

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 187.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1904.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
MR. E. LOCKWOOD'S CO. in
"LA POUPEE,"

Recently revived with great success.

Monday Next, for One Week, Grand
Revival of the Military Play,
"IN THE RANKS."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

W. SAWYER & Co.,

HIGH-GRADE COALS,

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PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

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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.

The 186th prize has been awarded to the Rev. H. E. Hodson, of Churchdown, to apply to the new church fund, or any other purpose in his discretion.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The 97th prize has been withheld owing to lack of competition.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 79th prize has been won by Mr. Adonis G. Fear, Rose Villa, St. Mark's, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Cave-Moyle at St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay, not exceeding a thousand words.

The prize in the 25th literary competition has been won by E. C. K., of 11 Ifley Buildings, Arnold Circus, Bethnal Green, London, E.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) and in the other competitions on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and literary contributions sent in become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.



A GLOUCESTER GOLDEN WEDDING PAIR.

The Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Spring, of Wellington-street, Gloucester, was celebrated on July 13, 1904. They were married by the Rev. Barry Brown at St. Luke's Church, Gloucester.



LITERARY MISCELLANY.

SKETCH FROM EAST END LIFE.

"MY YOUNG MAN."

I was first introduced to "My Young Man," as he was always called, one afternoon in winter, when in fear and trembling I was doing my first round of district visiting. I had been to two or three houses with very discouraging results, till I got to No. 9. No one opened the door in the very dark passage, but a cheerful voice called out "Come in!" and in I went with joy. My other calls had been conducted in the doorway with the terrible noise from the cobbles outside drowning my feeble efforts at small talk. So far it had been "What do you want?" So very awkward, as I did not want anything. I had been sent by the vicar to visit a poor and rather neglected street in his parish, and that was all. I said "Oh, I have only come to see you; I hope I am not interrupting your work." "We ain't no churchgoers down 'ere," was the next remark flung at me. In my extreme nervousness, I fear, I said hastily, "Oh, that does not matter at all." "Oh, then you ain't the new mission woman?" "No, I was just going to visit this street, if you would care to have a visitor." "Well, come another time, dear, I am in an upset now." Very much the same thing happened at each house; I felt in despair. To be asked into even one house would be so encouraging, and No. 9 did it. I pushed open the door and saw an old lady sitting by the fire. "Come and sit down, dear; how are you?" she said, I was so afraid she had mistaken me for someone she knew—she was so friendly. "My rheumatics are something shocking to-day. If it wasn't for 'my young man' I could never be 'ere, 'e put wheels on this chair. an' he pushes me in like a baby. 'Ere is 'my young man,' Miss." I got up to shake hands. He was tall and thin, with very white hair and a small pointed beard; he was seventy-eight, but he was still "my young man." "E's a-going to get tea now, Miss, you must 'ave a drop, too, it's 'orrid raw out for you to-day." "Well, mother, introduce me," said he. Dear me! In my excitement I had not even explained who I was, or why I had come in. The old lady laughed, and said "He will always 'ave 'is joke; don't you mind 'im, dear." I then explained, and was greeted with joy that here at least were an old couple who would like a visitor. I had a very strong cup of tea with condensed milk in it and a piece of bread and butter, which I gallantly ate. "My young man" was very lively and had many a joke. "You should just see mother do a skint dance, Missie, lor she do kick shockin' 'igh," then he roared with laughter till he choked. He had chronic asthma and bronchitis, and his poor old chest worked like a bellows. We soon became firm friends, and the great joke among them was "Our young lady" and "My young man" do carry on shockin', and before my face, too. They both got half-a-crown outdoor relief, and the two daughters did the rest. If they had had ten pounds a week they could not have been happier or more contented. And the presents I got from them—vases, sweets, mats—always done up in a piece of "Lloyd's Weekly." To see the old man wash, scrub, and tend his old wife like the tenderest of women was most touching. "Never a cross word as 'e gie me, and I was a saucy-tongued lass to 'im many a time, and we 'ave 'ad our troubles, Miss. We only want to die out of the 'ouse," and tears rolled down the old furrowed cheeks. Change of work kept me away three or four weeks, and when I went again the poor old man was worse. I went in to him in bed. "Ah, Miss, I am pleased to see you once again." "Don't say that; you'll offen see me, I am sure, look how bad you were before." "No, Missie, no; the Almighty has given the word; I am a-going; I am only thinking of poor mother, what will become of her, what will become of her?" The old man sobbed like a child. "If we could go together, Missie, I would be

'appy, mother and me 'as never been apart—and she so 'elpless." I did my best to comfort the old man, and then went to his wife in the next room. She could not go to him even if he called, till she was wheeled in, and that was such a trouble to her. "I always thought to go first, dear; me so 'elpless and had so many years. But 'my young man,' 'e would whitewash the wash-'ouse, 'e is such a one to be clean and fresh, and 'e gave 'isself fresh cold—e's going fast, and thank God e's a-dying at 'ome." In spite of the doctor from the hospital he got worse, and the following morning he died about five o'clock. I think the separation will be very brief, as mother is quite broken down, and she only longs to join "My young man."

E. C. K.

SHAKESPERIAN SKETCHES.

OTHELLO.

Goethe has spoken of the tragedies of Shakespeare as the "unclosed awful Books of Fate, through which, while we read, the whirlwind of most impassioned life howls through the leaves and tosses them to and fro."

Of these, Othello is one of the saddest and most terrible. Hamlet shows us a man overwhelmed by the burden which Fate had laid upon him; King Lear the rending of all ties of loyalty and filial affection; Macbeth the downward course of a human soul, falling through the sin of ambition, "by which sin fell the angels"; in Othello we have the sacrifice of Love for love in the murder of Desdemona.

Othello is a barbarian, possessing all the splendid strength and simplicity of the barbaric character, and under a veneer of civilization all its untamed passion and fierceness. He is a soldier of fortune, brave, noble, and chivalrous, who has spent the greater part of his existence in "the tented field" and under the open sky, a course of life which has fostered the primitive and grand simplicity of his nature. Then into his rugged war-worn life steals Desdemona, "the very rose of purest passion," almost too pure and fair a thing for this rude world. To Othello, in her dream-like loveliness and innocence, she is a being from another world, to be set on a pedestal and worshipped. It seems to him almost incredible that the deep tenderness of her nature should go out to him so fully when she had turned away from the "wealthy curled darlings" of her own nation.

It had been an exquisite and over-powering happiness to him to see the rapt look of interest in that sweet face and hear the musical tones of her voice murmuring that "'twas strange, 'twas passing strange; 'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful"; as with tears welling up in her lovely eyes she listened while he recounted some "hairbreadth 'scape in the imminent deadly breach."

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed, And I loved her that she did pity them."

To her romantic hero-worship of the soldier who is the ideal of all her girlish dreams, he responds with a devotion that sweeps away all barriers of race, nationality, and tradition, and makes her willing to brave anything for his sake.

His trust in her is perfect and entire. "My life upon her faith," he exclaims, in answer to Brabantio's ominous words of warning in the court.

Othello's is a nature that can do nothing by halves. When he believes in her, he is ready to stake his all upon his trust; when he doubts her, he sinks into the very abyss of agony and despair.

His love for her is full of the tenderest chivalry and protectiveness, the most rapturous happiness. In his meeting with her at Cyprus after their brief separation he can hardly find words to express the greatness of his joy—

"I cannot speak enough of this content; It stops me here; it is too much of joy."

Did he but know it, the presage of coming trouble is a true one. Othello, with his "free and open nature, that thinks men honest that

but seem to be so," is soon to be caught in a web of deceit woven by the craftiest and wickedest brain in Italy. In his simplicity and trustfulness, he falls a ready victim to Iago, a villain "more fell than anguish, hunger, and the sea," the vilest character in the whole of Shakespearian drama.

Step by step Iago poisons his mind against his tender girl-wife, hinting here, insinuating there, blackening her reputation by the most subtle touches, till he has reached the consummation of his schemes, and succeeded in destroying all Othello's faith and trust in her by his machinations.

Othello is a murderer; but his murder, terrible though it is, is to him the sacrifice of a thing most loved for the sake of purity and justice. Because he loves her, he slays her, rather than see her, whom he had believed as infinitely pure, live on a foul and tainted being. His jealousy, far from being the outcome of wounded pride, is the anguish of despair for human purity and goodness.

He feels himself to be the instrument of justice in slaying her; but the deed tears the very fibres of his nature, and the "pity of it" overwhelms his soul. Stooping over her he cries—

"O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade Justice to break her sword! One more, one more. Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee. And love thee after. One more, and this the last! So sweet was ne'er so fatal."

The deed accomplished, Emilia bursts in upon the scene, and soon, by her heart-felt indignation, reveals the falsity of the charge against her beloved young mistress.

The foundations of the world are slipping away from under Othello; and overwhelmed by the consciousness of what he has done, he resolves on the only course open to him. The shocks and storms of his life are over—

"Here is my journey's end, here is my butt And very sea-mark of my utmost sail."

Desdemona lies like a sleeping angel before him, in her white purity and innocence, and no way lies open to him but to follow her to the grave.

"I kissed thee ere I killed thee—no way but this, Killing myself to die upon a kiss."

And with that he plunges his sword into his heart and falls dead across the body of his wife.

Tragically as the play closes, it is not without some ray of hope to lighten the gloom.

Othello's faith and trust is restored, and though indeed they die, their souls reunited for evermore in the land where they see not through a glass darkly, but face to face, shall yet sing their morning songs to God, "In whose great Light we see the light."

D. K. BOILEAU.

MONKEYS THAT ROB BY VIOLENCE.

Monkeys are not only thieves, but some of them are highwaymen, and frequently rob others by means of violence, but even in this act is displayed the desire of acquisition in excess of need.

A monkey that I knew in Africa was allowed to go at liberty, while the trader that owned him had two timid little captives confined in a box. The one at liberty was a Nectans, and he was quite large and strong. The other two were frail and timid Monas. When they were fed and left alone, the big monkey deliberately went to their cage, reached through the bars, and wrested their food from them; and when the little victims resisted him, he resorted to hitting them with a stick until they permitted him to take what they had, and twice this simian Robin Hood has been seen to make them disgorge the contents of their pouches.

This act was not prompted by any urgent want of food, for he had a wasteful abundance at all times, but the greater part of that taken from the helpless little Monas was hidden away under a pile of bamboo mats.

What incentive but avarice could prompt the act? and what name but thrift will describe the result? And since the end in view was his own happiness, and that end attained, is it not what man would call prosperity?—"Monkey Prosperity," by Prof. Garner, in the August "Windsor Magazine."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

Labour prospects at Cheltenham are decidedly better at present than they were this time last year, and I am sure everyone in the town will be glad to hear of it, although it may not be with most residents a case of "Industry supports us all." There are arranged for, or in course of arrangement, works of construction which will lead to the circulation of a good number of thousands of pounds in labour, if not in materials, in our midst, and the money will find its way through many channels. The extension of the Post-office, at a cost of between £4,500 and £5,000, is now in hand; while the contract for the erection of the new science and art buildings at the Grammar School has just been let at £13,480, and, happily, to a local firm. Again, there are some three miles of excavation to be made in connection with the laying of the new water main out from the town. Then there is the contract entered into, at about £40,000, for the extension of the electric tramway system to Charlton Kings and Leckhampton, and the work in connection with which is expected to be in full swing in the course of a few weeks. The specification of British materials generally is in marked and gratifying contrast to the all-American-goods rule, with the exception of the poor brand of English patent bricks that obtained when the original track was laid in 1901. Finally, we have looming in the near future the commencement of the last and most important section of the Honeybourne railway. I am glad to find that what I urged in the early part of the year is about to come to pass, namely that, by the Corporation meeting the reasonable requirements of the Great Western Railway Co. for the use of certain streets in the neighbourhood of Lower High-street for a temporary railway, Cheltenham should be secured as the base of operations for the work of laying the finishing section. I think that, taking the outlook locally altogether, the working classes here will be able to face the ensuing winter with a good heart; certainly an easier one than they had last year, when work was anything but brisk.

Railway journeys often make travellers acquainted with some strange people and curious incidents. I have an experience fresh in my mind that was forced upon me in the short journey between Gloucester and Cheltenham. In our locked compartment were what turned out to be a young newly-married couple of the working-class (having with them a few paper parcels, from one of which the handle of a cruet-stand protruded) and the bride's father. Their conversation was free, and by no means edifying. Standing on the footboard till the train moved off were a girl and youth, who kept up a running exchange of chaff with the trio inside. Said the youth to the bridegroom, "Remember me to all the Cheltenham girls." "I shall do that for myself, but I shan't take her with me (making all the time eyes at his bride, who, by-the-bye, wore spectacles) unless she'll pay for a quart," was the reply. In fact, the continual unblushing references to "hooze" by male members of the party not only before but after the train started were most distasteful to the enforced hearers. The bride's father, having said he "felt dry," had a sally at the footboard couple by remarking, "Ah! it'll be your turn next to go to church," whereupon they giggled beyond measure. And just before the train-whistle sounded the bridegroom, in answer to the youth's parting shaft, "Thee bist done for now," said resignedly, as he sank back in the corner of the carriage on the paper parcels, "I think I might as well have spent a shilling in a rope to hang myself, for that would have been the end on it." It was not, however, the end of their talk on the journey, the conversation being of the most unrestrained character. In justice to the bride, I should say that she had the least to say of all, but there was no indication of disapproval on her part.

GLENER.

AN OFFICIAL ALE TASTER

Among the curious old customs still surviving in England, one of the most interesting is that at Dunstable, where the Town Council has an official ale taster. Nor is this office a sinecure, since the alderman who holds it was the other day fined one shilling and fourpence for neglect of duty, and before being reappointed to it he gave a promise to discharge faithfully his service in future. Last Saturday night he set out on a round of the public-houses. At each of them he called for ale, which was willingly given when the warrant had been read, setting forth his duties as follows: "To know good ale, to taste the assize and goodness of all ale within the precincts of the manor, and to look after the measures used in public-houses." At most of the places which he visited he was able to give a guarantee that the ale was of good body, free from harmful substances, and of full measure." This the joyful publicans are now exhibiting in the windows of their hostleries to advertise their wares withal.—"Country Life."

MODERN MANNERS.

Writing in the August "Pearson's Magazine," Lady Randolph Churchill criticises and discusses the manners of the age.

After describing the many changes that have taken place in the general etiquette of every-day life, and especially in the etiquette of visiting at a country house, Lady Churchill writes:—

"The tea-table alone resists all innovations, and its etiquette is as rigid as ever, even in the most easy-going houses.

"The hostess would probably resent anyone sitting in her place and pouring out tea—unless particularly asked to do so—and frequently if the hostess is absent and no stranger ventures to be so bold, thirsty people sit down patiently waiting until they can get a member of the family to do the office.

"The practice of country houses varies, but the guests are happiest where there is liberty with unwritten laws.

"One of the few civilities still in vogue with the more polite guests is that of writing to the hostess after a week's visit, thanking her for her hospitality; but, like the custom of leaving a card the day after a formal dinner or ball, many shirk it. It would be a pity if these small courtesies, which lend a certain grace to ordinary life, were entirely abandoned.

"Many and varied are the reasons—apart from sport—for accepting an invitation to a country house. Some who come to write their letters or do some work keep to their rooms, and only appear for meals. And many, if bored, think nothing of departing a couple of days earlier than is expected, making some barefaced excuse, which leaves their hosts with a very shrewd suspicion that they are not amused.

"To give an illustration taken from life—a young man was asked to stay from Saturday to Monday at a country house a couple of hours from London. The party was a small one, and the guests arrived all together with the exception of the young man in question, who, at the last moment, telegraphed that he would not arrive before ten o'clock. This made a man short for dinner, and a separate dinner served at 10.30, not to speak of the carriage sent again to the station.

"The young man, being a spoilt child of Fortune, asked the prettiest young lady to sit with him during his dinner, which she did, thus still more reducing the numbers in the drawing-room. The next day he did not appear either for breakfast or luncheon, having both sent to his rooms. The host, thinking that he must be ill, went to see, and found that, being engaged in some literary work, he had brought it with him, and intended to finish it before joining the rest of the party. The host, offended but civil, left him to his own devices, and he did not appear until six or seven o'clock, departing early next morning!"

AT WHAT AGE SHOULD A GIRL MARRY?

Whether it is better that women should marry early or not is a matter of opinion. To a woman of a clinging, gentle nature, an early marriage is everything. She has her mind, her opinions, shaped for her, and on that she moulds her life. She takes the line on which her future is to be made in an unquestioning spirit, and the duties of her life, the lives of her children, all come naturally and easy to her as a part of a future which has been prepared for her by someone else, and about whose fashioning she has had no opinion of her own. Women are very adaptive, and fall into a position with surprising readiness; and to many of them the idea or possibility of another mode of life never occurs. They pursue the even tenour of their way perfectly happily, and please everyone they come in contact with. To such a nature as this life is ideal, and there is no disturbing suspicion of a wider life with absorbing problems, and larger interests, in which other women find work and interests outside the domain of Home. Possibly, when the sun of life burns less warmly, and the shades of the evening fall, such a woman has had the best that is to be got out of life, free from the restless and unsatisfied desires which torment other women less calm and less philosophical.—Lady Jeanne in "London Opinion."

Under the title "Things and the Man" Mr. Rudyard Kipling has a poem of five verses in the "Times" on Monday. Prefaced to the poem is the following:—"And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more.—Genesis xxxvii., 5." The last verse will convey the scope of Mr. Kipling's effort:—

A bolt is fallen from the blue.
A wakened realm full circle swings
Where Dothan's dreamer dreams anew
Of vast and farborne harvestings;
And unto him an Empire clings
That grips the purpose of his plan.
My Lords, how think you of these things?
Once—in our time—is there a man?

A writer in the "Cornhill" tells some child stories. One little girl of three was allowed to see her dead uncle in his coffin. "Mamma," she asked pensively next morning, with earnest eyes fixed on the blue expanse above her, "do you think God has had time yet to unpack Uncle Edward?" Another little lady had made friends with the groom, and, to her mother's distress, learned some very forcible expressions. The perplexed parent confided her trouble to the vicar, who chanced to be calling. The old gentleman took the tiny maiden on his knee. "My dear, do you know a little birdie has whispered to me that sometimes you say very naughty words?" "Oh, I know," said the offender, gaily, "it must be one of those damned sparrows."

Here is a Kitchener anecdote which has not been published before. When Lord Kitchener came to England from South Africa for the Coronation he was the occasion of a humorous incident. A nobleman of great wealth was entertaining a large party for the Coronation festivities. His cook was indisposed, and, being renowned for his cuisine, he borrowed from the Savoy Hotel one of their famous chefs. The villagers, at the end of a long day's entertainment, had assembled in front of the terrace where the noble lord and his retinue were standing to bid them good-night; the butler, housekeeper, chef, and the upper servants were standing to the left of the noble host, while the rector of the parish and the guests of the castle were on the right. The noble lord said a few felicitous words to the tenants and villagers, after which the rector asked them to give three cheers for his lordship. These were given, then three cheers for her ladyship were given, whereupon one of the crowd shouted out, "Three cheers for Kitchener!" The chef, recognising, as he imagined, the English for the word "Cuisinier," removed his hat, and with a profound bow exclaimed, "C'est tres aimable."



Photos by T. Cook, Cheltenham.

**VOLUNTEERS IN CAMP—1st G.R.E.(V.) at Fort Tregantle.
PREPARING DINNER.**

**COOK HOUSE—SERVING SUNDAY DINNER.
(Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. Craddock in centre).**



2nd V.B.G.R. AT MINEHEAD—THE CAMP HILL.



C. LEWIS,
Winner of the Cheltenham Swimming Club
Mile Championship in the Severn, at
Tewkesbury, Saturday, July 30th, 1904.



TIRLEY VICARAGE.



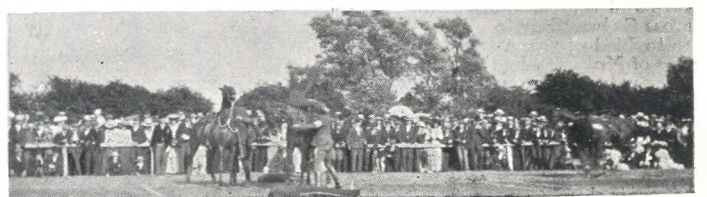
Photo by A. H. Millard, Winchcombe.
WINCHCOMBE HORSE FAIR.



CHURCHDOWN CHURCH GATHERING.

Group on the Vicarage Lawn on the occasion of parish presentations to Mr. Sidney H. Cullis, voluntary organist for six years at Chosen Church (shown on the hill), before his departure for Port Elizabeth, to take up an appointment there.

This interesting and excellent photo was taken by the Rev. H. E. Hodson at 8 p.m.



Photos by Jesse J. Price, Tewkesbury.

TEWKESBURY REGATTA,

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY, 1904.

300 Yards Open Final.
A Close Finish.
Two Mile Walking Races.

The Military Tournament.

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A SCAMPER ACROSS THE GREEN ISLE.

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GALWAY AND LOUGH CORRIB.

Some are born to holidays; some achieve holidays; and some, especially in certain hand-to-mouth professions, have holidays thrust upon them. A large section of the work-a-day world, however, looks forward to its regular fortnight or three weeks' holidays during the "dog days," and prides itself on having fairly "achieved" or earned the same. It is then that the old Anglo-Saxon instinct to wander somewhere—oversea for preference—asserts itself; and it is indeed astonishing what can be done and what can be seen within the short space of the regulation holiday fortnight, if the old instinct, repressed at other times, be allowed something like free play.

To such as like to see as much as possible of the world, even within somewhat circumscribed limits, the orthodox fortnight at a popular seaside resort, where "Arries and 'Arriets of all classes promenaded all day long in their best clothes, is simply anathema marenatha. Even if from want of time and from motives of economy they are compelled to keep more or less to beaten tracks, they prefer to go along those tracks at home or on the near side of the Continent to staying in one place; and nowadays the facilities for travel (conducted and otherwise) are so great that in the end it is cheaper to move about and see things than to cast anchor in expensive apartments on "the sea front."

Perhaps a successful walking tour amongst the mountains, moors, and lochs of the West Highlands of Scotland last year suggested to us a visit to the west coast of Ireland this year. The deciding inducement was, however, the fact that, in proportion to the distance traversed, by far and away the cheapest excursions which go out of Cheltenham are those from Lansdown Station to the west coast of Ireland. This fact can be best illustrated by putting it in this way—from Cheltenham to Liverpool is (say) 100 miles, from Liverpool to Dublin is 130 miles, from Dublin to Clifden (the capital of Connemara, within easy walking distance of Slyne Head, the most westerly point of the British Isles) is 150 miles; total 380 miles. Double that for the return journey and you get 760 miles; and all for 28s. third-class! We may say that we go third-class for the simple reason that there is no "fourth" nearer than Germany.

But, of course, we had no intention of settling down either in Galway or in Clifden for a fortnight. The itinerary that with the aid of guide-books we had sketched out for ourselves was as follows:—From Galway, steamer up Lough Corrib to Cong; from Cong walk through Clonbur and Joyce's country to the Maam Bridge Inn; from the inn walk through the Mamtusk Valley to Leenane (where the King landed for his motor-car tour through Connemara); from Leenane, turning south along the coast, take the tourist jaunting-car via the Kylemore Pass and Litterfrack to Clifden; from Clifden rail to Recess for Glen Inagh; from Recess by rail back to Galway; thus completing the Connemara round, partly on and partly very much off recognised routes. For the second week we had planned a visit to the wild coast of Clare and the Shannon, as follows:—Steamer across Galway Bay to Ballyraghan; jaunting-car to Lisdoonvarna Spa; walk via the giant cliffs of Moher to Lahinch; from Lahinch toy railway to Kilkee and its rock-bound coast scenery; from Kilkee rail to Kilrush; from Kilrush steamer up Shannon to Limerick, rail to Castleconnel, for the rapids, and Killaloe; steamer up Lough Derg and Upper Shannon to Athlone, where we should strike the central railway once more for Dublin. All this sounds rather formidable; but, as a matter of fact, we carried the programme out to the letter within the fortnight, travelling in quite a leisurely manner, and spending an afternoon and night at each chief point of interest, and at Galway and Kilkee two and three nights respectively. Owing to Government and other subsidies, the steamer and car fares in Ireland are rather less than half what they are in Scotland. Another advantage was that our excursion tickets

turned out to be practically the same as tourist tickets in Ireland, and that though we had booked to Clifden, there was no objection to our breaking the journey at Galway going out, and at Recess and Galway again coming back, or to our rejoining the rail at Athlone after visiting Clare and the Shannon. Naturally we took only such "luggage" as we could carry on our backs, having clean things sent on by parcel post. As we met with some rather amusing experiences, some account both of those and of our surface impressions of the parts of Ireland visited may be of interest to the readers of "The Chronicle."

Having left Cheltenham during the heat wave and rushed through Birmingham and the entrancing scenery of the Peak district during an extremely hot afternoon, it was refreshing to find the thermometer down to 56 and a moderate sea running off the Welsh coast. The Dublin steampackets are comfortable boats; but those with third-class tickets who are at all susceptible to sea sickness do well to pay the eight shillings extra entitling them to a berth at the saloon end. As the passage takes from eight to nine hours, it is possible to have a good night's rest. Many of our fellow-passengers on reaching North Wall, Dublin, rushed off to catch the limited mail for the West; but we preferred to take a leisurely walk via Sackville-street, which broad and busy thoroughfare patriotic but untravelled Irishmen tell you cannot be beaten in Europe, to Broadstone Station, the eastern terminus of the Midland Great Western of Ireland.

The Irish railways seem to be about 50 years behind those "on the other side," as we now found England was designated. With few exceptions the trains are of the variety known to us as "Parliamentary"; and the third-class carriages are like those on the Metropolitan or on the Continent, so far as unpromisingly hard wooden seats are concerned. On our journey across Ireland from sea to ocean we did not, however, meet with much "local colour" inside the train, as it happened to be a special "tourist express"; and the principal travellers, in both "firsts" and "thirds," were American visitors rather than natives; but it stopped at Maynooth, Mullingar, Athlone, and other places, whose names at least had an Irish flavour. The pelting rain, the dreary expanse of bog land of which the great central plain of the island seems to be chiefly composed, the groups of forlorn-looking cabins, the stacks of peat, and knots of country folk at the stations—folk who grew more "typical" as we got further westward—were sufficiently convincing that we really were in the Ireland of which we had read. At the chief stations, too (ramshackle, dilapidated buildings), the scraps of conversation overheard on the platform in the brogue or in Irish, the "Tuckets, plase!" and the "Take your sates!" of the porters, and the signboards in English and in Gaelic (the text of which looks, to the uninitiated, something like a mixture of the Greek and Russian texts), were further evidence that we were in a country which, to the average Englishman, is several degrees more foreign than (say) Belgium, France, and Switzerland.

Truth to tell, the journey across central Ireland, but for the novelty, would have been dreary and monotonous. The peaty soil makes it more black than green seen under a leaden sky; and we early came to the conclusion that, in spite of rather vivid patches in the bogs, England could hold its own in verdant hues with the land which has arrogated to itself the title of the Emerald Isle. The trees are also comparatively few and stunted, and dykes and stone walls rather than hedgerows mark the divisions between farms and holdings. Unspeakably dirty roads made us feel thankful that we had not brought our bicycles, as we had at first proposed to ourselves.

The sky cleared as we reached Athenry, with its old ruined castle, a little over 100 miles from Dublin, and the short run thence to Galway was much pleasanter than the rest of the journey.

"The city of the tribes," as Galway was called in derision by Ireton's soldiers, owing to practically all its inhabitants belonging to one of thirteen families, struck us as being a

quaint but battered old place. We found comfortable quarters, from the happy-go-lucky Irish standpoint, in Eyre-square, a large open space just outside the station, and sallied forth in the evening to view the "lions." The town boasts of one fairly decent street known as Shop-street, in which are pathetic reminders of its former greatness in the shape of the dilapidated mansions of merchant princes who lived there in days when there was a thriving trade between the west of Ireland and Spain. The chief of these, the facade of which is decorated with curious emblems in stone, was once the abode of a magnate named Lynch. It is now a grocer's shop. A member of this family, mayor of the town in 1493, sentenced his own son to death for piracy, and the place of the latter's execution, marked by skull and crossbones, was pointed out to us near the parish church. The Lynch tradition is still strong in Galway; and "Colonel" Lynch is stated to have owed, in a great measure, his abortive election to that fact.

Many of the houses appear to have been scattered about in a haphazard manner, and the result is a number of curiously tortuous narrow streets and alleys, to which an additional touch of weirdness is given by the fact that a considerable proportion of the buildings has been abandoned and allowed to fall into ruin.

A "twopenny" tram runs from Eyre-square to the suburb of Salthill on Galway Bay, a mile and a half from the town. The bay was better than we had anticipated. The evening was fresh and breezy, and the Atlantic rollers made hoarse music on the beach, along which ran a primitive promenade for a mile or so. The Aran Isles we could not make out; but the hills of Clare on the opposite side of the bay showed up well in the sunset.

Returning to the town by way of the Claddah, the fishermen's quarter (there appears, by the way, to be more loafing than fishing done by the inhabitants), we found ourselves in the midst of what is a typical Irish village, consisting of miserable straw-thatched huts, though rather artistically grouped—viewed from a suitable distance. There were plenty of poultry and geese strutting and waddling in and out of the cabins; but, apparently, no pigs, possibly on account of the proximity of the town. Groups of the people were sitting and standing about in the cool of the evening, talking, for the most part, in Gaelic. The men were, generally speaking, tall, muscular-looking fellows; and the women, almost invariably wearing rod petticoats, with a shawl for headgear, were dark, and some of the younger ones extremely good-looking, though presumably they develop into ugly old hags, judging from some of the latter that we saw contentedly munching seaweed. The old town on the opposite side of the quay, illuminated by the setting sun, now formed a quaint and decidedly picturesque spectacle.

But we saw Galway at its best next day. It was market day—Saturday—and the peasants, from Connemara and other districts, came flocking in with their produce, chiefly peat, poultry, butter, and eggs. The people were, so to speak, far more Irish than we had expected to see them. The country women, in fact, almost without exception, wore the homespun red petticoat, and were either without head-dress or contented themselves with shawls loosely thrown over their heads; while the men wore swallow-tailed, cut-away coats and battered wide-awake hats. Indeed, we saw two old farmers in tall hats and knee-breeches, who looked as though they had just stepped off the London music-hall stage after doing an Irish "turn," the only "properties" lacking being the shillelahs. Well-laden asses with straw panniers after the Spanish fashion figured in the throng; while the more prosperous peasantry had brought their stock in curious-looking carts, with shafts back and front, many of which carts contained either peat or coarse hay. The bargaining with the townspeople was conducted in an animated fashion, in both native Irish and the brogue, the people apparently being bilingual, and using both tongues with equal fluency.

The poultry seemed to be amazingly cheap. We heard one woman sticking out for a slalling a head for her fat ducks against a shopkeeper who wanted to take the lot at 10d.

each. Peat was selling at from 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. a load. What the country people seemed to need chiefly in return for their produce was flour and tea. There was an entire absence of fruit; and, indeed, we soon found to our cost that fresh fruit is hardly to be had for love or money in Ireland outside Dublin.

A visit to the interesting old parish church, which dates back to 1320, was not omitted. From the tower a fine view of the city, the river, the bay, and the country may be obtained. The panorama includes some seven or eight Roman Catholic Churches, for Galway is nothing if not pious. Perhaps the Protestants can claim only the odd 959 out of the 16,959 inhabitants; but the dominant faith treats them with toleration, provided that they abstain from attempts at propaganda and do not expect to hold public offices.

Another of the sights of Galway is the river Corrib, which flows swiftly and smoothly in a broad and copious stream from the great lough to the sea. Though somewhat tinged by the peat the water is fairly clear, and natives and visitors are in the habit of standing on the upper bridge to watch the salmon. We were fortunate enough to see between thirty and forty splendid specimens of Corrib salmon keeping line like soldiers within the shadow of the bridge, all with their heads up stream. A slight tremulous motion of their tails sufficed to keep them in position against the full force of the swiftly flowing river. There were two apparently-busy anglers on the banks, dividing the attention of a critical crowd with the fish, but the salmon while we were there took not the slightest notice of the gaudy artificial flies that came floating down from time to time.

It may be taken for granted that the Irish guide books, eloquently as they may describe the scenery, are wrong when it comes to forecasting the time at which boats or jaunting-cars start for any given destination. According to our guide book the steamer for Cong at the head of Lough Corrib starts daily at 9 a.m. We, however, discovered after considerable inquiry that, in any case, on this particular Saturday it would not start until 3 p.m.; and at noon the captain had not made up his mind whether he would go to Cong or not. The Irish, it would appear, have a decided aversion to saying "yes" or "no" to a plain question. Conversation would run somewhat in this way—

"Is this the boat for Cong?"
 "It may be."
 "Are you going there to-day?"
 "I am not so sure."

"Will you know before you start at three o'clock?"
 "Very likely."

This evasive style enters largely into Irish conversation. We learned subsequently that there was a day trip to Cong on the following day, Sunday, and that the captain naturally did not wish, if he could help it, to sail all the way up the lake and back again on the Saturday night.

When we got back to the river quay at three o'clock, the little steamer was crowded with market folk and goods for up country.

"Are you going to Cong?" was once more our anxious inquiry of the captain.

"I should like to, but it's the getting back."
 "You are not sure about it?"
 "I shall go as far as Killibegs."
 "How far is that from Cong hotel?"
 "A matter of ten miles—Irish."
 "Then, perhaps, we had better not go to-day?"

"I think I should come if I were you. You will like the trip."
 "But we shall have to do it again to-morrow. Why should we pay twice?"
 "Oh, I'll take you to Killibegs and back for nothing. You can pay if we go on to Cong."

And on that understanding we went. The country folk were interesting and good-humoured. One intelligent old man, presumably a small farmer, expatiated in a rich brogue on the great revival in the Irish language, and told us that many of the Irish gentry went to the Aran Isles to get the correct accent. We had noticed that many

of the street and shop signs in Galway were in the two languages; and the old man added that Irish, which once bade fair to become a dead language, was fast driving out the English as a means of communication between the people themselves, though they retained English for business purposes. They could, however, best express sentiment and the domestic affections in their original tongue; and the sturdy old countryman made it plain that he thought very little of an Irishman who could not speak his own language.

He spoke with regret of the young people who continued steadily to troop off to America.

Month by month some 200, chiefly girls, put off in the tender from Galway for an Allan liner standing out in the bay. Only the day before 150 girls had gone, some of them just as they had left their cabins, with all their belongings in a handkerchief, and not troubling even to buy a hat in Galway. The majority danced and sang on the quay to the music of an accordion; but there were nevertheless some painful partings. The girls are snapped up on arrival as domestic servants at good wages; and if they want to marry, they have little difficulty in finding a Yankee "Barkis."

At the little quay of Killibegs, where with the exception of two or three cabins not a dwelling was to be seen, the country folk waiting with their curious carts and panniered asses presented a quaint spectacle to English eyes. There was much bustle, but upwards of three-quarters of an hour elapsed before the little vessel was clear of its cargo of flour, crates, calves, etc., and the people who had come to meet the boat went trailing off with their friends up a lonely road to a stony, desolate land.

A little girl who had come from England on a holiday to see her friends and a few crates for the hotel decided the captain to go on to Cong, and the much-lightened little screw steamer slowly throbbled its way along the channel, and between the islands that stud the bosom of the broad but shallow Lough Corrib. Its southern banks do not present many features of interest, though a castle in which "nineteen generations of Blakes" had lived was pointed out to us; but as the Mamurks began to lift their heads in the gathering gloom the scenery became more striking. The Irish have a pathetic belief in the natural beauties of their barren country; and a native fellow traveller had assured us that, go where we would, we should never see another place like Cong. It certainly looked pretty in the twilight, flanked by fairly well-wooded islets (trees are scarce in Connemara); but it was nine o'clock before we reached it, the steamer having taken six hours to do the thirty-five miles from Galway; and we had an Irish mile to walk to Cong hotel. Our adventures in the wilds of Connemara must be reserved for another chapter.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

* * *

[BY "ARIEL"]

LITTLE AND OFTEN.

There are always two ways of doing a thing—a right and a wrong. Such is the case with the methods of supplying a motor with lubricating oil. The more common way is to pump a full charge of oil into the engine every twenty-five to thirty miles. A little consideration on the part of the motorist will show him that this is not the best method. If one full charge of lubricating oil will keep the moving parts sufficiently lubricated for thirty miles, it stands to reason that at the time when the oil is pumped in, the motor must be flooded, while when thirty miles or so have passed, some of the moving parts must be insufficiently lubricated. A far more satisfactory plan is to inject a small quantity of oil, say a quarter of a charge, every six miles. This may seem too much trouble to some riders, but those who adopt this plan will be amply paid for their trouble in the better running of the engine, as a more regular system of lubrication will be maintained. The engine will keep cooler in consequence of the cold

oil being constantly injected. I frequently mention the matter of lubrication in these notes because it really is a most essential matter. Keep the motor well lubricated, and it will last for an indefinite period; but let it run insufficiently lubricated, though even for only a few minutes, and more wear will take place than would result from six months' running.

A SPARKING-PLUG HINT.

When adjusting the points of the sparking-plug, the best distance for the gap between them can be found by bringing them together upon the thumb-nail until the nail can just be easily withdrawn.

MENDING MOTOR-CYCLE AIR TUBES.

A large number of motor-cyclists mend a puncture with the air tube deflated. The consequence is that when the tube is replaced and the tyre fully inflated, the patch stretches, and generally in time peels off, as the stretching disturbs the solution. The tube should be inflated as much as possible, and the patch put on while it is inflated. This, of course, cannot be done if the puncture is a large one. The air escaping will not prevent the solution sticking, provided the patch and tube are allowed to get quite "tacky" before applying the patch.

SPLASHING ACCUMULATORS.

A motor journal gives the following useful tip regarding liquid acid accumulators:—"It is not generally known that bicarbonate of soda will work as well as ammonia in preventing corrosion by spilt acid. Bicarbonate of soda being a powder, a little can be placed in the bottom of each accumulator compartment, which will prevent acid splashed over from doing any harm. Two pennyworth of the bicarbonate, procurable at any chemist's, is quite sufficient for three cell cases.

A WIRING TIP.

It is a common sight to see a motor-cycle with festoons of electric wires all over it. All wires should be as short as possible, so that in the event of trouble with short circuits, the length of wiring to be examined is small, and, if necessary, the whole of the wiring can be replaced at small cost.

A USEFUL ACCESSORY.

A small 4-volt test-lamp should be carried by every motor-cyclist, as frequently the spark at the plug, tested outside the cylinder, will often appear to be good when the current is low in the accumulators, and yet not be good enough to fire the charge under compression. When the current is low, the points of the sparking-plug should be adjusted very close together. This will perhaps save a walk home.

WHEN THE MOTOR STOPS.

It is quite an amusing sight to watch some motor-cyclists when all of a sudden the engine strikes work. They rush round, examining terminals, plug, trembler, etc. The best plan is to take it quietly. The motor has worked, and will work again. Examine first the chief sources of the supply of energy, viz. petrol tank, which may have run dry, and accumulator, which may have run out. If these are right, then other details can be tested; but take things quietly. Before going out for a ride see to three things—

- (1) That there is plenty of petrol in the tank.
- (2) That there is enough lubricating oil.
- (3) Test accumulator with lamp or voltmeter.

QUICK DRYING AND INTENSIFICATION OF NEGATIVES.

It is possible to quickly dry negatives, and also at the same time slightly intensify them, by using methylated spirits. After the negatives have been thoroughly washed, they should be stood in a rack and allowed to dry for a few minutes. They should then be placed in a dish containing methylated spirit, and left in it for quarter of an hour. The negatives should then be taken out, the surplus spirit drained off, and the negatives then pressed gently between two sheets of chemically pure blotting-paper. They can then be quickly finished off by being held near a gas-burner, etc. Care must be taken when doing this that the film does not melt. ["Ariel" will be glad to answer questions on these subjects.]

DANIEL BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TREAT (II.)

(Concluded from July 16th).

Well, as I mentioned in my first instalment of the treat pertiklers, in spite of accidents too numerous to mention on rood, as the French do say, me and our wagon load of teachers and children arrived at last, weary and worn and sad," at the orchard which Farmer Joskins 'ad so kindly placed at our disposal for the afternoon, on condition that the quality of 'is milk should be mentioned in the newspaper report of the occurments, wich I hereby do, saying that Joskins's milk is worth a guinea a tin, removes all ailments, and is obtained direct from Joskins's own cows on Joskins's own farm, fed on Joskins's own grass, and with the full quantity of germs included without extry charge. For consumptives, Joskins's milk is a certain cure, and all perchasers should look out for the trade-mark, as is stamped on every pint of milk, bein' "Sky-blue," and very appropriate, too, as I considers. Ho! I forgot to mention jest one thing, namely and as follows—that this is believed to be the only dairy in the district where they gets milk from cows, most places now 'aving took to makin' it by biling down some of they there sterilizer plants, wich I've never seen 'em a-growin' not meself, but they say there's whole fields of 'em to be seen round Dursley way.

Well, we 'adn't more'n jest got inside the orchard gate and looked round when what should it do but come on to rain—great spots about a hinch and a quarter across in diameter, as the sayin' is, and most of the young lady teachers 'aving the very lightest of summer raiments on, and 'ats which was warranted to dissolve away and run down the face in rivulets at the leastest shower.

Everybody run for shelter; the superintendent, bein' a small size naindividual, like meself, and the hinfant class made tracts for a little shed, as turned out to be the inhabitation of a angient sow with a litter of young pigs, as is very pretty little things, and good company, I don't doubt, to they as don't mind the perfoom, as you mite say; but it were that strong that we 'ad to take it in turns to go hout and sniff the fresh air, or there would 'ave been another Sunday School egscursion accident, and numbers of hinfants, and so forth, suffocated to death.

Some of the boys, always hup to their mischief, to be sure, got in with the fowls in to their roosting linney, and from wot I can hunderstand, 'elped themselves very free to the heggs as 'ad been left about by the hens; not to mention one boy 'aving climbed up on to a perch and then fell hoff right on to a rooster, as made sich a onearthly 'ow-de-do as was never 'eard; besides wich, they boys 'aving got in thro' a little hole where the fowls went in and hout, 'twasn't possible to get a-nearst the yung imps, altho' we could hear them a-hollerin' and a-screamin' and the fowls clucking away hinside for all they was worth. Their teacher jest shouted in the hole that he was waitin' outside for them with a stick for behavin' so ongentlymanly, but in spite of this hinvitation never a one came out till a good deal later, when the cups and saucers began to rattle for tea, when you couldn't tell tother from wich for dirt. All the time the rain was comin' down like cats and dogs, and everybody as couldn't find shelter was greatly refreshed with a shower-bath free of charge. You see, it never rains but it pours at treats and sich-like; and in the course of a long and chequered career extending over some time, I've noticed that it's only to announce a special treat to come hoff of a certain day, and as sure as heggs is heggs, the rain'll be there, ready on the spot, jest to time, jest for all the world as if the clark of the weather didn't agree with treats, and was determined to put 'em down at all costs. But I think if I were getting up a hopen-treat or a feet I should get round the difficulty this way: I should 'ave some great hills done, sayin' in letters about six inches in height that the treat was the next day to wot it was really goin' to be on;

then I should jest pass the word round, on the Q.T.-like, as this was only a bit of a "have," as the sayin' is; wich the clark of the weather might turn on reglar reservoirs of rain the day after the treat, as announced on the bills, but that wouldn't make a 'd.'s worth of difference to the treaters; and that's the only way I can see to get around the little misunderstanding that 'ave arose between the clark of the weather and the treaters. This plan isn't copyrighted, so it can be used by mentioning my name as the engineer of the idea!

Howsomdever, after a bit the rain seized dropping, and one of the teachers, bein' a bit of a hamatoor photographer, and 'aving a 7s. 6d. photo-thing with him, asked us to all sit on the (wet) grass and he took in a group for the "Graphic" or the "Illustrated London News," or somethink. So we all compozed ourselves into the most oncomfortable attitudes we could think off, and a nice lot we must 'ave looked, with the sun shinin' rite into our eyes and makin' everybody squint in about 73 different patterns. I can tell you it was a job arranging everybody—all the lady teachers wanted to borrow a glass to do up their back hair nice, and as soon as ever one end of the group got nite the other end was out of fokers, or wot they call it, as made the gent reglar furious (for a Sunday School teacher), as kept on stating that "if we didn't look more pleasant he would get quite cross." But, of course, you can't look over pleasant sitting on wet grass, with drops trickling down your collar from the trees overhead. After endless arrangements, 'owever, the gent got his photo-thing ready to hoperate, and with a final word, sayin' "Now then, look sweet please, and don't breathe for 2 minutes," he pulled a string or somethink, and over went the photo-thing, smash, on the ground, not 'aving been fixed up solid enuff, and so all of our good looks was wasted on the desert hair, as you mite say, the photo being broke into a million fragments, and we had been lookin' forward to seein' that group, too; that we had—as proves there ain't nothink certain in this world, not even in connection with Sunday School treats.

After the photo 'adn't been took, the children betook themselves to games and amusements, sich as "Here we come gatherin' nuts in May," "The Jolly Miller," and other well-known occupations of a similar class.

The boys got up a cricket match, in the course of wich 2 squares of glass in Joskins's cucumber frames was smashed, wich was counted as 4 runs, so I understands. Meanwhiles the lady teachers got the desks cleared for tea, but a onexpected difficulty arose, wich the perwisions 'ad been put in charge of the farmer's big mastiff dog for safety's sake, as wouldn't let no-one get within yards of the perwision baskets, and here was a dilemmar of the 1st water. Neither the farmer nor his wife couldn't be found to call the faithful watcher off, and meanwhile time was going on at the usual speed. Jest for a minnit we enticed the furious animile off with a piece of cake, but we 'ad to wait up'ards of half an hour to get in touch with they eatables, when the farmer returned. I will say, 'owever, that the extry half hour whetted the children's appetites to that extent that they never noticed 'o v the buns was soaked with ginger beer and the butter 'ad bits of gravel off the road in it, thro' bein' throwed out on the way to the orchard.

It's really wonderful the quantities that children can put away, when out determined to excel in this pertickler line. One boy of about 10 was braggin' about 'avin' drank 7 cups of tea and eaten more buns than any other 2 of his size along the table—as was a mercy if he didn't find of it next morning.

Time and space forbids my tellin' of you, Mr. Heditor, all the remaining events of that treat. But if a treat is to do different to ordinary every-day life, well, who can gain-say that we didn't 'ave a glorious treat, in fallin' out of the wagons, bein' rained upon, and the other items in the programme?

DANIEL ISAAC BRIGGS.

For general printing of every description try the "Echo" Electric Press.



Photo by C. Tarley, Stroud.
Oak on Earl Ducie's estate at Tortworth Court, Glos., struck by lightning July, 1904.

POETRY.

•||•||•

WHEN TO DO IT.

When you think of it, do it.
A moment's delay
May cause you regret;
And a chance slipp'd away
May never return.
Who can reckon the cost
Of that fatal regret—
Opportunity lost?
If 'tis simply a letter
You cast on one side
To answer at leisure,
Some chance may betide
To make you forget it;
The only safe way
Is this—when you think of it
Do it, I say.
Be it business or pleasure,
The idea once caught
Is clearest and wisest
When fresh in your thought.
That is, if you really
Desire to do
The thing that presents itself
Thus to your view.
First make up your mind,
If 'tis good to be done,
This settled, it cannot be
Too soon begun.
If you think it should not be done,
Cast it away;
If yes, when you think of it,
Do it, I say.
How many good notions,
By long delay lost,
Have—to the world's damage—
For ever been lost.
How oft resolutions,
Though good, have been thwarted,
The time and occasion,
Alas! ill-assorted.
Depend on it, not only
Proves it most pleasant
To those who reap benefit
To have it present;
But, in the long run,
You seldom will rue it,
If—when you really mean doing—
You do it.

—"Le Follet."

"Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is a Conservatory." This interesting fact is gleaned from some examination papers quoted in the "Burnley Grammar School Magazine," though Burnley is not the "place of origin." Further, we are informed that "Mr. Chamberlain is a member of Parliament, though he is not fit to be." Also he has "come to the front with a Piscal policy, used to be in the House of Lords, and has a glass eye." In history we learn that Lord Nelson was killed at Waterloo, and that Alfred the Great's fleet "began the Armada." Finally, "for poetry you have to have a poetical license, but for prose you have not."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 188.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1904.

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PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

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. The 187th prize has been divided between Mr. F. Restall, Stonehouse, Glos., and the Rev. Percy W. Unwin, of 4 Oriel-place, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The 98th prize has been divided between Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyp-villas, Leckhampton-road, and Mr. H. W. Hartnell, 8 Carlton-street, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 80th prize has been divided between Miss F. E. Gregory, Norwood House, Cheltenham, and Mr. J. W. Howling jun., 1 Mona-place, Hale's-road, Cheltenham, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. A. Topp at St. James's Church and the Rev. R. M. Ross at Highbury Church.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay, not exceeding a thousand words.

The prize in the 24th literary competition has been divided between Mr. W. B. Coopey, of Bentham, and G. B., who wishes to remain anonymous.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) and in the other competitions on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.



Photo by F. Restall, Stonehouse.

FANCY DRESS FOOTBALL MATCH

Played at Stonehouse Flower Show July 27, 1904. The three figures in front were the prize winners.

CUPID AND NEMESIS.

HOW DETECTIVES ARE DUPED.

A well-known police officer has been telling a Press representative how girls play an important part in the operations of expert criminal gangs from abroad. "I have known cases," he said, "where young officers have fallen victims to the fascinations of the female criminal. Dressed very quietly, and assuming a demure manner, she obtains acquaintance with the detective, and sometimes poses as a young lady of means residing in England to become better acquainted with the language and customs of the country. She spends money freely, and if her friend of the law is not sceptical enough to inquire into her antecedents, there is a rough time in store for him. When I was a young man I was keeping watch on a gang of German burglars in the East End. A quiet, well-behaved girl took apartments in the same house, and at every possible opportunity she made love to me. But it was done in such a modest, unostentatious manner that I did not imagine her to be the decoy of the very gang on whom I was keeping observation. "The gang were tried, but owing to a flaw in the indictment they went free, and then my ardent wooer disappeared. "When I saw her again she was in the dock charged with one of the most ingenious cheque frauds I have known."

BEST LIGHT FOR COMPLEXIONS.

Society has taken some time to discover that lovely woman does not appear at her best under the glare of the electric light. Lately the question of drawing-room illumination has been much to the fore. One hostess softened her lights under Venetian glass

shades; another concealed them in large shells; but by far the cleverest of all banished electricity and lit her ball-room with innumerable wax candles. The effect was magical. The flickering candlelight enhanced the beauty of both blonde and brunette, and revealed how it was that beauties were more plentiful in the seventies, before electricity supplanted wax for illuminating the reception rooms of society.—Mr. Hugh Adams in "London Opinion."

BRAZEN RAILWAY BYELAWS.

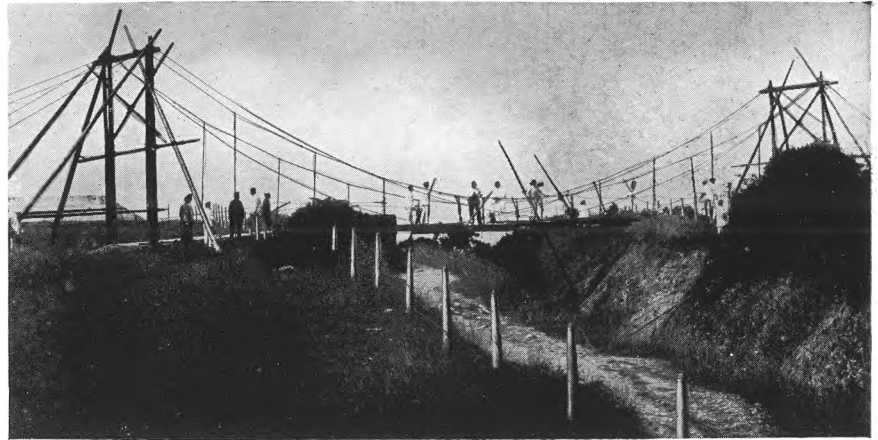
It is probable that railway companies escape nine-tenths of their liabilities to passengers owing to the brazen impudence of their so-called byelaws. A large proportion of these are utterly opposed to the common and statute law of England, and would probably not appear in the pleadings of a well-conducted action if they were called in question. Some of them have been repeatedly declared *ultra vires*, yet they crop up time after time with unblushing regularity on the companies' tickets and time-tables. The public accept them without question as the law of the land and do not take advantage of rights to which they would otherwise be entitled. A case in point is our old friend the byelaw which lays down that a railway ticket is available only for the stations printed upon it, and that if used for any other the full fare has to be paid from the station of origin. That is so much wicked humbug. In the case of an ordinary ticket, as apart from a cheap excursion ticket, the passenger has merely to pay the balance, if any, between the station at which he alighted and the one contracted for on the ticket; and this rule cannot be evaded by any byelaw that any company can possibly frame.—Barrister-at-Law in "London Opinion."

1st G.R.E.(V.) AT FORT TREGANTLE.



CORPL. W. PIKE,

3rd Field Battery Canadian Artillery Volunteers, Montreal (late lance-corporal A Co. 1st Gloucestershire R.E. Vols., one of the Active Service Section who took part in the Boer War. Since joining the Artillery he has won the gold badge for gun-laying open to all Canada).



Suspension Bridge over Fort Railway, built by the A and B (Gloucester) Companies 1st G.R.E.V. at their late camp, under Capt. J. H. Sexty, Sergt.-Major Thomas, and C.S.M.'s Stephens and Click.

SOME EVERYDAY PHILOSOPHY.

“Get your life down to routine—eliminate surprises. Arrange things so that, when you get up in the morning, you’ll know exactly what is going to happen to you during the day—and the next day, and the next. I don’t say it’s funny—it ain’t. But it’s better than being hit on the head by a brickbat. That’s why I always take my meals at this restaurant. I know just how much onion they put in things—if I went to the next place I shouldn’t. And I always take the same streets to come here—I’ve been doing it for ten years now. I know at which crossings to look out—I know what I’m going to see in the shop windows. It saves a lot of wear and tear to know what’s coming. For a good many years I never did know, from one minute to another, and now I like to think that everything’s cut-and-dried, and nothing unexpected can jump at me like a tramp from a ditch.” He paused calmly to knock the ashes from his cigar, and Garnett said with a smile: “Doesn’t such a plan of life cut off nearly all the possibilities?” The old gentleman made a contemptuous motion. “Possibilities of what? Of being multifariously miserable? There are lots of ways of being miserable, but there’s only one way of being comfortable, and that is to stop running round after happiness. If you make up your mind not to be happy there’s no reason why you shouldn’t have a fairly good time.” “That was Schopenhauer’s idea, I believe,” the young man said, pouring his wine with the smile of youthful incredulity. “I guess he hadn’t the monopoly,” responded his friend. “Lots of people have found out the secret—the trouble is that so few live up to it.”—Edith Wharton, in the August “Scribner’s.”



CAMP FUN—THE DANCING BEAR, FORT SCRASDEN, 1903.



DRUMS AND BUGLE BAND.

The King has approved the appointment of Mr. A. H. A. Morton, M.P., to be an Ecclesiastical Commissioner for England in succession to the late Sir Thomas Salt, Bart.

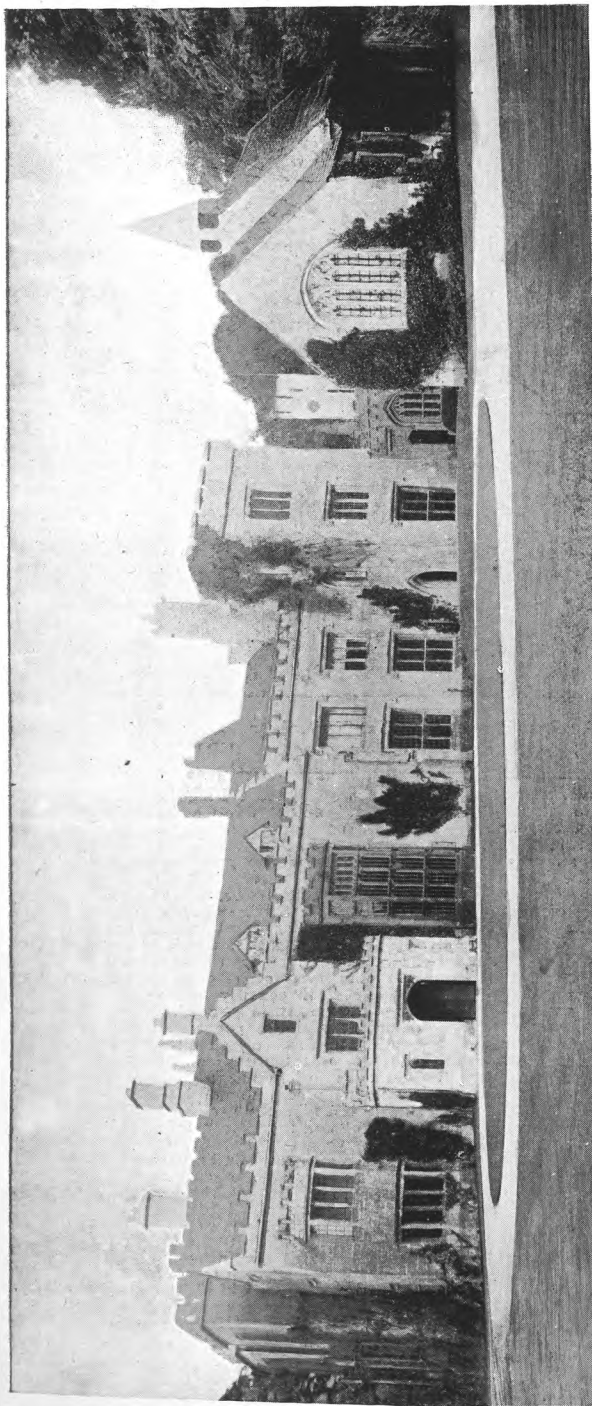
“Patsy” Cadogan, the prince of Irish bookmakers, left £111,000 at his death. He bequeathed £20,000 to charities, and the remainder to his relatives and friends.

General Walter Kitchener, the brother of the Commander-in-Chief in India, has relinquished his Indian appointment. He is regarded as one of the most capable officers in the service, and the army which he commanded at Lahore is one of the best trained and disciplined in India. General Walter Kitchener had a great reputation in India before his more famous brother became Commander-in-Chief.

As compensation for injuries sustained by falling into a pit at the Halifax tramway depot, a saddler named Holmes was on Wednesday awarded £250 damages against the Corporation.



ANNUAL FIELD DAY OF
THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE
ROOT, FRUIT, AND GRAIN
SOCIETY, BY INVITATION,
OF SIR JOHN DORINGTON,
AT LYPIATT PARK, AUGUST 5th, 1904.

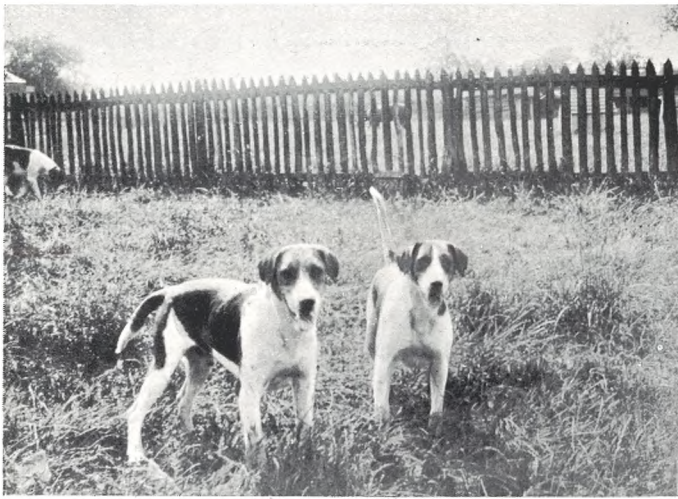


LYPIATT PARK, NEAR STROUD,

The charming seat of the Right Hon. Sir John E. Dorington, Bart., M.P.



Photos by H. E. Jones, Northgate-street, Gloucester. Sitting in Front Row—Sir John Dorington, having on his right Messrs. Wm. Priday, John Stephens, H. B. Chandler, W. Williams, E. R. Haine, Frank Treasure, and others; and on his left Messrs. J. R. Bennett, Sidney S. Starr, John H. Jones, C. Roberts, A. V. Hatton, H. Matthews, and others.



Photos by E. W. Eager, Cheltenham.

COTSWOLD HOUNDS.

Two Favourites—" Wizard " and " Wanderer ."

At Exercise—" Looking for Biscuits ."



Photo by Miss Maude Jeffrey, Cheltenham.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME," CHURCHDOWN.



Photo by Rev. Percy W. Unwin, Cheltenham.

THE AVON BRIDGE AT TEWKESBURY.

BOOK CHAT.



An interesting feature of the new issue of Macmillan's admirable "English Men of Letters" series is the inclusion within its charmed circle of the few women writers whose works have by common consent obtained an honoured place among the classics of our language. The new series, it will be remembered, opened with the late Sir Leslie Stephen's scholarly monograph on George Eliot; Mr. Austin Dobson has contributed a delightful biography of Fanny Burney; studies of Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell are respectively promised by Canon Beeching and Mr. Clement Shorter; while there lies before us a fascinating little volume on Maria Edgeworth, written by her own countrywoman, the Hon. Emily Lawless. The works of Maria Edgeworth have suffered an almost inevitable decline in popularity during the past two generations. Interesting though they are as studies of Irish life and character, they have not the inimitable graces of style, humour, and insight which have rendered immortal the works of Miss Edgeworth's less prolific but more gifted English sister, Jane Austen. Miss Edgeworth's works are also overweighted by their tendency to improve every occasion for moral instruction, a tendency derived less from her own humorous and sunny nature than from that of her excellent father, whose life-long determination carefully to edit and supervise his gifted daughter's works is undoubtedly responsible for many long, barren passages and dreary disquisitions. Yet, all these things being granted, the novels of Maria Edgeworth have long since proved their inherent

vitality, and have never, even in our own blatantly "up-to-date" age, lacked their circle of admirers, by whom this latest and most pleasing biography will be cordially welcomed. We venture to predict that it will appeal hardly less strongly to that larger class of readers who, while knowing little of Miss Edgeworth's novels, are able to appreciate a racy and graphic picture of a most delightful Anglo-Irish family, having for its central figures the sweet, wholesome, and rarely gifted personality of the novelist herself, and that of her father, which is hardly less fascinating, with its sterling honesty and good sense harmlessly decked out in so much quaint vanity and priggishness. The story flows easily and pleasantly from Miss Lawless's pen, and there is not a dull page in the little volume, which, while mainly concerned with the Edgeworth family, gives us, in passing, many delightful glimpses of late eighteenth and early nineteenth century life in Ireland, England, and France. ["Maria Edgeworth," by the Hon. Emily Lawless. "English Men of Letters" series. Macmillan and Co. Price 2s.]

This is an age of cheap reprints, and sixpence is becoming a recognised standard of value in the publishing world; but we doubt whether the excellent series at that modest figure that Mr. William Heinemann has promised the reading public has, to judge from the examples of it now before us, been excelled, or even equalled, up to the present. Under the name of "Favourite Classics," he proposes to issue a number of the most famous works of the world's literature in pocket volume form at sixpence each; and, naturally starting with Shakespeare, he has given us a group of four dainty volumes of the plays,

viz. "Hamlet," "King Richard III," "Merchant of Venice," and "Twelfth Night." Artistically bound in green cloth, gilt lettered, they are clearly printed on good paper, and the fact that the text was prepared for the press under the editorship of Dr. George Brandes is sufficient guarantee of its accuracy and of its being from the best authorities. That able Shakespearean scholar also contributes helpful explanatory and critical prefaces to each of the volumes, which are rendered additionally attractive by reproductions in photogravure of plates of celebrated eighteenth and early nineteenth century actors in leading parts. The general get-up is so good, and the form, both for reading and the pocket, so convenient, that the public will await with interest the appearance of the subsequent groups of four works by which the series is to be continued.

The latest production of Mr. Edmund Downey ("F. M. Allen"), the prolific and ingenious concocter of "shilling shockers" and holiday and railway novels, is "The Brass Ring," a story of the adventures—some ludicrous and some bordering on the tragic—of a city clerk who becomes possessed for a day of the ring of Gyges, and renders himself invisible during that period. As we should expect of the versatile author of "The Voyage of the Ark," the string of incidents is brightly and rapidly unfolded, providing the reader with no little excitement and variety; but, like most stories of its kind, it lacks cohesion and a settled plan, the climax is rather disappointing, and the author has not troubled to gather up the loose ends of his story. It is, however, just the thing for a hot afternoon or a railway journey. It is published by Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co., Ltd.



CRICKET TEAM—IV. SEC., F CO., 1st GLOS. REGT., NOW STATIONED IN INDIA.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.



As was expected, the half-yearly report of the Great Western Railway Board made important reference to the Honeybourne line. It recorded what has already been accomplished in the way of its construction, together with the opening on Bank Holiday of the Broadway section (a length of five miles), and concluded by stating that the remainder of the line from Winchcombe to Cheltenham will shortly be commenced. The report was also additionally interesting by reason of the fact disclosed of a vote of £40,000 being contemplated for Banbury and Cheltenham Railway improvements. As is well known, the Great Western Railway Company has in recent years spent large sums of money in doubling the railway from Lansdown Junction to Andoversford, in pursuance of a promise made before a Parliamentary Committee, for the accommodation of the through traffic of the Midland and South-Western Junction Railway. The Great Western, however, is generally quite alive to its own interests, and I believe that the £40,000 in question is to be applied to the doubling of the Banbury single line above Andoversford and the strengthening of the existing track, so as to more conveniently take the heavy engines and traffic from the Great Central Railway that will be sent down it to the West and South Wales. The necessity for opening up the derelict Hatherley loop, which I foreshadowed a short time ago, will at once be recognised by all conversant with the lie of the railways as seen from Cloddimore Crossing. Yes, Cheltenham in the near future is going to be a much more important G.W.R. centre than it has been in the past.



Cubbing is now within measurable distance of starting. Hunting prospects in this county are decidedly favourable. But a note of dissatisfaction comes from certain followers of the Duke of Beaufort's packs, who do not relish the entire re-arrangement of the meets,

and have accordingly memorialised his Grace to maintain the old fixtures. From what I hear from those in the know, the new order is with the view of choking off the large number of Bristolians who come out to hunt the fox with more ardour than discretion. The difficulties of masters of hounds increase every season with bigger fields, and I quite sympathise with them in their desire to study the interests of the landowners and farmers by not making hunting too easy for those townspeople who subscribe little, if anything, towards the big expenses of the Hunts with which they throw in their lot.



Seldom, if ever, has the sad news arrived on two successive days, as it did in the first week of this August, of the untimely death of a couple of officers of the Indian Army who were very closely connected with the city of Gloucester. I refer to the death, at Poona, on July 17th, from heart failure, of Lieut.-Colonel H. D. M. Minchin, cantonment magistrate, the second son of the late Rev. H. C. Minchin, vicar of St. Mary-de-Lode; and to the death, on July 25th, while crossing the Tsang-po river in the advance on Lhasa, of Major G. H. Bretherton, D.S.O., the chief supply officer of the Tibet expedition, and son of the late Mr. Edward Bretherton, of Kingsholm. Both gallant officers, who were in the forties of their age, had done distinguished service, and were a credit to the Cathedral city, from whence only a few officers have sprung in modern days.



When the 2nd V.B.G.R. got to the Minehead camp they found it knee-deep in thistles; "They must have thought us a lot of mokes," jocularly exclaimed one of the Gloucesters, to which a comrade replied, "Never mind, this'll do!"

GLENER.

The Scots are keen golfers and keen curlers, but as religious disputants (says the "Pall Mall Gazette") they stand easily first among the peoples of the earth.

POETRY.



GOOD-BYE TO THE DAY.

The long shadows lie where we gambolled at noon;
The blackbird is piping his very last tune;
The bright sun is setting o'er hills far away,
And gentle winds whisper good-bye to the day.
The top of my fir at the end of the lawn
Is red with the light that so nearly has gone,
But when the grey fairies of dusk settle down
They'll climb my tall fir tree and steal the red crown.

See, see! The grey fairies have taken it now
And stowed it from sight in the feathery bough.
And look where you will, there is nothing to see
But shadow, dark shadow, on blossom and tree.

How lonely it looks on the wood-covered hill!
I shouldn't much like to be playing there still.
And where we all heard the gay song of the lark
The mist-hidden meadows lie silent and dark.

From "Little Folks" for August. JOHN LEA.



After melting some ice to obtain water, a barber recently shaved four tourists on the summit of Mont Blanc, the operation being witnessed through telescopes from Chamonix and the valley below.

A CORRECTION AND AN APPRECIATION.—We have received the following letter:—"London, August 8th, 1904. Dear sir,—Will you allow me to point out a slight error in the "Chronicle" of Saturday last? The late rector of Uxbridge, Mr. Theodore W. James, was not a brother of the late Principal of Cheltenham College, but a brother of the late Mr. H. A. James, of Suffolk Hall, and formerly Vice-Principal of St. Paul's College. May I take this opportunity of adding how much I enjoy reading your paper and the charming little supplement, which are forwarded to me regularly every week?—I am, yours truly, E. W. BRERETON, late Major 1st G.R.E.V."

A SCAMPER ACROSS THE GREEN ISLE

* * *

II.—CONNEMARA.

At Cong we found a small but scrupulously clean little hotel, with great pretensions to "gentility," as our wants were attended to by a young waiter in evening dress instead of by the customary buxom "colleen," and as there were any number of "aristocratic" names in the visitors' book. The giant salmon and giant trout under glass cases which formed part of the decoration of the coffee-room sufficed to remind us that we were in the heart of a celebrated angling country, the hotel being situated on the narrow strip of land between the waters of the great Lough Corrib in the south and those of the almost equally great Lough Mask in the north, between which flow numerous streams, both above and below ground, positively teeming with lordly fish.

On the morrow we discovered that Cong was not only prettily situated, but that it also seemed to be fairly thriving and well built, as Irish villages go.

We visited the ruins of Cong Abbey and Monastery and the charnel house adjoining. The latter, well filled with skulls and bones from the old graveyard, formed a rather gruesome sight. Through the grounds swept with oily and silent rapidity a broad and deep stream from Lough Mask on its way to Lough Corrib.

Our guide from the village, doubtless judging us to be Protestants, cracked a sly joke or two about the fondness of the old monks for the pleasant places of the earth. He would have us believe that they had been bon vivants at Cong. We noticed several large salmon and salmon-trout in the shadow of the rustic bridge; and he told us that the monks had arranged an ingenious trap so constructed that when a big fish was caught it rang a bell in the cook's department of the refectory to announce its arrival.

There were, he also said, 365 islands in Lough Corrib, except in leap year, when there were 366.

As he conducted us with praiseworthy impartiality to the Roman Catholic and the Protestant churches, and expressed equal local pride in both, we suspected that he was not quite so guileless as he looked.

However, we picked up one bit of contemporary village gossip from him. Early in the morning there had been some stir in the village street, sufficient to disturb our slumbers, caused partly by the peasants going to early Mass (it being Sunday), but chiefly by their constantly stopping to jabber in front of the hotel—sometimes in Irish and sometimes in the brogue. The conversation that we could understand ran somewhat in this way—

"Have you hurred the news, Mike?"

"I have not."

"Sure, Tim's dead."

"Is he that?"

"Indade, he is so."

"Begorra, and whan did he die?"

And so on, with great volubility.

We now heard that Tim was a young fellow who had been indulging not wisely but too copiously in potheen at a wake which had taken place on Saturday, and that he had become seriously ill and died during the night. There was to be a wake in his honour next day.

We were interested to notice that, though it was Sunday, the few shops of which the village boasted were open; and we subsequently found that Sunday in Ireland is a compromise between the English and the Continental Sunday. Having discharged their recognised religious exercises, the people play games or work in the fields.

After a glance at the lordly demesne of Ashford, a very sharp contrast with the humble abodes surrounding it in a country where there is practically no middle class, we set out on our 14 miles trudge (Irish) to Maam Inn, amongst the mountains, via Clonbur. We soon found that tramping in Ireland is rather different from that recreation in England or Scotland.

An Irish mile is no joke. It is supposed to

be a mile and a quarter, but it may be anything up to three statute miles.

There are no mile stones—pleasant companions on a long walk.

The sign posts are few and far between, and the lettering on them is nearly always half obliterated. "We do not want our country disfigured by things like railway signals," exclaimed a native to whom we spoke on the subject. We, however, suspected the real reason to be that the natives fear lest plain directions to the stranger should interfere with the hiring of their "short cars," i.e. small jaunting cars.

There are no wayside inns, the familiar and pleasant feature of an English rural ramble.

Though it was a blazingly hot day, we must needs go out of our way to see the "Pigeon Hole," i.e. the best way down to see one of the subterranean rivers flowing between Mask and Corrib. At other apertures visitors are let down in baskets. At the "Pigeon Hole" they go down 100 steps carved in the rock. The rocks are somewhat porous, and the water sinks until it finds a bed through which it cannot pass. Indeed, we saw the abandoned course of a canal that they had tried to make between the two loughs. As soon as they had tried to make the water flow through, it had vanished from sight into the ground, and after a great waste of money they had been obliged to give up the scheme in despair.

We met many people on their way to eleven o'clock Mass; and we readily persuaded a youth to guide us to the "Pigeon Hole." The way led through a plantation, and he gave us to understand that we were trespassing—a remark which was followed by a somewhat bitter tirade against selfish landlords, in which, not being landlords ourselves, we more or less sympathetically acquiesced.

The youth had the customary Irish belief in the unequalled beauties and wonders of his native land. There was no place like the "Pigeon Hole"—people came from all over the world to see it.

We mentioned that we were the only guests at Cong Hotel on the previous evening.

In reply to this he gave us to understand that at Clonbur, the next angling village, they were crowded out. "Indade," he added, "they have tourists there every day of the year while the summer lasts," whereat we pricked up our ears, as it was the first "bull" we had heard.

The "Pigeon Hole" certainly proved to be a curious and somewhat weird place; but we could not penetrate to the bed of the stream, as wax vestas were but a poor substitute for the necessary torches, and the fissures in the rocks under foot were darkly suggestive of falls and broken legs.

At Clonbur the crowd of peasants waiting in the shade after Mass, presumably for the next celebration, offered considerable scope for study in the national characteristics. The groups were composed entirely of men, and the flattened nose and protruding under lip, to which we are so well accustomed in "comic" pictures of Irish life, were decided features of the broad faces that surrounded us. The loiterers were in their Sunday best, which generally included black swallow-tail coats, cut something after the pattern of those worn by waiters, and black felt "mush" hats.

We asked the landlord of the village hotel what was the meaning of the term "Joyce's Country," which we found spread across the map of this district. He seemed pained at our ignorance, and stated that it was the name of an ancient family, not strictly Celtic, but "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

It turned out that he himself was a Joyce, and a magistrate to boot; and he gave us to understand that he received none but the "best people" at his little hostelry.

There were two handsome, stalwart specimens of the Irish constabulary on the road outside, and we naturally passed a compliment to the effect that the force in question was unsurpassed for smart, well set-up manhood, as indeed it is.

The magistrate innkeeper agreed, but added that they had nothing to do. "I have never known the country quieter," he said. He attributed this pleasant state of things chiefly to the reform in the land laws.

Our path now lay across some high ground, which enabled us to obtain a view over both the great loughs, the largest expanse of water

in Great Britain. Then the road followed for several miles the northern bank of Lough Corrib, affording pretty views over its placid waters and myriad islets.

It was a sweltering hot day, and as we rounded a curve and came upon a little bay, shrieks arose from the water, and we saw a bevy of "colleens" in the garb of mother Eve making for the shore; but their charms would have been less obvious had they discreetly remained in the water.

The lake fell away southward. We went on across a wide expanse of bog; while the stony Mamturks loomed nearer on the left, and ultimately we found ourselves in a wide valley.

Sparsely as the population seemed to be, we were never, owing to the absence of trees, out of sight of a hovel or groups of hovels. The abodes of the people throughout the district are truly wretched, being chiefly small, stone-built, thatched hovels, with one door and one or two windows. There are no gardens, as one sees in England. The doors open straight on the bog, and on one side there is generally a stack of peat, and on the other a dung mixin. Pigs are numerous, and, like the poultry, which are extremely plentiful, wander in and out of the "houses," at their own sweet will. The people are, however, specially fond of keeping geese, and we constantly disturbed hissing flocks of them by the roadside. The only attempts at cultivation were patches, rescued from the bog, containing cabbage and potato plants. In some instances we noticed dilapidated outbuildings and lean-to sheds, and these we learned afforded shelter for the Pollies, i.e. black, hornless cows, said to be good milkers, of which the more prosperous peasants own one, two, or three, as the case may be. Most of the people we saw about those houses looked extremely dirty and woe-begone, in keeping with their surroundings; but it was noticeable that the men went about well shod, while the women, for the most part, wore short petticoats and no stockings or shoes. A feature of the landscape was stacks of peat drying in the sun. The state of the land was shown by the black, slimy pools left where the turf had been dug.

We looked into one or two small Roman Catholic churches adjacent to the road. There is a certain dignified simplicity about the Little Bethels that one comes across in the Welsh and Scotch mountains; but the interior of a Roman Catholic Little Bethel sets one's teeth on edge. They are filled with cheap images and tawdry decorations; and the combined odour of dirt and incense. Generally speaking, Roman Catholics spoil their church interiors with over-decoration; but we forgive them that on the Continent because of the art treasures frequently to be found. In Ireland they would be well advised to content themselves with less oleographs and more whitewash.

Roadside inns were, as I have before remarked, conspicuous by their absence; but, coming to a cluster of cottages, we espied amongst the Irish over the door the word "licensed," and entered. It was a three-roomed one-storey house; the room into which we entered being the general living-room, the little room on the right rigged up as a bar, with fiery-looking whisky in glass bottles, barrels of porter, and some rather heavy-looking bread and cakes. Fowls were scratching and pecking about on the earth floor.

Warm as it was, a peat fire was burning on the large open hearth; and a contemplative one-eyed gentleman, who was smoking in the chimney-corner, informed us that they rarely let it out. "We rake it over at night," said he, "and next morning we put one or two lumps on, and it lights itself."

The hostess, who had most effusively welcomed us with hand-shaking and smiles when we entered, now busied herself in getting us "tea." Though she had hot water to hand, it took her close on an hour; but we were glad of the rest, and enjoyed the novelty and listening to the conversation of the folk who called in for drinks.

Finally, after much washing of teacups and considerable sweeping—we judged her to be somewhat unused to both occupations, she did them so awkwardly—the good wife ushered us into the bedroom, the beds of the family being ranged round the wall, with a table in the centre, on which table our tea

was served. She was much concerned for our appetites when she found that we wanted nothing to eat; but her tea was good.

If there is one thing the poor Irish know how to make it is tea; and they will have it good.

A short time ago a celebrated English cheap tea merchant opened a shop in Galway. For a few days he did a roaring trade. Afterwards the critical peasantry would have no more of his cheap teas; and he had to shut up shop.

Of course our hostess would name no definite sum for her tea. It is the genial way of these people with strangers, and it generally ends in their getting about twice what things are worth.

As evening drew on we came down to an arm of Lough Corrib, to which we thought we had bade farewell, stretching far up amongst the mountains. At one point it was some 200 yards broad, and in the middle of it was an island, on which were the ruins of a castle, a picturesque landmark, which we kept in view for a long distance. We began to think we should never reach the Maam Inn.

We frequently passed peasants on the road, and again noticed their aversion to the use of plain "Yes" or "No."

They generally greeted us with "Good evening, sor," varied by "Yer honour."

To which we replied "Fine evening."
"Indade, it is a fine evening, than God," was the customary response.

Again, if we asked whether we were right for Maam, the answer generally was, "You are that, sor."

"Is it straight on?"
"Straight on" it is, sor

The arm of the lough narrowed to a river; and at the junction of two roads, facing a graceful suspension bridge and a mountain valley beyond, we found the Maam Inn, or "hotel," a solidly-erected one-storey building.

The situation reminded us somewhat of King's House Inn, at the entrance to Glencoe, but the scenery was not so impressive. Besides, there were houses (of a sort) in the vicinity.

Amusing ourselves with the "visitors' book" after supper, we were forcibly reminded of the fact that we were in "the rainiest part of the United Kingdom" by the numerous entries after this style: "Arrived drenched, but Mrs. — kindly provided us with dry clothes." There were also many poetical effusions in the Irish tongue.

Our bedroom window opened right on the darksome bog, with which it was on a level. It was an ideal place for a "moonlighter" to make his appearance; but, though we were in the heart of what was once a disaffected district, we slept soundly enough.

It is said that at Barmouth the sand even gets into the eggs. The same may be said of the peat at Maam. Certainly, the butter, the bread, the tea, and the coffee seemed to smack strongly of it; and, of course, the whole house was full of its perfume.

We had a chat with one of the leading inhabitants of the place. He would have it that, notwithstanding their seeming poverty and unspeakably dirty style of living, the peasantry were better off than the English cottagers, as, thanks to their "Pollies," their pigs, their potatoes, and their poultry, they were independent and self-supporting, and could order their lives much as they pleased.

We were indebted to this gentleman for another "bull." Speaking of the success of the Japanese, "cannibals only twenty years ago and not even Christians yet," he remarked that he had "never thought that any other European Power, except America, could have beaten the Russians."

Our way to Leenane, only some eight English miles off, was across a stony territory, which looked as though giant sowers had stalked across the hill and valley tracks with huge stones for seed.

At Leenane we struck the coach road, said to be the best in Ireland (it was about up to a second-class English main road), from Clifden, the railway terminus, to Westport and Achill Island. There is a large hotel for the conducted tourist tribe; but we found comfortable quarters elsewhere, for, needless to say, the afternoon "long car" to Clifden, advertised in the guide book, had been "suspended" seven years ago.

As Leenane is picturesquely situated on the

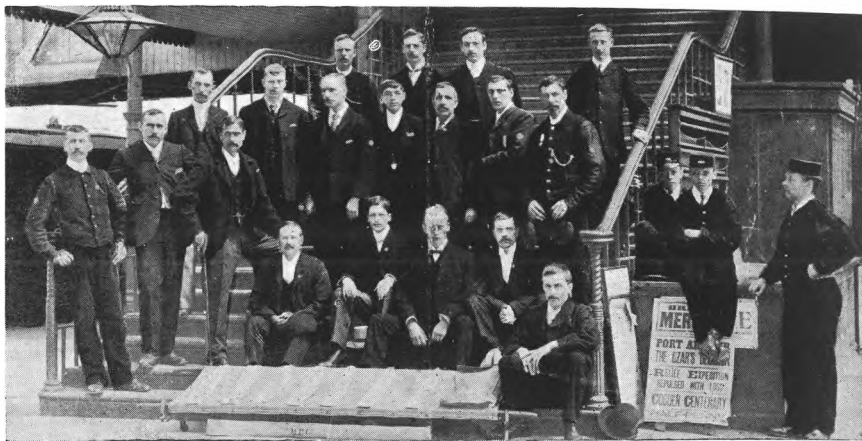


Photo by Dr. Hodges, Gloucester.

M.R. AMBULANCE CLASS AT GLOUCESTER.

Great Killary, a sort of miniature Norwegian fiord, we much enjoyed our enforced stay there; and the car ride towards Clifden next day through the beautiful Pass of Kylemore, with its great Mansion, recently purchased by the Duke of Manchester, and its numerous sub-tropical plants, was a pleasant experience.

On the car was a military gentleman, very expert in killing horse-flies, which, by the way, are a great pest in the West of Ireland; and when the huge mountain mass known as the Twelve Pins of Connemara dove into sight, he tried to take a gentle "rise" out of the car driver. "If I ask him how many pins there are," he whispered to a companion, "he will surely contradict the guide book, and say there are at least fourteen."

"Tim," said he aloud, "how many pins are there?"

"Twelve, as a rule, sor," replied Tim promptly, "but during lapa year there are thirteen. The odd one disappears on Christmas Eve like shot out of a gun."

At Letterfrack we left the car in the hope of seeing something of the basket-making industry; but were informed that operations had been suspended owing to the absence of the gentleman who had interested himself in the work. Letterfrack, embowered in fuchsiads, though it did not look specially prosperous, was certainly a pleasant contrast to a village we came to a few miles from Clifden. This was the filthiest and most wretched place we saw in Ireland, which is saying a great deal. Some of the huts appeared to be windowless, the only aperture being the door.

Clifden itself, "the capital of Connemara," is a dirty, uninteresting, unkempt little town, fifty per cent. of whose inhabitants are seemingly loafers. Its surroundings are, however, decidedly picturesque. From high ground near the inlet on which it stands, and near a "sham," abandoned, and dilapidated castle, once the residence of a local magnate, a capital panoramic view of the coast, with its numerous indentations, bays, and islands, as well as of the mountains inland, can be obtained. Such a survey brings home to one the aptly descriptive nature of the word "Connemara," which means "bays of the sea." Land and water are indeed mixed up in the most perplexing manner; and the sea is carving out entrances for itself in all directions.

As one approaches Clifden from the sea, the little town is seen surmounted by the frowning stony precipices of the Twelve Pins, generally topped with fleecy white clouds, lending them the appearance of snow-clad summits, and the effect is almost Alpine in its glamour.

It is said that one can stand at evening on one of the summits and see the ocean and the coast country brilliantly lit up by sunshine, while the plains and valleys on the other side of the outer fringe of mountains is plunged in deep shadow as the sun slopes westward. The contrast is one of the weirdest sights imaginable.

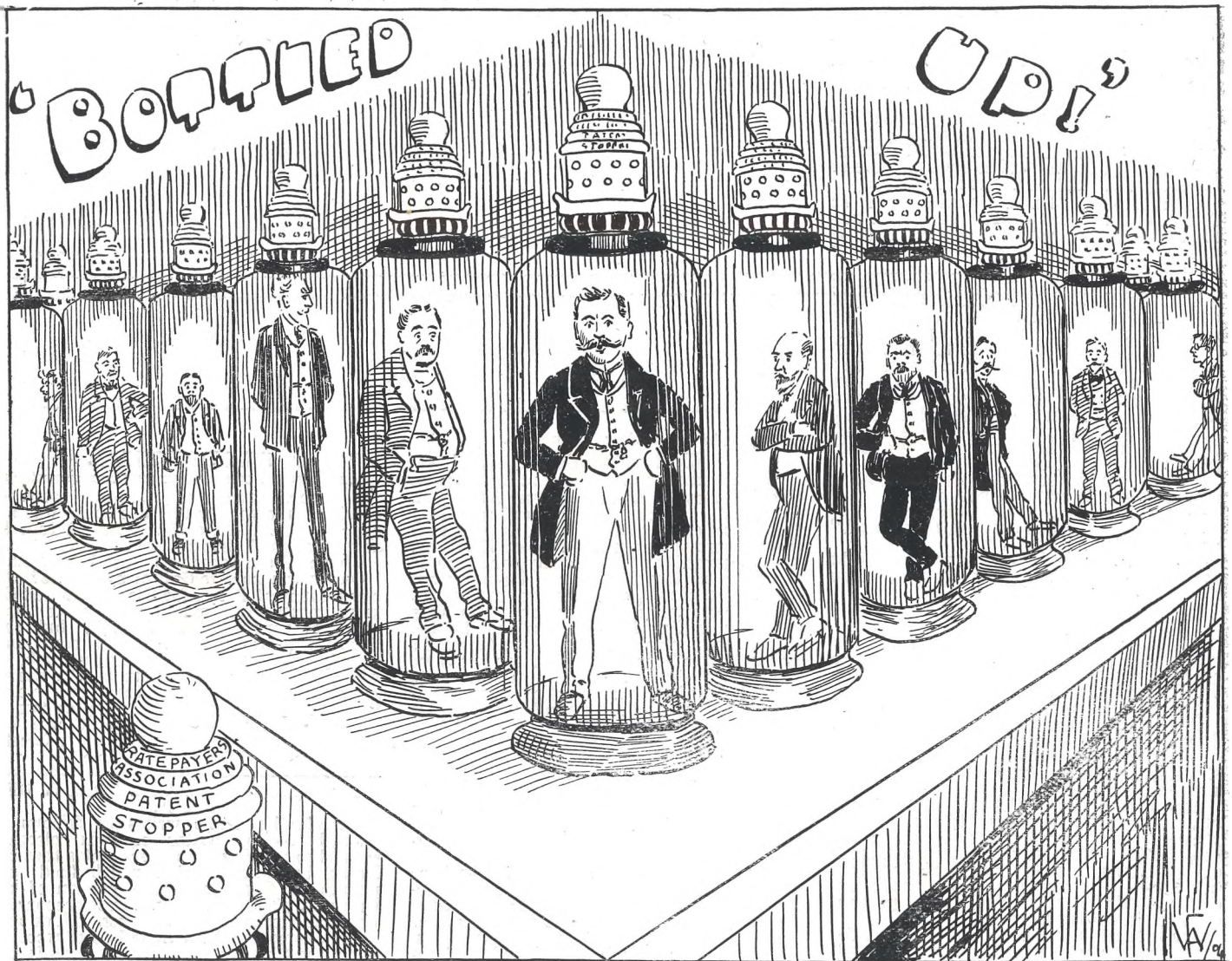
At Clifden I managed to find a barber's "shop"; but before commencing operations

the barber turned a promising brood of chickens into the street. The shave was not an easy one. The artist suggested that he should cut my hair, and added encouragingly, "I have all the apparatus," but I declined.

On our way back to Galway by rail we broke our journey at Recess for Glen Inagh and the green marble quarries (whence come thousands of souvenirs of Ireland); but this familiar tourist ground hardly needs any description. The scenery struck us as being wild; but not so impressive as the Scotch Highlands or so pretty as the Welsh mountains. Having spent another day or two in Galway, we crossed the bay for Clare; but our impressions of the "Wild West Coast" may be reserved for a final article.

THE SCENERY OF THE FOREST OF DEAN.

Sir Charles Dilke writes as follows to "Truth":—The writer of your pleasant trips through English scenery states that the Nottinghamshire district, which holds the remains of Sherwood and a portion of the Dukeries, yields the finest forest scenery in England except the New Forest. There are, indeed, some beautiful little bits of wood in what was Sherwood Forest and what is the New Forest. But there is no large extent of forest scenery in either of those districts, nor, I think, anywhere in the United Kingdom, except in and round Dean Forest. If one ascends an eminence in the New Forest and looks over a large extent of land, the woods are hardly to be seen (beautiful as they are when approached or traversed) in the great expanse of waste. In Dean Forest alone there is a great area of oak timber. In about 23,000 acres of which Dean Forest still consists there are 19,000 acres of oak timber. In the middle of the forest there is a tract indistinguishable from it, known as Abbot's Wood, which was alienated by the Crown to the monks of Flaxley Abbey in the reign of Henry I., and has now been bought back, and thrown under the same management. Adjoining Dean Forest are 5,000 acres of the finest woods of tall oak timber in the United Kingdom, also the property of the Crown, and under the same management as the forest; and we find, therefore, in or immediately adjoining the Forest of Dean, 26,000 acres of oak timber; while the recent purchase by the Crown of the Beaufort estates upon the Wye adds a large amount of forest scenery in the neighbourhood of the Crown domain. As regards its beauty, if some find that in the most extensive prospects of the forest the existence in some cases of as many as four or five coalpits in the view detract from the loveliness of the scene, then outside the circle of the little coalfield, in the portion of the Crown forests and other woods which surround it, there are unbroken views of oak forest, unmarred by any trace of industry. The forest views in the neighbourhood of the Wye, as, for example, that from the Buckstone, are famous; but to those who will quit railways and main roads there are many wholly different views at least as beautiful.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

At the last Town Council meeting, in a discussion on the expenditure of a further £60 on the mineral waters business, Councillor Bence said they were being "bottled up" themselves, and the matter before them was very much too "salty" for him.—"Gloucestershire Echo," July 29th.

The "Devil's Tea Table," a huge rock in Wirt County, West Virginia, served as a pulpit on Sunday for the Rev. John Copen, a sensational preacher, popularly known as "the cyclone exhorter," telegraphs a New York correspondent. From the summit, fully 500 feet in height, he addressed an audience of 5,000 persons gathered below, using a megaphone to carry the sound of his voice. To attract crowds Mr. Copen advertised tight-rope and trapeze performances and swimming contests before and after his sermons, also a great picnic dinner for all who attended. Although the spot is lonely, thousands of people came, many travelling long distances. To ascend the rock the preacher had to make a dangerous climb, using a rope for the last 75 ft. He remained on the summit between the morning and the afternoon sermons, eating a solitary lunch. He was so high above the crowd that he looked like a midget. The various performances were given as advertised. Mr. Copen chose the subject of St. Paul for his text, comparing himself to the apostle on Mars Hill. His hearers were evidently much impressed. The clergyman is an uneducated man and a typical backwoods preacher, but a stirring speaker. He says he intends to continue his unique services, as he is trying to convert people who are not reached by the churches. Therefore he considers himself justified in using sensational means to attract them.

London's lady clerks are increasing in number with remarkable rapidity. According to the "City Press," an official return which has been compiled shows that their ranks, which in 1891 included 17,859 young women, rose to a total of 55,784 in the year 1901. Male clerks increased in the decade by 34.2 per cent. only, whereas their rivals advanced by no less than 300 per cent. In 1891 the number of women acting in that capacity was only 7.8 per cent. of the total, but in 1901 the figure stood at 18.1 per cent. It is to be noted also that no longer is the English clerk being ousted by the foreigner. In 1891 the latter represented 1 in 57 as regards men clerks, but in 1901 the proportion was only 1 in 64. The change is not perhaps great, but, at any rate, it is perceptible.

FEMININE PATRIOTISM IN JAPAN.

A sight now met with at many of the temples and places of worship in Japan is very touching (says a native correspondent to "The Bystander"). Women may be seen who, after prostrating themselves before their gods and chanting a prayer or two, raise their hands to their heads and cut off their hair—thus not only signifying that they are widows but registering the vow that they will not marry again. The severed locks are then bound with a broad band of white paper and hung up at the entrance to the inner chapel, there to remain until a sufficient number of such offerings have been collected to weave into rope, as the rope made from human hair is said to possess an amazing strength, and is much valued in the field and on the ships where cords of great durability are required. In front of the famous Ikegami temple, not many miles from Tokio, hangs a long rope several inches in circumference, made solely of human hair—the sacrifices made at the beginning of the Japan-China war by countless women anxious to add their little mite for the benefit of the country.



WE EXECUTE . . .
Artistic PRINTING

AT THE

"ECHO" ELECTRIC PRESS.

Marion C. Bedford writes as follows to "Nature Notes":—The following true cat story may interest your readers: A cat climbed up an elm tree in Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, where a pigeon had its nest, and having devoured two young pigeons it deposited two new-born kittens in their place.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 189.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1904.

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CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

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PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

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. The 188th prize has been awarded to Mr. J. E. Adler, care of Mr. Hatchett, 2 Painswick-lawn, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The 99th prize has been divided between Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, and Mr. W. C. Robson, of Beverley, Langdon-road, Cheltenham. The drawing of the latter is held over.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 81st prize has been awarded to Miss A. Despard, of "Undercliff," Leckhampton, for her report of a sermon preached by the Rev. D. Fisher at Emmanued Church.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay, not exceeding a thousand words.

The prize in the 25th literary competition has been divided between Miss E. M. Humphris, of Avening, Leckhampton, and Mr. Arthur T. Stamford, of 32 Suffolk-parade, Cheltenham.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) and in the other competitions on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and literary contributions sent in become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.



Photo by W. G. Coles, Gloucester.

MR. W. H. MORGAN AND THE NOVELLO TROPHY.

Mr. Morgan is conductor of the Gloucester Co-operative Prize Choir, winners of the Novello Trophy in the Choral Competition, open to the United Kingdom, held at the Crystal Palace. He is well and most favourably known in musical circles in Gloucester and neighbourhood, and is organist and choirmaster at Highnam Church, to which post he was appointed by Sir Hubert Parry, Bart., Mus. Doc.



A SCAMPER ACROSS THE GREEN ISLE.

III.—THE WILD WEST COAST.

On alternate days a little steamer crosses Galway Bay or goes out to visit the wind and spray swept Arran Isles. Turning our faces southward from Connemara, we chose the former trip, and crossed to County Clare. At the fishing village of Ballyvaughan, on the other side of the bay, cars were in waiting to carry the passengers, most of whom were Irish folk on their holidays, to Lisdoonvarna, which seems to be rising in favour amongst the natives as a pleasure resort, and which, curiously enough, our guide-book grandiloquently described as "the Cheltenham of Ireland."

A mile or so inland, though the Clare hills are not at all formidable, the road rises several hundreds of feet in a series of curves, after the manner of an Alpine spiral road in miniature, which has gained for it the descriptive appellation of the "Cork-screw road." The guide-book spoke of it as a wonderfully engineered road and capital for cycling; but it struck us as being dirty and in very bad repair.

Lisdoonvarna was probably called by the compiler of the guide-book "the Cheltenham of Ireland" because it would be impossible to imagine a place more unlike Cheltenham. It is a large straggling village, composed chiefly of hotels and boarding-houses, situated on a plateau overlooking the Atlantic, which is about four miles away as the crow flies. The plateau is crossed by one or two deep and rather picturesque ravines, through the chief of which a considerable stream rushes in a somewhat turbulent volume of water to the ocean. It is crossed by a curiously constructed bridge, a circle superimposed upon an arch, and this remarkable structure is known far and wide as "Spectacle Bridge."

The chief attraction of Lisdoonvarna is, however, the mineral springs, sulphur and iron, which trickle from the sides of the ravine. Having faith in the waters, the visitors do not want the gilded attractions of pump rooms and concert-halls to induce them to drink of the healing springs. They simply wander down the side of the ravine to their favourite spring, deposit a penny or a ticket with the humbly-clad attendant, see him rinse out a glass in the flowing stream and fill it straight from Mother Earth with iron or sulphur in solution. So abundantly are the minerals present in the water that the latter has corroded the rocks whence it issues, the sulphur turning them a dirty yellow and the iron black or dark brown. The sulphur also taints the air within several yards of its springs. We "sampled" both the sulphur and the iron, and were quite satisfied by a mouthful in both cases; but whilst we sat near the "Twin Wells" for an hour or so in the cool of the evening, we noticed a constant stream of visitors and residents of the district, who absorbed full pint glasses in a series of defiant sips. The people apparently came down for the waters just as the fancy seized them; but we were told that the greatest rush for the sulphur occurred before meals, as it ought to be drunk fasting, and for the iron after meals, as it was regarded as a tonic to counteract the ravages of the sulphur. The only attempts at artificiality were a few zig-zag paths and seats and the fact that over one of the sulphur springs a small chalet had been built, so as to enable the water to be served hot. Lisdoonvarna is a spa in the making; and its waters are evidently taken more seriously than those of some of the older English resorts of a similar character.

Not merely the visiting Irish, for the great bulk of the visitors are natives, but, what is more wonderful, the residents of the district, including the peasantry, have touching faith in the recuperative virtues of these weird fluids. We saw groups of peasants, some of whom would have served excellently well as studies of moonlighters for the artists of the English comic journals, sipping sulphur, and casting up their eyes like thankful chickens. The country is now profoundly quiet, so we arrived at the conclusion that they were retired moonlighters

or reformed boycotters innocently recuperating.

Another curious feature of Lisdoonvarna is the swarm of priests. We met them everywhere, generally in couples, black spudges on the green landscape; and we naturally supposed at first that a convocation of the clergy was sitting in Lisdoonvarna; but we were told that the village is a favourite holiday rendezvous for the Roman Catholic priesthood, and that they come there from all over the world, especially from America.

The priests, as a body, struck us as being rather ill favoured. Like the police they generally "hunt" in couples, but the former certainly have the advantage of them in good looks, being an extremely handsome body of men; and the contrast is all the more singular in view of the fact that both bodies spring from the people. Perhaps the clerical customs of wearing sinisterly black clothes and of shaving clean may have something to do with their unattractive appearance to persons not accustomed to seeing them in large numbers; but comparing notes with other tourists on the same subject, we found that, as a rule, their own surface impressions of the priestly caste were even more antipathetic than our own. Some of the older priests, however, looked benevolent and gracious; and the American-Irish members of the cloth were certainly more wholesome in appearance and less overbearing in demeanour than the resident priesthood.

One of the chief recreations of Lisdoonvarna is dancing, in which most of the young people amongst the visitors join. We were told that even in the remote districts of the country dancing classes were regularly held, and that the revival of the language and the maintenance of the old Irish love for dancing were going on, as it were, hand in hand. We were given to understand that "the boys and girls" meet each other at Lisdoonvarna, and that it is a great "match-making" centre, "many splendid matches being made."

We thought Western Ireland remarkably free from foreign itinerant musicians; but at Lisdoonvarna we fell in with a German band playing "Hiawatha" and other up-to-date pieces. To the amusement of the bystanders, they were vehemently abused during the course of the concert by a couple of resident beggar women, on whose preserves these foreigners were poaching.

Speaking generally, the impression one got of the social tendency in Ireland was that of conservatism run mad. We asked our hostess at Lisdoonvarna whether she would not like the railway to come there, as it is only eight miles off, at Ennistymon.

"Oh, dear no; what would become of the car drivers?" was her reply.

"But it would mean more houses, more visitors, and more driving for the cars in the long run."

"More houses, indeed! We want to keep those we have always full!"

This is typical of the hand-to-mouth point of view.

Next day we walked on to Lahinch, via the Cliffs of Moher—15 miles, Irish. The cabins that we passed en route would have been regarded as hovels from the English, if not from the Scotch, standpoint; but there certainly was an air of prosperity—though somewhat dirty prosperity—over the district as compared with the apparently abject poverty of Connemara. There did not appear to be any attempts at cultivation, except potato and cabbage patches and coarse hay crops, the latter of which were being harvested in a haphazard, slipshod kind of a fashion; but round each homestead pigs were "rooting," a few cows cropping the coarse grass, and the inevitable flock of geese waddling. Flower gardens, such as may be seen in English villages, were again "conspicuous by their absence" (though it is said flowers will grow luxuriantly on the west coast if a little trouble be taken), and there were no fruit trees.

We beguiled the time by reflecting on the curious coincidence that most of the characteristics of Ireland might be described in words beginning with the letter "p," such as piety, priests, poverty, porter, pess-

mism, police, peasants, peat, poultry, pigs, potatoes, potheen, pugnacity, and so on ad infinitum.

The cliffs of Moher formed the most striking natural feature that we saw in Ireland. On one side we had a sheer drop of 600 feet to the Atlantic, and on the other a herd of probably harmless but apparently wild cattle aimlessly rushing about as if to escape the heat and the formidable bog flies. In one place the coastline bends outwards, so that a view of nearly the whole range of the cliffs can be obtained in safety. Calm as the sea was, its continuous hoarse murmur, hiss, and boil, as it kept up its warfare with the base of the cliffs, honey-combed with the caves, fissures, and puffing holes" which it had carved out, gave us some slight impression of the tremendous spectacle that the same look-out would afford in a storm.

Above the music of the waters rose the shrieks of thousands of sea birds, which flew untiringly to and fro before the face of the cliffs or circled round the jutting rocks. Occasionally we noticed the gleam of the comparatively rich plumage of the sea-parrot; and, owing to the numerous species represented—herring gulls, guillemots, razorbills, cormorants, etc.—the spectacle would have delighted the heart of an ornithologist.

Regaining touch with the human species, after a walk of some miles, we found ourselves at a holy place, St. Bridget's well, round which peasants were kneeling on the damp grass in the drizzle—for there had been one or two sharp showers—praying and telling their beads under the direction of a typical old native woman, the humble sibyl of the sacred grove. Like most of the shrines we saw, it looked dirty and unwholesome; and our "bump of reverence" received still less stimulation when we noticed that the healing waters percolated through the earth at the side of a burying ground. We therefore "paid our footing," but did not drink. At the neighbouring hostelry, to which devotees repair after their pilgrimage, we learned that St. Bridget rewarded the genuflections and attentions of the pious with a satisfactory number of miracles.

We now took a short cut to Lahinch through what seemed to be an abandoned estate, passing a dilapidated mansion, overcoming many quagmires in what had once been the drive, and disturbing several half-broken-down gates on their rusty hinges. The scene was pathetically "Irish," and we saw others like it. As we were told that many of the estates were mortgaged up to the hilt, we concluded that some of the absenteeism, of which there is some complaint, is involuntary.

At Kilkee, the southern terminus of the quaint West Clare railway, which we took up from Lahinch, we spent two or three days enjoying the coast scenery, which is not unlike that of Cornwall. Of course we took the drive to Loop Head, and inspected the lighthouse and the awesome chasm known as Lovers' Leap, as well as several curious "natural bridges" in the neighbourhood. A startling illustration of the dangers of this treacherous coast was afforded during our short stay by the mist which came down, entirely blotting out the broad estuary of the Shannon on the one side and the Atlantic on the other. One moment it was fairly clear; but the next they were firing fog-signals from the lighthouse.

The large vessels, however, keep far out; and we did not even catch sight of a coaster during our visit to Kilkee. The fishing folk put out in canvas boats, like coracles on a large scale, which two of them can carry on their backs down to the water. These vessels look extremely frail, and, should they spring a leak, they are mended with a bit of rag and a few spots of tar; but their owners stay out all night in them and go seven or eight miles from the coast. They are said to be safer than wooden keel-boats in a bit of a sea and adventurous visitors explore the numerous sea caves in them; but we were quite content to catch what glimpses we could from the top of the cliffs of the yawning black mouths of those mysterious recesses.

Kilkee is described as "the Brighton of Ireland"; but it is in many respects the usual unkempt Irish country town, with broad and more or less neglected streets. The modern

boarding-houses and hotels give some parts a semi-prosperous air; but, turning a corner, you come across a row of cabins like those one sees in the wilds. There is a gas supply; but it does not run to public lamps.

Sunday is the busiest day, as excursions run in from Limerick and elsewhere. Most of the shops are open; and, as illustrative of the standpoint from which the Irish Catholic regards Sunday, we may mention that we noticed one or two bills advertising temperance and other outings in connection with churches. It is also a great day for football matches and sports. Football was in full swing when we were in Clare at the end of July.

After what we had heard of Irish mendicancy, the beggars did not strike us as being particularly numerous. We often walked for miles without being asked for a copper—possibly because we looked somewhat like mendicants ourselves. When we did part with a copper at the request of a fellow wayfarer, he or she generally invoked with much volubility all the blessings of the hierarchy of the sky on our heads. The barefooted children often ran long distances after the jaunting-cars in the hope of getting coppers; but they do that almost everywhere in tourist centres. The beggars were, as a rule, extremely honest and frank in their applications. The men wanted coppers, not for a bed or for their families, but to drink your health, "God bless you," and the children to "buy sweets."

Near Kilkee was the dirtiest "holy" well that we had seen in our peregrinations. The cairn of stones above it was surmounted by a rude cross, and lying about was a litter of things which seemed to suggest "rubbish shot here," but which were really the offerings of the poor or economical faithful. Scraps of paper and other rubbish were floating on the surface of the puddle near the spring. It was in charge of a little boy, while a muscular countryman was walking round and round it on his bare feet telling his beads and apparently doing some penance. It seemed to be a real trial for him, as he limped a good deal. An Irish woman would probably have thought little of the punishment, as we saw plenty of women, chiefly young, walking with bare feet, but not a single man doing so, except this repentant pietist.

As my space is running short I had perhaps better reserve our impressions of the Shannon and Limerick until next week.

Apropos of the letter on the subject of my Irish impressions and reminiscences that appeared in the "Chronicle" last week, I may say that, notwithstanding its indignant tone, based chiefly on misquotations, I am in agreement with much of it, especially the references to the evils of our own English life.

Again, I am in accord with the writer when he or she says it would be absurd to represent Ireland as a natural "appanage of England." Two countries more unlike in every way, in physical features and in national sentiment, it would be hard to find.

I did not describe the undoubted natural beauties of the familiar show places mentioned for two simple reasons: (1) I did not visit them; (2) if I had visited them I should not have troubled to describe them, as they have been adequately described by far more glowing pens than my own.

Of course I did not say that "the island is chiefly composed of bog," but referred to "the dreary expanse of bog land of which the great central plain of the island seems to be chiefly composed"—a description the accuracy of which may be tested by reference to a geological chart of the country.

Further, I did not express an opinion, either good, bad, or indifferent, with regard to the brogue, which sometimes has a "pretty" sound and sometimes the reverse—according to the tone and inflection of the voice of the person using it. An Irish schoolmaster, however, described it to me as "a debased dialect of your conglomerate English which we intend to replace by our own poetical, expressive, and classically exact language"—at least, that was the effect of what he said.

Touching the expression "old hags," I was told at Galway that strangers were frequently struck by the beauty of the girls (generally of a dark, Latin type) and its contrast with the

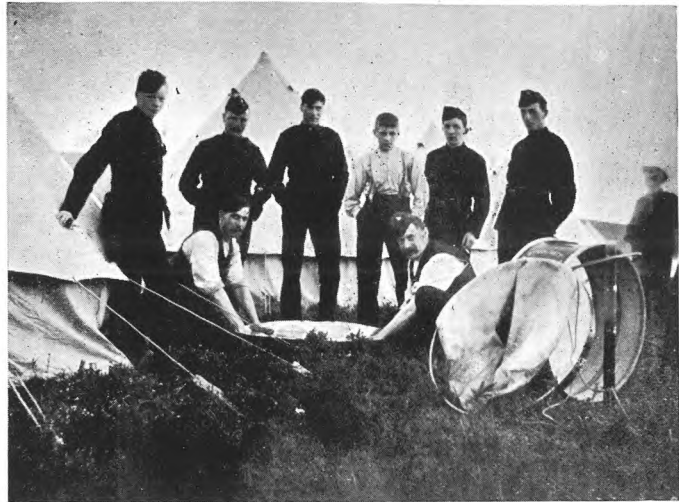


Photo by Frank Proctor, Gloucester.

2nd V.B.G.R. AT MINEHEAD.

A "puncture" in the big drum. Sergt.-Bugler Dyer is seen soaking a new "head" in Capt. Collett's bath.

uncomeliness of many of the old women. It was put down chiefly, like some other things, to English tyranny. Owing to the rapacity of English landlords and their agents, most of the beautiful girls could not be supported or make a livelihood at home, and had been obliged to emigrate. The women that remained led exceedingly hard lives (indeed, the women seem to do much of the roughest work), and the smoke of the peat in their stuffy cabins tended to begrime the face and ruin the complexion comparatively early in life.

MAXIMS OF A DIPLOMATIST.

Here are some of Lord Dalling's proverbs:

The way to be always respected is to be always in earnest.

You cannot show a greater want of tact than in attempting to console a person by making light of his grief.

One of the charms of an intimacy between two persons of different sexes is that the man loves the woman for qualities he does not envy, and the woman appreciates the man for qualities she does not pretend to possess.

If you expect a disagreeable thing, meet it and get rid of it as soon as you can; if you expect anything agreeable, you need not be in such a hurry, for the anticipation of pain is pain—the anticipation of pleasure, pleasure.

It is very difficult to get stupid people to change their opinions, for they find it so hard to get an idea that they don't like to lose one.

Some men ride a steeplechase after fortune; some seek it leisurely on the beaten track; and some hope to attain it by a new path which they think they have discovered. The first arrive rapidly or not at all; the second arrive surely, but generally too late; the last usually lose their way, but are so charmed with their road that they forget the object of their journey.

Superior men rarely underrate the talents of those who are inferior to them. Inferior men nearly always underrate the talents of those whose abilities are above their own; for the tendency of genius is to raise to its own height, that of mediocrity to depress to its own level.

If you begin by thinking that nothing can be done without difficulty, you will end by doing everything with facility.—"Rapid Review."



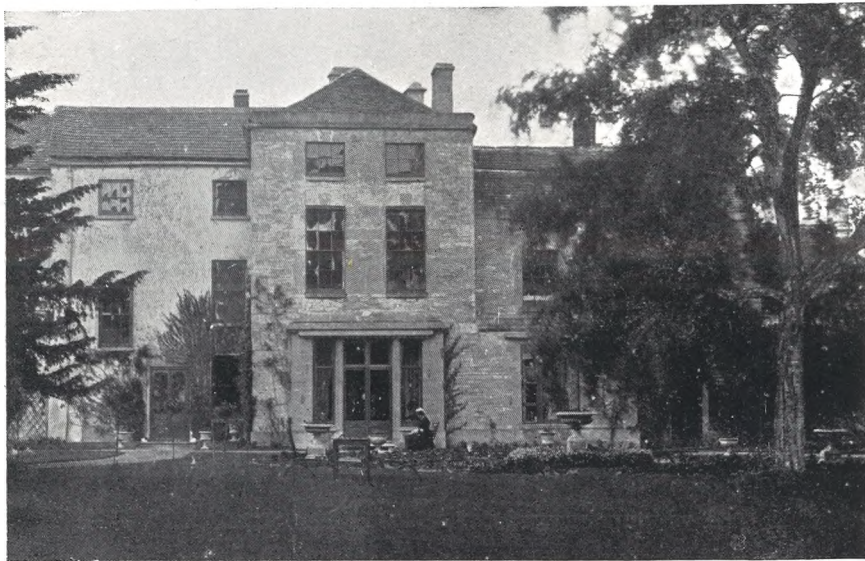
One of Cheltenham's Worthy Sons: Mr. B. R. Barnfield, J.P.

Mr. B. R. Barnfield, son of our old fellow-townsmen, Mr. E. F. Barnfield (one of the few remaining former members of the defunct Town Improvement Commissioners), went out to seek fame and fortune in Canada a few years ago, and has just been appointed a magistrate for Montreal.

The arrival of the "silly season," which coincides with the rising of the Houses of Parliament and the Law Courts, is thus celebrated by a London evening newspaper poet:—

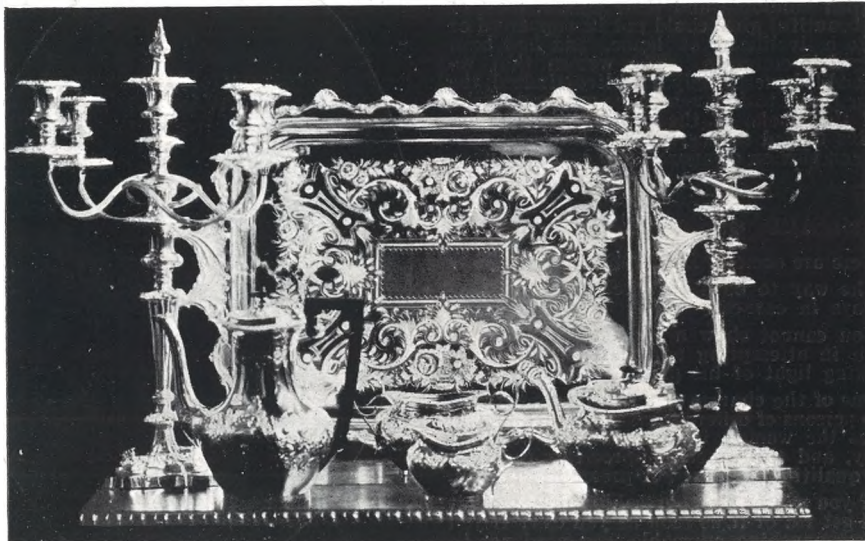
Come, monsters of the vasty deep,
Obedient to my voice,
Make sailors' flesh in terror creep
And journalists rejoice.
The House is up, the Law Courts, too,
And morning papers crave for you!
Come, flies that blot the August sun,
And turn to night the day;
Come, pigs that fly and snails that run
And owls that pipe their lay;
For legislators now give place,
And ye may fill the vacant space.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.



"THE BARTONS," TETBURY.

Major Whyte-Melville, poet, author, and sportsman, resided here for some time, and was buried in Tetbury Parish Churchyard on December 12, 1878. A petition by the widow to have the body disinterred and reinterred in Suffolk was opposed by his daughter, and has been withdrawn.



Mr. E. A. Trapnell, who has disposed of his well-known business, the Star Hotel, Cheltenham, was upon his retirement presented by his friends and customers with a solid silver tea and coffee service and tray, and a pair of five-light candelabra, together with a handsome illuminated address and album containing the names of the subscribers. Mrs. Trapnell was at the same time presented with a handsome bouquet by the staff of the hotel.

NEW TRAVELLING HATS.

Several of the best milliners are already showing felt hats. These, however, are of a special design and quite unlike winter felts or beavers. They are made expressly for travelling purposes, being neat and serviceable, and made of the finest felt, which resembles cloth more than anything else. The colours are light pastel shades, delicate blues, greens, and whites. In shape they represent the French sailor, and are simply and smartly trimmed with a band of gold braid, which is repeated on the brim. Apart from the advantage of being very light, and allowing the wearer to lean back comfortably in a carriage without damage to her headgear, these hats are very becoming, and when soiled are easily cleaned. They are quite inexpensive, and promise to be very popular for holiday wear.—Mrs. Hugh Adams in "London Opinion."

THE MOTOR AS A FARM SERVANT.

Professor Long, in an article on "The Go-Ahead British Farmer," says—"The motor, like such implements as the combined drill, roll, and harrow, a labour-saving device which I have often suggested, is destined to revolutionise matters and to enable farmers to cover the ground quicker and earlier, and to save infinite labour. It will, however, add one charm to farm life in the future, for it will search deeper in the soil for the riches which have not yet been utilised by plant life. Our forefathers scratched the soil; many among us merely skim it; but our successors will dig it in earnest."

The Rev. Marshall Tweddell, the rector of Barnack, Stamford, who died suddenly at his rectory on Sunday, was born at Cheltenham in 1856.

* * *

Foreshadowed in the "Echo" as usual, there came the announcement that yet another Cheltenham lady has by her will left £10,000 for religious, benevolent, and charitable purposes. I allude to Mrs. Lucy Ann Evans, of Weston House, who has bequeathed £3,000 for Church purposes in the parish of Holy Trinity, wherein she and her late husband during their lifetime gave several thousand pounds in freeing the church pews and to parochial uses; and £1,750 to five Cheltenham charitable institutions; while £250 goes to schools at Minsterworth, with which parish Mr. Evans was connected. The remaining £5,000 is bequeathed amongst national societies. It is gratifying that Cheltenham should have in recent years provided so many ladies who have shown their sympathy with local religious and charitable institutions in practical and substantial forms. Already this year five ladies have left about £24,000.

In imagination last week many thousand armed men were manœuvring in North Gloucestershire luring a supposed invading army on down south, there to signally defeat it, if operations had not been suddenly stopped, owing to the war chest running out. One army of the auxiliary forces was (on paper) guarding a line from Stockton-on-Teme to Bromsberrow; while another was posted along the Windrush river, on the Cotswolds. But, in reality, the flesh and blood were the "brains" of the 1st Army Corps, consisting of General Sir John French and some sixty of his best officers, engaged in a staff ride, but in ubiquitous motor-cars, with Tewkesbury as temporary headquarters. I understand that among the chief objects of the "Frenchmen" were the obtaining of information as to the topography of the district, to report upon places suitable for defensive and aggressive occupation, and as to good supplies of fodder and water.

Talking of camps reminds me that the last one on a big scale in this county was in July, 1876, when the 3rd Division of the 5th Army Corps were on Minchinhampton Common, near Stroud, under the late General Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. That gathering of 5,000 men and 150 horses meant a local expenditure of many thousands of pounds, and I daresay the Gothamites would be very glad to have a similar encampment. I wonder if anything practical will result of that survey early this year of the Cranham country by officials of the War Office. I hope so.

This week another "General" (Booth) and a few officers of the Salvation Army have had "a staff ride," covering, with motor-cars, too, some of the roads in this county that the real military men passed over in the previous week. Stroud was the only Gloucestershire place favoured by the General for a "camp" meeting. Of course, his advent and the selected halting place had been arranged without regard to the military events referred to, and as pure coincidences I think they are worthy of note.

Cheltenham still maintains her reputation for a low rate in births and deaths, the statistics for the past quarter showing that the former were 18.5 and the latter 10.4 per thousand, both the lowest in the county. And as regards zymotic diseases, while Cirencester Union was free from deaths, Cheltenham was next with only 0.1. Further evidence as to her salubrity is furnished by the town having the largest number (68) of deaths of persons over 60 years old.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Great Western proprietors Mr. F. Stroud referred to a matter that I have advocated, namely that railway shareholders, having, as he said, "regard to the villainous increases in rates and taxes," should seek representation on local authorities to defend their interests. I should also like for more officials, as at Swindon, to get on these boards. I may mention, as another sure indication that the Cheltenham section of the Honeybourne line will be commenced at once, that the site of the new locomotive shed has just been settled on, the company's waste land below Malvern-road bridge being the spot selected. GLEANER.

THE PRIZE PICTURES.



Photos by J. E. Adler, Cheltenham.

EXCELSIOR LADS' BRIGADE CAMP AT WITCOMBE PARK.

MARCHING INTO CAMP.
COOKS AT WORK.

BUGLERS.
OFFICERS.

NON-COMS.' TENT.
PEGGING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



Photos by J. S. Nott, Cheltenham.

WEST OF ENGLAND BOYS' BRIGADE CAMP AT MICKLETON, GLOS.

(2nd Cheltenham, 83rd London, 9th Thames Valley, and 1st Worcester).

N.C.O.'S.

OFFICERS.

BAND.

THE POWER OF CHEERFUL THINKING.

Montaigne has said: The most manifest sign of wisdom is contented cheerfulness, and it is undoubtedly true that a cheerful man has a creative power which a pessimist never possesses.

The great business world of to-day is too serious—too dead-in-earnest. Life to-day is the most strenuous ever experienced in the history of the world. There is a perpetual

need of relief from this great tension, and a sunny, cheerful, gracious soul is like an ocean breeze in sultry August, or the coming of a vacation. We welcome it because it gives us at least temporary relief from the strenuous strain. Country storekeepers look forward for months to the visits of jolly, breezy, travelling men, and their wholesale houses profit by their good nature. Cheerful-faced and pleasant-voiced clerks can sell more goods and attract more customers than

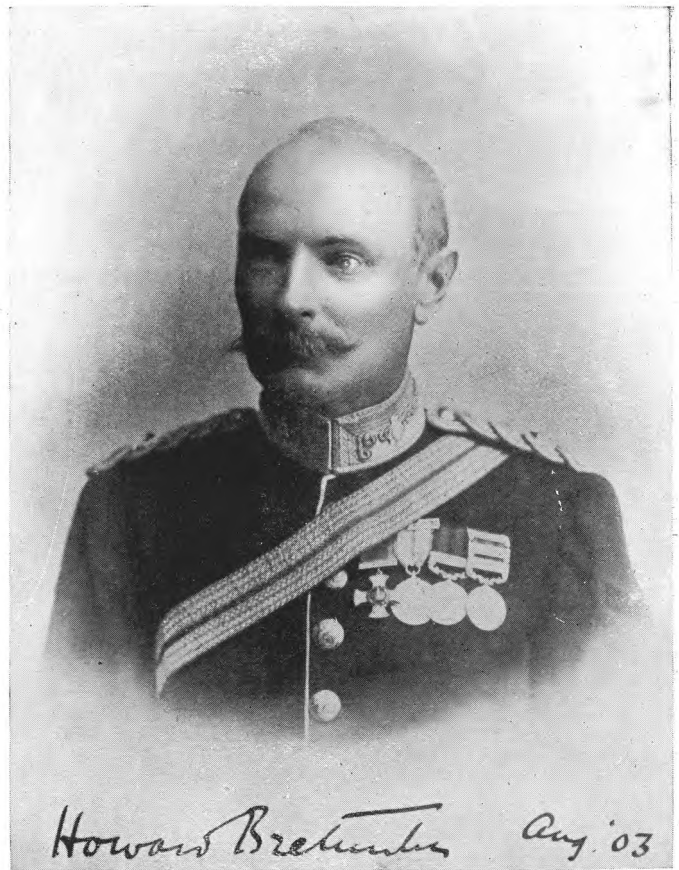
saucy, snappy, disagreeable ones. Promoters, or organisers of great enterprises, must make a business of being agreeable, of harmonising hostile interests, and of winning men's good opinions. All doors fly open to a sunny man, and he is invited to enter, when a disagreeable, sarcastic, gloomy man has to break open the door to force his way in. Many a business is founded on courtesy, cheerfulness, and good humour.—“Selected.”



Photo by H. W. Watson, Gloucester.

MR. CLEMENT H. S. MOORE,

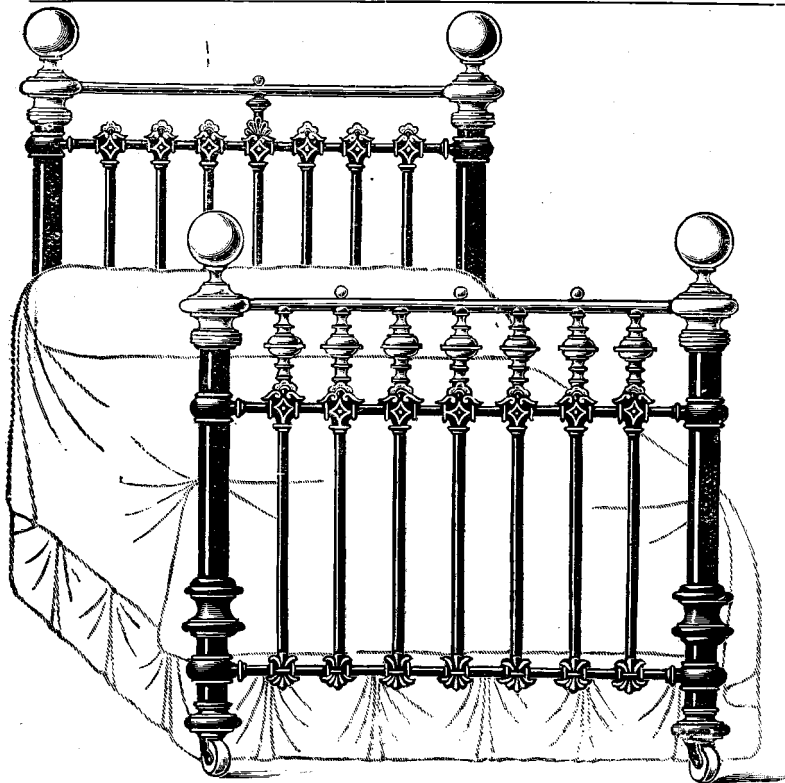
Barrister-at-law, of the Oxford Circuit, who died on August 10th, aged 40 years, in his native town of Tewkesbury, of which he was a Town Councillor.



Howard Bretherton Aug '03

Major George Howard Bretherton, D.S.O., F.R.G.S.

Chief Supply Officer to the Tibet Expeditionary Force, who was drowned on July 25th, when crossing the Tsang-po river in the advance on Lhasa. The gallant major was born in Gloucester in 1860, and was the eldest son of the late Mr. Edward Bretherton, of Kangsholm, and of Mrs. Bretherton, now of Watford. He was formerly in the Gloucester City Rifles, next a lieutenant in the Herefordshire Militia, from which he passed into the Royal Irish Rifles in 1882, and two years later was attached to the Indian Staff Corps.



BEDSTEAD SALE.

The Cheapest lot ever offered in Cheltenham to be sold this week at **DICKS & SONS, LTD.**

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ALL BRASS BEDSTEADS full size for £2 19s. 6d.

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New Art Green Bedsteads and a splendid Assortment of New Designs are now on Show.

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Photo by — Gardner, Tewkesbury.

SALVATION ARMY GENERAL BOOTH AT TEWKESBURY.

The General is addressing crowd from car and wearing Salvation Army cap and white motoring overcoat.

There is a saying in the North, "From shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations." The strenuous fathers of the first generation make money, the second generation spend it; the third is, as result, once more at the bottom. Are we, as a people (asks the "Christian World") at the "second generation" stage? We have the "second generation" riches, and it is evident we have not learned what properly to do with them. There is nothing that so quickly dissolves a character as money. A nation is not so soon overthrown as an individual, but we, as a people, are standing the money test badly. At the top of things it has given us a scum of smart people who have ceased to work, who have ceased to read, and who have ceased to worship. And they have set a fashion which is spreading downwards.

• * •

A family of three girls, all of them attractive, had a curiosity to know the best method of landing a husband (says "Matrimony"), and all agreed to try an experiment. One of them learned to cook, and was a domestic sort of a girl. Another learned shorthand and got a position in an office in the City. The third devoted all her attention to Society. If we were writing a story we should make the girl who could cook marry well within three months; but, alas! the facts are different. The Society girl has married a wealthy man, the City maiden has another nibbling; but the real heroine—the one who can make light pastry as light as a feather, cook a steak like an angel, and turn the gravy into delicious soup—has attracted no attention whatever! Such is the modern way; yet people wonder why so many homes are miserable!

• * •

Much of the food we eat contains a larger proportion of water than of any other constituent, so that, in a manner of speaking, the money paid for certain articles is largely spent on water. A cucumber contains more than 95 per cent. of water; a salmon more than 75 per cent.

THE VALUE OF HOT WEATHER.

The "British Medical Journal" says that the summer weather such as that with which England and Ireland have been blessed recently ought to do everybody who lives wisely a great deal of good:

"Sunshine is a good tonic, and warmth favours the regular action of most of the bodily processes. Illness attributed to the high temperature is only due to it indirectly. The imperfect ventilation of living rooms, offices, and restaurants is apt to be aggravated in hot weather, and therefore most easily produces loss of appetite, headache, and perhaps syncope; and hot, badly-ventilated larders and store-rooms allow food, and especially milk, to become tainted rapidly. The most direct cause of serious illness in hot weather is alcohol, especially if taken in the form of brandy, whisky, or gin, and it is certain that over-indulgence predisposes to heat-stroke."

A good deal of advice can be summed up in this: that in hot weather people should eat less than in cold. Even if we cut down our food, and especially our meat in summer weather, we are not doing anything heroic, for it is now generally believed that we eat too much at most times. Indeed, it is a good practice to eat less, and not to resist the desire to drink more so long as the proper fluids are taken:

"Iced drinks are a snare. They are grateful for the moment, but so far as their temperature makes any difference to digestion they tend to retard it; they should, at any rate, not be taken at meals. Their use between meals is a very doubtful good. If taken frequently they tend to produce a slight degree of inflammation (erythema) of the mucous membrane of the mouth, and thus produce that intense feeling of thirst which alpine wanderers call unquenchable. Unquestionably the fluid needed is best taken hot, and probably nothing is better than weak China tea."

THE PROS AND CONS OF MIXED SCHOOLS.

After describing his visit to a Mixed School at Hampstead, a writer in "T.P.'s Weekly" says: "I asked the mother of the golden-haired prefect why she sent her daughter to a mixed school. "Well," she replied, "the child has no brothers, and that is a tremendous disadvantage to a girl. She comes to look upon boys as a kind of alien fowl, something quite superior to herself. And if she grows up without knowing men in the making, she is likely to make horrible mistakes. So I sent her here to mix with boys until she is sixteen, in order that she should have no exaggerated respect for young men." From what I saw of the golden-haired prefect—aged fifteen—I should say that her education in this respect is fairly complete. There are obvious objections to set against the advantages. In a country where the career of boys and girls who have to earn their living is made a ladder of examinations, certificates, and degrees, the ignoring of these steps may be dangerous. Moreover, the ways part at sixteen, and thereafter there can in most cases be comradeship no longer, but partnership on condition that either fulfils different functions. At present the general fate of the man is to earn the money to support the wife and family, it is the fate of the woman to bear the family and to "keep house." For the young this education in unison is beyond criticism. But I wonder if the parting of the ways occurs soon enough; whether, when the two come together again, both will have learned their special business in the interval."

• * •

It is the duty of every man, especially in an insular nation like ours, to enlarge his knowledge of men and manners by getting out of his own country occasionally.—"Truth."

ANOTHER APPRECIATION.—Mr. Joseph Durham writes from Angler's Paradise, Insein, Burma—"I like your paper, and would like to be your constant reader."

For General Printing of every description try the "Echo" Electric Press.

SHAKESPERIAN SKETCHES.

MACBETH.

The play of "Macbeth" belongs to the darkest period of Shakespeare's career. He was walking in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and its gloom lay heavy upon his soul. Belonging to the tragedies pure and simple, and following immediately the group of problem plays, "Macbeth" portrays the ruin of a great and noble nature, which, yielding to temptation, rapidly follows the downward course till it passes out into the region of lost souls. The opening words strike the keynote of the whole play—

"When the hurley-burley's done,
When the battle's lost and won."

The battle was lost indeed for the human soul, and won by the powers of evil.

At the opening of the play Macbeth appears before us the gallant soldier with the princely and handsome presence of a Highland chieftain, and the character of an honourable and valorous gentleman, who for his personal bravery stands unequalled. He is "brave Macbeth," "valour's minion," and "Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof."

But again the keynote is struck in the first scene, "fair is foul and foul is fair," for in this most noble nature is the plague-spot of moral weakness and the curse of a "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself."

Lady Macbeth truly sums up his character in its mingling of good and evil, weakness and strength, when she says—

"Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst
highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win."

The meeting with the spirit of evil in the persons of the three witches, in the hour of his greatest danger, when the tide of his success and triumph runs high, shows us the first step on the downward course. The greeting of the witches and the immediate partial fulfilment of their prophecy puts into his mind

"That suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And makes my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature."

The dreadful thought of murder, though "yet it is but fantastical," instils itself into his mind, and works there like a poison till it has permeated the whole of his nature and destroyed every trace of honour, loyalty, and goodness, driving him to crime upon crime.

In Lady Macbeth, the passionately-loved wife, who should have been his guardian angel, he has only too ready a sharer in his evil thoughts. Instead of holding him back from the edge of the precipice to which he is hastening, hers is the hand which urges him forward, and hers the lips that whisper fresh temptation in his ear.

An opportunity for the crime in the unexpected coming of the King to Macbeth's castle, presents itself, and Lady Macbeth is quick to point out to her husband the importance of seizing upon it. He, however, at first shrinks from the deed, and leaving the King's banquet wanders out to soliloquise with his own heart.

His loyalty to Duncan, both as his Sovereign and his guest, makes him hesitate to commit a crime violating every law of hospitality and honour. Then, too, Duncan's virtues and goodness will make the crime appear so trebly terrible—

"This Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off."

Then enters Lady Macbeth and spurs him on with scornful upbraidings—

"Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire?"

Her presence gives him courage; but when once more alone, being of an intensely highly-strung and imaginative nature, his fevered



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

Disgusted Caddie (to Brown, who, after many efforts to hit the ball, has succeeded in cutting up a lovely patch of green turf): Steady, sir; the police put a stop to searching for hidden treasure long ago!

fancy conjures up images of woe, the bloody dagger luring him on to evil, the ghost of "withered murder" stalking before, and the very stones seeming to cry out under his footsteps. The murder committed, his overwrought imagination again tortures him with portents of doom. He fancies a voice crying to the world—

"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

The blood on his hands seems to redden everything on which he looks, and not "all great Neptune's ocean" will wash away the stain. His exclamation when he hears of the murder next morning, which sounds so loyal to the bystanders, is in reality the expression of his own unavailing remorse—

"Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time."

Very soon, however, "things had begun make themselves strong by 'll," and this crime is followed by another. Banquo's presence he feels to be a menace to his position, and he takes measures to have it removed. But the ghost of the murdered man still dogs his footsteps, and comes to torture him when he fancies himself most secure.

So far his crimes have been "for his own ends"; but as he wades deeper in blood, they are followed by one which has no object but that of fiendish cruelty and revenge. Incensed against Macduff, he seizes upon his castle and ruthlessly puts Lady Macduff and her little children to death, and in this merciless deed we have the last steps of his career to ruin. Evil can go no further; he is now himself as one of the spirits of evil, loving evil for its own sake.

The last act shows the retribution which descends upon this lost soul—an old man, weary to death, whose

"way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf,"
and followed by "curses not loud but deep," yet who clings to life with the animal instinct, he arms himself for the fight—

"They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course."

His physical courage, which had been such a feature of his early life, is again conspicuous at the end. To him life is

"A tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing";

but he prepares to fight to the last. He has put his trust in the powers of evil, only to find, too late, that he has been most thoroughly deceived by them. Still, he will not yield, and, fighting with desperate though unavailing courage, he falls under the sword of the avenger. In strong contrast to young Siward, who dies fighting gallantly, only to live on as "God's soldier," Macbeth passes out into "the blackness of darkness for ever."

DAISY K. BOILEAU.

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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 190.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1904.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

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PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

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. The 189th prize has been awarded to Mr. H. S. Jacques, of Gloucester House, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The 100th prize has been withheld owing to unsuitable and insufficient entries.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 82nd prize has been divided between Clara C. Fear, Rose Villa, St. Mark's, and Miss J. I. Middlemiss, 5 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, for reports respectively of sermons preached in Wesley Church and St. Andrew's Church, Cheltenham.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay, not exceeding a thousand words.

The prize in the 26th literary competition has been divided between Miss F. Agg, of Denton Lodge, Cheltenham, and Mr. W. B. Coopy, of Bentham, near Cheltenham.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) and in the other competitions on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and literary contributions sent in become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

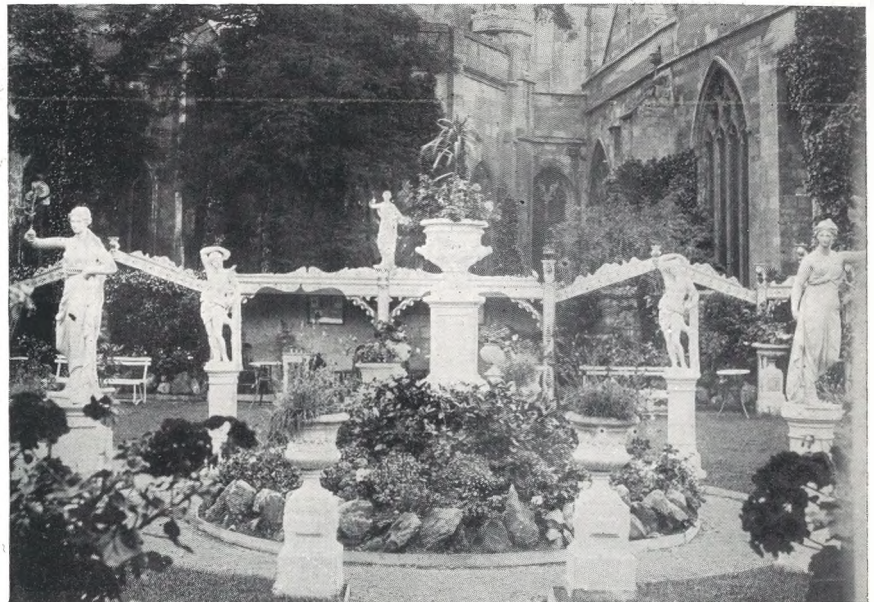


Photo by H. Leithead, Chester.

ABBEY TEA GARDENS, TEWKESBURY.

EUROPE'S MILITARY MADNESS.

In the "Westminster Review" "A Lover of Justice" writes upon "Europe's Military Madness and the Way out of It." He looks confidently to the time when militarism will be sent the way of many other false semblances and will be discarded by the people:

"I say this in spite of the Russo-Japanese war, in spite of increasing European armaments, in spite of the Tibetan expedition, and in spite of the conclusion of the Royal Commission. The long persistence of old institutions, the intrigues of ambitious men who sacrifice the people to their desires, the narrowness of national education, are as nothing compared with the birth of a thought. And for everyone who has talked with the people of many nations, this century sees the birth of the thought that men of different countries belong nevertheless to the same family and have the same common interests.

"This simple fact has long been commonplace for philosophical minds, but it is only now that old hatreds and prejudices are melting before it in the minds of the common people. The people do not want war; they want peace. They do not desire to fight; they desire to live quietly at home with their families. This spirit is gradually but surely pervading the whole of Europe; and as political power is passing into the hands of the people, it will eventually prevail against personal ambitions and against misconceptions of old politicians and economists."

The age is one, par excellence, of commerce, as the "Rapid Review" remarks, and our oldest rivals are our best friends. France, Germany, and Russia take from us

a great portion of our exports. England takes from France incalculable quantities of wealth:

"We do not see why nations who depend on each other for their bread should spend money and blood over imaginary political differences fed by old and dying hatreds. And in this age of universal trade it is useless to talk of an isolated case: there can be no more isolation, for all the nations are interdependent, and we cannot fight with any nation, however distant and strange, without striking down our friends, present or future."

By a newly-invented process milk can now be reduced, by the evaporation of its water, to a fine, dry powder.

A good husband is "born not made," even as is the poet, and, like most good things, he is rare. Unfortunately, too, he is seldom successfully mated.—"Rita," in the "St. James's Gazette."

Sir Robert Ball estimates that if the news of our Saviour's birth could have been transmitted on a beam of light (which travels at about 200,000 miles a second), there are many stars so distant that that wonderful story would not have reached them yet.

"Specialising" must eventually lead to the extinction of the "all-round" intellectual giant. Giant intellects there are among us, but owing to the enormous growth of detailed knowledge the "all-round" man must become as extinct as the dodo. The man who thought that he possessed a general knowledge twenty years ago realises with Newton that he has been only like a boy playing on the sea shore.—"Chemicus," in the "Lancet."

A SCAMPER ACROSS THE GREEN ISLE.

LIMERICK AND THE SHANNON.

Having exhausted Kilkee, we turned our faces to the Shannon, and embarked at Kilrush for Limerick. From the deck of the little steamer we had a capital view of the famous round tower and other ruins on Scatterry Island; and, in fact, the trip up the noble estuary and the great salt water loch beyond—for the Shannon is salt right up to Limerick—was delightful, though owing to the merchandise which had to be landed or taken on board here and there it took five hours. The banks converge abruptly as Limerick is approached, and within the city itself the river is perhaps not quite so broad as the Thames at London Bridge.

The city of "the violated treaty" or the "maiden city" (because neither Ireton's nor King William's men succeeded in taking it by storm) as Limerick is called by the patriots, does not appeal to the casual visitor. It has several broad streets, with good shops, as well as some unspeakable slums; but having visited the treaty stone, the cathedrals (Protestant and Catholic), the Sarsfield monument, and the bridges, we felt that we could live contented lives without seeing Limerick again. 'It is not for us to judge between the rival creeds in Ireland; but the Protestants certainly do keep their places of worship clean; whereas the Roman Catholic churches in Limerick, though plenty of money seemed to have been spent on tawdry finery for them, looked dirty and certainly smelled so. We gathered from our visits to them one of the uses to which incense might be put, viz. fumigation.

Limerick was chiefly interesting to us because of conversations we had with people of diametrically opposite views. We learned that we were in the heart of Catholic Ireland, and that if the Roman Church had its own way anywhere, it had it in Limerick. The non-Catholics number only some five or six thousand all told; but they have increased somewhat of recent years. One sturdy Protestant from the North who had lived in Limerick for some years, told us that when he first settled there the boys were in the habit of calling after him

Proddy, proddy, ring the bell;
Proddy, proddy, roast in hell.

He and others were inclined to complain rather bitterly of the intolerant attitude of their Roman Catholic fellow citizens towards them; but we inferred that the mutual antipathy was due to political as well as to religious causes. The Protestants, chiefly of Scotch descent, with whom we came into contact, though in one or two instances they had never been out of Ireland, seemed to be, in their view of Irish politics, more English than the English themselves. All their sympathies were English; they ridiculed the movement in the direction of nationalism; and to whisper Home Rule to them was like flaunting a red rag in the face of a bull. Doubtless they are regarded by the Catholic majority much in the same way that some of us regarded the pro-Boers during the war.

From such we learned that the Irish, despite their surface "blarney," were treacherous, naturally dirty, and lazy.

The opposite story was that the people had been so ground down by English oppression, that their only hope of being aroused to self respect lay in the national movement. Owing to every improvement effected on their farms having been the signal for an increase in rents already exorbitant, they had lost heart, ceased from striving, and would never thoroughly be aroused until they had gained national freedom.

Our views being more or less sympathetic towards Home Rule, we got on very well in talking politics with most of our Irish friends; but we found them rather sensitive and "touchy" on some minor points. They may lament over the condition of Ireland themselves; but (strange contradiction!) they expect strangers to admire everything, and all their geese are swans. If you deplore the poorness of the ground, they will tell you that, after all, life on a bog is better than one in the

shadow of a great factory, or if you try to sympathise with them on the fact that so many of the people have to live in wretched hovels, they will immediately question whether life in a hovel in pure air is not better than life in a hovel in an English slum! What they say may, unfortunately, be true enough; but it is rather embarrassing when one is trying to be sympathetic.

We were told by some that, owing to Catholic bigotry, the Jews have recently had an exceedingly rough time in Limerick; and by others that their woes had been grossly exaggerated. We did not try to reconcile these conflicting statements; but merely wondered why, with so much of the rest of the world open to them, the Jews had gone to Limerick at all.

The Irish newspapers devote much more space to religious matters than does the English secular Press. During our stay in the country the "Freeman" and the "Independent" recorded with such minuteness the sayings and doings of a Cardinal who had come fresh from Rome to open a new cathedral—practically devoting all their space to him—that we were thrown back for general news on "The Irish Times," the Unionist paper, which is politely called by its contemporaries "The English Dust Bin." Some indication of the religious feeling of the country was afforded by the "wanted" advertisements of the two other papers, as, whether a barman or a clerk was required, they generally ended with "only a Catholic need apply," or words to that effect. In some instances we also saw "A Protestant gardener," "A Protestant coachman," and so forth, "required."

The local "Vindicators" and "Champions" are, as a rule, extremely trenchant in style, bitterly anti-English, and lengthy in their reports of meetings connected with land and other agitations. They are frank over matters which one would expect to be treated sub-rosa. For instance, in one little town we were amused by the lengthy report of a meeting of the local committee of the Land League, or of the body which is carrying on its agitation, to consider the case of a gentleman who had taken a farm from which another gentleman had been evicted. He was told that, if he would give up the farm, so that the evicted gentleman might go back, his brother (a doctor) would be appointed to a local post for which he had made application. The bargain was agreed to; and the meeting closed with general congratulations.

From Limerick we went by way of Castleconnel (in order to see the Shannon rapids) to Killaloe. The scenery between the two towns is refreshingly sylvan, and not unlike that of the English Midlands; while Castleconnel itself is a pleasant village, by far the cleanest and most substantially built that we saw in the parts of Ireland which we visited. In fact, it was not unlike an English village. The broad Shannon, which is unnavigable between Limerick and Killaloe, here swirls and chafes over rocks in a series of small cascades, shallows, and rapids, between green banks and amidst scenery which is pretty rather than impressive. The whole district struck us as being the most prosperous and fruitful that we had visited during our "scamper," and the mansions on each bank of the river gave quite an air of wealth and luxury to it.

Killaloe is, however, the gem of the Shannon; the quaint bridge leading to the cluster of houses on the hillside (prominent among the buildings being the venerable pile of the cathedral), the broad and stately river, the weir, the range of hills rising from the shores of Lough Derg—all contributed to form an extremely picturesque scene. We visited the interesting cathedral and the ancient chapel adjoining it. The appointments of the former are extremely plain; and so far as we had opportunities to judge there is very little coquetting with Rome on the part of the reformed Church in Ireland. There is no half-way house in that land.

We took the steam launch early next morning up the Shannon for Athlone, a trip that occupied us until late in the afternoon. The sail from end to end of Lough Derg, the most picturesque of the Shannon lakes, and a noble

expanse of fresh water, dotted with charming islands, was delightful, and the rest of the voyage up the Shannon proper, though much less attractive, was interesting, especially as we passed close to the archaeological glories of Clonmacnoise, with its two round towers and the ruins of Seven Churches. The steamer had also passed within view of a round tower on one of the islands in the lough, and there were other ruins both on the islands and the banks to keep the passengers busily consulting their guide-books. Unfortunately, the steam launches on the Upper Shannon may be taken off next year, as tourists have not shown proper appreciation of the route. It is the way with them—they rarely have sufficient enterprise to go beyond the old, definitely-marked paths.

An interesting old lady on her way to visit friends in Athlone was full of praises of the new land laws. Before the institution of the equitable rents, all her substance had been swallowed up in paying her landlord, and she hardly tasted meat from week's end to week's end. Now she could kill a chicken or even a sheep for herself whenever she liked.

This same old lady told us stories of miracles at the numerous holy places en route. She rejoiced that they were reviving the worship at these ancient shrines; and mentioned that when the bishop and clergy and a large crowd of worshippers went to the Holy Isle on Lough Derg in a shower of rain, not one of them got wet. We agreed with her that there was plenty of room in an imperfect world for miracles, provided that no favouritism was shown. She admitted that she herself could do with a miracle for short sight and deafness; but in the meantime she was trying a patent medicine.

The limited mail took us on that night to Dublin; and in the Phoenix Park next day we remarked to the jarvey, "What a strong smell of coffee!" It seemed to pervade the city. "The smell is strong, but the coffee stronger," said he. "Its Dublin stout they are marking yonder. Its only in Ireland that you get the real flavour of it."

He was right. The draught stout is one of the institutions of the country.

The sights of Dublin hardly call for comment; but there we caught sight of some shillelaghs—the only ones we had seen in the country. They were in a shop window; and the shopman pressed the most murderous-looking of the lot on us as a souvenir—remarking "That, I think, is the most characteristic!"

By the way, we also had the modest shamrock pointed out to us on several occasions. It is more genuinely characteristic than the shopman's shillelaghs, and grows freely enough amongst the grass; but English visitors are amusingly apt (so we heard) to confuse it with ordinary clover.

On the journey homeward across the still-vexed Irish Sea there was considerable comparing of notes amongst the passengers, many of whom had visited Ireland for the first time, as to their impressions of what they had seen. The most frequent expressions were "interesting," "curious," "pretty scenery" (though perhaps a little overrated), but "O so depressing!"

The Rev. K. B. Baghot De la Bere, formerly vicar of Prestbury, contributes to a controversy on "The Farmer's Wife" in a London contemporary the following letter:—The farmer's wife is the farmer's slave. She not only "looks after the dairy, poultry, bees, bacon curing, sale of vegetables and fruit," but she also feeds the calves and the pigs, cleans the house, attends a family of children, mends their clothes, cooks the food, and acts as sick nurse to all the two and four-legged live stock upon the farm. The only hour of rest she can enjoy is attending the afternoon Sunday service in the parish church or chapel. She is always expected to be cheerful, contented, and good tempered, and if anything goes wrong the missus is blamed. Like the mole, she is always at work, hidden and unseen by the outer world, but her burly husband, always in evidence in field, fair, market, and tap-room, is credited with all the work. To be a farmer's wife is not all beer and skittles, sunshine and apple blossoms.

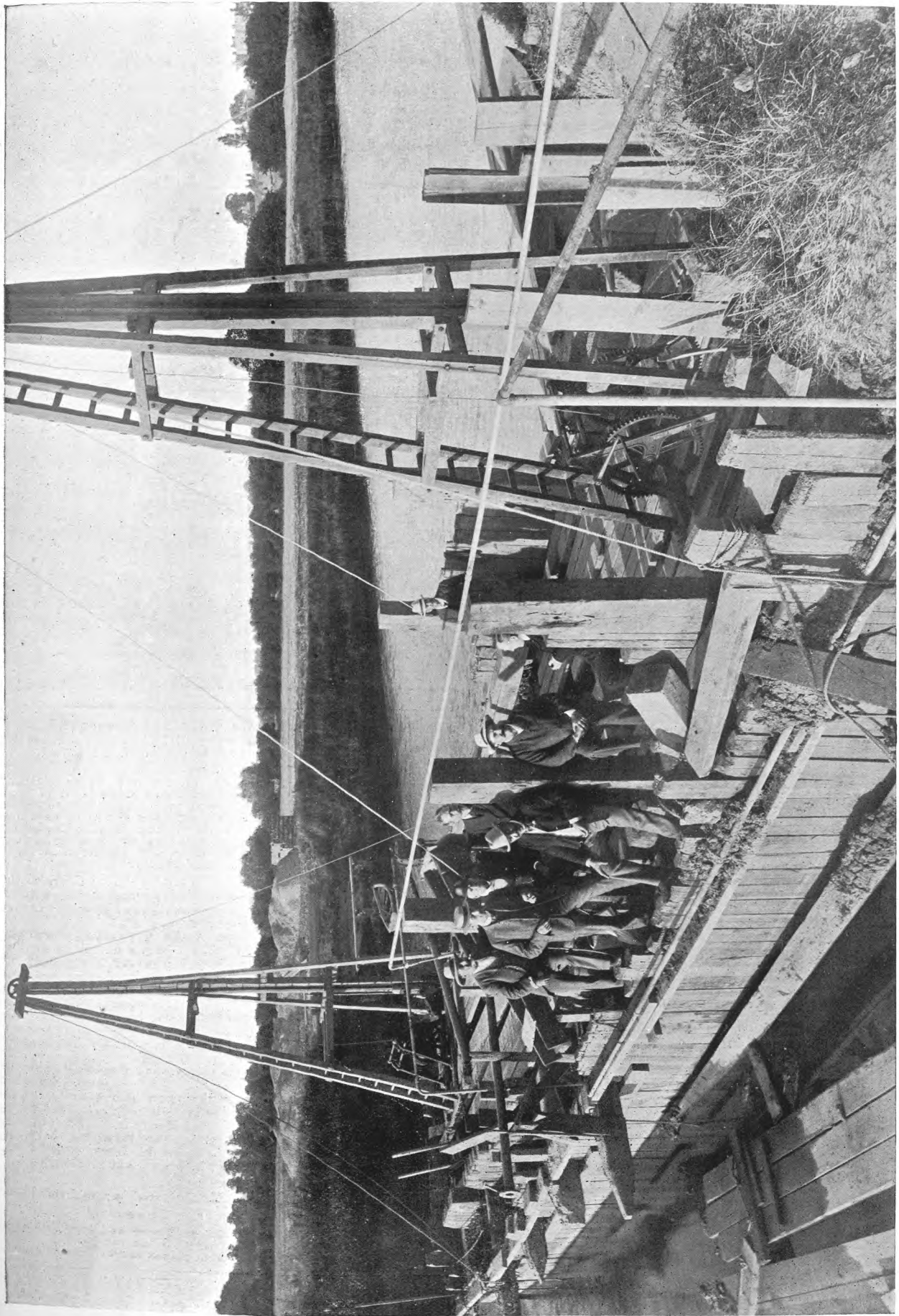


Photo by H. S. Jacques, Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM NEW WATER MAIN AT AVON CROSSING AT TEWKESBURY.

VISIT OF THE WATER COMMITTEE TO THE WORKS.

Messrs. Norman, Seacombe (Town Clerk), Baker, King-Harman, Packer, H. Waghorne (chairman), Pickering (Borough Surveyor), and Riley (contractor).



Photo by J. F. Benson, Stroud.

The General was the guest of Mr. A. Apperly, of Rodborough Court, on August 17, 1904, and this picture shows host and guest on the point of saying "Good-bye."

SALVATION ARMY GENERAL BOOTH'S VISIT TO STROUD.

SHAKESPERIAN SKETCHES.

HENRY V.

Henry V. is Shakespeare's ideal of manhood, a hero without flaw, "the mirror of all Christian kings." He is the Lion of England. Like King Arthur to the Celts, like Roland to the Franks, like the Cid to Spain, he is the embodiment of England's greatness, the representative of the nation in the period of its fullest power and glory.

He is emphatically the man of action; he sees facts as they are, and determines his course accordingly. There is nothing unreal or distorted in his view of life; he is not, like Hamlet, always dwelling on its vanity and fruitlessness, or allowing thought to paralyse his powers of action; he sees "some soul of goodness in things evil."

He is no dreamer, no sentimentalist, like Richard II., always on the look-out for pathetic or effective situations; he sees things in their true light, and, as Dowden observes, "he came into relation with the central and vital forces of the universe, so that instead of constructing a strong but careful life for himself, life breathed through him and blossomed into a glorious enthusiasm of existence."

His crowning ambition is for honour. In his own words—

"If it be a sin to covet honour,
Then am I the most offending soul alive."

But the honour that he covets is not mere fame or the praise of men, but the achievement of splendid deeds, the success of noble enterprises.

As the Prince, Henry had been "Mad-cap Hal," frolicking with Falstaff and his boon companions at the tavern in Eastcheap; but

with the assumption of his position as King, the old self is laid aside, with all that pertained to it, and he takes up his responsibilities with royal majesty and dignity.

In person, too, he is the ideal of manly grace and beauty. His blue eyes, his fair hair, his tall, straight-limbed figure, with its gallant bearing and soldierly vigour, are the very type of noblest English manhood. He has all the fire and enthusiasm of youth, tempered by deep earnestness and genuine piety.

When the play opens we see him eager to begin the war with France, but with no vain-glorious thoughts of winning personal renown. Convinced of the justice of his cause, he calls upon God for His assistance—

"But this lies all within the will of God,
To Whom I do appeal."

His simple manly piety is one of the noblest traits of his most noble character, and as different from the morbid scrupulosity of his son Henry's religion as his nature differed from his son's.

It has been said of Henry VI. that "he is passive in the presence of evil, and weeps. He would keep his garments clean; but the garments of God's soldier-saints, who do not fear the soils of struggle, glean with a higher, intenser purity," and of these Henry V. was assuredly one.

The joyous enthusiasm of the setting-out for the campaign is sadly marred by the discovery of traitors in the camp. Three of Henry's most trusted friends and advisers, Scroop, Grey, and Cambridge, are found to have been plotting his destruction.

The thought that his friends should show such base treachery and ingratitude wounds

him to the quick, and forces the unwilling tears into his eyes; but putting aside all personal feeling he acts with stern justice and unrelenting severity.

"Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof God, of His mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!"

Having thus dismissed the traitors to their merited doom, Henry turns his face toward France, "with the light of splendid achievement in his eyes."

The course of the campaign is conducted throughout with Henry's unflinching skill and valour. At length, however, the gallant little English army, thinned by disease and weary with long marches, finds itself hemmed in on all sides by a gigantic host.

The night before the battle, Henry wanders round his camp in disguise, and visits the watch-fires where his weary soldiers are resting till the morning.

He, too, is weary, and a passing depression clouds his spirit. The responsibility of his kingship weighs upon him heavily, and he envies the "infinite heart's ease that private men enjoy." But Henry in his hour of weakness knows where to turn for help, and falling on his knees, his brave eyes lifted to the quiet sky, he prays that glorious soldier's prayer—

"O God of Battles! steel my soldiers' hearts."
And on the morrow he meets his host

"With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty,
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks."

"SUNDAY"

COMES ON MONDAY
THE WEEK AFTER NEXT.

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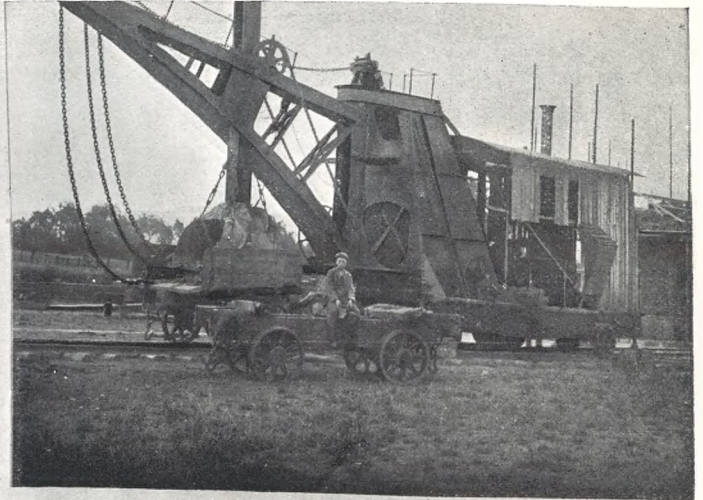
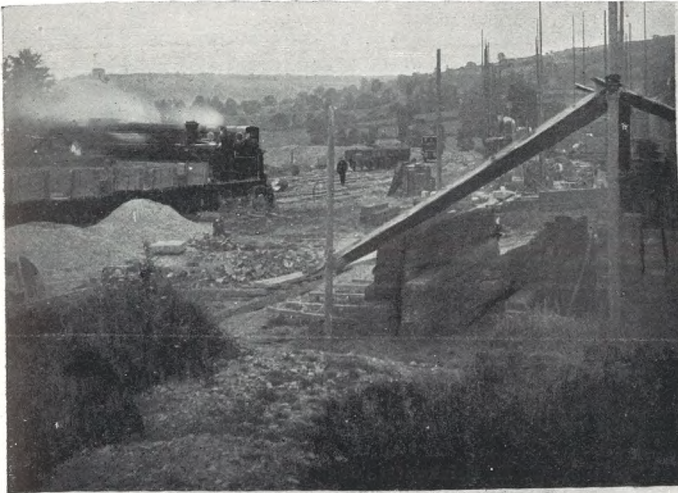


Photo by William G. Noakes, Winchcombe.

CHELTENHAM-HONEYBOURNE RAILWAY.

General view of line at Greet, showing goods station and train moving earth from cutting at Greet Bridge. In background is Hayles Hill. Navvies cutting out under Greet Bridge where the steam navvy cannot penetrate.

Steam Navvy.

Toddington Station, from which tons of plums are being forwarded daily to market.

Westmoreland's wish for ten thousand more men from England is boldly opposed by Henry—

"No, faith, my coz., wish not a man from England.
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have."

And he goes on to inspire his soldiers with the same joyous enthusiasm which animates himself.

The battle over, and the victory his, Henry is filled with no personal vanity in his success. He ascribes all the glory of it to God, who had indeed steeled his soldiers' hearts in the day of battle—

"O God, Thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone
Ascribe we all! . . . Take it, God,
For it is none but Thine!"

The final scenes show Henry not as the stern dispenser of justice, nor as the glorious god-like warrior leading his troops to victory, but in his simple every-day character of "a plain soldier." He is once more the joyous-hearted young monarch, who with "down-right oaths" and more than a spice of

"Prince Hal's" old mischievousness, seeks to woo the fair Katherine to be his bride.

Thus in the golden sunshine of success and happiness closes the history of this "star of England," the most glorious, chivalrous, and heroic figure of the Middle Ages.

"And indeed he seems to me
Scarce other than my King's ideal knight,
Who revered his conscience as his King;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it.

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life
Before a thousand peering littlenesses
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
And blackens every blot."

D. K. BOILEAU

POETRY.

THE POSTCARD CRAZE.

When you left me, Mistress Mabel,
On your continental way,
You averred that, were you able,
You would write me ev'ry day.
To your lover's tribulations
You, you vowed, would bring relief,
But your last communications
Have been not a little brief.

Ev'ry morning, on awaking,
As the bells chime eight o'clock,
I, my cosy couch forsaking,
Listen for the postman's knock.
Woe is me! he doth but leave a
Picture postal card from you,
With a "prospect near Geneva"
Or a "famous Alpine view."

Write me, pray, a proper letter,
Sheets and sheets of paper fill,
Tell me, is your toothache better?
Have you quite thrown off that chill?
How's your father? How's your mother?
Are you happy, dear, and oh!
Tell me, Mabel, lots of other
Things a lover wants to know.

—"THE BYSTANDER."



WE EXECUTE . . .

Artistic PRINTING

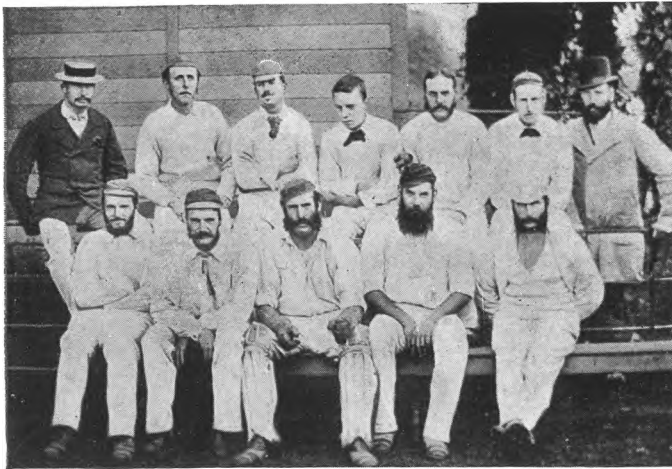
AT THE

"ECHO" ELECTRIC PRESS.

"SUNDAY"
COMES ON MONDAY
THE WEEK AFTER NEXT.

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A PEEP INTO THE PAST.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE COUNTY XI., 1876.

Top row (left to right): T. G. Matthews R. E. Bush, W. R. Gilbert, J. Cranston, G. F. Grace, E. J. Taylor, C. K. Pullen.
Bottom row: W. O. Moberley, F. Townsend, J. A. Bush, W. G. Grace, and E. M. Grace.

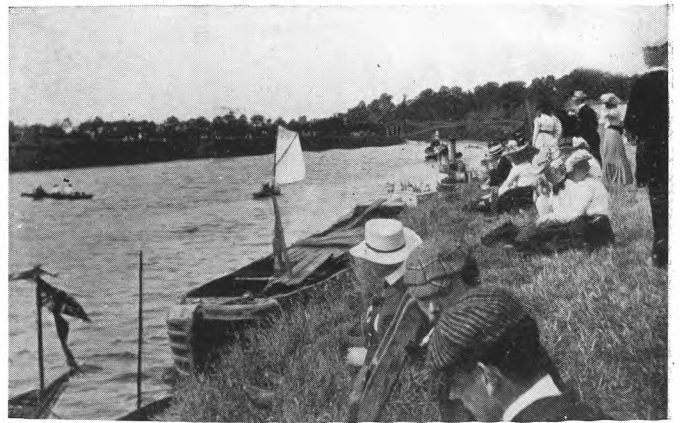


Photo by W. E. Drinkwater, Cheltenham.

Between the Events, Tewkesbury Regatta.



DANIEL BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

"LOSING A CAT."

There 'ave recently been a sad removal in our fambly, wich I mite say is, strictly speakin', a 'appy release for all of us. The said release is a cat.

About 6 months back Garge Rogers—wich 'aven't never been the same to me not since we 'ad a few words over the Fishcal Policy, as is quite gone out of date now, so it seems, and England 'ave stopped goin' to the wall for a few weeks till J. C., Esq., M.P., brings the matter to buling pint once more.

Garge Rogers, you must know, 'aving a pertikler kind of a grudge against me, since we 'ad a little quarrel, and not being able to dis-kiver no better way of spiting me than by giving me one of a hendless supply of kittens wich 'is cat is for ever furnishin' free of charge, and thro' a mistake in the kalkilations 'aving gave me a kitten of a very erroneous constitution, as can't be got to behave like a animal nohow, and 'aving caused endless trouble in our fambly—this 'ere Garge Rogers, I say—give us a Pershun kitten, wich not being of a good constitution and subject to fits and cettery, was—

Well, now, that ain't no better; why, there's a longer sentence than never, and not no sense in it wotever. But, bless yer soul, wot with the 'otness of the 'eat, and the way that cat 'ave a worried me, I can't put it together at all—I means the tale, not the cat.

Still, without beating about the bush no longer, we 'ad a cat gave us, and wo be to the man who served us the dirty trick, says I.

This 'ere cat was only a small one, with long 'airs, and said to be of the Pershun variety, although I never noticed nothink Pershun about it not meself. Of coorse, if its Pershun to ramble about from corner to corner, and cry all the tim—without ceasin' it wase a thoro'bred Pershun of the deepest dye—a reglar Shah, as the sayin' is.

Well, now, I've a-told you 'ow this 'ere weepin' cat come into my persession, but the tale of adventure wich I 'ave to unfold is of 'ow I got rid of 'im or it, as the case may be, wich I can tell you its a site 'arder job to get rid of a cat than it is to percuere one any day. You see, 'twas like this: Mrs. Briggs thought as 'ow she 'eard a miece a-scratchin' 'is 'ead behind the wainscottin' so wot must she do but ask Mrs. Garge Rogers to furn'ish us with a good mice-catcher, warranted to do away with anythink mousey like a vermint-killer. I won't say but wot in theory this 'ere was a very good move, but when it come to facks it's my hapnyion that a mouse as scratches by nite when no decent bodies ain't supposed to be about, is a site more easy to be put up with than a cat wich crys in a loud tone of voice all day, and fites all nite in a even louder tone; wich one nite I were that eggsas-

perated at the row goin' on in the back garding, as mite 'ave been the siege of Port Arthur for the disturbance caused thro' a difference of hapnyion between our Pershun and 4 other tom-cats, rite in the middle of my very chieest 'bed of geraniums—as I was a-sayin'—after 'aving throwed the brush and comb, three boots, and a volume of "Fambly Medicines," costin' 3s. 6d., out of the window, wich the "Fambly Medicine" went rite thro' the cowcumber frame I'd just put up with the sweat of me brow—I were that eggsasperated I said to Mrs. Briggs, "Eliza," says I, "mice or no mice, if I lives to the morning's break I'll get rid of that cat." "But, Isaac," says she, "you can't do it! You knows very well a cat do 'ave 9 lives." "Well, never mind, Eliza," says I; "if I can't get rid of it no other way, I'll take it out and lose it a-purpose." Wich the 1st thing in the mornin' I took the Pershun fiend out in a fish basket, and carried it down to the end of the next street, and dropped it down into the area of a prosperous-lookin' house, where I considered it would be well cared for. You mark my words, though. I 'adn't been 'ome above a quarter of an 'our when there comes a ring at the bell and a rat-tat; and if it weren't that cat back already, with a note from the lady of the 'ouse to the effect that "she were greatly obliged for the cat, but 'aving no use for same begged to return it with best thanks to the donor," wich of coorse she must 'ave seen me drop it into 'er area, and got somebody to follow me up, as were a bad disappointment to start off with, weren't it?

So I thought to meself that I must do something more artfuller next time. So I decides to send the beastie over to Churchdown Station to be called for, wich ought to 'ave been a very successful roose, as the sayin' is, but didn't answer no better than the first; for on the way to the station in charge of a Gordon Boy, the cat were so frightened by the noise of the steam-roller where they was a-diggin' up the roads, that she tored open the cover of the basket and bolted for her life, with the Gordon Boy after her; it seems that somebody started the cry of "Stop thief," as set a crowd of hindividoosals in pursuit of the Gordon Boy, as attracted the attention of the perlice to sich an extent that one of 'em rushed into a shop and telephoned for the fire-escape to turn out sharp. So wot were my feelin's and them of Mrs. Briggs, you can't think, when there come 'owling and yelling around the corner of our street

- The Fire Hose and Escape,
- 3 Perlice,
- About thirty raggamuffins and
- individooals,
- The Gordon Boy,
- 3 Dogs,
- The Cat,

as all charged up our front steps and swarmed over the railings like so many Japanese, and if I 'adn't gone out and gently remarked a few words to the fire-escape and Co. they'd 'ave perceeded to 'ave squirted all over the front of our 'ouse to put out the fire as didn't egsist! Upon my word! it were a wonder they didn't bring that there Natural Fire Brigades' Band with them. Wot with all the fuss as were made, and all thro' that varmint of a Pershun cat, too, wich the captin' (he with the brass-headed helmet on) said as 'ow we must 'ave a fire somewheres, and if we 'adn't got one we ought to, after them takin' the trouble to turn out so smart! Wich was very awkward, but supersided, after I'd 'ad them all in, and asked them wot they'd 'ave to take, but turned out very egsensive, firemen's and pleecemen's appetites being very voluminous!

'Owver, that there cat weren't done with yet; so I determines to 'ave another try, and so I sends it to the chymist for 'im to chloroform it, or wotever they do call the way they interdooces them to another climite. Unfortunately, tho', I didn't give no directions as to 'ow the corps was to be disposed of, and it were sent back to me in a defunct state, with a bill for 5s. for the operation; wich Mrs. Briggs took in the parcel thinking it were some dress material she'd ordered, and very near went into hystmkes upon opening the same, as you may think. I sent the remains along to the Ash Constructor, thinkin' as 'ow they'd be pleased to cremate the same, but that there cat come back once more, in a very dilapidated state, with a hintimation to the effect that if they was to put that there Pershun on the fire 'twould ruin the Electric Light Works, and wouldn't give no chance to clear off that bit of deficit they'm so anxious to remove.

So in desperation I buried the remains of the remains in the back garding, 'aving 'eard that cats makes very good garding manure, eespeshully for gooseberries and the like; but still there weren't no peace for the wicked, for that there little dog I've 'ad gave me (asper my last) didn't agree with sich a on-consecrated burying-ground, and only this mornin' we found that 'e 'ad disinhumed that there cat and brought it up to the back door as a speeshul favour to us.

I don't know wot to do further; if some-kind friend would like to possess the Pershun fragments they are at 'is (or 'er) disposal, to be fetched away after dark, so as not to cause no more uproars, and to be hurried in a place where they can't break out once more.

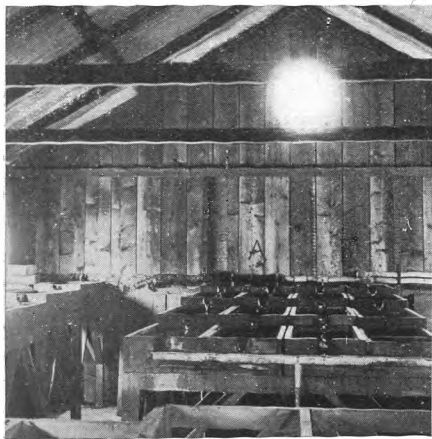
DANIEL ISAAC BRIGGS.

It is estimated that the London County Council have no fewer than 35,000 people in their employment.

A Visit to the Gloucestershire Trout Farm, Andoversford.

"Delighted to see you at Sierford" were Mr. Dobell's first words, and the celebrated pisciculturist shook us warmly by the hand. "As your interest in my fishery," he continued, "is, I believe, more that of naturalists than of fishermen, I am glad to say that, though June, I have still a few rainbow fry left in my hatchery. They are very late, and I reserve them for experimental purposes only, since I prefer to sell as yearlings fish grown from my earliest and strongest fry only."

Contrary to the expectations of those who know him by reputation alone, Mr. Dobell is still a comparatively young man, and, as he smilingly remarked, has still "a few more years" for researches in the pursuit to which, from earliest age, he has devoted himself, and of the success of which the way in which his trout farm is progressing is an undoubted proof.



"Hatchery"—Spawning and Sorting Shed.

The "hatchery" and "spawning and sorting" shed of the Gloucestershire Trout Farm are combined in one spacious building, one wing of which only are we able to represent with our camera, as the lighting arrangements are placed more with a view to benefit the young fish than the amateur photographer. Six hundred thousand eggs can be hatched simultaneously in this one building, and many thousands of fish are spawned, sorted, and measured in the inviting-looking brick pond of the south wing.



Rearing Ponds (looking down).

Leaving the hatchery, we passed on to the "rearing boxes," a speciality and invention of Mr. Dobell's, and the fry ponds, wherein we could see disporting themselves thousands of little fish, about an inch long. These, or rather those of them that survive the deprivations of king-fishers and the thousand and one diseases young trout are heir to, will be sold, from November to February next, as yearlings, from four to six inches, the price varying according to size.



Fry Ponds.

None but the healthiest of fish are sent out, doubtful ones being reserved until proved worthy to take their places in that stream to which it may please chance to call them.

On again we went to the yearling ponds, the two-year-old ponds, and the stock ponds.

It was a fine sight to see these bigger fish rush at the food thrown to them, hurling themselves bodily out of the water in their eager greed to seize the scarcely-appetising horseflesh.



Natural Reservoir devoted to the breeding of insect life.

Our next move was on to the clear and beautiful gold-fish ponds, supplied by water straight from the beautiful "Sierford" spring, and running side by side with the natural reservoir devoted to the breeding of insect life entirely, and from which is drawn the water supplied to the fry and yearling ponds.

Altogether we were delighted with our morning spent on the fish farm, and thought we had seldom seen the science of fish culture brought to such perfection, and Mr. Dobell is to be congratulated on the scientific, as well as the pecuniary, success of his undertaking.

F. Agg.

"FOR RICHER OR POORER."

According to the Prayer Book you marry a woman for richer or poorer. But if she thought there was going to be any poorer she would not marry you. It is not so much that a woman dreads trouble for its own sake—she can stand it better than a man—but it is the loss of dignity in the eyes of other women which cuts her to the quick. For my part—and there are thousands of my male readers like me—if I cannot have sole I can do with herring; if meat is too dear I can make shift with bread; if a cigar is beyond me, what is there wrong with a pipe? The ordinary mortal swears, to relieve his feelings, and then goes along philosophically. It is the woman whose income is diminished who suffers the straits of altered circumstances, who has to live in a smaller house—and do with fewer clothes—it is the woman who feels these things, because she knows that the other women are talking about her and secretly rejoicing in her downfall. Life would be without drawback save for the disastrous influences of the thing we call public opinion. I shall be told by indignant lady correspondents that a truly loving woman is "the best helpmeet," and so on; that she will endure any vicissitudes and so forth. So she may. So she has to. The sensible and strong woman does not mind. But it is the knowledge that she will be pointedly "enduring" it which makes the man shy of matrimony. Woman is a butterfly, and the man who is enamoured of some fair young thing with golden locks is horrified at plunging her into a state where love may go out as the broker's man comes in. At this rate you say there would be no marriages at all, and that timorous men are better single. That may be. Yet the fact remains that the timorous man is often timid for the sake of the girl. And while he halts between love and prudence, along comes a swashbuckler and snaps her up. Women always worship a daring man. It is only as they grow older they beget a glimmer of respect for the prudent. Brains in the long run are quite as good an investment as diamond rings.—T. McDonald Rendle in "London Opinion."

THE CYCLE OF WOMEN'S NAMES.

I wonder if my readers have ever noticed how names, especially women's names, go in generations (says "Calpurnia" in "The Bystander"). Our grandmothers were called Anne, and Emma, and Susan, and Ellen; our mothers Adelaide, Louisa, Henrietta, Caroline; our own contemporaries—I am speaking of women in middle-age—are Winifreds, Hildas, Ethels, and Muriels; our daughters are mostly Dorothys, Dorises, Veras, and Sheilas; while for the little grandchildren who are beginning to appear on the scene, we are getting back again to the old-fashioned names of Betty, Nancy, Joan, and the like. To say that one prefers the names that are being conferred on the rising generation is nothing more than to acknowledge one's self influenced by the current fashion, but the taste does rest on a worthy love of simplicity and directness, old English virtues, which the fancy collection of names of the Yolande variety does not. I think that the taste will go further still, and we shall get back to Elizabeth, Sarah, and Anne again. We may leave it to people of the habit of mind of my friend's husband to object to these names, because they "sound like servants." All the servants will be christened Victoria by that time.

The fearful trade depression which now exists is having one result: never have advertisements asking for work of any kind been written with such brilliancy. The following advertisement, which appeared in the "Morning Post," is a gem:—"I do not know everything, but I will undertake anything, anywhere, any time. I know America from pork-yards to the hub of culture; Australasia from Kauri to Bottle-tree; the Continent taught me French, German, and other things; familiar with all stocks, deeds, and lawyers' genial ways; can draw and plan to scale; reviewers say I can write; 35 and tough."

NAWFING FOLK LADY HELPS

PHIL FIELDER HE FARMED HIS OWN FREEHOLD ESTATE,
AND HE'D LONG THOUGHT O'LOOKUN' ABOUT FOR A MATE;
BUT PHIL, THOUGH WELL-OFF ENOUGH SINGLE TO BIDE,
WUS AFEAR'D 'TOODN'T RUN TO THE KEEP OF A BRIDE.

SO HIGH NOW THE PRIZES OF ALL THINGS BE ROSE,
AND LADIES CONSOOMS SITCH A KIT O' FINE CLO'ES;
'MONGST E'EN THE SMALL GENTLEFOKS WHERE YOU LOOKS
THERE'S FEW GALS A STANDUN 'MID LESS NOR ^{ROUND} TWELVE ^{POUND}.

AND ZUM CAN'T DO NOTHUN BEYOND ZING AND PLAAI,
AND LOLLUP AND LAZE ON A SOFER ALL DAAI.
PHIL WANTED A GAL AS COULD WORK UNDERGOO,
AND DEMANE HERSELF GREASEFUL AND ELEGANT TOO.

HE WENT TO THE HALL ON A MICHAELMAS DAY,
SOME RENT FOR A BIT OF A HOLDUN TO PAY;
WHEN THE SQUIRE HE AXED PHILLUP TO STOP THERE AND DINE—
IN A PLAIN WAY THE FAMULLY PARTY TO JINE.

THERE SAT A GAL NEXT TO'N, DREST NATE BUT NOT GAY,
AS PURTY IN PURSUN, AS PLAIN IN ARRAY;
THINKS PHIL, "THAT THER MAADEN'S ABOVE MY DEGREE,
OR ELSE SHE'D BE ZACKLY THE MISSUS FOR ME."

WHEN DINNER WAS WAUVER, PHIL LARN'T FROM THE ^{SQUIRE}
WHO WAS THAT NICE YOUNG GAL IN SITCH QUIET ATTIRE;
"A POOR DOCTOR'S DAATER THAT SARVUS HA' TOOK—
'TWAR SHE DRESSED THE DINNER; THAT THERE'S OUR
HEAD COOK."

"SHE'VE GOT TOO MUCH PRIDE FUR TO MARRY FUR BREAD;
BUT SHE BAIN'T ABOVE LABOUR'N TO EARN IT INSTEAD.
THAT THERE'S OUR LADY HELP; SO NOW DRINK UP THY WINE."
THINKS PHIL TO HIS SELF, "I SHULD LIKE HER FUR MINE."

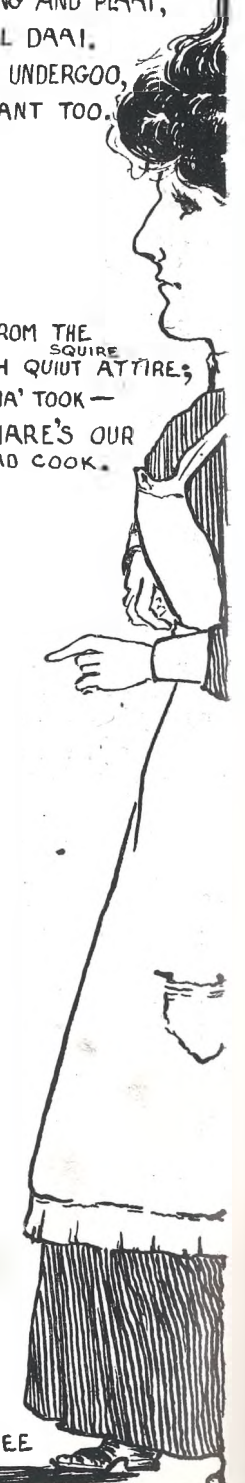
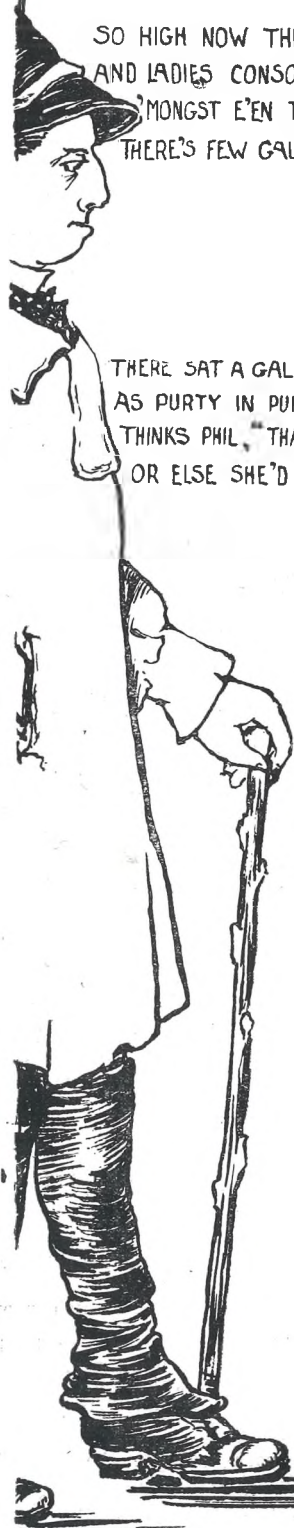
HE WROTE HER A BILLY, GENTALE AND PURLITE,
WHEREUNTO SHE CONSENTED— 'TWUR LOVE AT FUST SIGHT,
AND SO THEY GOT MARRIED WITHOUT MOOR DELAY;
AND THE SQUIRE HE WUS WILLUN TO GIE HER AWAY.

SARCH THE COUNTRIE AROUND, AND YOU WUN'T FIND A PAIR
AS LADES A MOOR HAPPIER LIFE THAN THEM THERE.
SHE KEEPS HIS WHOAM TIDY, AND 'TENDS TO HIS BOORD,
AND HIS MANES MAKES GO FURDEST GOOD THINGS TO AFFOORD.

NO DOUBT BUT SHE'LL BRING UP HER DAATERS LIKEWISE,
TO ROAST AND TO BILE, AND MEAK PUDDENS AND PIES;
TO RUB, SCRUB, AND POLISH, AND WASH, BAKE, AND BROO,
AS EVERY CHAP'S WIFE SHOULD BE YEABLE TO DO.

THE LASS FOR ME'S HER THAT CAN SWEEP OUT A ROOM,
NOT BY WEARUN A TRAIN, BUT BY USUN A BROOM.
LADY HELPS AND FINE LADIES COMPARUN, I SAYS,
DIRTY WORK DONE WI' CLANE HANDS AFOOR DIRTY WAYS!

NOW EVERY YOUNG FELLER TO WEDLOCK INCLINED,
THEE LOOK OUT A NAWTABLE HUIZZIV TO FIND;
FINE LADIES, FANDANGOES, AND FILLIGREES FLEE.
THEE'ST A LADY HELP FIND THE BEST HELPMATE FOR THEE



Drawn by W. C. Robson, Cheltenham. Words from "Legends, Tales, and Songs in the Dialect of the Peasantry of Gloucestershire."