

**Chapter 1 : Daily Telegraph Book of Hymns: Ian Bradley: Continuum**

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Any inveterate West-ender who may wish to test the truth of the old saying, "One half of the world does not know how the other half lives," can readily accomplish his desire by performing a brief and inexpensive pilgrimage to the Far East of this huge congeries of cities, and by passing in review the shop-fronts that furnish forth the street-shows upon which some hundreds of thousands of his fellow-townfolk are mainly dependant for their daily and nightly amusement. Let him descend into the bowels of the earth at any station of our underground railway system, invest a few pence in the purchase of a ticket for the Whitechapel terminus, and, there arrived, direct his steps due eastwards, along one of the broadest, straightest, and longest thoroughfares of which any European capital can boast. This arterial avenue may be said to commence at Uxbridge and finish at Stratford, for it undoubtedly connects those outlying districts by a roadway of uninterrupted continuity. For the purposes of exploration to which we have above alluded, however, it commences, properly speaking, at Aldgate, where Leadenhall and Fenchurch streets converge, and thence, under the names of Aldgate High-street, Whitechapel High-street, Whitechapel-road, Mile-end-road, and Bow-road, follows a direct line to the industrial suburb of Bow. The East-end of London might appropriately be styled, like Washington, U. Of these are the Bethnal-green-road supplemented by Green-street and the Roman-road, to the northward of, and running parallel with, the great avenue above described, and the Commercial-road, the continuation of which East India Dock-road skirts the vast riverside and dock region intervening between the Tower and Poplar, and comprising the amphibious districts of Shadwell, Stepney, and Limehouse. Within the limits of this area have been committed the seven successive gruesome murders that still constitute the most appalling and impenetrable mystery of modern crime. Of all the London postal districts this is the one most in need of kindly and practical help to sustain its patient industries against the squalor, depravity, and crime which ebb and flow in its midst. As a rule, the ground floors of these edifices are occupied by small tradesmen, at whose shop-fronts we propose to take a cursory glance, selecting the Whitechapel-road itself, and a few of its affluents, as characteristic types of the enormous neighbourhood east of Houndsditch and the Minories which is practically a terra incognita to four-fifths of the metropolitan population. The Whitechapel-road possesses one "sidewalk" - that flanking the northern side of its roadway - unequalled in any other part of town for breadth and massiveness of paving. This trottoir is itself as wide as many a palatial City lane, and on something more than a moiety of its smooth-flagged surface is transacted - especially on Saturday evenings - the greater part of the retail business of Whitechapel, sub Jove frigido, and by the garish light of innumerable flaring jets of naphtha. The picturesqueness of the spectacle afforded by this seemingly interminable vista of glittering, glowing open-air market would be greatly enhanced during eight months of the year were the main East-end thoroughfare, like the Old and New Kent roads across the water, liberally planted with healthy limes and beeches, upon the silky green of whose luxuriant foliage the gaslight and naphtha glare would play fitfully in high summertime. With the aid of trees in plenty, and of architectural reform in moderation, this Whitechapel-road might be converted into a boulevard of which London would have abundant reason to be proud. It already owns a merry-tinkling tramway-service; it is as long as the Nevskoi Perspective, and as broad as two Oxford-streets. To make it a popular promenade, on which pleasure and business might be harmoniously combined, all it wants is a little enlivening by the judicious introduction of green leaves, smart shops, comfortable places of amusement, and brilliant lighting, with a few gracefully-designed benches here and there - there is ample room for them on either side - for the temporary accommodation of the weary. At present the aspect of the Whitechapel-road is bleak, dreary, and, above all, deadly dull, like the unlovely, poverty-stricken district to which it belongs. The East-enders, men, women, and children alike, are manifestly under the influence of the gloom that pervades their district - a gloom, the outcome of ill-luck and hardship, that stamps itself as well upon things inanimate as animate. Their depressed appearance is not difficult to account for. Existence to them literally means all work and no play, the effect of

which chronic condition of being is correctly defined in a well-known proverb. The gratuitous shows afforded to them by Whitechapel shop-windows are for the most part of an absolutely utilitarian character, neither ornamental nor amusing, and utterly unsuggestive of any ideas beyond those immediately associated with the objects they exhibit - chiefly "articles of strict necessity. Trades connected with the liberal arts are almost unrepresented - at least in the retail line of business - throughout this district. During a long stroll up one side of the Whitechapel-road and down the other, we were unable to discover any shops specially affected to the sale of musical instruments or compositions, or of painting and drawing materials. On the southern side, not far from the City boundary, there is a small establishment in the window of which are displayed about a score of coloured prints and lithographs, cheaply framed, most of which originally appeared in the Christmas or summer numbers of popular illustrated periodicals. It is noticeable that female beauty and country scenery are "to the front" in this humble art show. It is no exaggeration to say that the most remarkable waxworks of this or any other age are now on view in a western section of the Whitechapel-road. This amazing exhibition occupies the ground floor and cellarage of a frowsy two-storeyed house, the upper floor of which appears to be unoccupied. An no wonder, for who would willingly live under the same roof with the ghastly dolls that tenant the lower part of this sordid messuage? A penny is the fee for admission to the display, the attractions of which are incessantly proclaimed urbi et orbi by the stentorian voices of two curiously ill-favoured male attendants, while a slatternly, unkempt girl, as grimy as the most approved Old Master, sits at the receipt of custom hard by the entrance. When we visited them, the showrooms were thronged with blowzy, bonnetless women and unshaven, unwashed men, affording to more than one of the senses conclusive evidence that they had recently been somewhat assiduously engaged in "sampling" the wares of a neighbouring gin shop. Squeezed in here and there among these miscellaneous adults, and eagerly striving to catch a glimpse of the hideous effigies lining either wall of the long, low room, dimly lighted by slender and tremulous jets of gas, were a few pallid, precocious children, whose language was no less "painful and frequent and free" than that of their elders. The show itself, however, despite its many repulsive characteristics, could not possibly lower their moral tone; and yet it is unquestionably a "penny dreadful" of the most blood-curdling description, mainly consisting of long rows of vilely executed waxen figures and plaster busts, propped up, some upright, some askew, against either wall of the showroom, rigged out in the refuse of a Petticoat-lane old clothes shop, and professing according to the halfpenny catalogue to be striking likenesses of all the most notorious homicides of modern times. From Palmer to Pranzini the collection claims to be complete, and its serried ranks, whatever their artistic shortcomings may be - and in this respect we believe them to be unrivalled - unquestionably teem with the strangest of surprises, a few of which are ineffably comical. For instance, there is a deeply-pitted, broken-nosed, plaster-of-paris head, surmounted by a faded green hat and issuing from a threadbare double-breasted jacket. It looks like a slovenly cast of some mutilated classical bust dressed up in modern "slops" by way of a mild joke, the contrast between its lifeless whiteness and shabby-genteel "get-up" being wildly ludicrous. These horrible objects are like nothing that ever lived or died. They can only be compared to the visionary offspring of an uncommonly severe nightmare - unearthly combinations of hideous waxen masks and shapeless bundles of rags. The others are somewhat less grotesquely arrayed in dark wrappers profusely stained with mimic gore. At the other end of the cellar, close to a flaring gaslight, are cooped up two melancholy freaks of Nature - a grey hen and a common or garden duck, each afflicted with an extra pair of legs. These, the only living things in the whole appalling collection of horrors, manifest a violent and resentful reluctance to display their deformities, which is in odd contrast to the glassy indifference to public curiosity characterising their wax and plaster neighbours. They evidently yearn for privacy; when dragged from retirement by any of their four legs, in order to be minutely inspected, they struggle strenuously, and give utterance to indignant protests. Such is one of the cheap entertainments provided by contemporary enterprise for the inhabitants of Whitechapel. It is open from an early hour of the forenoon until late at night, and is visited by many hundreds of men, women, and children of the poorer classes daily. To what extent it may influence the East-enders deleteriously, by fostering a morbid interest in crime and criminals, can of course only be a matter of conjecture; but it seems a pity that such a debasing exhibition should constitute one of the principal amusements available to the population of a poverty-stricken neighbourhood. Careful

investigation on either side of the Whitechapel-road is promptly and frequently rewarded by the discovery of local peculiarities in connection with shop-front displays. These liquid elements of combination, walled in by mighty slabs of cheap cake, warranted to generate a burning thirst at a penny a slice, are among the temptations of the East-end "coffee palace. Enough sour apples and hard pears to meet the views of all the schoolboys in Christendom are proffered for sale in the Whitechapel-road alone, without taking into account the contents of the fruit-stalls that line the pavements of many a minor street in its vicinity. Indulgence in pot-herbs would also seem to go hand in hand with straitened means, for herbalists evidently do a brisk and lucrative trade in the East-end, as is demonstrated by the comparative handsomeness of their retail establishments. There is a shop of this kind near the Vine Tavern - a queer old wooden hostelry, standing alone on the verge of the broad trottoir, some twenty yards distant from the line of house-fronts, which not only advertises every known variety of aromatic and medicinal herb, but keeps a "Botanic Practitioner" whatever that may be on the premises, and pledges itself to relieve toothache "in half-a-minute; no Cure, no Pay. What can be the use of a pot-lid, unaccompanied by its parent pot, and why anybody should purchase an orphan pot-lid, which is not in itself either decorative or soothing, are questions calculated to bewilder the liveliest imagination and perplex the most speculative intellect. They may be harmless implements of some useful and commonplace trade or handicraft; but to the uninstructed eye they present a truculent and bloodthirsty aspect. It is worthy of remark that cravats of less conspicuous hue and pattern, apparently identical with those for which three and sixpence is charged in West-end shops, are sold in Whitechapel for a shilling apiece. The shortest way from Whitechapel-road to the permanent open-air market held in Wentworth-street passes in front of the decorative porch and fountain of St. Jude and the archway leading to the peaceful stone oasis on which stands Toynbee Hall, one of the many civilising institutions established in the East-end of London by enlightened benevolence. One side of Wentworth-street itself consists of new, solidly-built houses, the ground floors of which, however, let out in shops to petty retailers of Polish and German extraction, already show signs of deterioration, whilst the miserable tenements opposite offer a saddening spectacle of dirt and decay, and between them both is set out, higgledy-piggledy, an array of modern stalls, displaying certain Whitechapel food staples. Amongst them figure the ubiquitous unripe fruit, and many of the coarser varieties of sea-fish, some doubtfully fried, some questionably fresh, and some indisputably dried. Branching out from the northern side of this busy and grimy, but by no means unpicturesque thoroughfare, are two or three of those gloomy courts, terminating in culs-de-sac, and forlorn of gas lamps, which seem predestined to become the scenes of crime. We were informed that the courts in question were, in every essential respect, exactly similar to those in which more than one of the Whitechapel murders had been committed. Among the Wentworth-street shop fronts are two that may confidently challenge competition as metropolitan curiosities. One belongs to a tea shop, and displays a few loose heaps of faded tealeaves, something like sun-baked molecasts, into which are carelessly thrust half-a-dozen fly-blown labels, partly sallow with age, partly grey with dirt. These mounds of "sweepings" are dimly visible through window panes, the inner surface of which has been rendered semi-opaque by the dust of ages. Seen from the street, all the cakes and comfits of this weird, mysterious grocery store look as if they had been turned to stone aeons ago, and were being now offered for sale as petrified relics of a primaeval and rudimentary civilisation. The western end of Wentworth-street is crossed by an unprepossessing thoroughfare, in which the irrepressible gherkin, pickled salt or sour according to taste, and wallowing in its own acrid liquor by the tub-full, predominates over all other edible articles of commerce, in which this street appears exclusively to deal. These stalls are chiefly remarkable for their curious assortments of objects culled from the internal arrangements of those domesticated animals which supply us with sirloins of beef, saddles of mutton, and loins of pork in the ordinary way of business, but which obviously furnish forth to the East-ender a good many organic substances, convertible into food, with which the West-ender is altogether unfamiliar. After indulging in a brief contemplation of these strange objects, and of the general lack of cheer and brightness which pervades the region, one wonders all the more at the patience and general good-temper of the people, and yearns for some sweeping and salubrious measures which would clear away the hideous slums, provide recreation and amusement for the toilers, and make life in the East-end better worth living.

**Chapter 2 : The Better Angels of Our Nature - Wikipedia**

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Why are Syrian Christians being targeted by Islamist rebels? The Western press cannot agree on a reason, a review of recent reports from Syria reveals. And if so, what does that mean? Are the reports of murders, kidnappings, rapes and overt persecution of Christians in Syria by Islamist rebels motivated by religion, politics, ethnicity, nationalism or is it a lack of trust? While the fighting raged in Homs, President Bashar al-Assad showed up unexpectedly on Sunday in the ancient Christian town of Maaloula, about 30 miles northeast of the capital Damascus. The town was overrun by Islamist rebels in September and reclaimed by the Syrian army a week ago. State media released video footage of Mr. Many feel an affinity for Mr. His Alawite sect, an offshoot of Shiite Islam, dominates the regime while the majority of Syrians and opposition supporters are Sunni Muslims. Most Christians have become all the more convinced that only the regime can protect them after some rebels came under the sway of Islamic extremists who have attacked and pillaged their communities and churches and targeted priests and nuns. Some Christians still seek to build bridges with both sides of the civil war, as Father Frans did. But in a landscape where religious and sectarian affiliations often define and shape the struggle, they find themselves under fire from both sides. The visit also aims to portray him as the protector of Syrian minorities against a rebel movement led by Islamist forces. The wire service stories also connect Christian fear of the rebels with support for Assad. But Assad appears to be winning. Reporting on his visit to Maaloula shortly after it was recapture by government forces, Osborne writes: Below, the village itself appeared practically deserted; most of its 5, strong, mainly Christian, population have fled since it first came under rebel attack, on Sept 4 last year. Anger among regime supporters at what they claim are the excesses of the rebels who include radical Islamist insurgent groups was palpable. Samir claimed that the rebels had behaved brutally to young men of the town when they first arrived, killing many. Where does the truth lay in all of this? I am not saying it is incorrect, but it is incomplete. Frankly, I am not convinced it is telling the full story.

**Chapter 3 : How can sea gulls drink so much salt water and survive? – KidExplorers – www.nxgvision**

*Writing about sea gulls in the Daily Telegraph's "Nature Notes," Dr. Maurice Burton says: "The amount of sea water a gull can drink would be the equivalent of two gallons to a man; but to a man, one-tenth of this amount would cause collapse through dehydration of the tissues. The secret of the.*

The model for such a co-authoring would be an ongoing exchange of visual data through e-mail correspondence; one artist responding to and re-moulding visual imagery sent through from his or her partner artist. I am in the process of preparing preliminary pages of a graphic novel to which Hiroshi will add, and therefore influence, the course of subsequent pages and overall plotline. This we plan to publish using an online publishing suite, or if funding is available at a later date, printed by a Wales-based printing company. The appetite is there on both sides to forge such remote cultural links. The tools available to lay foundations for these projects were portfolios of artists works [stills and film clips] on a 30 minutes long, looped DVD, and hard copy material of different kinds; promotional artists statements, books and catalogues, graphics, photographs, poetry and writings. The Show; Arton Gallery Small steel trays [roughly A4 size] were hung in random order across three walls of the gallery. Japanese works occupied one wall and this separation was illuminating: Quality control was uniformly high and suggested a high degree of training at a purely technical level. By contrast, the FAS contributions were of a more adventurous, enquiring nature; more experimental. Finish was a secondary consideration; immediacy and spontaneity more pre-eminent because our artists had created these works specifically for the show, often outside the comfort zone of their usual studio practice. In consideration of the general economic downturn in the Japanese arts sector, the ten sales, which resulted from the show, were something of a bonus, especially as the real benefits lie ahead of us by way of creative links. Calligraphy workshop with Hiroshi Ueta An immediate result of the exhibition was an invitation from Hiroshi to spend an afternoon with him and perhaps try some calligraphy. After a fortifying drink of sake, Hiroshi wrote out each of our Christian names in Kanji and Katakana. We were then tasked with reproducing these for ourselves. There were two rules to follow; I] hold the brush vertically and towards the end of the handle – not gripped near the ferrule at a Western angle. The fading out of the line is an essential expression of individuality and lyricism. After that mission was accomplished, Hiroshi laid out a tabletop-sized sheet of paper and loaded up a large brush. Our respective efforts met with a sympathetic applause, which failed to disguise that our calligraphy lacked the relaxed arabesques required to elevate writing into an art form. Nevertheless, we did feel that our Japan trip had already begun to pay back. Kei-Fu Gallery Kyoto [http: Keiko Nomura](http://www.keifu.com) As a result of our participation at the Arton, we were invited to the preview of a group show of small works; both 2D and 3D. In the lower gallery, another student group were showing canvases, which revealed the dynamic collision of Eastern and Western styles. This is why Japanese artists are so enthusiastic about creative links; they seem more than willing to bring disparate elements together and investigate the fallout from the fusion. I Made contact with fellow guest, Sadaie Ayuko, [http: A shared interest in insects – I keep bees](http://www.sadaie.com); she includes them in her nature studies -suggested a possible collaboration of some kind in the future. We intend to link through Facebook as well as our websites as a preliminary to project discussion. At this reunion with our friends, we supplied them with items from West Wales for a fundraising event they are planning. These included artist designed button badges, tea towels and of course, fridge magnets. We presented a slideshow of FAS artists works and a range of short films made by our artists. We also distributed information about one of our corporate members, Tregwynt Woollen Mill and promoted the new App. This was developed by one of our members, Gwenno Davydd. The traditional shape of a mince pie? Chikako Hirono did; she compiled the questions for a Welsh flavoured Christmas quiz. The winner was one of our Japanese friends, after a tie- break – far more well versed in Welsh tradition than we are! Mikiko proved a generous courier, organizing and driving us to the highlight venues in her region; as good place as any in Japan to analyse the fruitful artistic tension to be found at the intersection of the cultural tectonic plates of traditional Eastern art and Western modernism. Mikiko organised a special visit in which we were able to sketch in the grounds of the house and given access to some of the extensive collection of painted screens and

ceremonial, handpainted, gold-leafed fans; graphic arts of the highest order. The quality of some of the paintings in the collection -Cezanne, Gauguin, Rodin, Matisse, Modigliani suggest he assimilated the Post-Impressionists and early Modernists well before other collectors in Europe who were much closer to the centres of production. We visited two installations. These are displayed on LED units submerged in a pool, in a darkened interior. The effect of gazing down and across this constellation is both cosmic, and marvellously life-affirming. In season, these must have provided a visual intrigue with the real camellia outside in the garden. What unites them is a fusion of Western exuberance and the refined Eastern eye for surface quality and placement. Architect Tadao Ando has created a subterranean complex with minimal surface footprint, yet which provides perfect overhead lighting for the galleries. Finish and presentation are at one with concept and imagery in each of the works. Perhaps this is effected by the space given to each exhibit. Kasuko arranged appointments for us with: The economic situation for commercial galleries in Japan is currently difficult; Ms. Noro was unable to offer us any opportunity; she is even reticent about taking on Japanese artists with an established local reputation which might help sell their work to a cautious art buying public. Representational painting in both traditional Eastern and Western Modernism are fairly safe grounds, but installation, sculpture and video are difficult commodities to sell. A large gallery space, adjacent to the Nikon photographic showroom is available to fine art photographers [still]. With new technology to play with and a 28th floor vista across the Shinjuku area of Tokyo, this space attracts a high footfall of self-selected gallery visitors. International proposals are invited, but acceptance for a show is dependant upon the exhibitor stewarding; opportunities for critical and creative dialogue are there for those who are prepared to spend the time in the gallery. Submission forms are available on the Salon website. During our visit Yamato Hozumi was in residence, showing large photographs on an ecological theme. This link may prove useful to the writers and poets in our society who use the medium of Welsh. We were approached in Ginza by a two-woman TV crew who wished to conduct an interview for a Fuji TV vox-pop programme, to be aired the following day at 3pm on National Channel Nine. After a good quarter of an hour, they left for further interviews laden with FAS info, Arton Gallery flyers and artist-created button badges depicting aspects of West Wales! As East Asian correspondent for the Daily Telegraph, Julian was responsible for airing a most curious story from Japan several years ago. The woman, identified as year-old Tatsuko Horikawa, was found by police searching the home of the man, who believed he lived alone in Fukuoka. The resident of the house, who has not been named, became suspicious that he was the victim of repeat burglaries after he noticed food was going missing from his refrigerator. The man decided to install security cameras linked to his mobile phone and on Wednesday caught images of a woman walking around the house while he was out. Believing he had detected the burglar, the man contacted police and, after an exhaustive search of the property, officers found the woman hiding in the top of a built-in cupboard designed to store bedding and mattresses. Behind the sliding door, she had laid out a thin futon and had several plastic drinks bottles, police said. There was just enough room for her to lay down, they added. Police believe she may have moved between different addresses in the neighbourhood during her stowaway year. The woman did not apparently steal any money or other items from the house, but did make use of the shower and toilet. The police described Horikawa as looking neat and clean. She was charged with trespassing. It effectively excludes work with a length of 10-60 minutes. This is just the kind of length, which would appeal to TV companies with ten minute, half-hour and hour-long slots to fill. I feel that with some central support, fine art film could reach a mass audience through the medium of television and thereby inform a public which would never think of entering a white space gallery showing art video. This became an opportunity to not only acquire some unique, tangible art product [postcards, screenprints, original drawings and paintings], but to have their name added to both film credit roll and the project book, as a patron of the arts. In my turn, I was interested in gaining some insights from a Brit who has been living in Tokyo for almost 30 years and who knows the lie of the socio-political land there. Two threads particularly interested me: Japanese homeless were more publicly visible than on my previous visit. Honour and welfare criteria are inextricably linked here, with families able to claim state assistance only when the head of the household has absented himself. I have plans in mind to address this issue through my visual art. Julian Suggested a visit to the Yasukuni Shrine might be illuminating. In Britain, we are virtually blind to the

memorials to the war dead which were erected in almost every village and town. There are no equivalents in Japan. Western reaction to this is generally one of knee-jerk revulsion, but one must consider both the historical record from a Japanese viewpoint, and the ethics and validity of war trials where only the vanquished face justice. Denied the fruits of military victory after the Great War by its Western allies, and frustrated by them in attempts to develop an empire, Japan excused itself from obligations to the League of Nations to invade the Asian mainland, colliding with US trade interests in the process and eventually leading to World War. The first draft was presented to the League of Nations Commission on 13 February as an amendment to Article The votes for the amendment tallied thus:

**Chapter 4 : Daily Telegraph " Ramani's blog**

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Immediately following on from that portion the Telegraph reported: Some excitement was caused in the City yesterday by the publication of a report that at 4. The man, it was stated, killed the watchman with a knife, but was secured by several constables who hurried up. Inquiry into this rumour at once discredited it. At the Leman-street Police-station the inspector on duty was able to say frankly that he was sure there was no truth in the report. Further investigation proved that the hoarding to which reference had been made was opposite St. Here early yesterday morning a watchman was stationed, but no attack was made upon him. The sensational story seems to have originated in the exaggerated account of an arrest on the previous evening, a man having been detained on suspicion until yesterday morning, when the satisfactory result of inquiries allowed of his discharge. From other inquiries in the neighbourhood of Shadwell it was learned that the attention of a watchman was called in the course of the night to a man and woman in the shadow of a hoarding, and, when asked their business, the man said something about "ripping" up the watchman, but the couple moved away. Such a threat as this in the East-end has latterly become by no means uncommon. At the meeting on the Common Council, yesterday, the Lord Mayor said that, as the Court was aware, he had been advised to offer a substantial reward for the apprehension and conviction of the murderer of the woman in Mitre-square. He saw from the paper of business that several of the members had motions of a similar character, and therefore he felt sure that the public would feel satisfied with what the City had determined to do, and he had only to endorse the earnest hope, expressed in all quarters, that the perpetrator of the crime would speedily be in the hands of the police. Frank Green, the chairman of the City Lands Committee, was sure the court would endorse the action that had been taken by the Lord Mayor. The metropolis, and indeed all England, had been for weeks past shocked at the particulars of outrages of a horrible character, and he could assure the public that no stone would be left unturned that would lead to the apprehension of the murderer. The court was crowded, and much interest was taken in the proceedings, many people standing outside the building during the whole of the day. Crawford, City solicitor, appeared on behalf of the Corporation, as responsible for the police; Major Smith and Superintendent Forster represented the officers engaged in the inquiry. After the jury had viewed the body, which was lying in the adjoining mortuary, Mr. Crawford, addressing the coroner, said: I appear here as representing the City police in this matter, for the purpose of rendering you every possible assistance, and if I should consider it desirable, in the course of the inquiry, to put any questions to witnesses, probably I shall have your permission when you have finished with them. The following evidence was then called - Eliza Gold deposed: I live at 6, Thrawl-street, Spitalfields. I have been married, but my husband is dead. I recognise the deceased as my poor sister witness here commenced to weep very much, and for a few moments she was unable to proceed with her story. Her name was Catherine Eddowes. I cannot exactly tell where she was living. She was staying with a gentleman, but she was not married to him. Her age last birthday was about 43 years, as far as I can remember. She has been living for some years with Mr. He is in court. I last saw her alive about four or five months ago. She used to go out hawking for a living, and was a woman of sober habits. Before she went to live with Kelly, she had lived with a man named Conway for several years, and had two children by him. I cannot tell how many years she lived with Conway. I do not know whether Conway is still living. He was a pensioner from the army, and used to go out hawking also. I do not know on what terms he parted from my sister. I do not know whether she had ever seen him from the time they parted. I am quite certain that the body I have seen is my sister. I have not seen Conway for seven or eight years. I believe my sister was living with him then on friendly terms. Was she living on friendly terms with Kelly? Three or four weeks ago I saw them together, and they were then on happy terms. I cannot fix the time when I last saw them. They were living at 55, Flower and Dean-street - a lodging-house. My sister when staying there came to see me when I was very ill. From that time, until I saw her in the mortuary, I have not seen her. A Juryman pointed out that witness previously said she had not seen her sister for three or four months, whilst later on she

spoke of three or four weeks. You said your sister came to see you when you were ill, and that you had not seen her since. Was that three or four weeks ago? So that your saying three or four months was a mistake? I am so upset and confused. Witness commenced to cry again. As she could not write she had to affix her mark to the deposition. John Kelly, a strong-looking labourer, was then called and said: I live at a lodging-house, 55, Flower and Dean-street. Have seen the deceased and recognise her as Catherine Conway. I have been living with her for seven years. She hawked a few things about the streets and lived with me at a common lodging-house in Flower and Dean-street. We parted on very good terms. She told me she was going over to Bermondsey to try and find her daughter Annie. Those were the last words she spoke to me. Annie was a daughter whom I believe she had had by Conway. She did not return. Did you make any inquiry after her? An old woman who works in the lane told me she saw her in the hands of the police. Did you make any inquiry into the truth of this? I knew that she would be out on Sunday morning, being in the City. Did you know why she was locked up? I never knew she went out for any immoral purpose. She occasionally drank, but not to excess. When I left her she had no money about her. What do you mean by "walking the streets? I was without money to pay for our lodgings at the time. I do not know that she was at variance with any one - not in the least. She had not seen Conway recently - not that I know of. I never saw him in my existence. I cannot say whether Conway is living. I know of no one who would be likely to injure her. The Foreman of the Jury: You say you heard the deceased was taken into custody. Did you ascertain, as a matter of fact, when she was discharged? I do not know when she was discharged. What time was she in the habit of returning to her lodgings? What do you call early? When she did not return on this particular evening, did it not occur to you that it would be right to inquire whether she had been discharged or not? I expected she would turn up on the Sunday morning. You say she had no money. Do you know with whom she had been drinking that afternoon? Do you know any one who paid for drink for her? Had she on a recent occasion absented herself from you at night? This was the only time? But had not she left you previously? Had you had any angry conversation with her on Saturday afternoon? No words about money? Have you any idea where her daughter lives? Had she been previously there for money? How long have you been living in this lodging-house together? Previous to this Saturday had you been sleeping there each evening during the week? Did she not sleep with you?

**Chapter 5 : Maurice Burton - Wikipedia**

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Pinker uses the phrase as a metaphor for four human motivations – empathy, self-control, the "moral sense," and reason – that, he writes, can "orient us away from violence and towards cooperation and altruism. The decline in violence, he argues, is enormous in magnitude, visible on both long and short time scales, and found in many domains, including military conflict, homicide, genocide, torture, criminal justice, and treatment of children, homosexuals, animals and racial and ethnic minorities. He stresses that "The decline, to be sure, has not been smooth; it has not brought violence down to zero; and it is not guaranteed to continue. He specifically rejects the view that humans are necessarily violent, and thus have to undergo radical change in order to become more peaceable. However, Pinker also rejects what he regards as the simplistic nature versus nurture argument, which would imply that the radical change must therefore have come purely from external "nurture" sources. The Leviathan – the rise of the modern nation-state and judiciary "with a monopoly on the legitimate use of force," which "can defuse the [individual] temptation of exploitative attack, inhibit the impulse for revenge, and circumvent Chapter 8 discusses five "inner demons" - psychological systems that can lead to violence. Chapter 9 examines four "better angels" or motives that can incline people away from violence. The last chapter examines the five historical forces listed above that have led to declines in violence. Six trends of declining violence Chapters 2 through 7 [ edit ] The Pacification Process: Pinker describes this as the transition from "the anarchy of hunting, gathering, and horticultural societies Pinker argues that "between the late Middle Ages and the 20th century, European countries saw a tenfold-to-fiftyfold decline in their rates of homicide. He says this revolution "unfolded on the [shorter] scale of centuries and took off around the time of the Age of Reason and the European Enlightenment in the 17th and 18th centuries. Inquiries into the history of the Cold War. Pinker calls this trend "more tenuous," but "since the end of the Cold War in , organized conflicts of all kinds - civil wars, genocides, repression by autocratic governments, and terrorist attacks - have declined throughout the world. The postwar period has seen, Pinker argues, "a growing revulsion against aggression on smaller scales, including violence against ethnic minorities, women, children, homosexuals, and animals. Nothing could be further from contemporary scientific understanding of the psychology of violence. It is the output of several psychological systems that differ in their environmental triggers, their internal logic, their neurological basis, and their social distribution. Predatory or Practical Violence: Influences[ edit ] Because of the interdisciplinary nature of the book Pinker uses a range of sources from different fields. Particular attention is paid to philosopher Thomas Hobbes who Pinker argues has been undervalued. In an earlier work Pinker characterized the general misunderstanding concerning Hobbes: Hobbes is commonly interpreted as proposing that man in a state of nature was saddled with an irrational impulse for hatred and destruction. In fact his analysis is more subtle, and perhaps even more tragic for he showed how the dynamics of violence fall out of interactions among rational and self-interested agents. To have command of so much research, spread across so many different fields, is a masterly achievement. Pinker convincingly demonstrates that there has been a dramatic decline in violence, and he is persuasive about the causes of that decline. The trends are not subtle – many of the changes involve an order of magnitude or more. Even when his explanations do not fully convince, they are serious and well-grounded. But Pinker shows that for most people in most ways it has become much less dangerous. Wilson , in the Wall Street Journal , called the book "a masterly effort to explain what Mr. Pinker regards as one of the biggest changes in human history: We kill one another less frequently than before. But to give this project its greatest possible effect, he has one more book to write: Pinker has not done careful research. While there are a few mixed reviews James Q. Wilson in the Wall Street Journal comes to mind , virtually everyone else either raves about the book or expresses something close to ad hominem contempt and loathing At the heart of the disagreement are competing conceptions of research and scholarship, perhaps epistemology itself. How are we to study violence and to assess whether it

has been increasing or decreasing? What analytic tools do we bring to the table? Pinker, sensibly enough chooses to look at the best available evidence regarding the rate of violent death over time, in pre-state societies, in medieval Europe, in the modern era, and always in a global context; he writes about inter-state conflicts, the two world wars, intrastate conflicts, civil wars, and homicides. In doing so, he takes a critical barometer of violence to be the rate of homicide deaths per , citizens Whatever agreements or disagreements may spring from his specifics, the author deserves our respect, gratitude, and applause. Epstein also accuses Pinker of an over-reliance on historical data, and argues that he has fallen prey to confirmation bias , leading him to focus on evidence that supports his thesis while ignoring research that does not. In the end, what Pinker calls a "decline of violence" in modernity actually has been, in real body counts, a continual and extravagant increase in violence that has been outstripped by an even more exorbitant demographic explosion. Well, not to put too fine a point on it: What on earth can he truly imagine that tells us about "progress" or "Enlightenment" or about the past, the present, or the future? By all means, praise the modern world for what is good about it, but spare us the mythology. It is a futureâ€”mostly relieved of discord, and freed from an oppressive Godâ€”that some would regard as heaven on earth. He is not the first and certainly not the last to entertain hopes disappointed so resolutely by the history of actual human beings. Herman of the University of Pennsylvania, together with independent journalist David Peterson, wrote detailed negative reviews of the book for the International Socialist Review [35] and for The Public Intellectuals Project, concluding it "is a terrible book, both as a technical work of scholarship and as a moral tract and guide. But it is extremely well-attuned to the demands of U. Have we in fact become even more violent over time? Ditto for underpaying workers, undermining cultural traditions, polluting the ecosystem, and other practices that moralists want to stigmatize by metaphorically extending the term violence to them. The problem with the conclusions reached in these studies is their reliance on "battle death" statistics. The pattern of the past centuryâ€”one recurring in historyâ€”is that the deaths of noncombatants due to war has risen, steadily and very dramatically. In World War I, perhaps only 10 percent of the 10 million-plus who died were civilians. The number of noncombatant deaths jumped to as much as 50 percent of the 50 million-plus lives lost in World War II, and the sad toll has kept on rising ever since". Wars can be expected to kill larger percentages of smaller populations. As the population grows, fewer warriors are needed, proportionally. Science is not about making claims about a sample, but using a sample to make general claims and discuss properties that apply outside the sample. They propose an alternative methodology to look at violence in particular, and other aspects of quantitative historiography in general in a way compatible with statistical inference, which needs to accommodate the fat-tailedness of the data and the unreliability of the reports of conflicts. The problems that come up time and again are:

### Chapter 6 : daily telegraph | SMOKINGBRUSH

*"Nature Notes" is a "Daily Telegraph" monthly column dedicated to wildlife. This volume contains a collection of these pieces, with woodcuts by Michael Wood. It shows how animals such as badgers, pine martens, swifts and even aphids are affected by the weather and the seasons.*

### Chapter 7 : Nature Notes - Telegraph

*News and Breaking News Headlines Online including Latest News from Australia and the World. Read more News Headlines and Breaking News Stories at DailyTelegraph.*

### Chapter 8 : The Daily Telegraph (Sydney)

*Based on the author's wildlife notes in the London Daily Telegraph, illustrated with sketches. Has blotted-out writing on front endpaper, but is otherwise solid and fairly good with fair dust-jacket. ISBN , Bookseller: Felicity Books, Queensland, Australia Seller rating.*

Chapter 9 : Terri Brooks: Daily Telegraph

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