

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. I.—No. 4.]

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1887.

[ONE PENNY.]

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Earthly Tracts.

No. III.—CO-OPERATION.

EVERY year the great metropolis is supplying recruits to the pacific army of co-operators at a rapidly increasing rate. The growth of this section of co-operators has astonished our most sanguine and enthusiastic adherents. A man should never work for the sake of gaining influence; but for the sake of promoting truth in all its many forms of goodness, beauty, and happiness. But even in two years, a great change has taken place. Shopkeepers look on co-operation with less prejudice and more friendliness. Sometimes they volunteer favourable opinions. It was remarked last week that "nine-tenths of the London shopkeepers live hard, precarious, and struggling lives; always in fear and doubt as to their ability to pay their debts; and they would be much better off as managers or *employés* in co-operative societies."

"THE LANDLORDS REAP THE BIGGEST BENEFITS" from shopkeeping. Miles of shops exist in London; rents are paid for them out of all proportion to the area and quality of the premises, simply because they are shops. If they were dwelling-houses only, the rents would be reduced as much as one-half, two-thirds, or even three-fourths. Yet the cost of erection of a shop is little more than the cost of erection of a house. The difference in rents goes usually to the ground landlord, who has done nothing, and never will do anything for the taxes he levies on an industrial community. No wonder that the shopkeeper can barely live, and no wonder that the customer has to pay so highly for his goods.

"CO-OPERATORS COVET NO MAN'S GOODS," but they claim the right, and exercise it as a matter of duty to their families, to expend their hard-earned wages in the most efficient manner. Every man has an acknowledged right to work for whom he pleases. Every man has a right to employ whom he chooses. All have a right to deal where they wish, so co-operators claim the right to

deal at their own store, and think that no one can reasonably object to it. Small tradesmen start business to make profits for themselves out of other people. They try to make their business grow bigger, for the sake of making bigger profits. Co-operators simply join together—not to make profits out of other people—but to make profits out of themselves and for one another. Surely, if it is right and just for a man to try to make profits out of other people, it cannot be wrong for a man to try to extract profits out of himself.

"THE PROFITS TO THOSE THAT MAKE THEM" should be the cry. Three-fourths of existing shops, and half their attendants, are useless burdens on the people. Co-operators concentrate their trade in commodious and convenient premises. The concentration keeps down expenses, and destroys the apparent necessity for so many shops. The process is rather slow; but this is a blessing to the shopkeeping community. They know that though slow, it is sure. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. They can gradually turn their energies and their capital into enterprises—co-operative, we hope—where they will produce wealth instead of only distributing it. They will then add to the comfort and prosperity of the community. At present they only share it. Builders can take warning, and cease to erect shops. Shop rents will go down; and indirectly, this will send house rents down also; for if shops are not built there will be more room for dwelling-houses. Smaller rents and more production mean more profits for the workers, if they are co-operators. Equity is the standard under which co-operators endeavour to govern themselves. They think that in all the three aspects of financial, moral, and intellectual well-being, nothing equals co-operation. But, while they consider that every man should receive what is justly his due, they believe that the strong should keep their weaker brethren, and that the virtues of self-denial, disinterestedness, and generosity should be carefully cultivated. They claim that these virtues have the best opportunities of development; when men are removed from the sordid cares of a bare existence co-operation will enable all men to live in the best, the broadest, and the highest sense of the word.

"ASSOCIATION IS THE METHOD" by which co-operators achieve their objects. Voluntary association—not compulsory—is what they believe in. Wherever two or more individuals are concerned or interested in anything, there co-operation can come into play. Sometimes a master or merchant will say "Why, I am a co-operator; we are all co-operators. I bring my brains, my labour, and my money. The hands bring their labour, and the customers bring their money. The customers get goods for their money. The hands get wages for their work; and I get profit for my brains, time, and capital. This is all true. But what co-operators object to is that the master or merchant has all the power, and he uses that power to unduly increase his share of the benefits.

"CO-OPERATION REMEDIES THE INJUSTICE." It distributes the power, and distributes the benefits by the measure of equity. Co-operative stores, co-operative

dwellings, and co-operative workshops, would go a very great way towards removing many of the most grievous evils under which working men now drag out a joyless existence.

"STORES" are the first rung in the co-operative ladder. They are easy to form. They require little capital to start them. They can be easily managed. They make big profits. The profits are clear gain to working people. The business experience brightens up the best men and trains them to become leaders in all manner of enterprises for promoting the well-being of their class. False weights or measures, adulteration, or misrepresentations are not permitted in co-operative stores. The customers are the shareholders. The shareholders have each a vote. They elect the committee. They pass the balance-sheets. They are not so foolish as to waste their time in cheating themselves. It is an unprofitable game; and co-operators say that "honesty is the best policy."

When a rich man's joint stock company, bank, or railway is prosperous, the shares go up above par. In other words, anyone who wants to become a shareholder has to give more for a share than it cost the original shareholder. In a working man's co-operative society this is not so, however rich and prosperous it may grow. One shilling entrance money gives anyone a pass book and a copy of rules. A payment of three-pence a week, until he pays up a £1 share, gives him all the rights and privileges of membership, just the same as if he had been a member from the beginning. He need not pay even this small amount of money out of his pocket. He can deal as a non-member, when he would receive half the rate of profits allotted to a member. Out of these he can pay his entrance fee. When he has thus become a member, he can pay his threepences out of his share of the profits, and have a lot of profit left over.

"THE LARGEST FAMILY GETS THE MOST PROFITS" because it needs more bread, more butter, more sugar, more meat, and more clothes; and the profits are divided among the members in proportion to the amount of their purchases at the stores.

"WHERE DO THE PROFITS COME FROM" is a question always asked by outsiders. Rent is minimised. Goods are bought, not only at wholesale prices, but, in many instances, direct from the producers in Ireland, Denmark, Germany, Greece, Turkey, and America, by men employed by co-operators. These goods are sold at the ordinary fair retail prices of the district. When all expenses have been paid there is a large balance of profit, which, only for the stores, would have gone into the pockets of a few rich men. Through co-operation it is kept out of these rich men's pockets, and is divided among the poor.

"THE DIVIDEND," as the sharing out of the profit is called, ranges, in different metropolitan co-operative societies, from one shilling to two shillings in the pound on members' purchases. That is, when a member has spent £1 at the stores, he not only gets full weight and good quality, at a fair price, but one, or even two shillings out of his £1 are given back to him.

"CHRISTMAS IS COMING," and many people will, at this festive season, receive from their tradesmen small tokens of goodwill in the shape of a little fruit, candied peel, or biscuits; or may be, it may take the shape of a glass of something to keep them warm. This will be a free gift from the shopkeeper out of the goodness of his heart. The customer has no claim. It is therefore gratefully received. In a full grown co-operative store, such as are to be found in different parts of the kingdom, the profits of one decent-sized family will amount to £4 a year. Very often they amount to £10 or £12 a year. If these profits are left as investments in the stores, to be accumulated at 5 per cent. compound interest, a man finds himself in his old age to be the possessor of hundreds of pounds, without having done anything beyond co-operating with other working men

for their mutual good. Which is best for a working man, the tradesman's Christmas-box, or the co-operator's profits?

"THEIR OLD MEN," when they have been faithful to their principles, are the pride of the co-operative body. They are able to relieve the labour market by ceasing to work before they are worn out. They have no need to die in harness, or any necessity to go to the poor-house. They have large savings. They and their wives can enjoy life. They can live on the fat of the land; and they can utilise their well-earned leisure in training the rising generations in the best methods of perfecting the practice of co-operation.

"EMPLOYEES ARE WELL TREATED" in co-operative stores. They work at least 20 per cent. less hours than in private shops, and ere long some of us hope that the hours will be further reduced. Over forty years ago, co-operators gave a weekly half-holiday. It is only lately that shopkeepers began their once-a-week five o'clock closing movement. Working men co-operators try to remember that they have to raise the standard of social comfort and happiness. They try to raise it with those under their control. They cannot go very rapidly, owing to the exigencies of the old-world competition. But the number thus benefited is always increasing. Brick by brick the walls are raised. Slate by slate the roof is completed. By steady, patient work, they hope some day that all will be mutual co-operative masters and co-operative workmen.

"NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN" are now members of co-operative societies in the United Kingdom. They supply themselves with groceries and provisions, boots and shoes, drapery, clothing, hardware, furniture, coals, and butcher's meat. They have bakeries, corn mills, biscuit factories, and boot works, cotton and silk factories, cabinet-making and printing works. They have ships traversing the oceans, and have twenty or thirty farms. Their capital, their business turnover, and their profits are all yearly counted in millions. It is done by working men for working men.

"TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS" is expended annually, out of their profits, in promoting education. When elementary schools were few in number, co-operators started evening classes to make good deficiencies. Free libraries, and free reading-rooms were established by them scores of years before London parishes made up their minds to do it. Between four and five thousand pounds are annually expended in propagandist efforts. Co-operators think that what is good for them is good for other working men. They therefore carry knowledge to the ignorant, a stimulus to the apathetic, and comfort to the weak. Thousands of working men co-operators, spread over the kingdom, give all their leisure time, without fee or reward, to the noble work of extending a knowledge of the blessings conferred by co-operation; and scores of thousands every year acknowledge these noble, disinterested, and self-denying efforts have succeeded in leading them into a land "flowing with milk and honey"; for co-operation turns "the desert into a garden," and brings wealth and happiness to all its adherents.

Idleness.—Said the distinguished Chatham to his son: "I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and on the walls of your chamber: 'If you do not rise early you can never make progress in anything. If you do not set apart your hours of reading; if you suffer yourself or anyone else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous and really unenjoyed by yourself.'"

Knowledge.—All knowledge is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute or inconsiderate that one would not rather know it than not. In the same manner all power, of whatever sort, is of itself desirable. A man would not submit to learn to hem a ruffle of his wife, or his wife's maid, but if a mere wish could attain it, he would rather wish to be able to hem a ruffle.

Bad Temper.—A bad temper is the evil spirit which is constantly trying to assert itself in our lives. We must wrestle with it and overcome it, for if we suffer it to triumph we shall be slaves indeed.

Class Notes.

ELOCUTION CLASS. Teacher—SAMUEL L. HASLUCK.

Would-be elocutionists will be glad to hear that an Elementary Class for reading and speaking will commence on January 5th, to be held every Thursday evening from 6 to 7.30. The instruction and practice will meet the requirements of those who wish to improve their powers of speech, without going through the more thorough course of training afforded by the Advanced Class.

ART CLASSES. Teacher—WILLIAM P. CORNISH.

The East London School of Art, at the People's Palace, began its first session on October 3rd, and at the present time numbers between fifty and sixty students. A full list of the subjects taught will be found in the prospectus, which also gives the rules and regulations of the classes.

In the day-time, Elementary Drawing is taught to the boys of the Technical Day Schools. It was intended that these lads should be taught design, but the present arrangements will not allow of this; so, in order that those boys who show greater aptitude for drawing than the remainder should not be kept at the same average level, six have been selected to attend the Evening Art School. It is intended eventually that all the boys shall have the more advanced knowledge of art taught them.

The students attending the Evening Classes possess a very fair knowledge of the elementary stage; and the numbers at work in the Advanced Classes are in excess in proportion to other schools. This is owing, in a great measure, to the fact that drawing is now taught in the Public Elementary Schools, which in a degree removes the various schools of art from the drudgery that attends the earlier stages of drawing.

A designing and sketching club has been organised in the Palace under the title of the "Beaumont Sketching Club," of which Sir Edmund H. Currie is patron.

Since drawing has become recognised—though somewhat tardily—as a necessary qualification to everyone's education, it is a great satisfaction to find that elementary drawing is every year forcing itself more and more upon public attention, and, as a consequence, becoming a compulsory subject in all schools. Therefore, it is the duty of every parent to see that his child shall at least become proficient in the elementary stages. If it is proved to be important to children at school that this element in their general education is necessary, how much more so must it be to the adults of both sexes? A knowledge of the principles is necessary to all those whose future work is to be associated with the artistic; and would be of incalculable value both to employes and employers; for, should the former suddenly discover that they are incapable of meeting the demands made upon them—and therefore unable to hold their own with their fellow workmen—and therefore unable to be given to "the foreigner." They themselves become mere machines, incapable of anything beyond the routine of "shop," and are only too glad to escape from that work which becomes such an irksome, disagreeable duty. It is to relieve this, and to assist the labourer, the mechanic, and the artisan to get out of the difficulty that these Art Classes at the People's Palace have been formed.

To those unacquainted with the course of study in an Art School it may be necessary to explain what is taught, the method of teaching, and the application of such teaching to the pursuits of everyday life. First, the pupil has to be dealt with, who confesses his entire ignorance of drawing, but is very desirous of learning. It is unnecessary to question the intending student what may be his object in learning to draw—to teach drawing in a general sense is our first duty—and therefore he is taught to be able to give a fairly correct representation of simple objects, having straight lines in the construction; and next, to others made up of a combination of straight and curved. And so he is led, by easy stages, through a course of simple outline, assisted by a little shading to give relief with sepia, pencil, or chalk, until he has acquired that facility of hand, guided by the mind, which enables him to give a good copy of whatever object he has to study. After this course, which is purely preliminary, he is next required to copy from the round in light and shade. Students as a rule are always anxious to draw from the antique, and from that to the life, which is still more attractive. But, as this school is for technical rather than artistic effort—that is, to train pupils as draughtsmen, decorators, designers, etc.—it is intended to give every opportunity to the students to study those examples best suited to their respective wants.

The application of art-knowledge to the ordinary pursuits of everyday life is next to be considered. There are few callings in which a knowledge of form is not necessary, or where any occupation would not be the better, and the pleasanter to follow, if art, however elementary, entered into it. To the worker in metal, wood, glass, clay, stone, and various other substances, a knowledge of the principles of lines, of colour, of beauty, and all such qualities which go to make an object a work of art, is necessary in order that man should enjoy what is around him. Those students who

may desire to learn art, if only for the pleasure it gives, and at so little cost, will have gained much, and will be thankful to those who have placed it so easily within their reach.

BOOT AND SHOE CLASS. Instructor—HERBERT HILL.

NOTES ON CLICKING.—Methods referred to: (a.) Heel-to-toe; (b.) Tight seams; (c.) Outer-edge system.

Advantages. (a.) Tight for the laster; but inasmuch as good lasting depends, not upon the amount of pressure exerted, but on entirely different principles, this strain is one which may be modified by the skill of the worker, and is therefore not a strain of the first importance to the clicker. (b.) Tight in wear, which is the great object to be accomplished. A strain devolves upon the sides in lasting; if seams are "tight" this is an advantage equal to the heel-to-toe method. This extra advantage is secured: that the upper is "tight" to the main actions in walking. (c.) Suitable for calf kids in which lines of tightness have not to be regarded to that extent that is usual and desirable in lighter and more stretchy leathers. All the legs are cut into the offal, and the best parts secured from the centre.

(NOTE.—In relation to this read the paragraphs on the "Proportion of Areas," pp. 63-64, "Manual of Boot and Shoe Manufacture.")

To-night, Dec. 7, practical instruction in calf-kid cutting will be given by Messrs. Waterman (of the Polytechnic), E. Swaysland, and the Instructor.

Read Manual to the finish of chapter vii., and answer the remainder of the Clicking questions.

Musical Notes.

PIANOFORTE CLASSES.—The number of pupils at present being taught amounts to 56, and the hours of instruction have been somewhat extended to meet the demand. The Tuesday evening class lasts from 5.40 till 10 o'clock; Wednesday class from 5 till 10; Thursday, from 6 till 10; and Friday, from 4.40 till 10. A few vacancies may occur in the classes after Christmas, and it is advisable that all pupils who wish to join should enter their names as soon as possible, to ensure their being admitted next term.

SINGING CLASSES.—The Elementary Class continues to make rapid and satisfactory progress. It is intended to commence a little easy sight-reading this week. The Advanced Class have done their work at present in a most creditable manner, and have helped the Choral Society most efficaciously in their preparations for last Saturday's concert.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—The People's Palace Choir have spoken, or rather sung, for themselves, and are anxious now to add to their numbers, with a view of preparing some great work, to be performed as early in the next year as possible. MR. ORTON BRADLEY WILL BE GLAD TO SEE ANY NEW MEMBERS AT THE BEGINNING OF NEXT FRIDAY'S PRACTICE, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, OR AT THE SAME TIME ANY MONDAY OR FRIDAY.

ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Mr. Cave's Orchestral Class pupils are now well established, as they have proved by their first appearance in public. They number more than thirty instrumentalists, and there is room for any number of new Members. MR. CAVE WILL BE HAPPY TO RECEIVE THE NAMES OF INTENDING MEMBERS AT ANY OF THE PRACTICES; ON TUESDAYS AT EIGHT, AND ON SATURDAYS AT FIVE O'CLOCK.

WEDNESDAY'S CONCERT, November 30th. This Concert was the most successful Wednesday Evening Popular Concert that we have yet had in the Queen's Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience assembled to hear the Scotch songs and the organ selections which were promised, and the Concert was most thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Edwin Barns was the organist, and played four selections in the most masterly manner—to the delight of the more musical among his large body of listeners; while the Scotch songs gave a lightness to the programme that was most cordially received through all the numbers. The most successful of the singers were Miss Frances Harrison, and Mr. Sinclair Dunn, (who is himself a Scotchman), and both were encored in their two songs. Madame Catherine Penna was very warmly received, and made a great success by her most sympathetic rendering of "Robin Adair," for which she received a most hearty encore. Mr. Gerald Phillips sang his songs also remarkably well, but was somewhat disturbed by the rustling of the pages of the Journal, as, unfortunately a turn of the page occurred in the middle of his first song. It might perhaps be suggested that the rustling need not have been wilfully increased by turning the pages over and back again. It may have been fun to those who rustled, but it was death to the song.

Anger.—As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees, and deformeth the face of nature, or as an earthquake in its convulsions overturneth cities, so the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him; danger and destruction wait on his hand. But consider, and forget not thine own weakness; so shalt thou pardon the failures of others.

Debating Society.

REPORT OF MEETING HELD WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1887.

The First Debate of the above Society took place on Wednesday night, the 30th ult., the subject for consideration being "The present state of Ireland."

The debate was opened by a very able speech from Mr. L. Currie, who proposed the following resolution: "That in the opinion of this meeting the present policy of the Government, as carried out in Ireland, demands censure."

In introducing the subject, Mr. Currie maintained that the present extreme measures now in force were not right for two reasons—first, because of their inexpediency; and, secondly, because the present state of oppressed Ireland does not require them. The troubles commenced (said the speaker), in the time of William the Third, who with a strong arm reduced the Irish to submission, and then rewarded his followers—who were for the most part Dutchmen—with large estates, the rightful owners in many cases having to make room for the usurpers. The new landowners for the most part lived at the Court, and took very little interest in their estates—with the exception of exacting the rents from the tenants. A treaty was concluded at Dublin, but this was not respected by the English. Roman Catholics, too, were not allowed to take any part in the government of the country, and the trade of the country was greatly restricted and discouraged by Acts passed detrimental to the interest of the Irish trader, and for the benefit of his neighbours in England.

Ireland once had a free Parliament, and during its existence the country was in a prosperous state; but demoralising effects were brought to bear on the members, and bribery became very flagrant, insomuch that it was only a matter of having sufficient money, and one could get as many votes as one pleased. This state of affairs reached a climax in the time of Grattan, and the Parliament he presided over was undoubtedly one of the most rotten and corrupt that had ever been in existence. Taking advantage of this state of affairs, the English Prime Minister negotiated, and bought over the majority of the Irish members, from which time dates the union (?) of Great Britain and Ireland.

The people of Ireland never desired such an union, and from that day to this have not ceased to agitate against it. This agitation has been met with the most cruel and repressive measures; they have had eighty Coercion Acts and sixty Eviction Acts.

In answer to a remark of an hon. member respecting the difference between the north and the other parts of Ireland, Mr. Currie explained that the tenants in the north enjoyed more privileges than their less favoured brethren in other parts, which consisted in tenants' right, enabling a tenant to get full value for all improvement, and prevented him from summary ejection, and enabled him to sell the goodwill of his farm.

After some further remarks, the speaker concluded by saying that the present state of Ireland was caused by mistaken legislation in the past, it was accelerated by unnecessary and inexpedient harsh measures in the present, and that it could only be remedied by just measures, and consequently the present policy of the Government was deserving of censure.

The speaker resumed his seat amid great applause.

The resolution was then briefly seconded by Mr. Harris.

Mr. H. T. Wadkin then rose, and proposed as an amendment, "That in the opinion of this meeting the policy of the Government in Ireland deserves our hearty support."

Mr. Wadkin opened his very eloquent speech by an allusion to the fable of the wolf and the lambs—likening the Nationalist party to the former, and maintained that though the present state of Ireland was not caused by the present generation, it was our grandfathers or great-grandfathers, and that we were equally to blame, and that they would—well, in the words of the fable—devour us. The speaker differed with the opener as to the present discontented state of Ireland being an effect, but said it was rather a cause, and was used by the ambitious leaders to gain their ends. He then read an extract from a speech of Lord Hartington, who says: "If Ireland depended on the land there was no hope for her." What was wanted was capital to develop her resources, but the present action of the Irish agitators tended to drive away capital. He said there was no analogy between the National League and Trades' Unions, and said it was only used to organise crime, and to supply assassins with knives. The speaker very warmly supported the present mode of procedure as regards the management of the affairs of Ireland, and maintained that Home Rule would tend rather to aggravate than alleviate the present unsatisfactory state of affairs.

The amendment was seconded by Mr. Rhodes, who read an extract, and showed that the Crimes Act need not necessarily be used in the whole of the country, but only in such parts as, in the opinion of the Lord-Lieutenant, were in a disordered state. He also referred to the diabolical proceedings of the Moonlighters, and very strongly supported the present policy of the Government.

Mr. Maynard then spoke, saying he had listened with disgust to the various statements that had been put forward by the hon. members in support of the amendment, and hoped that the genial influence brought to bear upon them by the People's Palace would

soon make them change their opinions. He then spoke of the present bad state of the Irish trade. The wool trade, which at one time amounted to £7,000,000, now scarcely reached a quarter of a million annually, in consequence of the repressive measures brought to bear upon it. He strongly condemned the policy of Her Majesty's present Government, which he characterised as despotic.

He was followed by Mr. A. Valentine, who read an extract of a letter from Mr. Gladstone, who wrote that Coercion was the only alternative to Home Rule; and a comparison of Ireland now with Ireland eighteen months back shows that it has produced in security and disorder, and has aggravated the disease of Ireland—hostility to law which England mainly dictates. As an example of this the speaker mentioned the meeting held last Sunday to unveil the Manchester Martyrs' Monument. Mr. Valentine then said that he thought Coercion was not at all necessary, because, at the time it was passed, it was proved by statistics that crime was on the wane in Ireland. Lord Salisbury, in a speech which he gave at the Conservative Congress at Oxford, said, "That all the Irish members put together were not worth one Conservative member." Surely, if the Prime Minister has such bigotted ideas, we cannot be surprised at such infamous measures being taken.

Mr. Bullen, who spoke next, supported the amendment. He said he could boast of having resided in the south of Ireland for eighteen years, and therefore he was in a position to know how things actually were. He described a case of boycotting in which a landlord was pelted with rotten eggs in chapel, and consequently had to debar himself the privilege of attending a place of worship on account of the action of the League. He said the people could pay their rent if they chose; they could always find plenty of money to support the League; and he mentioned a village in which over £200 was subscribed to supply the local branch of the League with a banner.

Mr. Masters, who supported the resolution, said there were two courses open to the Government, viz., to extend Local Government and introduce some good land acts, or to suppress the organisations of the people. The Government seemed to have adopted the latter course; but, as in the past it had not succeeded, it could not be expected to do so now. Mr. Masters spoke of the excessive rent paid for land, and quoted some cases in which the landlords demanded three times as much as the highest Government Commission had decided was fair. He also showed how the Land League did not differ from Trades' Unions, which were allowed, and said they were both organisations for bringing forward the grievances of the working man.

Mr. Hawkins then spoke in favour of the amendment, and read one of the clauses of the Act (Criminal Law Amendment). He said it had been remarked that crime was on the wane when the Act was introduced, but he attributed this to the action of the National League, who then exerted their influence to stay crime in order to deceive the English electors. Crime, he said, was rather a cause than an effect, and was used by the National League for the furtherance of agitation.

Mr. S. Thomas said he should warmly support the resolution of censure upon the Government. The mover of the amendment had made some strange remarks. Mr. Wadkin had admitted that Ireland had been badly used in the past by our ancestors, but we were not to blame. No; but we had it in our power to alter this condition of affairs; and it was not to say that because his father did wrong that he should pursue the same course. It was in our power to remedy affairs in Ireland. Not one of the facts brought forward by Mr. Currie had been challenged by a single speaker. That the Irish people were being ground down by the landlords was plain from the fact that almost every day the Commissioners of the Land Courts were reducing the rents right and left. In some cases the reduction was nearly half the original value. The Government had deprived the people of free speech, in fact had gagged them, and with them the press of Ireland; but they would not succeed in their policy, and slowly but surely the people would gain their object—the right of conducting their own affairs.

Mr. Driscoll also supported the resolution. He said the Crimes Act was invented to take a mean advantage of those who complained of their grievances. The people supported the Land League because that was the only means by which they could hope to gain justice. Coercion was no remedy, and people would not be forced to do what they believed was wrong.

Mr. Colson, who spoke next, said we had heard a great deal about Coercion. He then explained that there were two meanings to the word, namely, a Tory meaning and a Liberal meaning; and he added that he understood the word to mean extreme measures under extreme circumstances.

The Chairman (Mr. Marshall), then asked, as the matter did not seem to be thoroughly thrashed out, whether the debate should be adjourned.

A motion that it be adjourned till next Wednesday was proposed by Mr. Harris, and seconded by Mr. Amable. An amendment that it be not adjourned, proposed by Mr. Hawkins, and seconded by Mr. Wadkin, was lost by 24 to 6.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman was carried unanimously.

Wordsworth's Study.—A great source of health and freshness, both of body and mind, was the outdoor life led by the venerable poet. "I should like to see your master's study," said someone to his cook; "I suppose it is that"—pointing to some book-shelves. "No, sir, that is my master's library; his study is out of doors."

Palace Gossip.

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

"A Chiel's amang ye takin' Notes."

BEFORE the next number of this Journal is in the hands of the public the Apprentices' Exhibition will be in full swing, and the sisters, the cousins and the aunts of the exhibitors will be thronging the buildings in the Palace grounds. The place (at time of writing) has already assumed imposing proportions; and no doubt, by Saturday, everything will be perfection—or as near that happy state as possible. Some of the articles sent in are really excellent, and give ample proofs of the ingenuity, labour and skill of those exhibiting; and, although the majority have been received, the importation still continues, and the cry is "Still they come." And well I know it; for you see, unfortunately, the receiving-room is in close proximity to my sanctum, and, for the past week or so, I have been in an agony of apprehension, lest the continually-arriving Carter-Paterson-packets were really—like the elder Weller's notion of a "pianner-forty"—capable of containing a full-sized amateur Sayers, ready and eager for my sub-Editorial gore.

NOT that I'm afraid of anyone—oh, no; only a week or so ago the gentlemanly Editor who conducts the Correspondence Column, was good enough to remark that I was not only a pugilist, but also a "newly-enrolled Special into the bargain." Now such a remark as this, although it may make "the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve"; and I'm quite certain that all my dear friends will bear me witness that this was a most infamous libel; for they know me to be the most modest of mortals, quite incapable—as the poet says—to heedlessly put my foot upon a worm.

UNFORTUNATELY, not being pugilistic, I had no means of redress; and so, like Niobe—all tears, I had to wait, and watch for my opportunity. And it has come at last, and I'm not going to let the chance slip. You must know, kind reader, that this gentleman—this "encyclopaedic Editor"—is particularly boastful of his linguistic capabilities; and, having spent three or four days in Paris last Easter, he has been airing his—heaven save the mark!—his *French* ever since; of course to the great delight of his long-suffering friends. Well, last week he was rash enough to commit himself to paper—and a pretty fine mess he made of it. Somebody had written him, in French, asking a question relating to a famous picture poster; and he endeavoured to reply in the same divine language; and—ha! ha!—well, look for yourselves, and see what a delightful muddle he made of it.

NOT less than five hundred and fifty-five indignant letters have reached me in reference to this "Gallic" interrogation; and I would gladly publish every one of them—only my chief, the Editor, looked frowningly on me when I suggested such a thing, and sternly reproved my desire for revenge!

WELL, not to be too personal but just personal enough, I'll change the subject; and ask all those fellows, who, being Members of the Palace are ever anxious to do good, to come forward, and give voluntary assistance during the forthcoming Exhibition. There is much to be done—huge crowds are anticipated—and our own fellows are greatly preferred to total strangers. Therefore, all ye who are strong of heart and purpose are requested to speedily enrol yourselves for good, gratuitous, and necessary help.

I AM very glad to chronicle again, this week, another gracious present to the People's Palace—or rather to one of its offsprings. This time, Mrs. Norris, of the Briston Vicarage, Norfolk, has given a number of art treasures and valuables to the Art School, which have been highly appreciated by the recipients.

ART suggests the Beaumont Sketching Club, the Hon. Sec. of which tells me that he is looking forward to a happy time in the future, when his Club shall be the foremost in the field. (For particulars, please see my CLUB NOTES on page 44.) Prizes will be competed for as soon as the Club is in working order; and Louis Nathan means to "go in" for winning with a vengeance—at least, he didn't say so, but when I taxed him with it the other night, he—well, he didn't deny the soft impeachment.

A NUMBER of letters to the Editor have been received during the week, but as half of them did not contain either the name or the address of the senders, they were promptly swept into the adjoining "rejected" receptacle. I should like to add, that three of these letters came through the post without being stamped—which, I think you will agree with me, is scarcely the correct thing—Is it?

MERRY little Colson—who, like the poet's Lesbia, "hath a beaming eye"—has a grievance, and he wants me to air it. He was fortunate enough last week to be adjudged part-winner in our Competition column; but either the intelligent compositor, or else the unthinking Editor—perhaps it was Colson himself?—made his front name to be JACOB, whereas, as his godfathers and godmothers truly can testify, it is indeed JABEZ. Unlike Shakespeare's heroine, Colson believes that there's much in a name—and I am equally of his opinion.

WILL the choice spirit, who on calling at my office one night last week, left his walking-stick behind him, kindly call for the same? Otherwise it will be sold to—ahem!—defray expenses.

QUERY: How is it that a certain Hon. Sec. has denied me the light of his countenance during the past week? Is it because he saw that little Gossip par. of mine in the last number? No, no; I cannot, will not, believe it!

THE COMING SOCIAL.

Very soon we shall have an enjoyable time—

With soirees and dancing *ad lib*;

Sweet converse, and socials, and music sublime;

Believe me—I never could fib.

E. Diggins means business—and Marshall as well—

That success will attend never doubt;

Much more do I know, but I've sworn not to tell

The surprise that is coming about.

I SHOULD like to draw attention to the fact, that some of the lads, who frequent the Reading-room, cause much annoyance and inconvenience by continually and unnecessarily changing the books. Much damage is done by the careless way in which they are handled, and it is difficult to discover the offenders; but the co-operation of the elder Members is sought, to prevent the recurrence of any like offence.

IT IS, I believe, rather an open secret, that there are to be good times at the Palace on Boxing-Day, when a dazzling variety of entertainments will be provided, under the management of competent gentlemen. Vast crowds are expected, and, as a really capital fare is to be furnished, a great success is confidently expected to crown the efforts of the promoters.

IN reference to my note of last week, respecting the Billiard-room petition, I have received a very courteous reply from one of the Members, who, being a frequenter of the room in question, knows quite well what he is writing about. From him I learn that the tables are not only monopolised by the younger Members, but also by those who are fortunate enough to arrive first when the room opens. He goes on to say, that a Member who is able to start a game as soon as he arrives, can get as many as five games during the evening; but a Member who cannot get to the room till seven or half-past can very rarely secure a game at all. Now this, decidedly, should not be; and I was always under the impression that Hurst, the man in charge, had not only complete control over the room, but also over the respective tables. But I find this is not the case, and I'm very sorry to hear it; because I believe that if the responsibility rested with one individual, or one body of Members, who could be vested with full powers, all this unpleasantness might have been prevented, and the tempers of the various Members still remained unruffled. I know a matter of this sort naturally creates much ill feeling and prejudice where harmony and friendliness should prevail; and though I can do nothing personally, I am still able to give such a matter publicity, which may help to do a certain amount of good.

ALMOST immediately after the above was written I was fortunate enough to run across Harris, whom I believe to be greatly opposed to the monopoly in dispute, and who, if I mistake not, was the first to organise the petition. We talked the question over for some little time, and I was greatly surprised to see how much he had the matter really at heart. I explained to him my false impression chronicled above; and suggested that instead of petitioning, the Members should rally together, form a Committee among themselves, organise rules for the better conducting of the tables; and then, having secured full power in the matter, should hold themselves responsible ever afterwards for the fairness and behaviour in the Billiard-room. We find the various clubs in the Palace not only well founded but well conducted by respective Committees; and for the life of me I cannot conceive why a similar working body should not be formed for the Billiard-room. Yet it must be distinctly understood that I do not advocate turning the whole thing into a club—which would, of course, again mean monopoly—but rather, a governing power formed from the Members themselves, who could have complete control over the much-disputed tables. In another column, a lengthy letter addressed to the Editor, will be read with the greatest interest by those concerned.

Men who have Risen.

No. 2.—DAVID GARRICK.

THE British Roscius, a title justly given to Garrick during his life, and which no one has since disputed, was born in the year 1713. Little is known of his life before he made his first appearance on the stage at Ipswich, in 1741, in the character of "Absan," in the tragedy of *Cromoko*. After a summer not unprofitably spent in the country, he determined to try his fortune on the London stage. Arrived at the great metropolis he applied to the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, but was rejected; and he was obliged to accept an offer to play at the little theatre in Goodman's Fields, Whitechapel. He made his first appearance there on the 19th of October, 1741, in the character of Richard III; and, like the sun bursting from behind an obscure cloud, he displayed, at this very earliest dawn, a more than meridian brightness. His genius dazzled and astonished everyone; to behold a novice to the stage reaching, at one single bound, to the height of perfection, was a phenomenon which could not but become the object of universal admiration. The theatres at the Court end of the town were deserted; persons of all ranks flocked to Goodman's Fields, and, in the evening, the sedan chairs and carriages often reached from Temple Bar to the theatre.

Garrick continued playing till the close of the season, when he went to Dublin. In the ensuing winter he appeared on the classic boards of Drury Lane; and from that time to his retirement, on the 10th of June, 1776, his vast popularity remained undiminished.

Of David Garrick it has been truly said, that "Tragedy, comedy, and farce; the lover and the hero; the jealous husband, who suspects his wife's virtue without a cause; and the thoughtless, lively rake who attacks it without design, were all alike open to his imitation, and all alike did honour to his execution. Every passion of the human heart seemed subjected to his powers of expression; nay, even time itself appeared to stand still, or advance, as he would have it. Rage and ridicule, doubt and despair, transport and tenderness, compassion and contempt, love, jealousy, fear, fury, simplicity, all took, in turn, possession of his features; while each of them in turn appeared to be the sole possessor of those features. One night, old age sat upon his countenance, as if the wrinkles he had stamped there were indelible; the next, the gaiety and bloom of youth seemed to overspread his face, and smooth even those marks which time and muscular conformation might have really made."

Garrick made his theatrical appearance shortly before the death of Pope, and the poet witnessed his first appearance. The following interesting account of the event is given by Garrick himself. "When I was told that Pope was in the house, I instantaneously felt a palpitation at my heart, a tumultuous—not disagreeable—emotion in my mind. I was then in the prime of youth, and in the zenith of my theatrical ambition. It gave me a particular pleasure that "Richard" was my character when Pope was to see and hear me. As I opened my part, I saw our little poetical hero, dressed in black, seated in a side box near the stage, and viewing me with a serious and earnest attention. His look shot and thrilled like lightning through my brain, and I had some hesitation in proceeding, from anxiety and from joy. As "Richard" gradually blazed forth the house was in a roar of applause, and the conspiring hand of Pope shadowed me with laurels." Mr. Percival Stockdale says: "Garrick was informed of Pope's opinion, and nothing could be more delightful than his praise." "That young man," said Pope, "never had his equal as an actor—and he will never have a rival." From the same authority we learn Dr. Johnson's opinion. In reply to a question, put to him by Stockdale, Johnson

replied: "Oh, sir, he deserves everything he has acquired: for having seized the very soul of Shakespeare, for having embodied it in himself, and for having expanded its glory over the whole world."

When Garrick visited the continent he was received everywhere with the most distinguished marks of honour and esteem. His own profession was not slow in profiting by the lesson which he gave to dramatic art. Presille, the best actor of that day in France, acknowledged Garrick for his master, and looked upon him as a model for imitation. With this actor he once made a short excursion from Paris, on horseback, when Presille took the fancy to act the part of a drunken cavalier. Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him he wanted one thing, which was essential to complete the picture—he did not *make his legs drunk*. "Hold! my friend," said he, "and I shall show you an English blood, who, after having dined at a tavern and swallowed three or four bottles of port, mounts his horse, in a summer evening, to go to his box in the country." He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication; he called to his servant that the sun and the fields were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal wheeled and reared in every direction; at length, he lost his whip; his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups, the bridle dropped from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties; finally, he fell from his horse, in such a death-like manner, that Presille gave an involuntary exclamation of horror and his terror greatly increased when he found his friend made no answer to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked him again, with the emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was really hurt? Garrick, whose eyes were closed, half-opened one of them, hiccupped in the most natural tone of intoxication possible, and called for another glass.

It was about the year 1763, when David Garrick, as a "graceful, sprightly young man," first played Hamlet. "At that time," says Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, "the muscles of his face were free, and the wonderful eyes possessed their fullest lustre." Although, later, he wore black velvet in the character, "we can see him almost, as he then appeared, in a dress of the most conventional type—the decent black suit which clergymen wore, the waistcoat with flaps, the black breeches and stockings." He seems to have worn his own hair. But the interest then was centred in the acting rather than the dress. The performance was clearly not very good at first, but he improved nightly, and, as he grew older, modified and corrected various readings. The critics in the pit at the London and Dublin theatres watched him narrowly, and anonymously sent him innumerable hints; some good, some bad. The faults found at first with David Garrick's reading of "Hamlet" were a certain exaggerated warmth, testiness, and a tendency to railing—the very faults which Betterton corrected. There was, further, a sad irregularity in his scansion, and a prolongation in his pauses, which astonished the critics of his day. After Garrick had said "Angels and ministers of grace defend us," he fell into such a pause of silent stupefaction, that, at Dublin, many thought he had forgotten his part. In the scene with Ophelia he was a little too violent and rough. He forgot he was Ophelia's "lover"—he seemed to be "a hot, testy fellow, for ever flying into a passion." He did not chide Polonius like a gentleman; he coarsely snubbed him, and, as school-boys would say, "shut him up." The panegyric on man, "How noble is reason," etc., was, however, pronounced admirably; and the play of expression, as well as variety of voice, in the famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," was one of the most exquisite features of the performance.

This great actor died on the 20th of January, 1779, at his house, on the Adelphi Terrace. He was then in his 63rd year. Dr. Johnson remarked that "his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations." He lay in funeral

state, previous to his interment in Westminster Abbey, and great numbers, pilgrim-like, came to gaze, for the last time, on the remains of such an illustrious, self-made man.

"Jack Bannister," says Rogers in his *Table Talk*, "told me, that one night he was behind the scenes of the theatre when Garrick was playing "Lear", and that the tone in which Garrick uttered the words "O fool, I shall go mad," absolutely thrilled him." There is a pithy talk, relating to Garrick, recorded in the same book. "Mr. Murphy, sir, you knew Mr. Garrick?" "Yes, sir, I did, and no man better." "Well, sir, what did you think of his acting?" After a pause, "Well, sir, off the stage he was a mean, sneaking, little fellow, but on the stage"—throwing up his hands and eyes—"Oh, ye gods!"

"During my two years' residence in London," says O'Keefe, "I frequently saw Garrick. The delight his acting gave me was one of the silken cords that drew me to the theatre. I liked him best in 'Lear.' His saying, in the bitterness of his acting, 'I will do such things—what they are I know not'; and his sudden recollection of his own want of power, were so pitiable as to touch the heart of every spectator. The simplicity of his saying 'Be these tears wet? Yes, faith!' putting his finger to the cheek of Cordelia, and then gazing at it, was exquisite. Indeed, he did not get his fame for nothing."

Garrick, though not of an understanding of the first nor of the highest cultivated mind, had great vivacity and quickness, and was very entertaining company. Though vanity was his prominent feature, and a troublesome and watchful jealousy, the constant visible guard of his reputation to a ridiculous degree, yet, his want of arrogance, his desire to oblige, and the delicacy of his mimicry, made him very agreeable. He had no affected reserve, but, on the least hint, would start up and give the company one of his finest speeches. When Quin and Garrick performed in the same theatre, and in the same play, the night being very stormy, each ordered a chair. To the mortification of Quin, Garrick's chair came up first. "Let me get into the chair," cried the surly veteran, "and put little Davy into the lantern." "By all means," said Garrick, "I shall ever be happy to give Mr. Quin light in anything."

"If manly sense, if nature linked with art,
If thorough knowledge of the human heart,
If powers of acting, vast and unconfined,
If fewest faults with greatest beauties joined,
If strong expressions, and strange powers which lie
Within the magic circle of the human eye;
If feelings, which few hearts like his can know,
And which no face, so well as his, can show,
Deserve the preference—Garrick, take the chair,
Nor quit it—till you place an equal there."
Churchill.

An American People's Palace

LAST spring the people of London saw the People's Palace opened by Queen Victoria: Thursday night Bridgeport also had an opening of a People's Palace—the club-house for working women—which has been built by Dr. J. De Ver Warner, at a cost of \$100,000. In place of Queen Victoria, the people of Bridgeport had Mrs. Grover Cleveland. She formally opened the building on Thursday, for occupation by the working women.

The building is a handsome brick structure of three storeys, and has all the appearance, externally and internally, of a club-house. It is about seventy feet square: the basement of red granite; and the first and second stories of brownstone and red brick. The basement contains a restaurant, where working women and men can obtain food at cost price. On the first floor are reading-rooms, library, parlour, music-rooms,

and toilet-rooms. The second floor contains a fine concert-hall, with seats for 500 people; two class-rooms and a sewing-room, fitted with twelve sewing-machines. In the third storey are sleeping apartments for a large number of women. Two grand pianos fit out the music-room; and the library has a thousand volumes. The building is for the free use of eleven hundred women, who are employed by the Warner Brothers, corset makers, of Bridgeport. If possible, they will admit other working women of the city to the use of the building. One entertainment a week will be given in the concert hall, to which the employes of the Warner factory will be freely admitted.

None but working women were admitted to the concert hall of the club-house, in which the ceremonies took place. The club-house was splendidly lighted with electricity, and was decorated with hot-house flowers. The music was furnished by a string band.

Two beautiful bouquets were presented to Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Folsom by the working girls at the opening of the ceremonies. Dr. De. V. Warner then clearly outlined his object in erecting the club-house for the working women, in this brief speech:

"In establishing this institute we have had no model, and no experience of similar enterprises for our guidance. It will not be surprising, therefore, if at first we make some mistakes, which, with a little more experience, we shall be able to correct. Our object is to contribute to the enjoyment and welfare of the 1,000 women in our employ, and with this end in view we shall hold ourselves free to make such changes or modifications in our plans as experience may prove to be necessary. It is our ultimate purpose to endow this institute, and turn it over to the Board of Trustees, for the permanent use of working women. It seems wise, however, that we should first work out the problem of how this institute is to be managed to accomplish the greatest good, so that we may avoid encumbering it in a deed of trust, with restrictions, which might afterwards prove a hindrance to its usefulness. For the present, the privileges of the institute will be free to all the women in our employ. If time and experience shall prove that we have any more room than is needful for our own employes, we shall be glad to extend its privileges to others. In regard to the general working plans of the institute, so far as determined upon, a few words may be appropriately spoken at this time. In the hall where we now meet popular entertainment, will be given as often as once a week. These will consist of concerts, readings, illustrated lectures, amateur theatricals, and similar entertainments. In the class-rooms at our right free evening classes will be taught in music, penmanship, drawing, book-keeping, needlework, cooking, and such other branches as may be desired. The large sewing-room is fitted up with sewing-machines, where those who wish will find every convenience for doing their own sewing. The large reading-room will be supplied with the leading papers and magazines. Opening out of this is the library, which at present contains 1,000 specially-selected volumes, to which 2,000 more books will soon be added. Still another room is fitted with baths, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, this will prove one of the most popular features of the institution. The restaurant will be open to working men as well as to women, the purpose being to furnish wholesome food below cost. If this enterprise shall contribute something towards the solution of the great problem of the proper relations between employers and employes, the purpose of the founders of it will have been fully accomplished."

Perseverance.—A beautiful Oriental proverb runs thus: "Time and patience will convert a mulberry leaf into silk." How encouraging is this lesson to the impatient and desponding. And what difficulty is there that man should quail at when a worm can accomplish so much from the leaf of a mulberry?

Society and Club Notes.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

DEBATING SOCIETY.

OFFICERS: President, SIR E. H. CURRIE; Chairman, Mr. W. MARSHALL; Deputy-Chairman, Mr. J. DRISCOLL; Treasurer, Mr. A. VALENTINE; Secretary, Mr. S. THOMAS.

On Wednesday last, the 30th ult., a capital and profitable evening was spent by the debaters. Mr. W. Marshall was in the chair, and the debate was opened by Mr. L. Currie. A full report of this meeting will be found in another column; and the debaters may congratulate themselves at seeing the result of their first—and lengthy—debate in all the glory of type.

The undersigned will be glad to hear from any Member of the Palace who, however poor his oratorical abilities may now be, will have a splendid chance of gradually developing into a full-blown orator in the not very distant future.

SYDNEY THOMAS, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Beaumont Football Club; terms, 2/6 per annum.

Although still very young this Club is progressing very satisfactorily, and promises to be a huge success in the immediate future. Yet, notwithstanding this, the Hon. Sec. below-named would gladly welcome with open arms any Palace Member, who being—like Barkis—decidedly "willin'" yet is too modest, or has not enough courage to enrol himself as a footballist.

For dates, fixtures, and information generally, apply to

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The first monthly meeting of the above Club was held at the head-quarters, People's Palace, on Friday last. There was a fairly good attendance, and it was decided that the first run should be held on Saturday, December 19th, of which I hope to give further details in the next issue of the Journal.

The Hon. Sec. was pleased to inform those present that Mr. R. Mitchell and Mr. Spencer Charrington, M.P., had kindly consented to act as Vice-Presidents; and that several other gentlemen had volunteered to act as Hon. and active Members.

The Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Glover, who has done so much towards furthering the objects of the Club, will give a dinner at the Palace on Saturday, December 17th, to commemorate the first run of the Beaumont Cyclists. I am informed that only those who have belonged to the Club up to the First Monthly Meeting will be invited.

Terms: Entrance Fee, 1/-; Subscription, 2/6—not 3/6 as was stated in our last issue. For Hon. Members: Ladies, not less than 2/6; Gentlemen, not less than 5/-.

J. KILBRIDE, Hon. Sec.

SOCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

On Tuesday last, November 29th, a Committee Meeting was held in the Schoolrooms, which was attended by a very full complement of the representatives of the various Clubs.

On the proposition of Mr. McGregor (Harriers), seconded by Mr. Glover (Cyclists), it was unanimously agreed "That Mr. W. Marshall (Debating) be appointed Hon. Sec., to act in conjunction with Mr. Diggins."

E. J. DIGGINS, } Hon. Secs.
W. MARSHALL, }

PALACE RAMBLERS.

On Saturday last a most interesting visit was paid to the Commercial Gas Company's Works, in Ben Jonson Road, Stepney. Punctually at 4 o'clock the superintendent (in the unavoidable absence of Henry E. Jones, Esq.) met our Ramblers at the gates, and conducted them through the most interesting portions of the establishment—explaining the process of extracting and purifying gas, and the different methods of utilizing the residues in the manufacture of tar, lime, ammonia, etc. The heartiest thanks are due to Mr. W. Cross, for his kindness in undertaking the no easy task of satisfactorily conducting nearly a hundred young fellows over one of the largest East-End factories.

This (Wednesday) evening the first party of Ramblers will visit Nevills' Bakery, at Leytonstone, meeting outside the bakery in Harrow Road, at 8.45 p.m. The parties are limited to 30 in each; and any Member wishing to take part in the second visit (which will take place one evening next week), should place his name on the Notice Board, either in the Gymnasium or the Billiard-room. Next Saturday, the 10th inst., I hear the Ramblers are to visit the People's Palace—and considering all things—I don't think they could have made a better selection.

There is room for another 25 Members. Ladies please note. The Hon. Sec. will attend in the Refreshment-room, on Friday next, from 8.30 till 9 o'clock.

For further particulars apply to

F. W. BULLOCK, Hon. Sec.
E. J. DIGGINS, Assit. Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

The first race of the above Club, a four mile sealed handicap, took place on Saturday last, from the head-quarters, "The Forest Gate Hotel," E.; when eleven Members faced the starter.

The following were the starters:—J. R. Deeley, E. C. Tibbs, E. J. Crowe, E. J. Taylor, J. Hawkes, J. W. West, E. O. Robb, G. Kitchener, H. Marshall, W. Hawkes, and A. Greenwood. On receiving the word "go," Crowe at once took the lead, and cut out the running at such a pace, that it seemed highly probable that he would run himself to a standstill; but it proved the reverse, for keeping up the pressure, he maintained the lead until half distance had been run, being closely followed by Tibbs and Deeley, in the order named. From thence, Tibbs took premier position, followed by Deeley, Crowe lying third. A splendid struggle took place between the two leading men, until Deeley, making his effort, and stalling off the repeated rushes of Tibbs, secured the verdict by two secs. only, Crowe arriving twenty-six secs. behind second man. Amongst the others, Taylor held a commanding lead, and eventually finished fourth. The figures showed the following prize winners:—G. Kitchener (allowed five min.), first; E. J. Taylor (2 min. 30 sec.), second; E. J. Crowe (1 min. 25 sec.), third; Kitchener scored an easy win, (9 sec.) separated second and third. The handicap, as a whole, reflects the greatest credit on the handicapper, Mr. E. Bates, it being indeed his maiden effort. The men were started, and the times taken by Mr. A. W. Clews (Beaumont Harriers), and Mr. James West (Spartan Harriers). The prizes were presented to the successful Competitors after the race, by the Captain, Mr. E. Tibbs.

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.
E. J. CROWE, Assit. Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL.

The Room for the Ladies' Social Meetings, adjoining the West Lodge, is now ready, and the Hon. Secs. will be glad to welcome any young lady belonging to the Palace who may wish to join. The evenings are profitably spent in games, work, music, and healthy recreation.

By an oversight last week, Mrs. Bell's name (as joint Hon. Sec.) was unfortunately omitted; but I have much pleasure, this week, in giving her the credit she, of course, deserves.

MISS S. E. BRADDOCK, } Hon. Secs.
MRS. A. BELL, }

EAST LONDON CHESS AND DRAUGHTS CLUB.

Subscription, One Shilling per annum; Meeting-nights, Wednesday and Saturday at 7 p.m., in Room 8, School-Buildings.

The number of Members is steadily increasing; yet still there is plenty of room for those others who, being Palace Members and players of the above games, might, with great advantage to themselves, become supporters of our East London Club. Some are apt to think that because they are not good players they should never enrol themselves as members of a club. This should not be; so I advise them to look at the matter in another light, interview Smith, become Members; and I'm sure they will speedily find plenty of willing instructors among those who have already joined.

On Saturday, the 26th ult., a consultation game was played, in which the Members took very great interest. The opening chosen was the magic gambit.

On Saturday last, the 3rd inst., an exhibition of simultaneous Chess play was given by Mr. P. H. Coldwell, a strong metropolitan amateur, who played ten games against Members of the Club. The play commenced at 6.30. The ten made a gallant fight of it for about two hours, but after that began to fall rapidly, and at about 9.30 all the games were finished. Mr. Coldwell won 9 out of 10, a very good result; the one lost being to Mr. H. Harris. The proceedings terminated with a very cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Coldwell for his performance.

For full particulars, write or see

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

On November 24th, another Club was added to the number already started within the Palace, which, it is hoped, will prove a success, both socially and artistically. It has for its object the encouragement of sketching and modelling from nature, and is in connection with the Palace Art Classes. It is known as the Beaumont Sketching Club, and with Sir Edmund Currie as President, the position of the club is almost assured; but its great success will necessarily depend upon the Members themselves.

The Membership is not confined to students of the Art Classes alone, but extends to all those who are connected with the Palace or its classes there being, no doubt, several who can handle their pencil, brush, or crayon sufficiently well enough to help the Club to take a position amongst the many similar institutions in our great metropolis.

It is intended to hold a Monthly Exhibition of the Competition Sketches in subjects chosen by the Committee; and a Competition in a larger number of subjects in May or June to include the session. Due notice will be given in this Journal a month before such exhibition will take place.

Subscription for the Session, Two Shillings; with One Shilling Entrance Fee. For details, etc., apply to

F. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

The Holy Rose.

A NOVEL.

By WALTER BESANT.

Author of "The World Went Very Well Then," "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "Self or Beaver," "All in a Garden Fair," etc.

CHAPTER I.—(continued.)

"A!" he said, standing before the porch, "your garden is always before mine, Molly. There is goodly promise for the year, they tell me. Well, Naboth's vineyard was not more desirable. Perhaps Ahab looked down upon it from the keep of his castle, which, I dare say, greatly resembled yon great tower. It is a goodly garden. It is a garden which in the spring should fill the heart with hope, and in the autumn with gratitude."

"'Tis well enough," said my father, taking my seat. "'Tis well enough, and serves to amuse the child. It grows a small trifle of fruit too, sufficient—ay, 'tis sufficient—for the modest wants of this poor house."

No doubt one who has known such greatness as my father had enjoyed could talk in such a manner concerning the garden. But—a trifle!

"In former days, Vicar," my father continued, "we had our early pease and hothouse grapes from Covent Garden. But a merchant who retires into the country has to content himself with whatever trifle of garden he may light upon."

"True, sir, 'tis very true. But to our business. Molly, I have this evening been an ambassador to thy father from—nay—thou canst surely guess, child; indeed, in thy cheeks I see that thou hast guessed rightly."

"From Raymond, Molly," my father added, kindly. "From the young man, Raymond Arnold."

"I have pointed out to thy father, Molly, that a gentleman of the ancient county of Provence is not a Frenchman, though he may for the time be under French rule. He speaks not the same tongue; he hath not the same ancestry. Wherefore, thy father's first objection against Frenchmen doth not hold in the case of Raymond."

"This I grant," said my father.

"Did not his father die in support of those principles for which we are still contending? And again," the Vicar continued, "'tis a lad of honourable descent and of illustrious foreign rank, if that were of importance."

"It is not," said my father. "There is no more honourable descent than to be the child of a substantial London merchant. Talk not to me, sir, of French nobles. Heard one ever of an English peer teaching a mere accomplishment for a living?"

"Very well, sir, but it is to the point that he is a lad of good morals and sound principle; no drinker or brawler; who enjoys already some success in his calling."

"These things, Vicar are much more to the point."

"In short, Molly," said the Vicar, turning to me, "thy father consents to this match, but it must be on a condition."

"Oh sir!" I kissed my father's hand. "You are all goodness. Is it for me to dispute any condition you may think well to impose?"

"The condition, Molly," said the Vicar, "is that no change may be made in the existing arrangements."

"Why, sir, what change should be made?"

"When daughters marry, my child, they generally go away and leave their fathers; or they even turn their fathers out to make room for the husbands."

Lovers are a selfish folk. I had not considered the difference which my marriage might make to my father.

"Sir," I threw myself at his feet, "this house is yours. If there is room in it for Raymond as well, we shall be grateful to you."

"Good girl," he said, raising me, "good girl; I will continue to manage this little property for thee." He looked at the house with condescension. "To be sure the cottage is small, yet it is comfortable; in appearance it is hardly worthy of a substantial merchant, yet my habits are simple; the situation is quiet, and the garden fruits are, as I said before, sufficient for my wants. I have retired from the City; I desire no more riches than I have. I would willingly end my days here. Enough said, child; I wish thee—" he kissed me on the forehead—"I wish thee all happiness, my dear."

This said, he rose with dignity, as if no more need be said, and walked out to the garden gate, and so to the tavern, where the better sort met daily.

"So," said the Vicar, "here is a pretty day's work—two young fools made happy. Well, I pray that it may turn out well; a fool's paradise is a very pretty place when one is young. He loves thee, that is very sure; why, thou wilt be a Countess—Ho! ho—Countess Molly, when thou art married, child; Sally will leave off taking the boat down the harbour, I suppose, unless Raymond paints a coronet upon the bows and thy new name, Madame la Comtesse d'Eyragues."

Then the Vicar left me and departed; but he stopped in the road, and listened to the cobbler singing his eternal refrain:

"One pig in ten,
One pig in ten,

Why should the rogue have one pig in ten?"

"Jacob," he said, "must thy song ever smack of the pothouse? And when did thy Vicar ask thee for a pig?"

"With submission, your reverence," said Jacob, hammer in air. "What odds for the words so the music fits the work?"

"Idle words, Jacob, are like the thistle-down, which flies unheeded over the fields, and afterwards produces weeds of its kind. Would not the Old Hundredth suit thy turn?"

Jacob shook his head.

"Nay, sir," he said, "my kind of work is not like yours. The making of a sermon, I doubt not, is mightily helped by the Old Hundredth or Alleluia; but cobbling is delicate work, and wants a tune that runs up and down, and may be sung quick or slow, according as the work lays in heel or toe. I tried Alleluia, but Lord! I took two days with Alleluia over a job that with 'Morgan Rattler' or 'Black Jack' I could have knocked off in three hours."

"In that case, Jacob," said the Vicar, "the Church will forgive thee thy fib of one pig in ten."

When they were gone I sat down again, my heart much lighter, though my mind was agitated with thinking of what we should have done had my father withheld his consent. And for some time I heard nothing that went on, though Sally administered the rope's-end to one of the boys, and the cobbler went on singing, and the children shouting.

Presently, however, I was disagreeably interrupted by the trampling of a horse's hoofs, the barking of dogs, the cracking of a whip, and a loud, harsh voice, railing at a stable-boy. The voice it was which affected me, because I knew it for the voice of my cousin Tom, who had been drinking and laying bets with some of the officers all the morning, and was now about to ride home. Then the horse came clattering down the street, and he saw me in the porch, I suppose, for he drew rein at the gate and bawled out, his voice being thick with drink.

"Molly, cousin Molly, I say! Come to the gate—come closer. Well I have to-day heard a pretty thing of thee—a pretty thing, Molly," he said; "truly, nothing less than that you want to marry a Frenchman, a beggarly Frenchman."

"What business is that of yours?" I asked.

"You may tell him, Mistress Molly, that I shall horse-whip him."

I laughed in his face. A girl always believes that her lover is the bravest of men.

"You, Tom? Why, to be sure, Raymond does not desire to fight his sweetheart's cousin; but if you so much as lift your little finger at him, I promise you, big as you are, that you will be sorry for it."

At this he used dreadful language, swearing what he would do when he should meet the man I preferred to himself.

"And him a Frenchman, Molly," he concluded. "To think of it! Would'st throw me over for a beggarly Frenchman? But wait, only wait till I have made him roar for mercy and beg my pardon on his knees. Then, perhaps—"

"Oh!" I cried, "go away quickly lest he should come and take you at your word."

He began to swear again, but suddenly stopped and went away, cantering along the road, followed by his dogs; and, though I knew my Raymond to be brave and strong, I was glad that he did not meet this half-drunken cousin of mine in his angry mood.

Tom Wilgress, my mother's nephew, and therefore my own first cousin, who afterwards broke his neck over a hedge fox-hunting, was then a young man about five-and-twenty. He was of a sturdy and well-built figure, but his cheeks were already red and puffed up with strong drink. He had a small estate, which he bequeathed to me, part of which he farmed, and part let out to tenants. It was situated north of Portsdown Hill, under the Forest of Bere. But the greater part of his time he spent at the Castle or the village tavern drinking, smoking tobacco, making bets, running races, badger-drawing, cock-fighting, and all kinds of sport with the officers of the garrison. He professed to be in love with me, and continually entreated me to marry him, a thing which I could not contemplate without horror. Sometimes he would fall on his knees and supplicate me with tears, swearing that he loved me better than his life (he did not say better than a bowl of punch), and sometimes he would threaten me with dreadful pains and punishments if I continued in my contumacy.

This evening I clearly foresaw, from the redness of his face, the thickness of his voice, and a certain glassy look in his eye, that he was about to adopt the latter method. Heaven pity the wife of such a man as my cousin Tom! But he is now dead and hath left me his estate, wherefore I will speak of him no more evil than I can help, yet must speak the truth.

When he was gone I returned to my work.

Presently, I was again interrupted, this time by Madame Claire. She had with her one of the French prisoners. It was a young man whom we all knew very well. He was a sous-lieutenant, which means some kind of ensign in a French infantry regiment, about Raymond's age—that is, between twenty-three and twenty-four—and had been a prisoner for three years. We knew a great many of the French officers; this was natural, because we were the only people in the village who could talk their language. I say we, because the Arnolds taught me, and in their cottage we spoke both French and Provençal. But this young man was our special friend; he was the friend of Raymond, whom he called his brother: and Madame Claire, whom he called his mother. Of course, therefore, he was my friend as well. The reasons for the affection we bore him were many. First, he came from the South of France, and was, therefore, a countryman of Raymond's, and had spoken, like Raymond, the language of the South when a child. Next, when he was first landed he fell ill with some kind of malignant fever, which I believe would have carried him off but for Madame Claire, who nursed him, sitting with him day and night, a service for which he was ever grateful. Thirdly, he was a young man of the happiest disposition, the kindest heart, and the sweetest manners possible.

As he came from the same part of the country, it was not strange that he should be like Raymond, those of Southern France being all dark of complexion, and with black hair and eyes. But it was remarkable that he should be so very much like him that they might be taken for twins. They were of the same height, which was something under the average height of an Englishman; their heads were of the same shape, their eyes and hair of the same shade, their chins rounded in the same way; even their voices were the same.

The resemblance was the greater this evening because, his own uniform having fallen into rags, Pierre wore the dress of a civilian, a brown coat and a round hat. His hair was neatly tied and powdered, his linen was clean; he might have passed very well for what they call the country Jessamy.

Of course, those who knew them well knew the differences between the two, just as a shepherd knows each sheep, though they seem to the general world all exactly alike. So many were their points of difference, that it was impossible to mistake one for the other. Pierre was of a larger and stouter frame, in manner he was more vivacious, his step was livelier, his gesture more marked, he talked more. It was strange to note that Pierre, as well as Raymond, had what is called the air of distinction. No one could fail to remark that he looked, as we in England should say, every inch a gentleman, and carried himself accordingly, yet with something of the French gallantry and swagger, which was not unbecoming. Yet he was by birth a son of the people; he came, like General Hoche, the soldier whom most he admired, from the gutter, and he was proud of it. Raymond, for his part, was of a more quiet habit—you would have taken him for a scholar—who talked little; a dreamer, contented to accept whatever fortune offered. Had he been a soldier, he might have had the same ambitions as his friend, but he would have talked about them less.

"Their faces," said Madame Claire, "are those of my countrymen. Some call it the Roman face; you may see it on the old monuments in the cemetery of Arles. Bonaparte is reported to have this face, though he is but a Corsican."

I have never seen any nuns, but when I hear or read of them I must needs think of Madame Claire, who had been what is called a *religieuse*, but I know not of what kind. In religion she was named Sister Angélique, but her Chrisom name was Claire. She wore a frock of blue stuff with a long cloak of the same; on her head was a cap or hood of the same, with a white starched cap beneath; she had also a large white collar, round her neck was a gold chain with a crucifix, and in her hand she always carried a book, because her rules obliged her to read prayers at certain hours all through the day. She spent her time chiefly in the Castle infirmary, where she nursed and comforted the sick prisoners. Her face was pale, but sweet to look upon, and to me it seemed always as if she never thought of herself at all, but always of the person with whom she was speaking.

We are taught that to hide in a convent is but to exchange one set of temptations for another, but it would surely be a blessed thing if our Church allowed men and women to renounce the things in which we weaker creatures place our happiness (such as love, marriage, and tender children, or place, power, and wealth), and to give all their labour and thought for the good of others. This is what Madame Claire did.

"Great news!" cried Pierre. "Great news, indeed! Peace is concluded and signed. We are all going to be returned."

This was news, indeed. For four or five months nothing else had been spoken of; but though there was a cessation of hostilities, there was always the fear that the negotiations would be broken off.

"Peace!" I cried. And what have they done for the *émigrés*?"

"I believe they have done nothing. *Vive la paix!*—until we are ready to go home again. Then, tap-tap goes the drum, and to the field again and I come home a Colonel at least."

"I understand not," said Madame, "how peace can be concluded unless the King returns with the nobles, and the old order is established again."

"The old order!" Pierre laughed. "Oh, *ma mère*, the old order is the old world before the Deluge. But you do not understand. Whatever else returns, the old order will never return. Why, will the people, once free, return to slavery?"

"But for what else has Great Britain fought except for the old order?"

"I know not, indeed. But this I know, that the old order is dead and buried."

Certainly there was never any man who more honestly believed in the Revolution than Pierre. Yet not like the wretches who were our first prisoners in that war, who shouted the *Carmagnole* and tossed their caps in the air, filled with hatred for priests and aristos. They were gone, and they would never come back again.

"How, then," said Madame, "are we to go back again, unless they return us our property?"

"Your property is sold and your rights are lost," Pierre replied. "Come back and join the people. You are no longer a separate caste; we are all French together. Well, if you please, we will carve a slice out of Germany and give it to you. And your share, *ma mère*, I will conquer for you with my own sword."

In the evening, when they were gone, I had another visitor—Raymond himself—and we talked together as lovers do, of nothing but ourselves. The peace was signed. It was not possible that Great Britain had abandoned the *émigrés*; some compensation would be made. For his part, he loved not the new order in France, and decided not to live there; he would be an Englishman; but with this compensation, he would do this and that, always with me. Oh, the dear, delightful talk!

I went with him at nine o'clock to the garden gate. Sally was standing there waiting for us, her arms akimbo—well, with her short petticoats and big boots she looked exactly like a sailor.

"So, young gentleman," she said, "I hear that my mistress has promised to marry you."

"Indeed she has, Sally."

"A lucky and a happy man her husband will be."

"He will, Sally."

"We have known you a long time, Mr. Raymond."

"More than eight years, Sally."

"And yet it can't be denied that you are a Frenchman, much the same as those poor fellows now in the Castle."

"I am an Englishman now, Sally, because I shall have an English wife, which of course naturalizes a man."

"I hope," said Sally, "that it's more than skin deep, and that we shan't have no fallings off."

CHAPTER II.

PORCHESTER CASTLE.

THE Castle, which, now that the long wars are over, one hopes for many years, is silent and deserted, its ruined courts empty, its crumbling walls left to decay, presented a different appearance indeed in the spring of the year 1802. For in those days it was garrisoned by two regiments of militia, and was occupied by the prodigious number of eight thousand prisoners.

I am told that there are other ancient castles in the country even more extensive and more stately than Porchester; but I have never seen them, and am quite

satisfied to believe that for grandeur, extent, and the awe of antiquity, there can be none which can surpass, and few which can pretend to equal, this monument. It is certainly ruinous in parts, yet still so strong as to serve for a great prison, but it is not overthrown, and its crumbling walls, broken roofs, and dismantled chambers surrounded the place with a solemnity which affects the most careless visitor.

It is so ancient that there are some who pretend that parts of it may belong to British times, while it is certain that the whole of the outer wall was built by the Romans. In imitation of their camps, it stands four-square, and has hollow round towers in the sides and at the corners. The spot was chosen, not at the mouth of the harbour, the Britons having no means of attacking ships entering or going out; but at the very head of the harbour, where the creek runs up between the shallows, which are banks of mud at low water. Hither came the Roman galleys, laden with military stores, to land them under the protection of the Castle. When the Romans went away, and the Saxons came, who loved not fighting behind walls, they neglected the fortress, but built a church within the walls, and there laid their dead. When in their turn the Normans came, they built a castle after their own fashion, within the Roman walls. This is the stronghold, containing four square towers and a fortified entrance. And the Normans built the water-gate and the gate tower. The rest of the great space became the outer bailey of the Castle. They also added battlements to the wall, and dug a moat, which they filled with sea-water at high tide.

The battlements of the Normans are now broken down or crumbling away; great patches of the rubble work have fallen here and there. Yet one can walk round the narrow ledge designed for the bowman. The wall is crowned with waving grass and wallflowers, and up the sides grow elder bushes, blackberry, ivy, and bramble, as luxuriantly as in any hedge beyond Portsdown. If you step out through the water-gate, which is now roofless, with little left to show its former splendour except a single massive column, you will find, at high tide, the water lapping the lowest stones of the towers, just as it did when the Romans built them. Instead of the old galleys, which must have been light in draught, to come up Porchester Creek, there are now lying half a dozen boats, the whole fleet of the little village. On the other side of the water are the wooded islets of Great and Little Horsea, and I suppose they look to-day much as they did a thousand years ago. On this side you look towards the east; but, if you get to the south side of the Castle, and walk across a narrow meadow which lies between the wall and the sea, you have a very different view. For you look straight across the harbour to its very mouth, three miles away; you gaze upon a forest of masts and upon ships of every kind, from the stately man-o'-war to the saucy pink, and, twenty years ago, of every nation—because, in those days, we seemed at war with half the world—from the French-built frigate, the most beautiful ship that floats, to the Mediterranean xebec, all of them prizes. Here they lie, some ready for sea, some just arrived, some battered by shot, some newly repaired and fresh from the yard; some—it seems a cruel fate for ships which have fought the battles of their country—converted into hulks for convicts and for prisoners; some store-ships—why, there is no end to the number and the kind of the ships lying in the harbour. They could tell, if they could speak, of many a battle and many a storm; some of them are as old as the days of Admiral Benbow; one poor old hulk is so old that she was once a man-o'-war in the old Dutch wars of Charles the Second, and carried on board, it is said, the Duke of York himself.

In the dockyard, within the harbour, the wooden walls of England are built; here they are fitted up; from this place they go forth to fight the French. Heavens! how many ships we sent forth every year! How

many were built in the yard! How many brave fellows were sacrificed year after year before the insatiable rage for war which possessed one man, and, through him, all Europe, could be overcome, and the tyrant confined in his cage, like a wild beast, until he should die!

Standing under those walls, I say, we could look straight down the harbour to the forts which guard its entrance; we could see in the upper part the boats plying backward and forward; we could hear the booming of the salutes; we could even see the working of the semaphore, by whose mysterious arms news is conveyed to London in half an hour. And the sight of the ships, the movement of the harbour, the distant banging of the guns, made one, even one who lived in so quiet a village as Porchester, feel as if one were taking part in the great events which shook the world. It was a hard time to many, and an anxious time for all; a time full of lavish expenditure for the country; a time when bread was dear and work scarce, with trade bad and prospects uncertain. Alas! with what beating of heart did we wait for news, and gather together to listen when a newspaper was brought to the village! For still it seemed as if, defeat his navies though we might, and though we chased his cruisers off the seas, and tore down the French flag from his colonies, the Corsican Usurper was marching from one triumph to another, until the whole of Europe, save Russia and England, was subjugated and laid prostrate at his feet.

As for bad times, we at Porchester—so near to Portsmouth, where all the shopkeepers were making their fortunes, and the ships caused so great a daily expenditure of money—felt them but little, save for the cost of coals, which were, I remember, as much as fifty shillings a ton; and the lack of French brandy, which we women never wanted to drink, and of Gascony or claret wine, which we replaced, quite to our own satisfaction, with the delicate cowslip or the wholesome ginger, made in our own homes. Think, however, if there were so many men afloat—a hundred and twenty thousand sailors in His Majesty's Navy alone, to say nothing of those aboard the merchant ships, coasters, colliers, and privateers—there were also so many women ashore, and so many hearts torn with anxiety at the news of every engagement. Custom hardens the heart, and no doubt many, even of those who loved their husbands tenderly, rose up in the morning and went to bed at night with no more than a single prayer for his safety. You shall hear, however, one woman's history, by which you may learn to feel for others. What am I, and what have I done, that, while so many poor creatures were stricken with lifelong grief, my shadow should have given place to sunshine, my sorrow to joy?

The outer ward of the Castle was open every Sunday, because the church stands in the south-east corner. It is the old Saxon church altered by the Normans. Formerly it was shaped like a cross; but one of the arms has long since fallen down. The nave is long and narrow, and rather dark, which pleased Madame Claire, because it reminded her of the churches of Provence, which, it seems, are all kept dark on account of the hot sunshine outside. On one side of the nave is hung up a great wooden picture of the Royal Arms, with the lion and unicorn, to remind us of our loyalty; at the end is a gallery where the choir sit on Sundays, and below the gallery an old stone font, ornamented, like the chancel, with round arches curiously interlaced, very pretty, though much worn with age. In the churchyard outside there is an old yew among the graves. As for tombstones, they are few, because, when a villager dies, the mound which marks his grave is known as long as his memory lasts, which is as long as his children, or at most his grandchildren, survive him. What need of a tombstone when the man, obscure in his life, is clean forgotten? And how many, even of the great, are remembered longer than these villagers?

[To be continued.]

Letters to the Editor.

(Any letter addressed to the Editor should have the name and address of the sender attached thereto—not necessarily for publication; otherwise the letter will be consigned to the paper basket.)

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

SIR,—I became a purchaser of *The Palace Journal*, and carefully read the first number. Herein I read: "If you have any difficulty, or wish to make any suggestion, send it to the Editor." Now, sir, I wish to make a suggestion, which I trust you will be pleased to allow is made for the benefit of the Members of the Palace.

The Billiard-room is furnished with two billiard, two cannon, and two bagatelle tables, etc.

As my suggestions are in regard to these tables I will not enumerate the various other sources of recreation and amusement provided; suffice it to say they are excellent. On these tables a Member, by booking his name, can secure a game limited to half-an-hour's duration, the loser of the game paying his opponent's fee.

The room being opened from (I believe) 5 to 10.30 p.m., gives 5½ hours' recreation. I give you a tabular form computing the number of players, and amount realised each evening:

TABLES.	PLAYERS, per hour, at rd. each.	PLAYERS.	TOTAL FOR 5½ HOURS.	CASH.
Two Billiard..	Eight at 8d.	44	44	3 8
Two Cannon..	"	44	44	3 8
Two Bagatelle	"	44	44	3 8
Gross Total			132	11-

From the above you will see that a total number of 132 players play each evening, and 11/- is added to the exchequer. Now, this is my suggestion, Sir—limit the time allowed to twenty minutes, then we have:

TABLES.	PLAYERS, per hour, at rd. each.	PLAYERS.	TOTAL FOR 5 HOURS 20 MIN.	CASH.
Two Billiard..	Twelve at 12d.	64	64	5 4
Two Cannon..	"	64	64	5 4
Two Bagatelle	"	64	64	5 4
Gross Total			192	16-

Which increases the number of players by sixty, or nearly half as many again, and the money in the same ratio. I have interviewed several Members, who use the room more than I do myself, and their unanimous opinion is that twenty minutes is sufficient time for a player with any pretensions to score fifty (the game); and also that the most ambitious novice should be well satisfied if allowed to show his skill (!) and execution for twenty minutes' before his admiring and anxiously-awaiting brother-Members.

I would also suggest that the practice of the loser paying his opponent's fee be discontinued. The fee is small, but a novice is doubly handicapped by having to play against a more able opponent, and then pay the piper to whose tune he has danced but a very short while of the twenty minutes.

Also I beg to suggest that no Member be allowed to book more than his own name in the book kept for such purpose. And—as the rule stands now—if a Member is not present when his name be called, let his name be erased, and he lose his turn for a game.

Trusting you will be pleased to see the benefit and fairness to all concerned of these suggestions, and apologising for writing you at such length, I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,

PANSY BLOSSOM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me, through our JOURNAL, to make an appeal to the Hon. Secs. of our Social Executive Committee? The Members are continually asking "Are we going to have dancing at our Palace?" They say that they do not see why it should not be perfectly select, and neither do I; and I am sure we could soon find an efficient M.C. Is there any reason why we should not be allowed this harmless recreation?

Our socials will very soon commence, and we are at the tender mercy of our Secretaries, will they have pity on us and let us have a little "blameless dancing." I am sure by so doing, they will make glad the hearts of many, and earn our everlasting gratitude.—Yours truly, DOROTHY.

Re SMOKING CONCERTS, Etc.

SIR,—In reply to your Correspondent's very sensible letter, I beg to state that in my humble opinion he has hit upon the only society the Trustees have not yet included. I am sure the various societies know how comfortable it is—after a football match, etc.,—to think of a cosy, well-warmed, well-lighted room, where, with a piano and musical Members, a cheerful smoking concert may take place. I beg, therefore, Mr. Editor, having at heart "the brotherly touch" between Members, that all social-hearted and smoking Members will combine to meet next Tuesday evening (Dec. 13th), in Room No. 6—where if no objection is offered—at nine o'clock we can settle the wording of a petition to be sent to Sir Edmund Currie. Trusting you will kindly insert this, I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant, H. T. WADKIN.

Answers to Correspondents.

Correspondents are informed that under no circumstances can replies be sent to them through the post.

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Your missive coming in "such a questionable shape" has puzzled all the wiseacres in our office. In our long years of service we have met with many strange specimens of calligraphy; but yours will decidedly take the palm. Your letter has been likened unto a painting by Turner; it is so strikingly original. Please try again; we should be very happy to hear from you; and we heartily wish you joy in that new undertaking you wrote about.

SPENCER.—Yes, it is a small building by the River Seine, very near the famous cathedral of Notre Dame.

ONLY TWO.—*Bis dat qui cito dat.* You know the motto. Great deal of truth in it; as you will perhaps some day find.

PONT NEUF.—Last Sunday in Trafalgar Square.

YOUNG JIM.—We never had occasion to doubt his veracity, and we are greatly surprised at you suggesting such a thing. He was born in 1809.

EMILY.—Just in time. If you will write again, it will greatly oblige.

FRED. HAYNES.—(1) He assumed the name of "Eric Wylde." Why, it would be difficult to say. (2) We think not, but if ever he enters our sanctum rest assured that we shall speak to him quite candidly; we are noted for candour, you know. (3) It was called *The Rambler*, and was first started by two firm friends. (4) Dr. Johnson.

EVAN CHAMPNEYS.—You are probably very young yet; never despair. Supposing you don't succeed—well, try again. Remember Bruce and the spider—think what a fund of consolation is there!

DOGGERY.—Oh, yes; we knew him intimately. He had a peculiar affected way with him, which was greatly to be deplored. There is a biography obtainable for a shilling—but we have never read it.

GENERAL GORDON (again!).—(1) The annual subscription of the P. J. is—as we have already advertised—three shillings per annum. The postage is 3d. on every single copy; now, 52 halfpennies—how much? (2) We never commit ourselves; so rather wouldn't say.

SPLINTS.—We are making enquiries, and hope to reply more fully next week.

A. B.—It has never suggested itself to us yet; but should the Trustees ever decide to start such a thing, you may be sure that notice will be given through this Journal and the usual advertisements.

SOCIALIST.—We are "not bound to please thee with our answer," but we'll do our best. Surely it is possible for a man to know when he is in a position to marry—that is, supposing him to be in full possession of his faculties? As for your remarks about the "drones in general," we are confident you are not justified in speaking so lightly of those who, through no fault of their own, are placed in a position which, after all, may take a medal for usefulness in the Palace of Industry. You should see the clerks in the People's Palace—how they have to work; and possibly then you would alter your opinion.

GOODEEV.—We should advise you not to marry yet; but rather try to conciliate C. We wish you success.

F. G. HUMPHREYS.—Thanks muchly for your kindness. Why not call at the People's Palace, and we will do our best to show you over the building. Only, should you call at our sanctum, keep your eye on our resident Cerberus—we should say, the sub-Editor—who is ever snarlingly on the look out for intruders. Don't mind him—he's perfectly harmless, although he is a worshipper of Sullivan, Mitchell, and the rest of them.

YOUTHFUL ONE.—Ha, ha! Talk about "holding the mirror up to nature"—why, it is not to be compared. You certainly did "assume a virtue," although you had it not. Write again, we are always glad to receive a joyful communication.

HIPPO SECUNDUS.—Stick to your work, and never mind what your companions say or do. You can act independently of them—if you will. It will be for your own benefit in the end. Never allow yourself to be led by anyone; and keep a clean conscience and a stainless name. We wish you joy.

JIM BOBBY.—(1) Always go in before the half hour or hour, as the case may be. You'll never lose by it. (2) What does it matter, supposing that you conduct yourself properly? We cannot conceive why.

HAMLET'S MOTHER.—"Seems, madame; nay, it is!" We are confident of it; so you can act fearlessly in the matter.

SETH DE GRAY.—(1) "Be bold and resolute"—à la Macbeth. (We've purposely omitted the other expression). (2) Yes stick to teetotalism at all hazards. (3) No; it was Miss Fannie Leslie who enacted the rôle of Griot, and we are not likely ever to forget it. (4) One of his best. (5) Don't you remember what *Punch* said: "Death is now the *Tambour Major*—merry Offenbach is dead!"

(Several Answers crowded out.)

Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. No Competitor may take more than one weekly prize in any one class in the same week.
2. Eight days will, as a general rule, be allowed for sending in answers to competitions. Thus, the Journal appears on Wednesday, and all answers to Competitions in any given number must be received not later than Thursday in the week following. They may be sent earlier, but if later, will be disqualified.
3. Every Competitor must, when the subject of the Competition requires the use of pen and paper, write on one side of the paper only.
4. All Competitors must send with their answers their correct names and addresses. On the envelope they should write, distinctly, the class of the Competition in which they are taking part—Class A or Class B, or C or D, as the case may be.
5. The decision of the Editor is final, and Competitors must not question the justice of his awards.
6. Prizes will be distributed monthly at the Palace, on a day to be announced from time to time in the Journal.
7. Members of the Palace competing in Class B must enclose their answers a written declaration of their Membership.
8. Boys competing in Class D, when sending in their answers, must state the Classes to which they belong.
9. All answers, delivered by hand or through the post must be addressed to *The Competition Editor*,

THE OFFICE, PEOPLE'S PALACE,
MILE END ROAD.

NOTICE.

A number of answers to the Competitions set in the number were received later than the specified time. Competitors must understand that all communications not received in time are necessarily disqualified.

Many communications are received with no distinguishing Class letter. All these are reckoned as being in Class A; so everyone competing in some other class should notify the fact, or they may be doing themselves injustice.

Competitors should be careful not to forget to append their names to their answers.

REMAINING AWARDS IN COMPETITIONS SET NOVEMBER 16.

CLASS C.

The paper antimacassars received were not very numerous. Far the best was that sent in by
RUTH SINCLAIR,
ORDELL HOUSE, ORDELL ROAD, BOW, E.
to whom the prize is awarded.

CLASS D.

(1.) The quality of the articles cut out of firewood was better than the quantity. Several pretty things were received, the best of which is adjudged to be a ship, on which much pains had been bestowed; made by
STEPHEN G. SMITH,
115, THOMAS STREET, LIMEHOUSE, E.
who therefore wins the prize.

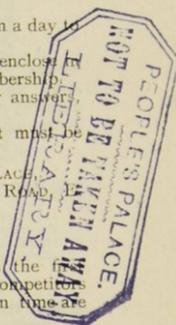
(2.) The drawings of dogs were very good indeed; and all the Competitors may consider themselves commended. The prize is won by
T. WESTLAKE,
130, ST. DUNSTON'S ROAD, BURDETT ROAD, E.

(3.) The essays on "Perseverance" were not remarkable. In fact, the Editor has doubts whether he ought not to withhold the prize altogether. This, however, he does not wish to do unless absolutely necessary; and he therefore awards the prize for the best essay to
H. PHILLIPS,
(Who does not give his Private Address).

COMPETITIONS SET ON NOVEMBER 23.

CLASS A.

There was a good deal more unanimity about the merits of the various sovereigns of England than of the greatest benefactors of the human race. It is true that as many as thirty kings and queens were mentioned, but many of these names appeared only once or twice, the majority choosing the same eight or ten over and over



again. So much was this the case, that the Editor, as he counted up the votes, was afraid that at least half the Competitors would have to share the prize between them. But this was not so, as will now be seen. The result of the poll was as follows:—

Victoria	115
Elizabeth	113
Alfred	100
Edward III.	59
George III.	57
Henry V.	41
The next were—	
Edward I.	40
Anne	37
Henry II.	24
William III.	23

A scrutiny of the list showed that after all only two Competitors named the first six, and the prize will, therefore, be divided between them, each receiving five shillings. The first-named of the winners is to be much congratulated, for though only thirteen years old, she has been successful in a competition open to the whole world.

Names and addresses of the winners:
REBECCA VALENTINE,
 3, UPPER MONTAGUE STREET, TREDEGAR ROAD, BOW, E.
 and **WILLIAM HENRY BROWN,**
 126, CAMPBELL ROAD, BOW, E.

CLASS B.

A very large number of paragraphs introducing the words, "cigar," "elephant," "mantelpiece," "Parliament," "cupboard," and "umbrella," were received; and it was the work of some difficulty to decide between them—many were good. But it was at last adjudged that the best was that by

R. S. MILLER,
 195, CABLE STREET, ST. GEORGE'S, E.
 who therefore takes the prize. Here is his paragraph:

(Irate husband to female M.P., A.D. 1985.)
 Confound it, Madam—One might expect to see a smoked cigar upon the mantelpiece, but an umbrella—One would as soon think of seeing an elephant in the cupboard. Women in Parliament indeed, with domestic affairs in this pickle!

CLASS C.

(1.) The Competitors in this class were unanimous in the opinion that it is wrong to wear the plumage of birds as personal ornament. The best, because the fullest answer, was that received from

CECILIA A. WILLIAMSON,
 42, RHODESWELL ROAD, STEPNEY,

who therefore takes the prize. The second best was, on the whole, **SELINA HALE,** who alone gave some of the arguments on the other side of the question.

(2.) The figures of women in outdoor costumes were very well done, but were few in number. The prize is awarded to

ELIZABETH HALE,
 174, BOW COMMON LANE, E.

Second best was **ALICE BALL,** whose name last week was erroneously printed Bell.

CLASS D.

(1.) The prize for a potato cut into the form of a rose is awarded to

CHARLES BLAKE ELSTOB,
 6, ST. HELEN'S TERRACE, MILE END ROAD, E.

(2.) The prize for the best riddle is awarded to

A. COURTNEY,
 18, IRETON STREET, BOW, E.
 whose riddle is the first of the puzzles for this week. He is requested not to tell the answer.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A.

A Prize of Ten Shillings will be given for a list of the six greatest warriors the world has seen. The competition will be decided in the usual way; the six men of war whose names appear most frequently on the lists sent in being considered the greatest, and the Competitor who names most of them being the winner. Answers not later than noon on Thursday, Dec. 15th.

CLASS B—FOR MEMBERS ONLY.

Members having hitherto competed with such success in lighter subjects, this week they are asked to turn their attention to a matter of more serious consideration, which it is hoped will meet with at least equal favour.

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered for the best answer to the following question:—

State, and give your reasons for thinking, whether trouble has a beneficial or deteriorating influence upon the character. Answers by noon on Thursday, Dec. 15th.

CLASS C—FOR GIRLS ONLY.

(1.) A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best description of any striking scene, which has impressed itself on the Competitor's memory.

(2.) A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best picture frame made out of any costless material, such as straw, leaves, paper, etc. Answers by noon on Thursday, Dec. 15th.

CLASS D.

(1.) A Prize of One Shilling will be given to the boy who sends in the best paper-cutter, made out of wood.

(2.) A Prize of One Shilling will be given to the boy who shall make the shortest intelligible sentence, the words of which include every letter of the alphabet. Answers by noon on Thursday, December 15th.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.

Puzzles are given every week, and marks are awarded for correct answers. The Competitors who have given most correct solutions, and who have thus won most marks in a quarter (thirteen weeks) will be the winners of Quarterly Prizes.

Only one set of puzzles is given each week, but the distinction between the four classes is observed. For value of prizes see previous announcements.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET ON NOVEMBER 23rd

1. Abundance. 2. Evergreen. 3. Peel; eel.
 4. This puzzle was not clearly put: 3, 4, 5, is the right answer but 4, 4, 4, is also considered correct.

WORD SQUARES—Male. Azov. Love. Ever.
 Bone. Open. Need. Ends.
 Colt. Oboe. Loan. Tent.
 Scot. Cave. Oral. Tell.

HIDDEN CHRISTIAN NAMES—Arthur, Fred, Ethel, Kate.

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

(A. Courtney's Prize Riddle.) Name three notes on the harmonium which will give the name of a portion of water nearly as big as an ocean.

A certain goose weighed seven lbs., and half its weight. What was its weight?

TRANSPOSITIONS.

(The letters in each of the following sentences, when re-arranged, form one English word.)

1. Pool's day-trip to Erin.
2. Howling names.
3. Long quiet man.
4. Queer tastes.
5. Apt to err Uri.

DECAPITATIONS

1. Whole I am decidedly expensive; behead me, and I am a part of the body; transpose my whole, and I am to venture; change my second letter and transpose, and I am an animal; change my last letter, and I am a document; change it again, and I am profound; curtail me, and I am a river.

2. Whole I am an animal; change my head, and I am a morass; change my tail, I am a plaything; again change my head, I am happiness; change my tail, I am a man's name.

SEVENTEEN BURIED RIVERS.

I came yesterday, but could only see Alice Barlow, as Henry had gone out; but we arranged to go again, and left the house quite satisfied, and overpowered by her kindness. On our return the wind blew cold, and the spray dashed in our faces as we walked along the cliff, beneath which might be seen the forms of the fishermen hurrying to and fro. Memory brought back to us keen recollections; tokens that rent our hearts to think of; of deeds which had happened long ago, which afforded us ample room for thought as we hurried home.

Answers not later than noon on Thursday, Dec. 15th.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS.

A number of extra competitions, in all classes, for which large and valuable prizes are offered, have been set for decision in Christmas week. For particulars, see *The Palace Journal*, for November 23rd.

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6. Reduction in Fees of all Classes.
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