judge French left £10,252 gross and £9,680 net. The money he left to his widow.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 91.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

TO-DAY at 2.30 and 7.45.

"The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown."

NEXT WEEK—The Popular English Comic Opera

"THE DANDY FIFTH."

Times and Prices as Usual.

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## Prize Photography.

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

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

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

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

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

The winner of the 89th competition is Mr. R. H. Cook, of 29 Upper Park-street, London-road, Cheltenham, with his bird's-eye views of Cheltenham.

Entries for the 90th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Sept. 27th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

## Prize Drawings.

The proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" also offer a weekly prize of half-a-guinea for the best drawing submitted for approval.

The competition is open to the county, and any subject may be chosen—sketch, portrait, or cartoon—but local subjects are preferred.

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board.

In both competitions all specimens received will be retained and may be reproduced, but any drawing the return of which is particularly desired will be handed over on personal application.

Entries for the first drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Sept. 27th, 1902, and the result will appear, together with the reproduction, in next Saturday's issue. In subsequent competitions also entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award.

## Our Portrait Gallery.



REV. JOHN VAUGHAN PAYNE, M.A.,  
Kempsford House, Gloucester,

The doyen of the city clergy, he having been vicar of Christ Church from 1868 to 1891, when he resigned. Formerly a member of the School Board.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

I observe that the "Yorkshire Weekly Post" has an appreciative and well-reasoned article on the celebrated Fairford Church windows. As at least two Gloucestershire journalists are on the staff of that paper and have recently been making a short sojourn in their native county, I would venture to say that one of these two gentlemen is responsible for the contribution in question. A well-known story, which will bear narrating in the "Graphic," as it has not hitherto appeared therein, is introduced:—A Gloucestershire antiquary, now dead, was one day sought by a friend at his country house at Haresfield. He had left home on the previous morning, and had not returned. But his disappearance was not causing his household much anxiety. They told the inquirer that if he would address a letter to "J. D. T. Niblett, Esq., F.S.A., West Window, Fairford Church, Gloucestershire," probably it would find him. It did. The local postman next morning discovered Mr. Niblett on a ladder inside the church examining the window, and neither of them thought the circumstance remarkable.

I can contribute a true tale, which has never before appeared in cold print, aeneas the Fairford windows. It is how a whilom clerk's quaint description of them was obtained and published to the world. Over thirty years ago the editor of a certain county paper made up his mind that he would get it verbatim et literatim. He accordingly despatched the chief reporter to Fairford, and he, with the friendly aid of a then resident, by engaging the attention of the clerk all the time, surreptitiously took a shorthand note of his description. The clerk, who was always averse to anyone making notes when he was acting as cicerone was amazed and furious when he read his monologue in the newspaper. The report proved a regular "scoop" in press parlance, and it was so much appreciated as a funny and most original account in characteristic Cotswold dialect that it was embodied in a book containing examples of the latter peculiarities.

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"Finis" may now be put to the doubling of the Cheltenham and Banbury Railway between Andoversford and Lansdown Junction, for the connections are to be made to-morrow. The Great Western Company have, therefore, faithfully carried out the undertaking they entered into when they succeeded in defeating in Parliament the Midland Company's Winchcombe railway scheme. The doubling was commenced in the autumn of 1900, and the first section of the work was very difficult, as it included the widening of the viaduct and the making of more headway in the tunnel at Dowdeswell, while it was "double, double, toil, and trouble" with slips on blue clay embankments. Sunday, February 9th of this year, saw the formal opening of the section to Charlton Kings. The part that has chiefly come under the eyes of Cheltonians is the length to Lansdown, upon which "the navvies on the line" have been much in evidence. It is really wonderful how they have progressed without accident, seeing that the ordinary summer traffic on the single line has been greatly supplemented by trains with volunteers going to and from camp and returned regulars and reservists. With this doubling completed, making a short North and South route available for all purposes, shareholders of the M. and S.W.J. Railway ought to see the promised land of dividends in sight, especially as even under the present circumstances the traffic returns for the past eleven weeks give an increase of £4,653 over the corresponding period of 1901. That Cheltenham is destined to be a much more important railway town than it has been in the past I fully believe. Wait till the Honeybourne line is finished.

GLEENER.

At Newport on Saturday, the Selection Committee of the South Monmouthshire Liberal Association recommended the adoption of Colonel Ivor Herbert, C.B., C.M.G., whose extensive military service has brought him many rewards, to oppose Colonel the Hon. F. C. Morgan, M.P., at the next election.





95TH BATTERY ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY  
Arriving at Tewkesbury September 12th, en route to Leeds.  
Capt. Peckham, Lieuts. Elliott and Barnett, 101 non-coms. and men.

Photo by Jesse Price,

Tewkesbury.

## The Fairyland of Flowers.

A feast of beauty and colour is presented by what may be called "The Fairyland of Flowers." Nursed by the sunshine, fed by the rain, and rocked by the wind, the infant flowers seem to rejoice in their advent to a new world. When the little seed is wrapped in the kindly earth it is warmed into life, and throwing off its husky mask, a rootlet descends, and a bud ascends, and leaves and flowers unfold a new-created world. Of such may the poet sing, while the botanist tells his story of the wonder and beauty of the "modified leaves" known as flowers, taking on infinite forms of beauty and colour, and culminating in the greatest wonder of all, the production of fruit and seed, by which the generation is continued, it may be for ages to come, dogged by the variations which environment brings about.

The simplest and earliest forms of vegetation which first clothe the bare rock and barren spots of earth with a thin film are full of interest, as they were doubtless in geologic time the forerunners of our present vegetation, and in their dying gave pabulum to the higher forms which followed them. Keen-eyed science has traced the structure and organisation of the vegetable kingdom from the simplest forms of minute cell and thread-like vessel through many differing "orders" up to gigantic timber trees, and the beautiful forms of our flowering plants.

While man finds the charm of a new world in flowers, the fly, the bee, and the butterfly rifle a perfumed palace of its honey and, depositing the pollen from other flowers, bring about cross-fertilization, by which the virility of the race is strengthened and continued, and new species and varieties evolved. Thus arise lovely forms of perennial growth, with richest colourings and boldest of contrasts, delighting the eye of the artist, and presenting a grand vestibule of life to the philosopher. Thus wooing the world for its admiration, flowers throw their mantle of beauty, like rich tapestry, over the earth's waste places.

"We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time."

The advent of hopeful spring in our temperate zone has a charm for everyone.

"The insect youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the honeyed Spring,  
And float amid the liquid noon."

The chill drear time of winter is changing into genial warmth. The summons goes forth, like a voice from another sphere, to the good fairies tending man for lengthening days, for brighter skies, for wooing airs to do their transforming work of awakening fields and woods and gardens into fresh life and beauty, and to change the cold grey scene into one abounding with rejoicing, light, and life. The buds swell, the landscape assumes a fresher green, the skies take on a brighter hue. Then come the brave array of spring flowers, like dancing fairies on an emerald lawn, and Winter's silent gloom is changed into a kaleidoscope of wonder, beauty, and colour.

Let us take a trip into the Land of Flowers—"Relics ye are of Eden's bowers. We may taste your solace sweet, and come again to-morrow." Many may say that at best flowers are but one of the many trifles of life, to gaze at, to smell at, to make a bouquet or buttonhole, to please a child, to brighten a garden; but surely flowers have a claim upon us besides, if not beyond and above, all these. So let us make time to think awhile upon flowers, to develop a taste for them, to acquire a charm in them, for we assuredly lose much by not making companions, friends, and even foster-parents and winsome lovers of them. They are indeed far nobler than were trifles in life, to be used to enhance our pleasures. So let us hasten to regard them with admiring eyes, to taste their fleeting sweetness, to commune with them in the angel World of Beauty which they beckon us to share, to drink in their beauty, to trace out their wonderful structure, con over their mystery, accept them as living types of a higher life. What more art-suggestive object than a flower? What more widely used in decoration? What more thrilling to the poet, more inspiring to the artist? What gives us such graceful, such daring, such exquisite curves, such bewitching colouring, such variety, indeed, such loveableness?

Note you their varying perfume? First floating from the censor of Spring, in the yet cool breeze, come the scents distilled from buds of hyacinth and violet, and the brave wallflower, heralding from the wide opening portals of summer many perfumes born in foreign lands, long hid in Mother Earth, which the gentle rains, the summer suns, and moving breeze awaken, like talismans of enchantment, telling of spice-fed groves and rare honey scents wandering wide for friendly media to load with their overflowing

riches, as missionaries of mercy from a sainted heaven. Come, great spectacled science-man, bring with you the still greater cogitating philosopher, and tell us can you find a fitting language to rehearse their differences, their charms, their suggestiveness, their thrilling lessons of refinement, the links of gold which unite them to the unknown, the unseen, the luminiferous ether in which the stars float, the depths of human thought in which all we see and seriously think of is richly steeped?

Walk we now among the many-coloured peeping buds softly asking, "May we come out to play in the summer breeze?" Is there any memory of childhood more sweet than this? More rich in fragrance of beauty, charm, and wealth of sweet thought? March we next with the gaily-pareled battalions of bloom, waving their triumphant flags as in defiance of Old Technic, who aims to arrange everything in the scientific order of developments, evolutions, environments, survivals. He labours to label with technical jargon the glorious assemblage of created things that spangles the earth with beauty, and fills the student-soul with wonderment, adoration, and prayer.

We are now fairly in the Flowery Land, not simply John Chinaman's so-called, albeit it is redolent of tea and charming flowers, but in the wide stretches of bloom and beauty spread out, as in jewelled tesserae, over earth's varying surface, under the glowing searchlight of our ardent sun, seemingly jealous of the immeasurable cold that clips the wandering planets around us. We peep into forest, marsh, and wood, loiter on mountains, hie to the mystic recesses where orchids play at hide and seek, where gaudy flowers poise gaudier butterflies on their trembling stems, and humming-birds hold honey revels mid intoxicating sweets. Let us, at least for a time, live among flowers, dwell with them in their silent growth and beauty-unfolding, regarding them as types of a higher, purer existence, where the soul lives uncumbered by the chains of Earth.

Like a ministering angel the sainted grass veils Earth's nakedness with a mantle of emerald velvet, which fairy flowers embroider and fringe with ever-changing beauty, now lighted by the fondling sun, now shaded by a jealous cloud. Store of nutrient food is cunningly hidden beneath. Numberless seeds and micro-germs are lying at various depths in the pregnant Earth, ready to spring into life when favouring conditions arise. Eggs and chrysalids of insects lie entombed awaiting a resurrection of winged rejoicing. Giant trees that have built up their plumes of grandeur through centuries of steady growth, crown the landscape with coronels of vert of many shades and shapes—in springtime bright with hues of virgin green, in summer dipped in deeper tints, and in autumn rivaling the brilliancy of the garden fields. Under the deep shade of the greenwood, in which the sunshine shimmers as through Cathedral glass, nestle special races of plants and flowers, while Silence, awe-struck, holds its solemn court, musically broken it may be by a rustling leaf-fall, a buzzing wing, a bird-note, or a distant echo of the noisy world outside. Well may poets picture these quiet recesses and mystic shades as the homes of fairy phantoms, where high festival is held, lit only by the tender moonlight, the glow-worm's lamp, and the beetle's sheen.

On moss-clad hill, where long ago Early Man dug his stone-ribbed barrow-tomb, the odorous thyme lifts its pink bells for its many winged visitors to taste its honey-store. The whinberry, gorse, and broom, and blue-berried juniper stand stout sentinels only where the hill-breeze buffets them right merrily; while the azure eidelweiss, with kindred "stars of earth," finds congenial home, and holds high court with rarest pomp of pageantry, while distant snow peaks take ruddy hues at morn and eve, and veils of purpling haze roll on in lines of laughing light.

Down where the sea of blue beats towering cliff rise hardy races of perennial bloom, and night moths peer with ruby eyes for deep-hil honey in their waving cups. The feathery wind-borne seed clings for foothold on the crumbling crag, and waves, when summer comes, its festal flag of bloom. Where eagles nest and rear their ravenous brood,





GLOUCESTER TEAM (winners).



CHELTENHAM TEAM.

FIRST INTER-LEAGUE CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN GLOUCESTER AND CHELTENHAM,  
September 13th, 1902.

Photos by C. T. Deane,

Cheltenham.

flowers yet unnamed; and where the serpent coils in deepest loneliness up springs a sheltering tent of leaf and flower, as though to teach that naught so hideous but has beauty's side; no death but has some compensating life; no sin but has redemption at its base. Even the ruined or deserted pile which man has reared, and long forgot, for worship, war, or whim, is quick thick covered with the mantling leaf and flower.

Sail we now fancy-ward to tropic gardens wild, where lush leaf and flower in ardent rivalry uprise. Here form, the speech of life, her daintiest cuts display, and her sister, colour, which we may call life's music, tinctures all with richest dyes from out her spectrum store. Bells droop as faint at sight of their own loveliness, while buds climb heavenward lovingly, as seeking to kiss the sun that cherishes them. Even demon poisons take heavenly hue, and try amends to make for hate of life by flaunting tint grandiloquent. Where fever marshes spread their nets of death brave freshening genn rise with hope of betterment, as eucalyptus waves her healing wings, and shows to man what stores of love and life hover over even the shroud of death. No heat too fierce, no cold too sharp, no spot too drear or seemingly forgot by Fate, but strives to send its floral promise forth, to gladden man and beautify the earth.

Flowers have proved charming to man from the remotest ages. Rude scratch-drawings of them have been found in the remains of savage life. As soon as colour came to be manipulated, representations of them were marked on the skin, dyed on the garments worn, chiselled on the implements used, and stamped in homage-tint on the coffin and the tomb. The more gorgeous of the flowering tribes came to be planted in gardens, nursed for their perfumes, while gracing the festive board and accompanying the pageant as the march of mind went on. Luxury demanded their increase, their improvement by careful culture. The tireless bee, the jocund butterfly, the mystic moth, each in its nectar-rifing rovings fertilised with fresher force and more varied beauty the honey-cups that attracted them. As time went on, remote regions were ransacked by man for fresh floral glories. Great Kings, and later, great houses adopted flowers for their insignia, their arms, their flags, and they were even made national and political emblems. From nearly 500 years ago onwards large numbers of our garden flowers were brought from distant climes, and their natural habitats being imitated as far as was possible, they have flourished and increased, and our comparatively meagre native flora has been enriched to an amazing degree, for many kinds on becoming acclimatized broke the bounds of the cultured garden, and spread widely where they found their fittest environment. No country in the world rivals England for its vast importations of flowers and bulbs; and in no other country is the gardener's art more admired and more widely practised. The rich man raises his houses of glass to ape a tropic clime and grow a tropic glory. The

rest-seeker grows his borders of gay blooms as a labour of love. The poor man tends his floral pets, and triumphs in his victories at the local flower show, and often proves that he has a keener appreciation of beauty and healthy out-door labour than he has been given credit for.

Poets have exhausted their enthusiasm over the exquisite charms of flowers. Who can adequately rehearse the varied sentiment allegorized by flowers?—their up-springing from the East, as from a prolific Eden; the gentle thoughts, as though born of another and purer world, which they inspire; the types of innocence they present; the tender thoughts they suggest; the reverence they arouse; the signs of endearment, love, devotion they can be made to indicate?—greeting the promising birth, blessing the hopeful baptism, making gay the festive wedding, or slanting the dark descent of Death with lines of loving light and hopes of immortality.

Science opens to us fields of fresh wonders through the portals of the Floral World. Scarce an order of plants into which the keen eye of Science has divided the vegetable creation but affords some beautiful, curious, or magnificent floral adornment. Some of the orders, indeed, are lavish in their contributions to garden glory. Indeed, the scientific interest which flowers evoke seems boundless. What discoveries have yet to be made from analysis of their tender structure and wonderful properties; the mystery of their cross-fertilization; their extraordinary capacity for improvement, alike extort admiration and wonder. As the precursors of nutrient and fragrant food and fruit they become perpetual legacies to humanity, to progress, to increased charm and beauty of life.

Let us ever regard flowers with increasing approval. As they fleck with butterfly beauty our meads and gardens let us rate them at higher value; accord them deeper admiration, even in their simplest and wildest forms. They will well repay whatever care and attention we bestow upon them. They will continue to add increasing lustre to the leisure that cultivates them. They will add a charm to the grey life of the poor toiler when he tends them with parental care, and welcomes their smile as they emerge—"a new created world." The labour of love involved in their culture has a charm and a grace for the aged, gives a spur to the young, and hope and refreshment to all. While imparting health and increased interest in life, they never fail to exercise a refining influence wherever their study and cultivation are carried out on the gentle lines of patience, forethought, and well-directed energy. Not garden only shines by day  
With beauteous blooms in bright array;  
But, carried onward, with delight,  
Shine in heaven the flowers of night.  
The lily moon, with silvery glow,  
Bursts forth, chaste garmented in snow,  
As though in grief for absent one,  
Yet hopeless following ardent sun,  
As maid deserted, left forlorn,  
From all love's blisses rudely torn.

Thin spotting vault of violet-blue,  
The planets glint with argent hue,  
And mildly shine, like flowers in shade,  
To meet the gaze of day afraid.  
Gay flow'rets that with Earth combine  
To make a sparsely scattered shine;  
With tender love, sun-kissed by day;  
At night white-lit with lunar ray,  
A budding bed of modest flowers  
Tended by seraphic powers;  
Mayhap, like Earth, with life ablaze,  
Where souls see nights and sunny days,  
As nursed to meet the kind caress  
Of spheres with grander power to bless.  
Far, far away, an endless race—  
An infinite world of blooms we trace,  
In 'broidered beds of varying glow,  
In myriads massed, a goodly show;  
In spanning bands of silvery lace,  
Veiling outer spheres in space;  
So distant that their shooting light,  
Though flying with electric fright,  
Will only draw their equipage  
To view of eyes of distant age,  
And, bursting on the ravished sight,  
Add glory to the flowers of night;  
Still higher lift the longing soul,  
To bliss beyond poor Earth's control;  
At least, to hope of betterment—  
God's smile for life, well meant, well spent.

JOSEPH MERRIN.

Poetry.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone;  
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth;  
It has troubles enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer;  
Sigh! it is lost on the air;  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.  
Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
Grieve, and they turn and go;  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not want your woe.  
Be glad, and your friends are many;  
Be sad, and you lose them all;  
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.  
Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
Fast, and the world goes by;  
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
But no man can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a long and lordly train;  
But one by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.



The death is announced of Mr. W. W. Haswell, a singularly interesting character, who was well known at Derby. He was in the army many years ago, and served in the Kafir War in 1851-3, being present at twenty-nine engagements. He was eighty years old.



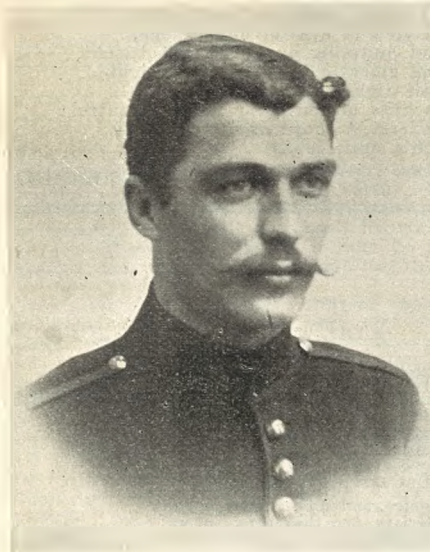
Gloucestershire Victoria Cross Heroes.



MAJOR-GEN. T. DE COURCY HAMILTON,  
V.C., J.P.



LIEUT.-COLONEL PERCIVAL SCROPE  
MARLING, V.C., C.B., J.P.



SHOEING-SMITH A. E. IND, V.C.

Major-General Thos. de Courcy Hamilton, V.C., J.P., of Dunboyne, Cheltenham, formerly of the 68th Foot (now 1st Durham Light Infantry), was awarded the V.C. "for having, on the night of the 11th May, 1855, during a most determined sortie by the Russians at Sebastopol, boldly charged the enemy, with a small force, from a battery of which they had obtained possession in great numbers, thereby saving the works from falling into the hands of the enemy. He was conspicuous on this occasion for his gallantry and daring conduct."

\*

Lieut.-Col. Percival Scrope Marling, V.C., C.B. J.P. (18th Hussars), of Sedbury Park, Gloucestershire, had his honour awarded "for his conspicuous bravery at the battle of Temai (Soudan) on 13th March, 1884, in risk-



MR. HENRY HOOK, V.C.

ing his life to save that of Private Morley, Royal Sussex Regiment, who, having been shot, was lifted and placed in front of Lieut. Marling on his horse. He fell off almost immediately, when Lieut. Marling dismounted, and gave up his horse for the purpose of carrying off Private Morley, the enemy pressing close on to them, until they succeeded in carrying him about 80 yards to a place of comparative safety."

\*

Shoeing-Smith A. E. Ind, V.C., R.H.A., 11th Section (Pom-poms), is only 29 years of age, and a native of Tetbury, and has been adjudged deserving of the V.C. for conspicuous bravery at Tafel Kop on the 20th of December, 1901. He was one of a pom-pom company, and after 89 of his comrades had been shot down—34 of whom were mortally

wounded—he continued to fire into the advancing Boers until the last moment. He escaped without a scratch. When the Boers came up his life was spared. Capt. Jeffcoat, the commanding officer, was himself mortally wounded, and before he died he wished that Ind's brave conduct should be brought to official notice.

\*

Mr. Henry Hook, V.C., now of the Library, British Museum, is a native of Churcham, near Gloucester, having been born there in 1855. When a private in the South Wales Borderers (24th Regiment) he took part in the gallant defence of the hospital at Rorke's Drift, after the terrible disaster at Isandlwana, in January, 1879, and he was one of six recipients of crosses awarded for distinguished service there. The official report states:—"Private John Williams was posted with Privates Joseph Williams and William Horgan in a distant room of the hospital, which they held for more than an hour, so long as they had a round of ammunition left; as communication for a time was cut off, the Zulus were enabled to advance and burst open the door; they dragged out Joseph Williams and two of the patients and assailed them. Whilst the Zulus were occupied with the slaughter of these men a lull took place, during which John Williams, who, with two patients, were the only men now left alive in this ward, succeeded in knocking a hole in the partition, and in taking the two patients into the next ward, where he found Private Hook. Th's man, together with Private John Williams, one man working whilst the other fought and held the enemy at bay with his bayonet, broke through three more partitions, and were thus enabled to bring eight patients through a small window into the inner line of defence."

TO MRS. SELINA JENKINS.

\*

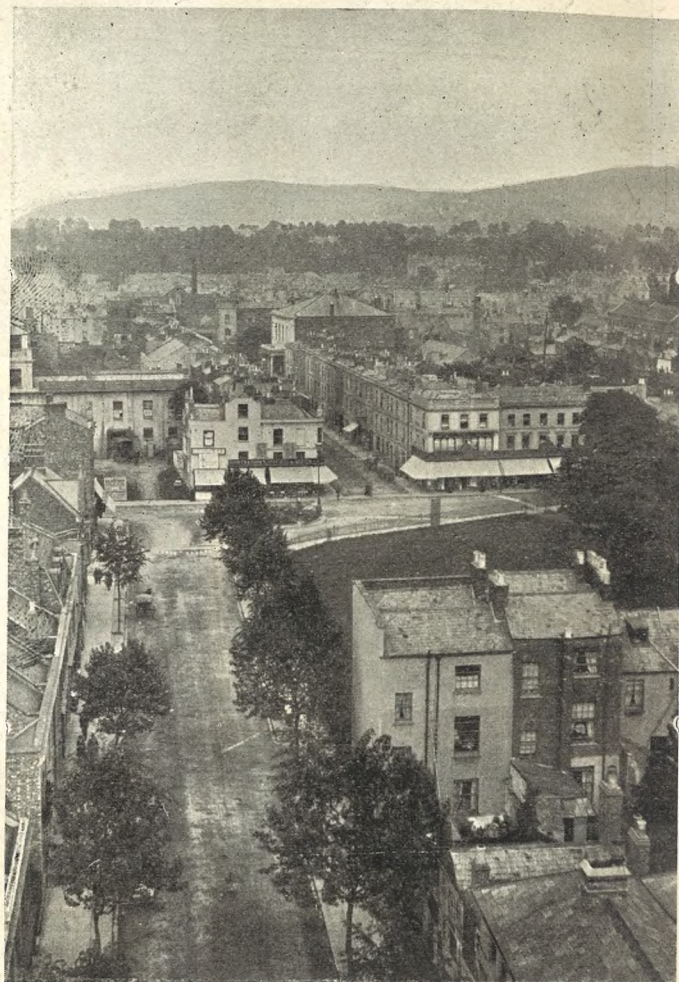
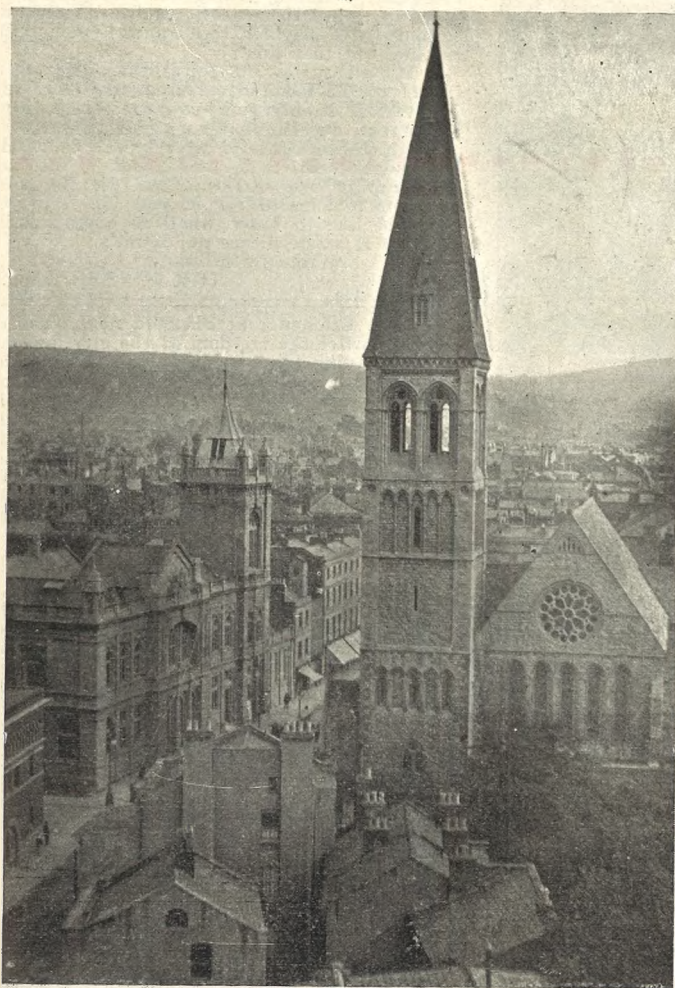
My dear Selina,—Now that the families are a-coming back hoam an the schools be a-going to begin their larning again, would be just the rite time for you to give an "At Home" again, only of course on a grander scale than the last un, for as everythink an everybody now be a-getting on so, and a-going hup so, so must you, Selina, rise hup in these days, and have a more respecterblish select company of Harristocrats. Bless you, Selina, it taint much expense to 'old one of these 'ere "At Homes," for they do not eat much, although I must say that tarts an buns is seven for sixpence, and even cheeper than that when a day hold; but the gintry they only walk up and down your drawing-room an laff an talk about our town an Council, what they do say an never do, an so 4th. You must hinvite our onourable Mare and a few hofficesers from our last little war, and a few nice stilish fieldmales like yourself and me, an then just sit down an rite a long letter to our bewtyful "Graphic" an tell us all about it, an how you git on with um. But I say, Selina, don't have any more truck with that their old Hightalian an his monkey, but do ingage our venerable Town Band, with all their parapherneelia, as the saying is. Rite us a good long 'un all about it. Why, I declare, Selina, on a Saturdee mornin' wen I be down on my ands an nees a black ledding me grate an the boy do holler down my all loud like, "Chronicle and Graphic," down goes me brushes, brooms, an buckits, an so 4th, an on goes my specks an I flops me down on first chair, forgits all labour, and reads your sweet luvly letters, an devours all of it. And, oh my, when there aint one in, what a hullabaloo. Gracious me, Selina, why do you rest sumtimes an not rite. Your letters are so luvly, with your new stile of spellin. We haven't got to take a deep breath afore we says our h's an so on. Now the days be a drawing in dark, an our concerts be over, we have only left to cheer up us our luvly bewtyful trams an your delightful letters to amuse us. With everybody's love and kind wishes to you,

Cheltenham,

From your great  
AMTREL.



THE PRIZE PICTURES.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF CHELTENHAM FROM ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH SPIRE.

Showing St. Matthew's Church, Free Library, etc.

Showing Ambrose Street, High Street, St. George's Street, etc.

Photos by R. H. Cook,

Cheltenham.

Tour of Our Churches.



ST. MICHAEL'S, DOWDESWELL.

Anyone who will undertake the climb to Dowdeswell will find there an interesting little church. It is said to have been built in 1577, and is cruciform in shape, the central tower being surmounted with a spire. It is Late Perpendicular in style, but presents few features of special architectural interest. Outside the south end of the minister's small vestry is rather a pretty bit of stone work. Inside, some of the walls are plastered and washed, which jars on the nerves of most archaeologists. The stained East window is to the memory of a Mrs. Coxwell-Rogers, and there are many tablets and brasses to members of the same family. The church is well furnished, but the reading-desk and pulpit are on what are generally considered to be the wrong sides, and there seems no reason whatever why they should not be in the orthodox places. At the Western end and in the North Transept are funny little galleries, but they would appear to be not much used.

I was one of a very small congregation there on Sunday morning last. The Rector was absent, but he had found an earnest man to do duty for him. He read the opening exhortations rather fast, and in certain of them the old clerk was trying to follow him,

but had difficulty in keeping up the pace. The Venite was chanted by a small unsurprised choir, lead by a harmonium. The Psalms were read, and the Lessons were taken by a military-looking layman. The Te Deum and Jubilate were fairly well sung. The Creed of St. Athanasius was read, it being the Feast of St. Matthew. The Church Hymnal was used, and the service being in aid of the Church Missionary Society, Nos. 114, 110, and 111 were sung. The responses in the Litany, especially in the first part, were not well taken up. In the ante-Communion service a pretty Kyrie was sung.

Visiting the vestry, and emerging therefrom in a black gown, the preacher ascended the pulpit, and took a long text from the 28th chapter of St. Matthew and the 8th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. He said they were met that morning specially to consider the claims of the heathen world around them; and nowadays they did not think of the heathen inhabitants of China or Japan as being so far from them as they used to be. They had come to be looked upon as neighbours, because, by means of modern science, space and time to a great extent had been eliminated. Formerly it used to take from six to twelve months to reach India, but now the journey could be accomplished in a few days. How different! When the heathen seemed so far away they were thought little about, but now they were very near, and it was more realised that all were within the

love of God. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that *whosoever* believed on Him should not perish. What a wonderful thing that was! God loved all mankind. Noting, however poor or degraded, but was looked down upon by God and loved in a tender manner. They needed to remember those things, because they had a duty to do for those people, so far and yet so near to them. God had shone into the hearts of Christians, and so dispelled all the darkness of sin that they would long that that light might shine into the hearts of all heathen people. In India they had a proverb which said "Wherever you go the crows are black," which meant that wherever you travel man was found to be a sinner. The Chinese said "There are two good men—one is dead and the other is not yet born," which expressed the truth that there *was* really no good man. Holy Scripture told them that all had sinned and fallen short of the glory of God. Heathen nations were trying all they could to banish their sins, but they could not succeed until they were shown the True Way.

The preacher intimated that he had worked in India himself, and one could tell by his manner that he felt what he said in his vigorous pleadings for the poor people in less favoured lands than our own.

Coming out into the bright sunlight, the happy lot of Christian rural England seemed to be emphasised.

CHURCHMAN.





GROUP OF SERGEANTS ATTACHED TO THE I.Y. HOSPITAL AT PRETORIA.

It comprises at least four local men, viz. Sergt. Turner (Winchcombe), Sergt. Burgess (Cirencester), and Sergts. Francis and Butler (Cheltenham). These latter were the only two men from this town on the hospital staff, and it is distinctly creditable that they should both have gained the rank of sergeant.

## Letters on the Education Bill.

By Touchstone.

### THE SCHOOLBOY.

The Education Bill is made by Parlymunt. It was made by order of the Pope, who is an Italyun, and lives at Rome.

Rome is where the Epistle to the Romans was wrote to; it exports Italyuns and olive oil, and currents and marbles.

Marbles will soon be coming in again; I always loses mine, unless I has a alley in my pocket; alleys brings good luck, and they cost more than plain marbles.

Father says this is supposition; he says that the Pope and the priests is suppositions, and that's Y we won't have the Education Bill made law. To make it law, he says it has to be sat on by the House of Lords and signified by the King.

King John signed Magnet Carter on the Thames before the barons; I know, becoss I learn history down to our school; father says if the Education Bill is made law we shall have to put on armor and swords and pistols and things, like the Bible pictures, and go out to fite against it, becoss Britons never shall be slaves.

Shan't we have fine times! There won't be no skools then, becoss all the teachers will be out fiting each other and everybody else; I'm going to take our wood-chopper, as looks like the tommy-awks them Red Indians uses; and I got a Union Jack flag, with only a bit tore off, to carry; I expect there'll be times like Maffeking nite, or like when we burnt down the cottage on Leckhampton Hill.

Father says the Education Bill's onjust, becoss we has to pay for keeping up the Church schools; father's chapel; so'm I; Bill Carter's church; I can "have" Bill Carter left-handed, and we always fites when we meets; we fites becoss he's "church" and I'm "chapel"; I wishes Bill Carter was "chapel" sometimes, becoss I likes him, and I'd rather not have to punch 'is 'ead; but duty's duty, same as teacher says up to the Sunday school; the Dook of Wellington said "England expects every man to pay his duty" before the Battle of Waterloo, when Napoleon was killed; I know, becoss I learns history to our school. I'm in the 3rd standard; someday I'm going to be a monitor, and tell the other boys about history and things.

Father red in the paper the other day that there was 100,000,000 (and a lot more 0's) people going to 'ave their furniture sold rather than pay towards keepin' up Church schools.

I should think furniture would be cheap then; if anybody comes along to try and pull out father's furniture, I know what I shall do; I shall smash his 'ead with my tommy-awk, like what Tiler did to the pole tacks in 'istory.

Father says they spends millions a year on the schools now, and most of it's wasted.

I don't know what they wants to spend so much money on we for; I expect it's the girls as costs so much to teach; 'taint the boys, I know; us boys shouldn't mind if schools was done away with altogether; see what a lot 'twould save, and we shouldn't 'ave no call to go out and fite the Education Bill with swords and haxes then. What's the good of it all; Abram, Isaac, and all them men didn't go to British schools, and they knowed the farming business so well as anybody; when I grows up I shall do away with schools and the stick; I don't like the stick; the other day I had it for putting flies in the ink bottle; I took it out of Bill Carter on the way home, though; he had to get his mother to put a piece of stamp paper on his nose afterwards; his mother said I ought to be sent to a reformation; 'twasn't likely I was going to hit teacher; so she couldn't blame me for taking it out of Bill Carter, could she? Mothers doesn't know everything!

Father says that they 'aven't no business to teach us about religion and such things down to school. He says that people ought to be allowed to teach their own boys and girls about the Bible, and 'ow to understand it. Father doesn't never teach me anything about the Bible, though; he always says he's too busy, or else he wants to be quiet a bit; mother does, now and then; I goes to Sunday school Sunday afternoons sometimes; the teacher there don't know history as good as I does; all the class teases him, 'coss we knows he ain't allowed to use the stick; I always forgets wot the lesson's about; but I remembers the picture as he shows us; they has a ripping treat to our Sunday school—best in Cheltenham; I used to go to S— School; but the treat wasn't so good there, and they give us stale buns once; stale buns is very nasty, even when you'm hungry, so I give up that Sunday school.

I should rather hear father or mother tell about the Bible and that than anybody else; it seems nicer like; it don't seem right to 'ave to learn about David and the 'Ebrews and old Pharo' same as you does grammar and spelling; Jack Andrews got the stick the other day down to our school becoss he didn't know his Scripture; he says now when he grows up he shall go and be a Roman Catholic or a Jew, or one of they as doesn't believe in Bibles.

I considers as it's very hard to make us boys and girls learn everythink as 'ave been found out since Adam and Eve while we're

at school; we 'as to learn 2ee so much as father did when he was a boy, just becoss people will keep on finding out things, just as if we 'adn't got more nor we can hold already, without finding out more things to worry us; if they was to find out some new games with marbles, that would be something like; but they don't!

If I 'ad my way I'd stop all them discoverers and people from discovering any more discoveries; it only gives us more things to remember, and that ain't no good to we!

Mr. Editor! this is all I knows about the Education Bill; do please put it into the "Graphic" so as father can see it; Aunt Selina told me to 'rite to you; she said you would like to know what us boys thought about it, so do please put it in.

Wrote by himself,

TOM JONES, Junior.

Lord Kitchener at Sheffield next Tuesday will receive the freedom of the city, and accompanying the certificate will be a silver dinner service. His lordship will thereafter visit several steelworks. In the evening he will be the guest of the master cutler at the Cutlers' Feast. Among other guests at the feast will be Mr. Gerald Balfour, the United States Ambassador, Lieutenant-General Sir John French, the Duke of Norfolk, Viscount Halifax, Lord Strathcona, and Major-Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton.



News has been received at Hanbury Hall, near Droitwich, of the death of Capt. Hubert Vernon, of the 60th Rifles. Capt. Vernon served throughout the South African campaign, being aide-de-camp to Sir George White, and received promotion for meritorious service. Captain Vernon was the second son of Sir Harry Foley and Lady Georgina Vernon, of Hanbury Hall, near Droitwich, and was greatly respected throughout the country. Captain Vernon died from the result of an accident after a polo match at Pretoria. Great sympathy is felt with Sir Harry and Lady Vernon in their bereavement.



THE LATE CAPTAIN WEBB,

The Celebrated Swimmer.

Several unsuccessful attempts have recently been made to swim the English Channel. The above portrait of the late Captain Webb, the only swimmer who ever accomplished the feat, and who lost his life in swimming the Niagara rapids, will therefore interest our readers.





**OLD AGE AND THE WHEEL.**

It is surprising how many aged people have taken to the wheel, and how they appear to thrive on it. An old gentleman has just died at Portishead, at the age of eighty, and so enthusiastic and hopeful a wheelman was he that this year he discarded his old machine and ordered a new one. Alas! that he has not had its use longer. A correspondent of "Cycling" tells of a ninety-one-year-old cyclist he met the other day in a lane at Didsbury—an old man stooping in body and with snow-white hair. Another veteran at Macclesfield rides a machine he purchased just thirty-two years ago, and then it was second hand! During that period, from his carefully tabulated statistics, he calculates that he has travelled no less than 33,000 miles. The machine is of the old "bone-shaker" type, and weighs 70lbs., and with the exception of another pair of wheels—rubber tyred—is practically the identical cycle which he obtained at the outset of his cycling career. Though 64 years of age, he is still able to do his 30 or 40 miles a day on his antediluvian go-cart.

**HOW IT IS DONE.**

We have received a strongly-worded letter from Components, Ltd., on the subject of British supremacy in bicycle manufacture. They say: "At a time like the present, when it seems that many an Englishman can find nothing better to do than to belittle his country, his countrymen, and their doings, we think it advisable to look into at least one department in which this sort of thing has been particularly rampant of late. We refer to that of pace. No sooner has a really splendid success been achieved in this direction on this side, than we hear of some yet more wonderful (?) achievement from abroad. Seeing this happen time after time, one naturally exclaims, How is it done? Let us take that question literally and see how it is done, and once we have gained that knowledge wonderment vanishes and a feeling that is akin to disgust takes its place, for we find that whilst British performances are carried out in such a way as to make them both sportsmanlike and honest, those claiming to have eclipsed them have been carried out behind enormous wind-shields, a method which in the mind of every sporting man is altogether outside the legitimate field of racing."

**A CHALLENGE.**

So strongly do Components, Ltd., feel on this question of British supremacy in the matter of pace, and so confident are they that under identical conditions of racing it can be proved to the world to exist, that they are prepared to arrange for the putting up of a prize of £150 a side on behalf of A. A. Chase on his Fleet bicycle to meet either Michael, Robl, Linton, Bonhours, or any other rider to race one hour or fifty miles motor-bicycle paced, "but without wind-shields." They consider the present conditions of racing constitute an obvious injustice to British speedmen and an all-round insult to the name of sport, and this is their manner of putting things on a fair and sound footing. It will be interesting to see if the challenge is accepted.

**THE DRY PLATE MICROBE.**

The preparation of gelatine dry plates is a work full of pitfalls and resulting failures. One of the pests with which the dry plate maker has to deal, the "Photographic Chronicle" informs us, is a species of microbe which lives and thrives in gelatine plates, and its presence there destroying the film as a photographic medium by rendering the latent image non-developable. This microbe is of an especially active nature, and once it obtains an entrance into the dry plate factory, nothing remains but to close the works and declare war upon this microscopic and deadly foe. The recent season has produced a goodly crop of this plate makers'

enemy, several factories being infected. With simple cases, disinfection may be accomplished in a fortnight; in more complex cases, or where expert knowledge is not available, it may take weeks or months before the microbes are located and destroyed. Little seems to be known in respect to the means of preventing these pests. Old factories are more liable to an attack than new ones, which is about all that can be said with certainty. It is not to be wondered at, in the presence of this want of knowledge, that the microbe's arrival causes a panic in the mind of the plate maker, which is by no means allayed when he finds that the best science of the day can offer no remedy.

**LOOKED FOR THE PUNCTURE!**

"Cycle News" tells the story of a party of tourists in Scotland, who put up at a cottage inhabited by an old woman for the night. Shortly before retiring, one of them found the tyre of his machine flat, and said, in the hearing of the old woman, "I think there is a puncture somewhere; I must look for it the first thing in the morning." Judge of the astonishment of the cyclist when, having come down to breakfast the following morning, they were met by the old woman, looking as serious as could be: "Ay, but aum sorry, gentlemen; but I've looked all round the place and I canna find that puncture anywhere. Ye couldn't a brought it wi ye."

**THE NAMING OF MACHINES.**

In riding about from place to place, one cannot help being struck with the variety of names of bicycles. The names of birds have been largely used, and this one can easily understand. Nearly every bird is graceful, its movement is airy and easy, and the pace is there as well; in short, it would seem that man seems to expect to some day find his ideal method of moving from place to place in flying. The sky has also been thoroughly searched for cycle names: sun, moon, planets, stars, all have contributed. Names of places, etc., have likewise been commandeered pretty freely for the transfers on machines. How much there is in the name of a machine is pointed out by a trade expert, who says that if two bicycles be built, each the counterpart of the other, down to the tiniest detail, and one be called "The Swallow" and the other "The Cuckoo," all the arts and wiles of salesmanship would have to be fully exercised before the last-named would find a purchaser.

**CYCLE ROUND THE DOG.**

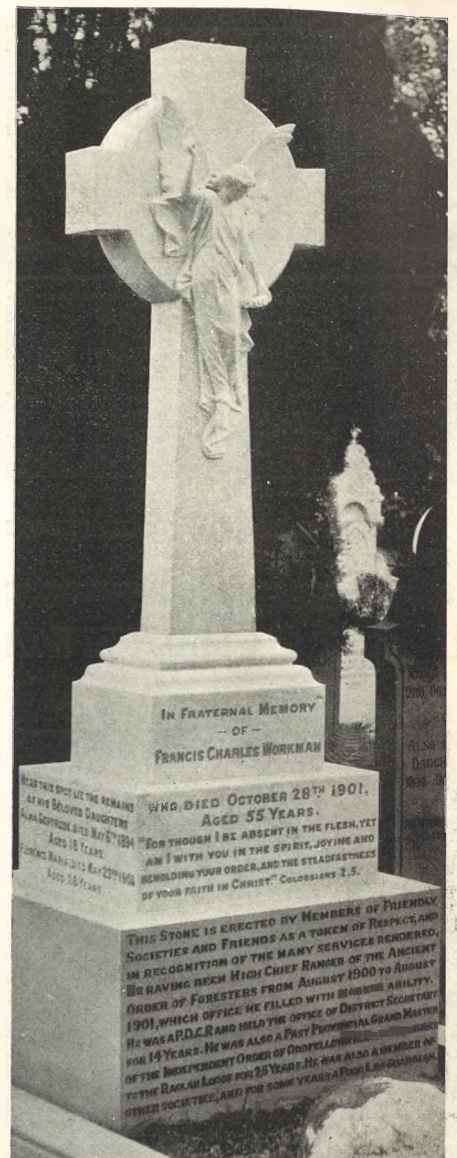
Cyclists when riding alone are often pestered by stray dogs. This nuisance, if not always dangerous, certainly proves very annoying to lady cyclists. By way of experimenting with the "pests" a cyclist has discovered how the largest and fiercest dog on the road can be subdued, without using violence or dismounting. When a dog barks persistently at you all you have to do is to slow up a bit, then pilot your cycle round until you have turned a complete circle. Before you are half-way round you are certain to see your tormentor turning tail and bolting for all he is worth. Try it.

**PRESENT-DAY PLATING.**

One cannot help noticing a tendency, which is evident even on bicycles of otherwise good class, to cut down the quality of the plating; time was when plating would—with reasonable care—last two or three seasons, but now, says "Cycling," this is the exception rather than the rule. Of course, the unhealthy craze for cheapness is responsible for this state of affairs, and cheapness has become so ingrained in many branches of the trade that it is almost impossible to get really good plating done, even if one is prepared to pay a decent price. We recently saw a pair of rims which were supposed to have been plated, and, to resurrect an old saying, if they had ever been through the plating vat, they must have walked through on stilts.

**COSTUME CYCLE PARADES.**

"It is all tomfoolery. I don't think the infirmity wants any money got under such circumstances." Thus said the magistrates' clerk at the Chester Police-court to a collector at a cycle parade, who was charged



**PUBLIC MEMORIAL**  
IN GLOUCESTER CEMETERY,  
TO BRO. F. C. WORKMAN,  
Ex-H.C.R. of the A.O.F.  
(Sculptors, Messrs. Abraham Rice and Sons, Gloucester.)

Photo by John Thornbury, Gloucester.

with wearing the army uniform in a manner likely to bring it into contempt. The Chairman told defendant he must not bring his Majesty's uniform into ridicule. He would have to pay a fine of 20s. and costs, or in default suffer 14 days' imprisonment. The fine was paid.

**CHATTER BY THE WAYSIDE.**

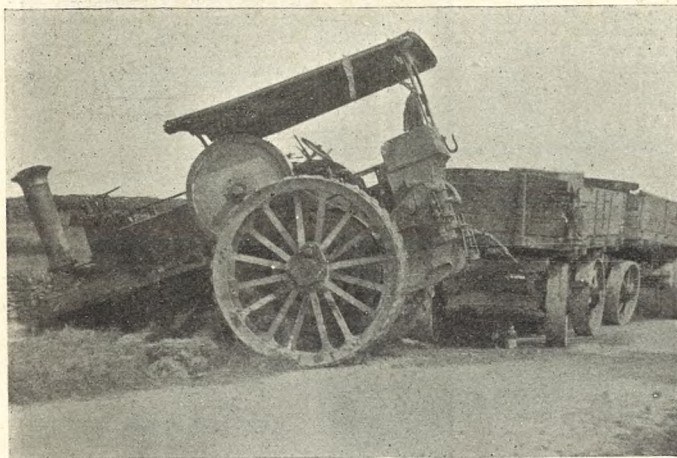
No cycling skirt should open at the back, even if closely hooked—it offers apertures to catch on the saddle peak, and might lead to nasty falls in mounting and dismounting.

In Belgium all cyclists must have a license, costing about 8s. per annum, which goes towards the maintenance of the roads.

Mr. A. W. Rumsey, a well-known authority, says he does not think there is any county in England which can give a finer series of long, safe free-wheel courses than Derbyshire.

Miss Rosa Symons has recently accomplished the very fine ride of 1,860 miles in 18 days 23 hours 29 minutes. This works out at just under 100 miles a day. Miss Symons did the ride on a vegetarian diet.





A BREAKDOWN NEAR ANDOVERSFORD.

Photo by J. Bye,

Cheltenham.



PORTSMOUTH REVIEW FROM STOKES BAY.

Royal Yacht going round Fleet.

Photo by G. S. Heaven,

Cheltenham.

## CHELTENHAM FORESTERS' CHURCH PARADE.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1902.



Photos by C. E. Rainger



Cheltenham.

According to an American coaster brake advertisements, "It isn't the fall that hurts; it's the stopping so quick."

It is stated that while the new military cycling orderlies are to draw the oil and wicks for their bicycle lamps from the Army Service Corps, they will have to apply to the Army Ordnance Department for lubricating oil and tyre-repairing outfits!

A cyclists' testimonial for Montague Holbein, the Channel swimmer, is being organised.

Disgusted Bicyclist: "There's a tyre that seems to have a false idea of its mission."—Maid: "How's that?"—Disgusted Bicyclist: "It seems to think that it's a tacks-collector."

In converting any room into a dark room it is a great mistake permanently to exclude white daylight.

It would seem as if the season of 1903 will witness a good demand for cycles of an anti-vibratory type.

"Have you made any progress in your lessons on the bicycle?" "Yes," replied the man with the gentle disposition. "Do you ride into the country yet?" "Oh, no; I don't ride anywhere worth mentioning. But I don't think I hurt myself so much when I fall off."

Ladies' wearing apparel ornamented with photographs constitutes the newest thing out.

The Mayor of Basingstoke, Lieutenant-Colonel J. May, can claim for his family a record as regards mayoralties. The history of the family as holders of this office extends back nearly 200 years, during which time Mays have been mayors of Basingstoke no fewer than twenty times. One, Thomas May, held the office eleven times between the years 1706-1837. Lieut.-Colonel J. May, the present mayor, is completing his sixth term of office.

Many naval and military friends will learn with regret of the death of Lieut.-Colonel Edmund Brighthouse Snow, who served with much credit in the Royal Marine Light Infantry for upwards of thirty years. He earned an excellent reputation in the Baltic expeditions of 1857-58, and was specially promoted by Queen Victoria in an Order in Council, for services during the visit of the King, when Prince of Wales, to India, on which occasion Colonel Snow commanded the Royal Marines forming the guard of honour on the Serapis. The lamented officer was the possessor of the Royal Humane Society's Silver Medal for saving the life of a man from drowning in the Serpentine at Hyde Park.

\* \* \*

After a beggar named Pietro Cavanna had died of chronic starvation in a wretched hovel at Alessandria, Piedmont, it was found that he had bequeathed £6,000 in bank-notes to the local workhouse.