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[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—Apprentices' Exhibition, open till 10 p.m. Conversazione at 7.0. Concert in Gymnasium at 8.0; Scots Guards Band.
- FRIDAY.—Apprentices' Exhibition, open till 10 p.m. Conversazione at 7.0. Concert in Gymnasium at 8.0; Scots Guards Band.
- SATURDAY.—Last day of Exhibition. Closes at 10 p.m. Gymnastic Display (in Queen's Hall) from 6 to 7 p.m. Concert at 8.0 (in Queen's Hall).
- SUNDAY.—Organ Recital of Sacred Music at 12.30 p.m. (in Queen's Hall). Organist, Mr. Victor Gollmick.
- MONDAY.—Classes re-commence. Library open to public free from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
- TUESDAY.—Admission of 500 new Members and Reception Tea at 8 p.m. (in Queen's Hall). Library open to public from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
- WEDNESDAY.—Library open to public from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Concert (in Queen's Hall) at 8 p.m.

Earthly Tracts.

No. VI.—TAKING TIME BY THE FORE-LOCK.



EGGS are eggs, but some of them are addled: Hopes are hopes, but some of them are delusions: and opportunities are opportunities, but some of them are missed. There are some men who, like a cow's tail, are always behind, and who take time by the heels and not by the fore-lock. These are the men who always miss their morning train, crawling sleepily into the station just in time to see the last carriage leave it, and then drowsily exclaim, "My watch must have stopped in the night." They always go to market one day after the fair, make their hay just when the sun has ceased to shine, and lock the door with extra care when the steed is stolen.

But there is another kind of slow-coach—the man who is for ever waiting until his ship comes home, taking for his rule the old proverb turned upside down, never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow, and always talking about things looking up by and by.

Ah! if the birds would only wait while he put salt on their tails, what a breakfast he would take home to his hungry youngsters. His birds are all in the bush, and rare fat ones they are on his own showing. So they need be, for he has none in the hand yet, and wife and children are half starved. "Never mind," says he, "there's a good time coming, something is sure to turn up," but he never thinks of trying to turn up something for himself.

Time and tide wait for no man; and yet men loiter as if they had a freehold of time, a renewable lease of their lives, and a rabbit-warren of opportunities.

"He that will not when he may,
When he will, he shall have nay."

Time is not tied to a post, like a horse in a manger, it passes like the wind on its onward sweep to eternity. It's of no use to sit down and cry "God help us"—no man ever yet fed himself by simply opening his mouth; nothing can be got without taking pains, except hunger, poverty and dirt; and God helps those who help themselves.

Do not let us be always blaming our luck when things go wrong—if the eggs are addled, the old goose didn't sit on them long enough, and now providence is to be blamed because they won't hatch.

Luck will do something for a man; it will carry him over a ditch—if he jumps well—and will put a piece of bacon into his pot, if he looks after his garden and keeps a pig. Luck generally comes to those who look after it: it taps once at the door of most men, but if Industry does not open it—away it goes.

There you have it! Plod is the word, we must all row with such oars as we have, and as we can't choose the wind, we must sail by such as are sent us; let us

work the mill while the wind blows, or if not, do not blame providence because we can't grind the corn.

Many men don't get on because they have not the pluck to begin in right earnest. The beginning is the difficulty; it's so hard to strike the first blow—to save the first pound; but the first blow is half the battle, and the penny saved is the penny gained. Down with the pewter-pot to begin with! Nail your colours firmly to the mast, off to work—and then to the savings bank with your savings—and you'll be a man yet!

There's a way up out of the lowest poverty if a man looks after it before he has a wife and half-a-dozen children; after that, he carries too much weight for racing, and must be content if he can find bread for the hungry mouths and clothes for the naked backs.

To young men the road up the hill may be hard, but at any rate it is open, and a stout heart will beat the stiffest hill any day. If only young men would deny themselves a little, work hard, live steady, and put by for the first few years, they need not for ever have their noses at the grindstone. Let them be teetotallers for economy's sake; drinking water never yet made a man sick, or threw him into debt, or made his wife a widow; besides, it's the strongest drink after all; it drives mills, it is the drink of lions, horses and elephants, and Samson, you know, never drank anything else. Put by the beer-money and you will soon be able to build a comfortable house.

Patience and perseverance succeed in the long run. The struggle must be a hard one, but recollect that the hill we are climbing will be a pleasant sight when, the summit reached, we look back on the toilsome path; and what is the hardest to bear now will be sweetest to remember then. Take time by the forelock; "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Boxing-Day at the Palace.

FAVOURÉD with fine seasonable weather, and attracted by a capital programme boasting a constant "round of amusement," a great crowd assembled at the People's Palace on Boxing-day. Punctually at ten o'clock the turnstiles were called into requisition, and they never ceased till the day was far advanced. Of course, to the visitor, the Apprentices' Exhibition was still the great attraction, and although rapidly approaching its end, the Exhibition held its own for popularity, presenting, with its multitudinous exhibits, a world of pleasing variety. Everything was in perfect working order, from the merry 'prentice lad of Messrs. Heath to the automatic singing-bird in the "reception-room," and the hum of many voices sounded pleasantly enough. The "hums" of the Exhibition still attracted the multitude, for the stalls where the quaintly-garbed damsels were seated book-binding, the busy machinery of the Palace printers—with the "devils" resplendent in the old costume—and the cooper-lads were all besieged by the eager sight-seers, anxious to behold for themselves "how it was done." But the feature of Boxing-day, so far as the Exhibition was concerned, was the curious, but aptly-named "Artful Museum," which, as a means of fun and amusement, far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the promoters. It would be scarcely fair to the originators of this joke to give to the world a list of the Museum's exhibits—because such should be patented and not suffered to be infringed upon; but it is only fair to add that the "artful" exhibits spoke well for the ingenuity and skill of the originators.

In the school-buildings—in the rear of the Queen's Hall—a capital collection of wild flowers (kindly lent by Messrs. Cassell and Co.), were on view all the day. Everybody seemed to make a point of seeing this excellent show of flowers, which, nicely mounted upon cards, well rewarded the efforts of those who often

struggled to gain admittance. Londoners are proverbially famous for their love of flowers—a fact which was clearly demonstrated upon this occasion—when they had the satisfaction of seeing, in their natural form and almost pristine beauty, those wild flowers which in the summer time lend their loveliness to our country lanes.

At eleven o'clock the serious business of the day commenced with a grand organ recital in the Queen's Hall, the organist being Mr. F. A. W. Docker. Before this had terminated the Royal Holdfast Handbell Ringers, who had taken up their stand in the deserted Gymnasium, gave some excellent selections which, with songs and recitations, served to while away the time merrily enough. At half-past twelve, in the Queen's Hall, which was then densely packed, a grand gymnastic display was given by the well-known members of the Polytechnic Temperance Squad, under their popular instructor, Sergeant Elliott. A capital and interesting programme was gone through, including dumb-bell exercises, single-sticks, Chinese cock-fights, quarter-staff, sword feats, sword exercise—in time to the Boulanger March—vaulting-horse, etc. This display, which was well received, took up the time till nearly three o'clock, when, in the same hall, a grand concert was given, assisted by the band of the Scots Guards. The artistes were Mdle. Jeanne Denys, Mr. John Probert and Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, and, being in capital voice, they sang in excellent fashion, having the additional advantage of Mr. Orton Bradley's accompaniment. Almost simultaneously with this concert in the Gymnasium, the Handbell Ringers gave another entertainment, which, it need hardly be said, was greatly appreciated.

At five o'clock in the Queen's Hall, another excellent organ recital was given, this time by Mr. Alfred Hollins (of the Royal Normal College for the Blind). This gentleman, who gave in splendid fashion, a very fine selection of music (the details of which will be found in our "Musical Notes") was received most enthusiastically by the audience. Before this selection was half over a dissolving view entertainment, by Mr. F. A. Bridge (assisted by Mr. W. Brooks), was given in the Gymnasium. The programme comprised (among other things) a series of instantaneous photographic views taken during the Jubilee festivities, by special permission of Her Majesty, entitled "A Visit to Windsor Castle"; which, with dioramic effects, optical illusions, chromotropes, &c., was about half finished when, in the Queen's Hall, a second gymnastic display by the Polytechnic Temperance Squad—this time accompanied by the Scots Guards—was given to one of the most enthusiastic audiences ever assembled beneath its roof.

At the termination of this display at nearly half-past seven, the audience, wanting that sustenance necessary for the inner man, besieged the refreshment room of Pearce and Plenty—who had for a brief space a very busy time. Following in quick succession to the Gymnastics was another dissolving view entertainment, given again in the Gymnasium, with nearly the same programme as before.

The eight o'clock Grand Evening Concert in the Queen's Hall, with the Scots' Guards band, and the organ accompaniment of Mr. Orton Bradley, attracted another large audience. Some favourite selections were given, the descriptive pieces—"The Sleigh Ride," and the "Jolly Blacksmiths," being especially well received; and the singing of the same artistes who had appeared in the earlier part of the day finished the day's proceedings with as capital a programme as even the most captious could desire.

Pleasure.—Those whose lives are passed in greater or less idleness, or frivolity or pleasure, never had, and never can have, a sense of real pleasure. Idleness leads to crime; and one chief way to reform a criminal is to teach him or her an honest way of getting a living. Nothing palls upon anyone so soon as frivolity and what is called pleasure.

Personal & Home Hygiene.

By JOHN GOODFELLOW.

Lecturer on Hygiene at the Bow and Bromley Institute. Author of "Our Water," "Practical Physiological Chemistry," etc.

IV.—THE FUNCTIONS WHICH THE VARIOUS CLASSES OF FOODS PERFORM IN THE BODY.

1. **Fats and Oils.**—These food substances are mainly concerned in maintaining the temperature of the body at its normal standard. They are enabled to do this because they contain such a large percentage of carbon and hydrogen; and it is the burning of this carbon and hydrogen which generates and maintains the heat of the body. It is a matter of common observation that we eat, as a rule, far more fat in the winter season than we do in the summer time. And many persons who sicken at fat in the hot weather, readily take it with a certain degree of relish in the colder months of the year. The reason is, that by a process of natural selection, we learn that we are better able to withstand the bitterness of the weather when fat forms a fair proportion of our diet. While in warm weather, when the temperature of the air is much higher, the demand for heat-producing foods is not so great, hence a large proportion of such foods cause disgust and sickening. The Eskimo, living in the very cold north, requires far more carbonaceous food than we do in this temperate climate. Thus blubber forms his staple food, which he eats with as much relish as we do a mutton chop. The cold in those regions is so intense that large quantities of fat and oil must be taken in order to supply an adequate amount of carbon and hydrogen to burn, so that the temperature of the body may be maintained at the normal standard. Fat is also stored up in the body, filling up the irregularities between surface muscles, and acting as pads, giving a certain grace and roundness to the figure. The layer of fat which exists beneath the skin, also acts as a blanket, preventing the heat of the body from being lost.

2. **Carbo-hydrates** (sugar and starch).—These foods, like the fats and oils, also maintain the heat of the body, but to a much less degree. They contain a smaller percentage of carbon and no hydrogen which is available to burn in the body. The hydrogen which enters into their composition exists in the proportion with the oxygen to form water, and thus is of no use to the body as a producer of heat.

This explains the fact that as we examine the food of various nations, beginning with those who inhabit the Polar regions, and journeying towards the equator, we find that as we near the warmer latitudes, the place of fat in the diet of the people is gradually taken by some representative of the carbo-hydrate class, until at last in the tropics, fat is not eaten as a food at all.

The carbo-hydrates largely supply the force for performing work. The work of the body is done by the muscles, and we might represent these muscles as steam engines, which require a certain amount of coal to burn before they can perform work. The coal of the engine has its analogy in the muscle, in the sugar and starch we take in our food. The more work the muscles have to do, the more starch and sugar do we require in our daily diet. Carbo-hydrates in some cases are converted into fat in the body. This is especially the case when an excess of these foods is taken into the system.

3. **Proteids** (albumen of eggs, lean meat, etc.).—The proteids are mainly concerned in replacing the waste of the muscles. In a steam engine there are two sources of waste. One from the coal burnt in the furnace, which is manifest as smoke and ash, and the

other from the wear of the machine itself. Similarly with the muscles, there are two sources of waste, one representing the carbo-hydrates which have been used in the muscle, and the other indicating the wear and tear of the muscle itself. The latter loss is made good by the proteid foods.

4. **Gelatin.**—This food substance performs much the same functions in the economy as the proteids. But to be of use to the body it must be associated with some form of proteid, as it cannot take the place of proteids in our diet, being unable of itself to supply the protoplasmic cells of the body with the nitrogen they require.

5. **Water.**—The function of the water we take is to dissolve the food and to convey it to various parts of the body. It serves as the medium by which waste products are removed from the body.

6. **Salts.**—Common salt supplies the place of that which is daily excreted from the body. It exists in the plasma of blood, and all the tissues of the body. Potash salts supplies the corpuscles of the blood with the amount of this inorganic compound which they require, while lime salts furnishes the inorganic materials for such tissues as bone and teeth.

(To be continued).

The Conversaziones.

THE first of the four New Year's Socials or Conversaziones was carried out most successfully on Monday night, the 2nd January.

For some time past the Members on the Sub-Committee have been actively engaged in dispatching tickets; and almost endless trouble had been caused by the exchange of tickets; but by Monday everything was as near perfection as might be—which spoke well for the efforts of the Sub-Committee. The Queen's Hall, looking very bright and inviting in contrast with the gloomy weather outside, was used for these socials; and from half-past six o'clock a great number of the Members and their friends arrived in rapid succession, and by eight o'clock the Hall had a very picturesque appearance. Sir Edmund Currie and several of the Beaumont Trustees were present.

The band of the Scots Guards, conducted by Mr. E. Holland, gave a capital programme of terpsichorean music; and the dancing, commencing at half-past seven, was most successfully arranged by the gentlemen who acted as M.C.'s, viz., Messrs. Marshall, Macgregor, May, Proops, Pyman and Rosenway. Between the dancing some excellent songs were given by Mr. Wadkin, Miss Robinson and Miss Marshall; a recitation by Mr. Eschwege; a pianoforte selection by Miss O'Connor, and a violin solo very ably given by Miss Barri Hockings. Owing to the lengthy programme several dances had to be omitted; and just before eleven o'clock the band, striking up the National Anthem, gave the signal for departure, and the Hall was shortly after deserted.

The second of the series was given last (Tuesday) night; with even more success than the previous evening. To-morrow (Thursday) and also on Friday the Conversaziones will be repeated.

The following ladies and gentlemen represent the sub-Committee appointed for the purpose of carrying out the Conversaziones:—Mrs. Bell, Misses Braddock, Coker, Leach, Levene; Messrs. Glover, Butler, Hulls, Macgregor and Moreton; and the Hon. Secs., Messrs. Diggins and Marshall.

Health.—Perfect health is that state of the body when there is no discord or disagreement in the system, but when all the functions work together to make a perfect whole; and hence whatever leads to the preservation of health is spoken of as wholesome or healthful. Life in a healthy body has been compared to sweet music.

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

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

ALAS! alas! old 'Eighty-seven's dead. And as we enter on an unknown year: 'Tis with the greatest pleasure that I wish My friends and foes a glad some 'Eighty-eight. Although commencing in this stilted strain, I shan't, I think, the lesser trusted be; Nor hope my greeting won't be thought unsound, When to the world I wish: Prosperity. (Which slightly rhymes—but that's a trick for verse, And may not enter in a "blanking" measure: Yet this again is a digression—quite Beyond the patience of the reader's pleasure.) The year of Jubilee, alas! is gone—And 'twill be long before we get another! Ne'er in that empire where Sol's lasting rays Shine undiminished through eternal time, A happier year was never known than that, Which—as the ghosts that worried Macbeth—Like shadows came—to shadows has departed. But in these stiff and unpoetic days, I'd better, p'r'aps, descend to sterner prose, Else shall I gain a reputation sad—Quite inconsistent with my genial mood—Of being, mirthless, lantern-jawed: poetic.

It is seldom that I, Silas Wegg-like, am tempted to "drop into poetry," but whenever I do poete I invariably meet with a perfect cascade of cold shoulders. And I can't think why. Let me give you a couple of instances. You know—being "religious" readers of my GOSSIP notes, of course, you would know—that in the Christmas number of this Journal I developed into a highly-sensational Christmas "ballad"-monger. Well, I was sitting in the sanctum the other night, when a friend and a brother who had just dropped in, happened to pick up one of the Journals. He casually opened it, and pointing to the rhymes in my GOSSIP notes, he exclaimed: "Ah! 'Told by an Engine Driver.' Very good. D'you know, I heard that recited the other night in one of the temperance halls in our neighbourhood." I felt flattered! My heart suddenly began to beat furiously within me, and my well-known conceitedness arose to the top of the *vane*. This, then—this was the dawn of popularity! Long had I waited: it had come at last! "But," responded I, faintly, "it must have been rather sharp work; for the paper was only published on Wednesday, and this is but Saturday. Whoever recited it must have been rather quick in learning—eh?" "Oh, no," said my friend and brother, "I heard it at least *three or four weeks ago*." I collapsed. Here had I been enduring a week of the most unspeakable agony, on purpose to get those rhymes finished for the Christmas number, and here was a comforter telling me he had heard those lines—*my lines*—spoken in public at least four weeks ago. We parted, that man and I; and now, whene'er we meet, we never—see each other.

I COULD have overlooked that little incident, had it not been that just after it occurred I received an initialled communication which, in justice to Justice—and myself, I think had better be printed. (Don't think, good reader, that I am going to print each week every letter I receive. I know you haven't recovered from the missive in last week's issue yet.) It is so fearfully personal that I must give it in all its pristine beauty. Here it is:—

"DEAR SIR,—No doubt you think yourself wonderfully clever, but you're not everybody, after all. I myself am a reader of *The Palace Journal*—that Journal which weekly you do not fail to let the world know you sub-edit. Of course, you've got your fair share of conceit with the rest of us; and no doubt, since you've been writing GOSSIP your self-estimation has gone up; but if I was you I should try and treat your readers honestly, and not try and palm off as your own somebody else's poetry every week. I don't know where you got the 'Engine Driver' from—perhaps it was from Sims;—but I know *this* that I can show anybody an *old copy of a paper* which, under another title, has this week's 'Shilling Shockers' in it. D'you call that fair? That's humbug; and the sooner you leave off inserting other people's poems the better I shall like it.—Truly yours, W.A.T.C."

WELL, of all the—No; I'll not commit myself; but I feel that I *must* offer an explanation. In a certain institution in Regent Street, there is weekly published a smart little publication called *Home Tidings*, and in Vol. XI, No. 209, bearing date July 9th, 1887, there can be found some rhymings entitled "Modern Fiction," and in the place of a signature the initials J. R. W. K. Now, the gentleman bearing this alphabet is an old personal friend of mine—in fact, we are inseparables; and resemble each other so much that—like the two Dromios—it is difficult to tell one from the other. Now, when Jack's lines first appeared in print I took a great fancy to them; and my heart said to me, said it, "Sub, my boy"—it calls me Sub, 'cos its known me from my boyhood—"Sub, my boy, whenever you get a chance re-print those rhymes; but mind you treat Jack fairly!" Unfortunately for me, I *did not* treat him fairly; because, unthinkingly enough, I took his lines from *H. T.*, re-styled them "Shilling Shockers," and, as the above letter says, tried to palm them off as mine own. Of course, on receipt of such a letter, I immediately went to Jack, and made a clean breast of it. But Jack, in his gentle way, only smiled as he said, "My

dear boy, don't be alarmed. Do what you like with me and mine and whatever happens I am yours sincerely *always*."

AND now, having unburdened myself—for I hate loads of misery—I can proceed with something about the Palace; else shall I have next week another bushel of letters complaining that the PALACE GOSSIP should rather be called First Person Singular—and I shouldn't like that.

ON Christmas Eve a very pleasing little incident took place amongst the employes of the Palace, when Mr. Thomas Smart, the popular foreman of the workmen, was presented with a very handsome teapot as a mark of the esteem in which he is held by his confrères. Mr. George Murdoch orated—and quite distinguished himself; and the proceedings terminated in a very happy manner.

I AM very glad to see that such a good spirit exists among the Palace Members—as was shown by the way in which the Library appeal was met last week. It is gratifying to see that those who came to the front as Stewards have the old British characteristics to the full; and they may rest assured that their services will be required as soon as the new Library plan is put into operation.

FOR the benefit of those who didn't read the last issue, I should like to call attention to the Prize Competitions mentioned by me in the GOSSIP. This is an splendid chance, and I hope our literary circle in the Palace will come to the front in a surprising manner.

BECAUSE we have a literary circle; and I am very glad to mention the fact that some of those who have occasionally contributed to "The Members' Column" are pupils of Mr. D. A. Isaacs, the successful teacher in the Grammar and Composition, and the Civil Service Classes. I grew wild with delight when my Editor announced his determination to offer special prizes for the literary efforts of our Palace Members. Too often is the literature of an Institute overlooked; and whatever prizes there are to be competed for invariably go to the runners, swimmers, athletes, etc., and the "literary gentlemen" are left out in the cold.

I AM requested to remark that Members can renew their tickets for the next quarter at the West Lodge (near the entrance) every night between the hours of 7 and 9.30.

ON the 10th of this month, some five hundred new Members will be admitted to the Palace Institute. On the night they join, they will, I am informed, be entertained to a reception tea, to be given in the Queen's Hall.

FOR the best definition of "Two Lovely Black Eyes" look in at the Artful Museum in the Apprentices Exhibition—which has been the joke of the Christmas holidays.

AT the desire of my friend Wadkin I give below the very courteous letter received from Sir Edmund Currie in reply to the Petition of the Social Club. Read for yourself:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am desired by Sir Edmund Hay Currie to acknowledge the receipt of a petition with reference to the formation of a Social Club in the Palace, and to inform you in reply to the same, that whilst he fully sympathises with your request, he regrets that the accommodation at the disposal of the Trustees does not permit of his sanctioning the same. You may be assured, however, that as soon as extra accommodation is added (and every effort is being made to secure the same at as early a date as possible), your petition shall then receive the attention that it deserves, and I trust that facilities may be afforded to you that may be satisfactory to all who have appended their names to the memorial above referred to. With kindest regards, believe me, sincerely yours, ROBERT MITCHELL, Secretary."

GOOD news! "In consequence of the great success of the Apprentices' Exhibition the Trustees have decided to continue the Exhibition from January 2nd till January 7th. Open each day from 5 till 10." Concerts, of course, as usual, with the favourite vocalists, Mr. John Probert, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint and Mddle. Jeanne Denys.

A VERY successful Gymnastic Display was given in the Gymnasium last Wednesday evening, which Mr. C. Wright tells me was well attended. It would be invidious to distinguish any from the calisthenic crew, but I am assured that several fellows came out wonderfully strong.

ON Saturday night our fellows again came to the front and gave another excellent display—this time in the Queen's Hall. When I say that the show was really capital I hope the fellows will feel satisfied; for if there is one thing more than another that makes a fellow self-conceited it's a cartload of individual (newspaper) "butter" which I know our M.P.'s—Members of Palace, d'ye see—don't require.

The Members' Column.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS-DAY has been observed as a religious festival ever since the second century; but, like many other festivals, it has lost much of its original significance.

It is always looked forward to with some degree of pleasure by all classes, and there are few who cannot recall some interesting and happy episode of a Christmas, past and gone. There is no holiday in the year which is heralded by so many sure signs or receives such honour as Christmas. The mere name is suggestive of family re-unions, large parties, and much feasting; and judging from the manner in which this holiday is observed by some, one might reasonably suppose that, like the feast of Saturn, it is a time of licensed irregularity. Indeed, it is urged by some authorities that in the decoration of our churches with floral and other embellishments, Christmas is but a relic of the old saturnalian revels, which were celebrated by the Romans about this time of the year, long before the birth of the Redeemer.

There is, however, one good thing about Christmas, that is, that not only does it cause those who are usually benevolent to become more so, but it occasionally evolves a charitable feeling in the breasts of those who are comparatively selfish. By this means the poor and many others, who are at other times unable to get even sufficient food, are provided with good meals and other comforts.

W. C. HENDAY.

DAILY PAPERS.

ONE of the most striking features in the progress of the last century has been the marvellous development of the newspaper press. In former times various circumstances combined to retard the natural growth of journalism. The expense of paper-making and the lack of a rapid printing process—previous to the introduction of steam machinery—rendered the publication of a newspaper a matter of great difficulty. Moreover, the increasing popularity of newspapers made them extremely distasteful to the Government of the day. Accordingly a public censor was appointed, through whose hands every newspaper had to go before it was issued to the public; and all matters not in accordance with the views of the authorities were rigorously suppressed. Heavy duties were also levied on the press, and by these means it was hoped to effectually check its development. But newspapers continued to flourish; and with the progress of enlightenment the censorship and taxes were gradually abolished, until at the present time the "liberty of the press" is one of the first and finest of our institutions.

Perhaps the most primary process connected with the publication of a newspaper is that of paper-making. The majority of newspaper proprietors manufacture their own paper—utilising articles that would have astonished our ancestors.

Few persons have any idea of the amount of work necessary for the production of a single issue of a daily paper. The leading article is often written last, the Editor sometimes having to await the result of an important division in the House of Commons before he can pen the article which is to strike the key-note of public opinion.

Nearly all the great daily papers take the side of one or other of the political parties; and their power in influencing public opinion is incalculable. It has been truly said that "The pen is mightier than the sword," and it is earnestly to be hoped that the influence of the press may be used with wisdom and discretion, and thus become a powerful instrument for furthering the interests of the whole community.

W. WHITTINGHAM.

I hasten to correct a grievous error that occurred in our last issue. Therein was it asserted that one of the ladies on the Social Committee was Miss-named Hall, whereas it should have been Hale. 'Tis true—'tis pity; but I hope the fair owner of the interesting name will not think it was my fault. 'Twasn't; I assure you; but—well, just read this week's fisticated italicized paragraph preceding my CLUB NOTES.

UP TO NATURE.

(BY A RANDOM RHYMIST.)

When writing "from nature" in prose or in song,
Take care that all mankind don't hate yer;
And to falsehood be sure that you never belong—
When holding the glass up to nature!

Pray see that you're free from malicious intent—
And "nothing extenuate" ever;
Have the caution of Sandy whenever you're bent
Upon making your *truest* endeavour.

Show Virtue, her feature; and Vice, her own form—
(To quote Avon's bard—*i.e.*, Bacon)
And be careful to see—should your characters "storm"
With the language no liberty's taken.

For young writers are prone—when their feelings are rife—
To turn into gross cari-ca-ture;—
And they often offend when they're drawing from life,
By holding the glass *above* nature!

Sir Edmund tells me that the new suite of rooms situated between the Library and the Queen's Hall will be very shortly opened to our lady Members. This is really nice; and I think the ladies ought to be very pleased. What do you say, Miss Braddock?

The Boxing-day festivities at the Palace were simply overwhelming. Shall never forget them. In fact, I've been dreaming ever since of handbell-ringers, wild flowers, jubilee dissolving views, and the feats of derring-do performed by the popular Poly. Pura Parties. I should say, the Poly. Water Squad. (They won't mind me call 'em a water-squad; I'm a "water-man" myself, so no disrespect, Poly.) How can I tell the world the way in which my heart o'erleapt, or how my hair "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," stood bolt upright when Sergeant Elliott, the Poly. Instructor, performed those blood-curdling sword-feats upon the stubborn neck of the youthful Ted Fulford? Like the heroic son of the apple-hitting Swiss mountaineer, Ted—I call 'im Ted acos he's my best friend—stood it with wonderful calmness; in short he was a trump and behaved as sich. Some of the boxing I admired very much; and I imagined in mine own mind that one of the gentle fisticists had been to see Mr. Fred Leslie's burlesque of the Sullivan-Smith encounter, and had borrowed his (Fred's) "business." But p'r'aps, as Frankenstein says, "It's a funny little way he's got," and so he can't help it. However, the Poly. boys were well applauded; and things went off excellently enough; and so did the day.

Of course, the feature of this week in the Palace has been the Social or Conversazione; which, needless to say, I very much attended. I saw many things; for giddy youth was there, and the time was young; but I'm not going to inflict a long paragraph *this week* on my readers, but shall rather wait and give them a separate *detailed* account next week—that is if I can possibly manage it. Oh! the sights I saw. There was our old friend—But soft! I am observed!

Musical Notes.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—Mr. Orton Bradley will be glad to see anyone who intends to join this society on Friday evening, January 13th, at eight o'clock, when the new season will begin. Any lady or gentleman, with a knowledge of music will be welcome, but tenors and basses are especially wanted.

MUSICAL CLASSES.—The new term begins on Monday next, January 9th, and any new members of the Advanced or Elementary singing classes are requested to apply to Mr. Bradley on that evening. New Pianoforte pupils are requested to make their application on Tuesday, January 10th.

ORGAN RECITALS.—Very excellent Organ Recitals have been given during the past week by Messrs. Docker, Alfred Hollins (of the Royal Normal College for the Blind), Victor Gollmick, Hedges, Balfour, of the Royal College of Music, and Abdy Williams.

This week the Organ Recitals will take place on Wednesday and Saturday only, in consequence of the arrangements for the Social evenings in the Queen's Hall.

Men who have risen.

No. 5.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

THIS celebrated statesman was born in November, 1708. His father, Robert Pitt, of Boscommock in Cornwall, was at one time representative of the pocket-borough of Old Sarum. William Pitt, who was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Oxford, was intended for the army, and he obtained a cornet's commission in the Blues. In 1734 his elder brother caused him to be returned for Old Sarum, and he soon distinguished himself in the House. Sir Charles Wagner having, in 1740, brought in a Bill for the encouragement of seamen and the quicker manning of the Royal Navy, was opposed by Pitt with marked vigour and ability. His speech produced an answer from Horace Walpole, who in the course of it, said: "Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods may affect the young and inexperienced; and perhaps the honourable gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory more with those of his own age than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments." Walpole also added some taunting expressions on Pitt's "vehemence of gesture" and "theatrical emotion." As soon as he had sat down young Pitt sprang to his feet and replied in a flood of indignant oratory. "Sir," he said, "the atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience. Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may justly become contemptible if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime. I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture or a dissimulation of my real sentiments and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves to be mentioned only that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience. But if any man shall by charging me with theatrical behaviour imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, tramp upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment,—age, which always brings with it one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a

borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure. The heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy and whoever may partake of his plunder."

In 1744 Pitt received a legacy of £10,000 on the death of the old Duchess of Marlborough, who declared in her will that she left him this sum in consideration of the "noble defence he had made for the support of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country." Pitt rose quickly to power. In 1746 he was Paymaster of the Forces; in 1756 Secretary of State and leader of the House of Commons. He desired power, and struggled for it as few statesmen have done; but with all his faults he was a true patriot. He loved England as Athenians loved the city of the violet crown, as a Roman loved the *maximum rerum Roma*. He saw the country insulted and defeated—he saw the national spirit sinking; yet he knew what the resources of the empire could effect, and he felt that he was the man to employ them vigorously. With the second ministry of Pitt a splendid era began, which raised England at once, as if by magic, from the brink of ruin and degradation. The genius of one man completely informed and penetrated the mind of a whole nation. From the instant he took the reins the fears which had paralysed every effort disappeared. Instead of mourning over former disgrace and dreading future defeats, the nation resumed the air of confidence, and awaited with expectancy the tidings of victory.

The mastery Pitt obtained over the House of Commons was extraordinary, and of it some striking examples have been recorded. One of the first steps taken by him was to grant a large subsidy to Frederick the Great of Prussia, for carrying on the war against the Empress of Austria. This was intended to rescue Hanover from the hands of the French. Still, there were some who had a traditional regard for Austria, and the measure was strenuously opposed in the House. Pitt defended the grant with great dexterity. By degrees he completely subdued the House, until a murmur of applause broke forth from every quarter. Seizing the favourable moment, he cried, with a voice that rang through the chamber: "Is there an Austrian amongst you? Let him come forward and reveal himself!" The effect was irresistible. "Universal silence," says Walpole, "left him arbiter of his own terms."

At another time, Pitt had ended a speech, and was retiring from the House with a slow step, for he was severely afflicted with gout. Silence reigned till the doors were opened to let him pass into the lobby. A member then rose and said: "Mr. Speaker, I rise to reply to the right honourable gentleman." Pitt, who had caught the words, turned back, and fixed his eye on the orator, who instantly sat down. He then returned towards his seat, repeating, as he slowly limped along, the lines of Virgil, in which the poet, conducting Æneas through the shades below, describes the terror which his presence inspired among the ghosts of the Greeks who had fought at Troy:

"The Grecian chief, and Agamemnon's host,
When they beheld the man with shining arms,
Amid those shades, trembled with sudden fear;
Part turned their backs in flight as when they sought
Their ships . . . Part raised
A feeble outcry; but the sound commenced
Died on their gasping lips."

When he had reached his place he exclaimed: "Now let me hear what the honourable gentleman has to say to me!" One who was present, being asked whether the House was not convulsed with laughter at the

ludicrous situation of the poor orator and the aptness of the lines, replied: "No, sir, we were all too much awed to laugh."

Sir William Young having once interrupted Mr. Pitt, while speaking, with the cry of "Question!" he paused, and fixing on Sir William a look of ineffable scorn, he exclaimed: "Pardon me, Mr. Speaker, this agitation, but whenever that honourable gentleman calls for the question, I fancy I hear the knell of my country's ruin!"

Mr. Moreton, the Chief Justice of Chester, speaking in the House of Commons, made use of the phrase, "King, Lords, and Commons, or"—directing his eyes towards Pitt—"as that right honourable gentleman would call them—Commons, Lords, and King." Pitt rose to order: "I have," he said, "frequently heard in this House doctrines which have surprised me, but now my blood runs cold. I desire the words of the honourable member may be taken down." The Clerk of the House wrote down the words. "Bring them to me," cried Pitt in a voice of thunder.

By this time Mr. Moreton was frightened out of his senses. "Sir," he said, addressing himself to the Speaker, "I am sorry to have given offence to the right honourable gentleman, or to the House. I meant nothing. King, Lords, and Commons; or, Commons, Lords, and King—*tria juncta in uno*." Pitt then rose and said: "I do not wish to push the matter further; the moment a man acknowledges his error he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honourable member; and, as an instance of this regard, I give him this advice: that whenever he means nothing he will say nothing."

Mr. Pitt was created Earl of Chatham in 1766, and then withdrew from the House of Commons in the fulness of his power, and in the very zenith of his fame; his enemies were, without exception, overjoyed at his leaving the Popular Chamber, as they believed his doing so would lessen his popularity, especially in the city. Lord Chatham held office until 1768, when he resigned on the King being determined to carry matters to an extremity with the Americans. For some years after this he appeared but little in Parliament.

One of Lord Chatham's greatest efforts was the last speech which he delivered in the House of Lords, when, on the 7th of April, 1778, the Duke of Richmond moved an address to the Crown, asserting the necessity of acknowledging the independence of America. Lord Chatham rose from a sick bed, was carried to the House, and opposed the resolution. Though sinking at the time under the weight of years, the great orator seemed animated by all the fire of his youth.

It would be difficult to find in the whole range of Parliamentary history a more splendid blaze of genius, at once rapid, incisive, vigorous, and sublime.

"My lords," he said, "I lament that my infirmities have so long prevented my attendance here, at so awful a crisis. I have made an effort, almost beyond my strength, to come down to the House on this day (and perhaps it will be the last time I shall ever be able to enter its walls), to express my indignation at an idea that has gone forth of yielding up America. My lords—I rejoice that the grave has not yet closed upon me—that I am still able to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy. Pressed down as I am by the hand of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but while I have sense and memory, I will never consent to deprive the Royal offspring of the House of Brunswick of their fairest inheritance. Where is the man that will dare advise such a measure? My lords, His Majesty succeeded to an empire great in extent as it was unsullied in reputation; shall we tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and possessions? Shall this great kingdom, which has survived, whole and entire, the Danish depredations, the Scottish

inroads and the Roman conquest—that has stood before the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, now fall prostrate before the House of Bourbon? Surely, my lords, this nation is no longer what it was! Shall a people, that, seventeen years ago, was the terror of the world, now stoop so low as to tell its ancient, inveterate enemy, 'take all we have, only give us peace'? Ah! it is impossible! I wage war with no man, or set of men—I wish for none of their employments—nor would I co-operate with those who still persist in unretracted error; or who, instead of acting on a firm, decisive line of conduct, halt between two opinions, where there is no middle path.

"In God's name: if it be absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and the former cannot be preserved with honour, why is not the latter commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed as to the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights. But, my lords, any state is better than despair. Let us make one effort; and, if we must fall, let us fall like men!"

The Duke of Richmond having replied to this speech, Lord Chatham attempted to rise again, but fainted, and fell into the arms of those near him. The House was instantly cleared, and a doctor sent for. He was conveyed to his seat at Hayes, where he expired on the 11th of May, 1778, in the seventieth year of his age.

Much of the success of Lord Chatham was owing to his extraordinary personal advantages. Few men have ever received from the hand of nature so many of the outward qualifications of the orator. In his best days, before he was crippled with the gout, his figure was tall and erect, his attitude imposing, his gestures energetic even to vehemence, yet tempered with dignity and grace. Such was the power of his eye, that he often cowed down an antagonist in the midst of his speech, or threw him into utter confusion by a single glance of scorn or contempt. Whenever he rose to speak his countenance glowed with animation, and was lighted up with all the varied emotions of his soul, so that Cowper described him as—

"With all his country beaming in his face."

Yule-Tide.

WHAT emotions are awakened in the breast of mankind at the welcome sound of that one word, Christmas! At its name the faces of the children light up with joy as they look forward to the good things usually in the train of this yule-tide feast.

Though it falls at a time when the weather is cold and pitiless, it is, however, the blithest season of the year. Friends, long separated, are united; and families, sundered all the year, love to gather round the home hearth and dwell upon their past experiences during the fast-dying year.

At such a time we love to reflect upon the past, and as we sit musing over bygone memories what strange scenes press upon the mind—memories of years and events almost forgotten. How well we remember that country home where we first saw the light; the faces of our early friends—some, alas! dead, or scattered in far-off lands. How bright and vivid do they seem in our memory, though many years have passed since our eyes rested upon them.

To everyone, this season should bring many an opportunity of making the lives of those round about them cheerful and happy; and when we remember that Christ lived and died for us, we should be willing to spend our time in the Saviour's cause, and by so doing we shall hear our Master say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

W. WHITE.

Society and Club Notes.

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

I should like to preface my CLUB NOTES this week with a few remarks. Every week, almost as soon as this Journal is published, I hear on every side complaints and murmurings about the current Club News being falsely reported, mis-printed, and the names of the various Members turned into something exactly opposite to what they really are. When, in the second issue of this Journal, I commenced these NOTES, I used as a sub-title: "BY THE SUB-ED." This was done merely to give the thing a start, and to let the Hon. Secs. of the respective Clubs know what sort of paragraph was wanting every week; and I hoped that as time went on I should find it necessary to remove those words, and so allow every Hon. Sec. to furnish his own report of his Society's doings. Well, we have now come to the eighth number of the Journal, yet the difficulty of obtaining reliable information is ever so much greater than it was originally. It is absolutely necessary that these Clubs and Societies should be represented somehow every week; and in the absence of news, and in order to make a "show," I have found it necessary to fill up the Club pars. with "rubbishy quotations"; not—my dear B.—from Sir Walter Scott, but from the more common Dickens and Shakespeare. When an error occurs it is customary—too customary—to attribute it to "the printer," which, in nine cases out of ten, is most unfair; and I think I can safely say that the printers of this Journal have the reputation of being not only remarkably intelligent, but also remarkably free from mistakes; and I not only exonerate them from all blame, but I shall go so far as to say that I am not to blame myself. With one exception. I do not presume to dictate, but I know this: That if the Members expect to see a correctly-printed report of their Society or Club—as the case may be, the Hon. Secs. must not only write the report themselves, but they must also revise all NAMES before sending to the printer. Of course, I know a great number of the Palace fellows—though not all by name; and it isn't nice, every Wednesday night, for half-a-dozen fellows to bounce into my room, and in a freezing-sarcastic way, exclaim, "Another mistake in the Journal!" For the future the world shall see what the Hon. Secs. of these Clubs can do in the way of reporting; because after this week I shall print the NOTES exactly as I receive them. Therefore, all ye who have besieged my sanctum with wailing and lamentation, will oblige henceforth by hurling your choice remarks at the heads of your respective Hon. Secs., and not, as heretofore, at the head of yours, and everybody's, sincerely,—THE SUB-ED.

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. A Handicap Chess Tournament will be held on 4th January. The prizes will consist of chess-men, books, and other articles. Entrance fee 6d.

For every information write or see

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.
R. HARRIS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

A Special General Meeting of the above Club was held at the Palace on Friday last, at eight o'clock p.m., when the election for an Assistant Secretary, and two Members to represent the Club on the Council, took place. E. Ransley was elected as Assistant Secretary; W. E. Glover (Treasurer), and J. Kilbride (Hon. Sec.), were elected on the Council.

It was proposed by Mr. Jessemann, and seconded by Mr. Glover, that a deputation, consisting of the Members of the Committee only should wait upon Sir Edmund Currie, and press upon him the importance of getting a ground suitable for all the sports in connection with the various clubs of the Palace, especially a track for the Cycling Club.

Members of the Club can have their badges (price 3s.) on application to the Hon. Sec.; or by leaving a note at the bookstall.

The terms are:—Entrance Fee, One Shilling; Subscription, Two Shillings and Sixpence—payable in two instalments. For Honorary Members: Ladies, not less than Half-a-Crown; Gentlemen, not less than Five Shillings.

J. KILBRIDE, Hon. Sec.
E. RANSLEY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL.

There will be a meeting of the new Committee of the Ladies' Social Club, on Saturday next, in the School-buildings, at 5.30, when Sir Edmund Hay Currie has kindly consented to preside, and it is hoped that all the Members of the old Committee will be present.

MAUD COKER, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The first of the Monthly Exhibitions of Competition Sketches will be held in the Art Class-room on the 9th proximo. The Committee trust that each Member will at least contribute one sketch, and will remain the evening of the exhibition to hear the criticisms which will be made for the benefit of the Club generally.

All contributions must be handed in to the Secretary in the early part of the same evening, when any Member who has not already done so, may take up his card of rules. The subjects for the Exhibition to be held in February will be published next week.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

The jovial Moreton having been recuperating at that part of the globe—which Mr. David James would call "Dossset," dropped in the other night to relate his experiences. Unfortunately, just as he was beginning to make my hair curl, half-a-dozen M.P.'s—that is Members of the Palace—dropped in, and so interrupted our sweet discourse. Moreton managed to tell me, however, before he departed, that no match had been played on Saturday last through some inadvertence on the Beaumont's opponent's side; and much indignation was thereat excited.

However, all being well a match will be played on Saturday, at Victoria Park, when the Beaumont will combat the Marboro' Rovers. Every information from

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

A glorious day—and a grand run,—this was the decision that was arrived at by those who took part in the Paper-chase on Boxing-Day, the 26th ulto. The hares were started punctually at noon, the slow pack following in their trail four minutes later, and the fast pack after a further interval of six minutes. The hares, Messrs. Deeley and Lewis, gave the packs a regular cross-country run, very little road-work being indulged in.

The following is a summary of the country and places that were passed:—

Starting across the Wanstead Flats, the hares entered the park gates, down the new road, across the fields, and again into the park, over the fields and out by the Red House (Barking Side). Here the hounds were sighted, so it became necessary to lay a false trail. Again crossing the fields, and after wading the river Roding, they passed through Mr. Bush's farm into Old Wanstead, thence into the road and across the railway lines to Snaresbrook. Here they crossed some private grounds, through a lane into Whipp's Cross, through the forest into Leytonstone, thence through Bush Wood, along the road and afterwards across the flats, arriving home, after an hour's run, a few minutes prior to the hounds; all returning somewhat fatigued, but nevertheless greatly exhilarated. Thus ended Boxing-Day.

On Saturday last, a most enjoyable run was held over a course of about five miles, the undermentioned taking part, viz.: Messrs. Crowe (pace), J. Hawkes, Greenwood, W. Hawkes, Castle and Thomas (Beaumont), Pearson (Lyton R.C.), and a Member of the Polytechnic Harriers.

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

CRICKET CLUB.

A meeting of the Members of the Palace interested in the formation of a Cricket Club will be held in the School-rooms on Saturday next, the 7th instant, at 8.30 p.m. sharp. Sir E. H. Currie in the chair.

BUSINESS.—1. Election of Officers for the ensuing season.

2. General business.

HENRY MARSHALL, } Joint Hon. Secs.
THOMAS G. CARTER, } (pro. tem.)

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

I hasten to rectify a mistake, which, though not of my own making, is yet a very serious one. In the list of officers last week the names of Messrs. Driscoll and Wadkin should have stood for Vice-Chairmen, and Mr. L. Currie as one of the gentlemen of the Committee.

All information respecting this Society can be had from

SYDNEY THOMAS, Hon. Sec.

Self-Help.—We have faculties and powers bestowed upon us and we are to use them. By the Divine hand we are helped through these faculties as they exist in themselves; through those of our parents' in the first instance, and also through those of our friends'. Let us remember that in helping others, and in seeking their happiness, we are finding our own.

The Holy Rose.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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

CHAPTER VI.—(continued.)

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

ES; not many leagues from Aix, in Provence. There is a village beside the Chateau called Eyragues. This reply was like a shower of rain from a clear sky.

"Eyragues! Eyragues!" cried Madame, dropping her work. "There is only one Chateau d'Eyragues."

"They are talking, my dear," said the poor mad lady to the spirit of her husband, "of the Chateau—our Chateau of Eyragues. We shall go there again soon, shall we not? We spent many happy years at Eyragues. Well, my friend, if you wish it, Raymond shall go."

"Young man!" Madame Claire's hands were trembling, her face flushed, and her voice agitated. "I heard—but that cannot be—it cannot be! Yet I heard—Young man, tell me, who was your father? Why did he buy the place?"

"My father is what I have said—a man of the people, who hates aristos, kings, and priests. I know not why he bought it. The Chateau was destroyed by the people of Aix soon after the taking of Toulon, and the land was sold to the highest bidder."

"Gavotte," said Madame. "I know not any Gavotte. Who could he be? There was no Gavotte in the village."

"It is droll," said Pierre, laughing. "His name was not Gavotte at all. It was Leroy—Louis Leroy. They made him change it in the times when they were furiously Republican. Louis Leroy—that could not be endured; so they called him Scipio, or Cato, or some such nonsense—it was their way in those days—and gave him the surname of Gavotte, which he still keeps."

"Oh!" Madame Claire sank back in her chair. "This is none other than the doing of Heaven itself," she murmured, gazing upon the young man, who looked astonished, as well he might.

"Much more blood, my dear friend?" It was the voice of the Countess, talking with her dead husband. "You say that there must be much more blood? It is terrible. But not again the blood of the innocent."

"This is the hand of God," said Madame Claire again.

"Why, *ma mère*—" Pierre began.

"Truly the hand of God."

How can I describe the transformation of this meek, resigned, and patient nun into an inspired prophetess? Madame Claire sat upright, her eyes gazing before her as if she saw what we could not see. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, and with clasped hands she spoke words which, she declared afterwards, were put into her mouth. "Unhappy boy!" she began. "Oh, you know not—you have never known—what your father did. But the people of Aix knew; and even the Revolutionists—his friends—fell from him. There is not a man in the town fallen so low as to sit in his company, or to speak with him. Learn the shameful story, though the knowledge fill your heart with sorrow and even your head with shame. His name is Louis Leroy—named Louis by his father, but Leroy was the name of his mother. His father was the seigneur of that Chateau which is now his own; and you—you who have been taught to hate your forefathers—you are that seigneur's grandson. I remember your father, he was a boy who refused to work; they sent him away from

the village, and he went to Aix, where he lived upon his wits and upon the money his half-brother would give him. Yes, his half-brother, who was none other than my murdered brother. And who murdered him? Unhappy man! It was your father. Oh, woe—woe—woe to Cain! It was your father who denounced his own brother at Toulon. But for him he might have escaped. Louis Leroy, whom my brother had befriended, spoke the word that sent him to his death, and now sits, his brother's blood upon his hands, in the place which he has bought for himself. Your father—alas, your father!"

"Madame," I cried, "for mercy's sake, spare him!" for the young man's face was terrible to behold.

She swayed backward and forward, and I thought that she would have fallen.

"The vengeance of Heaven never fails," she said. "For many years have I looked for news of this man. Once—twice—I knew not how, he has been struck. A third and a more terrible blow will fall upon him—through his son—but I know not how. Yet he has done nothing—this poor boy—he is innocent; he knows nothing; and yet—and yet—oh, Molly, I am constrained to speak."

"Oh, Madame!"

"Through his son—through his son— Oh, unhappy man! unhappy son!"

"Madame, for mercy's sake, say something to console him."

She made no reply, her eyes still gazing upon something which we saw not.

Then she suddenly became herself again—soft-eyed, gentle—and the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Pierre!" she said, holding out her hands. But he shrank back. "My son whom I love; for whom I have prayed. Oh, Pierre, what is it that you have told us?" It seemed as if she knew not what she had said. "Oh, I understand now the resemblance. You are Raymond's cousin."

"My father," Pierre said, presently. "My father—a murderer?"

"Alas, it is true!"

"My father!"

"It is true, Pierre. Ask me no more. What! Did no one ever tell you of the Arnaults? Yet you have lived in our houses at Aix—the old house, with the pilasters outside, and the carved woodwork within, and everywhere the arms of the Arnaults carved and painted."

"Yes; I know of these; but I knew not that you—that Raymond—I never thought that you were so great a family. I had no suspicion of my father's birth. I knew nothing. I was told that the Arnaults were tyrants who had committed detestable crimes. That was the way they talked in those days. All the Nobles had committed detestable crimes."

"Alas! our crimes—what were they? Oh, Pierre, I would to Heaven that you had gone away before this dreadful thing had been discovered. I would to Heaven that you had never found it out at all, and so lived out your life in happy ignorance of this shameful story. There are things which Heaven will not suffer to be concealed. It is through me that you have found out the truth; forgive me, Pierre. Let us forgive each other and pray; oh, you cannot pray, child of the Revolution! Pierre—" he was so overwhelmed with shame, his cheek flushed, his lip quivering, his head bent, that she was filled with pity—"Let us console each other. After the town was taken, I think my brother might have been killed, whether any witnesses were forced to speak against him or not. Yes, the evidence mattered little; he was the Comte d'Eyragues; he was one of those who brought the British troops into the city; yes, he must have been condemned."

"But my father denounced him. And here—" he pointed to the Countess.

"She is the victim of that dreadful night which no one can ever forget who passed through it, and of the suspense when we waited anxiously for news of her husband, but heard none till we landed at Portsmouth and learned the truth."

At this moment Raymond opened the door and burst into the room.

"Courage, Pierre!" he cried, joyously, "to-morrow you shall leave your prison. I wish thee joy, brother, promotion, and good-fortune. When we go back to our own, if ever we do, I promise thee a hearty welcome, if it be only among the ruins of our old house."

Pierre made no reply.

"You will write to me, will you not? That is agreed. Tell me how everything is changed, and if it is true that there are no longer any men left to till the fields, but the women must do all the work. If you go to Aix, go and look for our house—everybody knows the Hôtel Arnault—tell me if it still stands."

Still Pierre made no reply.

"Molly, have you nothing to give him, that he may remember you by? You must find a keepsake for him. Pierre, it is the English custom for friends when they part to drink together. We will conform to the English custom."

Thus far he talked without observing how Pierre stood, with hanging head, his eyes dropped, his cheek burning, the very picture and effigy of shame. Raymond laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Come, comrade, let us two crack a bottle as the English use—"

But Pierre shrank away from him.

"Do not touch me," he cried, "do not dare to touch me. I am a man accused."

He seized his hat and rushed away.

"Why," asked Raymond, in astonishment, "what ails Pierre?"

"We spoke," said Madame Claire, quietly, "of the Revolution in which his father took a part, and we have shamed him."

"They spoke," echoed the mad woman, "of the Revolution. He is a child of the Revolution, which devours everything, even her own children."

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRISONERS.

TWICE has it been my lot to witness the general departure of prisoners after the signing of peace between Great Britain and France, namely, in the year 1802 and the year 1814. As for their arrival, it seems now as if they were being brought in every day for nearly two-and-twenty years, so long, with the brief interval of one year, did this contest rage. Besides the general discharge there was a constant exchange of prisoners—chiefly, I believe, those who were sick and disabled, from serving again—by cartel. A general discharge is quite another thing; for immediately before such an event, the prison rules are relaxed, the prison becomes transformed into a palace of joy. There is nothing all day long except singing, dancing, and drinking; one would believe, to witness these extravagant rejoicings of the soldiers and sailors, that they were released for ever from all hardships of toil and service, and that the Reign of Plenty, Leisure, and Peace was immediately to begin.

"But Liberty," said Raymond, "is the dearest of all man's rights; and, besides, at home they have their wives and sweethearts. Love, Molly, is not confined to this island of Great Britain."

Those who made the greatest show of rejoicing were certainly the French; the Spaniards, as they took their imprisonment sullenly, received the news of their release without outward emotion. No one, it is certain, can seriously wish to return to a country where they have the Inquisition. The Dutch, of whom many, as I have said, had volunteered for British service, heard the news of the peace with national phlegm; the poor

negroes, most of whom were dead and the rest fallen into a kind of stupid apathy, were unaffected! the Vendean privateers with terror, thinking that General Hoche was still in their midst, ready to shoot them down.

The embarkation of so many prisoners was not effected in a single day. Some were sent across to Dunquerque; some—those from Portsmouth and Portchester—to Dieppe; those from Plymouth—some of whom were taken across in coasters—to Havre.

In the morning of the embarkation the narrow beach was crowded with those who came, like ourselves, to bid farewell, for we were not the only people who had friends among the prisoners. They came from Fareham, from the country round Southwick, from Cosham, from Titchbrook, and from Portsmouth and Gosport. There were sea-captains among them, come to see once more the prisoners they had made; with them were army officers, country squires, and young fellows, the country Jessamys, like my cousin Tom, who had made friends among the French officers at horse-races, over the punch-bowl, and at the cock-pit. They came riding, brave in Hessian boots and padded shoulders. Among them were many ladies, and I think it is true, as was then alleged, that many a sore heart was left behind when the young French officers were released. But only to see the heartiness of the farewells, the happiness of those who went away, and the congratulations of those who sent them away, and how they shook hands, and came back, and then again shook hands, and swore to see each other again—'twould have moved the stoniest heart! Who would have thought that yonder handsome officer, gallant in cocked-hat, blue coat, and white pantaloons, amid the group of English ladies, to whom he was bidding farewell, was their hereditary enemy? Or who would believe that yonder gray-headed veteran, clasping the hand of a jovial Hampshire squire, had fought all his life against Great Britain? Or, again, could that little company, who had so often met at the cock-pit, or at the bull-baiting, and who now were drinking together before they separated (my cousin Tom was one), become again deadly enemies? Alas! why should men fight when, if they would but be just to others and to themselves, there would be no need of any wars at all? Lastly, there were the rank and file, the privates and sailors, drinking about in friendship with our honest militiamen, as if the Reign of Peace were already come, instead of a short respite only.

I suppose there was never seen so various a collection of uniforms on this beach. Among them were the sailors of France, Holland, and Spain, alike with differences. Dress them exactly alike, if you will, but surely no one would ever take a Frenchman for a Hollander, or a Spaniard for a Frenchman. I know not what are the various uniforms of the Republican army, but here were grenadier hats of bearskin, round beavers, hats with the red cockade, cocked-hats with gold lace, caps with a peak and a high feather, the old three-corner hats, the common round hat with a red plume, the brass helmet, the red Republican cap, the blue thread cap and a dozen others. And as for the coats and facings, they were of all colours, but mostly they seemed blue with drab facings. The French naval officers, in their blue jackets, red waistcoats, and blue pantaloons, looked more like soldiers than sailors. Some of the officers had been prisoners for five or six years, so that their uniform coats were worn threadbare, or even ragged, their epaulets and gold lace tarnished, and their crimson seams faded. Yet they made a gallant show, and, but for the absence of their swords, looked as if they were dressed for a review. The common sort were barefoot—which was common in the Republican armies—and is no hardship to sailors. Some of them, having quite worn out their own clothes, wore the yellow suit provided by the British Government for the foreign prisoners.

Among the prisoners were their two priests. They, at least, were well pleased that the Reign of Atheism was over, and religion was once more established according to the will of the Pope.

Now, as we passed through the throng, the men all parted right and left, Madame saying a last word now to one and now to another of her friends, while even those who scoffed the loudest at religion paid the lady the respect due to her virtues. She was an aristo, and they were citizens, equal, and of common brotherhood—at least they said so: she a Christian and they atheists; she a Royalist, and they Republicans; yet not one among them but regarded with gratitude.

She spoke to a young fellow in the dress of a common sailor, who looked as if he belonged to a better class, saying a few words of good wishes.

"Yes," he replied, bitterly, "I go home. When last I saw the house it was in flames, when last I saw my father he was being dragged away to be shot; my mother and sisters were guillotined in the Terror, and I escaped by going on board a privateer. What shall I find in the new France of which they speak so much? they have left off murdering us; I suppose they will even suffer me to carry a musket in the ranks."

Apart from the groups of those who drank, and those who exchanged farewells, we found Pierre standing alone with gloomy looks.

"My son," said Madame, "we have come to bid you farewell."

He raised his eyes heavily, but dropped them again. The sight of Madame was like the stroke of a whip.

"It is not so bad for you to look upon me as for me to hear your voice," he said.

"Pierre, my son"—she held out her hand, but he refused to take it, not rudely, but as one who is unworthy—"Pierre, be patient. As for what has happened, I was constrained to tell you. Oh, I could not choose but tell you. Yet it was no sin or fault of yours, poor boy. If any disaster befall you by act of God, accept it with resignation. It is for the sin of another. Count it as an atonement—for him. So if sufferings come to you—what do I say? Alas! I must be a prophetess, my son, because I know—yes, I know—that disaster will fall upon you, but I know not of what kind. Yet be assured that there is nothing ordered by Providence which can hurt your soul."

"My soul!" cried Pierre, impetuously. "My soul! What is it, my soul?" He laughed in his Republican infidelity. "What is it, and where is it? It is my life that is ruined, do you understand? You have taken away my honour—my pride—and my ambition. You have taken all that I had, and you bid me think of my soul."

"When you go to the South—to Aix—you will see your father, Pierre. Fail not, I charge you, fail not to tell him that we have forgiven—yes, three of us have forgiven—the dead man, and the mad woman, and the *religieuse*—and the fourth—the son—does not know. Say that we all forgive him, and for the sake of his son we pray for him."

Then Pierre, in the presence of the whole multitude—no British soldier would have done such a thing—fell upon his knees and kissed Madame's hand. When he rose his eyes were full of tears.

"Pierre," I said, "remember, you have promised to send us a letter. Write to me, Pierre; if not to Raymond, will you not?"

He shook his head sadly. "If," he said, "there should happen anything worth telling you, anything by which you could think of me with pity as well as forgiveness, I would write."

As you will hear presently, he kept this promise in the end.

Truly it was sorrowful to see the young man, so full of shame, who, but the day before, had been so full of joy and pride. Happy indeed is he whose father has

lived an honourable life! It is better to be the son of a good man than the son of a rich man.

"I have no right," he said, "to ask of you the least thing."

"Ask what you please, Pierre."

"Then, if it be possible, let not Raymond know. We have been friends, we have talked and laughed together, I have accepted from him a thousand gifts; let him not know, if it can be avoided, that the man who—who now lives at Chateau d'Eyragues is my father."

"We will not tell him. Raymond shall learn nothing from us that will trouble his friendship for you, Pierre."

We kept our promise, but, had we broken it, how much misery we should have spared Raymond! how different would have been the lot of Pierre!

"We will never tell him," I repeated. "Oh, Pierre! We are so sorry—so sorry. Forget yesterday evening, and remember only the happy days you have spent with Raymond and with me."

But then his turn came. The great ships' launches were drawn up, each rowed by a dozen sailors, and commanded by a midshipman, who steered. The last time these launches came up the harbour, in each boat stood a dozen marines, stationed in the bow and stern, armed with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, while every sailor had his cutlass, and the boat was crammed with prisoners gloomy and downcast. Now the only arms on board consisted of the midshipman's dirk, there were no marines, the sailors had no cutlasses, and they hailed the prisoners with cheers.

Pierre pressed my hand, and once more kissed Madame's fingers. Then he took his place. The rest of the boat-load showed every outward sign of rejoicing. Pierre alone sat in his place with hanging head.

"They are gone," said my cousin Tom. He had been drinking and his face was red. "They are gone. Well, there were good men and true among them. Would that the rest of their nation would follow! especially all—I say—who kick when they fight. Well—every man gets his turn."

The launches kept coming and going day after day until the last prisoner was taken off the beach. Then the garrison was left in the Castle by itself.

When the militia regiments were presently disbanded and sent home the Castle was quite empty. Then they sent boats from the dockyard with men, who carried away the hammocks and the furniture, such as it was; took down the wooden buildings and carried away the timber; pulled down the canteen, the blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, burned the rubbish left behind by the prisoners, and left the Castle empty and deserted. We might climb the stairs of the keep to the top, passing all the silent chambers where so many of them had slept; the chapel was stripped of its altar; the stoves were taken out of the kitchens; and the grass began to grow again in the court, which had been their place of resort and exercise. There were no traces left of the French occupants, except the names that they had carved on the stones, the half-finished carvings in wood and bone which they left behind, and the rude tools which they had used. Once, I found lying rusted in a dark chamber one of the daggers which they made for themselves with a file, sharpened and pointed, stuck in a piece of wood. Strange it was at first to wander in those empty courts, and to think of the monotonous time which the cruel war imposed upon those poor fellows.

"They are gone," said Raymond. "Well, let us hope that every man will find his mistress waiting faithfully for him. As for Pierre, who certainly had a bee in his bonnet, his only mistress is Madame la Guerre. He loved no other. She is horribly old; covered with scars, hacked about with sword and spear, and riddled with shot. Yet he loves her. She is dressed in regimental flags, she gives her lovers crowns of laurel which

cost her nothing, titles which she invents, and a promise of immortality which she means to break. Poor Pierre! We shall never see him again, but we may hear of him."

CHAPTER VIII.

HE CANNOT CHOOSE BUT GO.

Thus began the peace, which it was hoped would be lasting, but came to an end after a short twelve months. Porchester became once more the village out of the way, standing in no high-road, without travellers or stage-coaches. In its quiet streets there were no longer heard the voices of the soldiers at the tavern, or those of the prisoners on parole, or the nightly watch. There is never a hearty welcome to peace from those who prosper by war. I confess that when the boat came back with half its contents unsold, one was tempted to lament, with Sally, that war could not go on for ever. As for the towns of Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport, their condition threatened to become deplorable, because the Dockyard was reduced, the militia sent home, and many thousands of sailors paid off. It has been said, by those who know Portsmouth well, that the petition, every Sunday morning, for peace in our time, meets with a response which is cold and without heart.

Now, however, all the talk was concerning France open to travellers after the years of Republican government. Not only did the prisoners go back, but the émigrés themselves, thinking that, although their estates were gone and their rank had no longer any value, it was better to live in one's native land than on a strange soil, began to flock back in great numbers. Great Britain had abandoned their cause; why should they any more stand apart from their own people? They went back trembling, lest they should find the guillotine erected to greet their return. But times had changed. The people had found out that even though there were neither Kings nor Nobles, their lives were not a whit easier and their work just as tedious. But the France to which they returned was very different from the France in which they had grown up, and the old Order was clean gone with the old ideas.

Not only did the émigrés return, but crowds of English travellers flocked across the Channel to see Paris, which had been closed to them for ten years. They met, we are told, a most gracious welcome from the innkeepers, tradesmen, and all those with whom they spent their money.

Is it, then, wonderful that Raymond should grow restless, thus hearing continually of the country which, however much we might pretend to call him an Englishman, was really his native land?

"Molly," he said, "I am drawn and dragged as if by strong ropes towards the country. I feel that I must go across the Channel, even if I have to row myself over in an open boat and walk barefoot all the way to Paris. I must see Paris. I must see this brave army which hath over-run Europe."

"But, Raymond, it would cost a great sum of money."

"Yes, Molly"—his face fell—"more money than we possess; therefore, I fear I must renounce the idea. Molly"—there were times when Raymond flashed into fire, and showed that a gentle exterior might cover a sleeping volcano—"Molly, this village suits thy tender and gentle heart, but it is a poor life, only to endure the days that follow. The lot of Pierre, though the end may be a corpse with a bullet through the heart, seems sometimes better than this."

This was no passing fancy or whim, but the desire grew upon him daily to see his native country, insomuch that he began to take little interest in anything else, and would be always reading or talking about France. It has been wisely observed of all émigrés that in secret they rejoiced at the wonderful triumphs of the French arms under Bonaparte—successes far surpassing any other in history, even under the great Turenne himself.

[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."

DEAR SIR,—Attention is opportunely called by your correspondents to infants in arms. That remarkable race of little savages lying just on the border of civilisation has been very little studied or regarded, although they are our immediate ancestors to whose present representatives we owe great and untransferable duties. A high and ancient authority states that, beside their natural relation and claims, they are the shining omnipresent exemplars of holiness and righteousness to us; that we degenerate elders, if we will, may repent and be born again in their likeness to healthy appetites, renewed sensibility, veracity and docility. This doctrine is not common notwithstanding that its truth is apparent to very slight candid observation.

Instead of the strained endurance or open contempt and disgust with which present male and female society treats infants in arms, there should be universal love and court paid to them, eager competition to serve their needs and interests and recognition of and assistance in their hearts' desire to do the will of God on earth. Alas, why do we fall so short of this? Why do angels visit and dwell with us all unawares? The uncouth manners and customs of our little parents offend our finical notions of refinement, their necessities trouble our indolence and require humiliating services. They speak a harsh and unknown though fervid language to a dull bewitched generation which applauds eloquent empty endless spoutings. Infants have little tact or diplomacy, are simply truthful and in terrible earnest; altogether are out of sympathy with many of our most cherished pretences of false decency and gentility.

In spite of all these faults the many and bitter grievances which afflict them should compel our pity and help. Possessed of a fair paper form, and theory of government, actually they are almost entirely at the mercy of the individual wisdom or ignorance of their unchecked nurses.

You, sir, have now given them a chance of some little consideration by allowing their enemy, in the person of your correspondent "Anti-Infants," to write down the callousness and naughtiness of his heart. He has called upon the powers to banish infants from Palace society, and would similarly punish their guardians; the infants being an unmitigated and intolerable nuisance, and guardians criminally accessory thereto. A "Father and Member" and "A Visitor" do not question the allegation of nuisance; indeed they corroborate it and regard it a sad indisputable certainty. However, they see that banishment is no remedy, but only an aggravation of the unhappy office of the nurses, so they good-naturedly advise toleration and endurance of the evil with what grace and long suffering are vouchsafed to us.

Sir, the cry of an infant is never an evil or a nuisance. Take the case in question; it interrupts our enjoyment of a sweet song; it is a divine interruption, a call to rise from praise and joy to the finer, acuter happiness of pity and sympathy, to love and service, to the higher spiritual eternal life and infinite joy of fellowship in loving, saving, and building humanity. Of all the sorrows of mankind the infant's is the purest and pitifullest. The child is sad, mayhap injured, and calls aloud to gods and men for friendship and relief. The nurses, too, are sick for sympathy and advice. To succour is better than to hear melody, as to serve is better than to be served. In the parable, blessed are the virgins whose lamps are filled and trimmed, who are ever watchful and ever ready for their Lord; so, blessed are those whose hearts are filled with love, whose minds are awake, trimmed to seize occasions of sympathy, whose hands do not disdain to help. Oh! "Anti-Infants," there seems to be a great world of wonder, beauty and harmony enfolding, yet unknown to you. Lift up your eyes round about and see. Enter the heaven prepared for those who love their kind. List to the music of the spheres. As well as to fine music, give love, studious attention, reverence, obedience to babies, nurses, and all men. Petition for a nursery in the Palace, act as nurse there, you will shine more than in your late unworthy rôle of affected ill-tempered misanthropy. My wife says so too. She wants a little conversation with you—will you make an appointment?

FATHER OF TWO.

[No more correspondence on this subject can be received.—Ed. P. J.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

KIND SIR,—I take the pleasure of writing a few lines with regard to the new social and recreation rooms. Having read that £15,000 is required for the building, may I hope you will not think me personal if I suggest a way of gathering in some of the deficiency. Having ascertained that there are on an average some 4,000 copies of the *The Palace Journal* sold weekly, I propose that there shall be a form presented each week with the paper, and so the Members may try and get some of their friends to subscribe a little. Supposing with each week's Journal 10/- is brought in, in the course of six or seven months we have a large amount of the deficiency. Hoping this will find space in your valuable paper for somebody else to second, I beg to remain, Yours, &c.,

AN ANXIOUS MEMBER.

Answers to Correspondents.

Correspondents are informed that under no circumstances can replies be sent to them through the post. The name and address of the sender must always accompany communications—not necessarily for publication.

ALAS! POOR YORICK!—Very much alas! indeed. If you try the Adelphi Terrace on a clear day you will get a capital view of it. We have often seen the fireworks from there on a summer's night.

TEDDY.—Your letter is so blurred and so indistinct that we can make nothing of it. Kindly try again.

JUSTICE SHALLOW.—(1) Mr. Owen Jones, at the Crystal Palace. (2) He played Hamlet to the Ophelia of Miss Ellen Terry at the Lyceum Theatre. (3) You cannot find a more charming Olivia all over the globe.

THE BALLAD MONGER.—Not, in your case, "in the orchard of the king," but rather in the old Marshalsea Prison. Don't you remember?

FORCEPS.—(1) Try Charing Cross. (2) Willie Beckwith. (3) No, it was Kilrain. (4) Pitti-sing, Yum-Yum, and Poo-Bah.

AMANG YE.—Never, and let it be most emphatic—Never. Of course, we know about the scheme; but to your question we are asked to give the utmost decided negative.

LILIAN ROSS.—The Ladies' Social Club is for the Members of the Palace only; therefore we think it is scarcely possible for you to join. Whether outsiders—seems a harsh term, doesn't it?—will ever be admitted over the age you mention, is a question that the Trustees have not yet decided.

N. S. P.—Somewhere, if we mistake not, in the vicinity of St. Martin's Lane. Ask for Mr. Orchard—and you will be secure.

BAILEY JUNIOR.—Sir Edmund Currie would probably know; but we should not like to tell you off hand; for, you know we never commit ourselves. Write him.

HOLD FAST.—We are surprised at such a suggestion—and you a Palace Member, too! Phew! It's what Mr. Fred Leslie would call a "cooler"; but it won't do for us. "Tear a passion to tatters"—indeed!

SAMARITAN.—(1) Near St. Paul's Churchyard—it's easily found. (2) The Rev. Canon Farrar originally. (3) The new vicar is the Rev. John Kitto. (4) St. Martin's Place.

JACK FIRTH.—So glad to renew your acquaintance. Many thanks for your good wishes, which we think have the merit of being sincere. A happy New Year to you.

OPHEE AUX ENFERS.—(a) Mr. Wilson Barret is now playing it. (b) We don't remember him doing so; but write to the *Era* or the *Referee*; they probably know all about the matter. (c) We think it was the dashing Terriss.

FACTS.—Stubborn things—rather! And so are your questions. However, if you are patient, we will try and answer correctly. (1) He was black-holed in Calcutta, we are afraid. (2) Wasn't it Balaam; try. (3) We are confident such things never reached this office. (4) "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," by Walter Besant. (5) God bless us, no!—It belongs to George R. Sims; you must be extremely careful, else you'll have that gentleman and Albert Edward "coming down" on you like a cartload of bricks. According to last Sunday's *Referee*, the fight will take place somewhere in Africa; we shall back "Dag."

ABEDNEGO.—Double you, double oh, double tee, double you, double ee, double ell—"The Colonel's" front name. Practice it daily, and you will in time run it off as trippingly on the tongue as Mr. Edgar Bruce used to do.

READY-MONEY MORTAR BOY.—Think not; Professor Huxley or Mr. Edison may, perhaps, know—but we'll give it up.

PALACE JOURNAL.—Mr. Quintin Hogg the founder; Mr. R. Mitchell the secretary.

INSTITOOTERIES.—We remember seeing Buffalo Bill perform a similar trick, but we never saw it done previously. It's Yankee—quite Yankee—you know.

JONATHAN WILD.—Extreme south of Camberwell Green; and there is another near Meeting House Lane.

SCARBOROUGH.—(1) The celebrated Dean Stanley. (2) Tom Hughes. (3) Yes. (4) Very much so, indeed.

FINIS.—He had a respectable interment in Bethnal Green—at least so 'tis said; but rumour hath many tongues, you know.

NEPTUNE.—It was Captain Shaw who once accomplished that remarkable feat. You are evidently confusing the namesake. Shaw—the Fireman.

TRAITOR'S GATE.—(1) Write to Poulter's, the printers, in Rupert Street, Whitechapel. (2) Mr. E. R. Alexander. (3) No, we think not; but if ever he does—well, let him come armed and well prepared. (4) It was on the 4th of January.

TRIXY.—Many thanks.

BLOOD AND THUNDER.—We never heard of such a thing; but as you suggest shall make enquiries. Please let us know the result of your investigations—for, to confess the truth, we feel very curious.

THRIFT, HORATIO.—If you apply personally to Mr. Toole, he will, no doubt, afford you an immediate redress. Such things often occur in the theatrical world—as nobody knows better than J. L. T.

GOOD OLD MARY ANN (!).—What a title. Please select something more classic when next you write; or possibly our readers will think we are getting flippant and vulgar. Write again.

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 noon on 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 in 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, E.

COMPETITIONS SET DEC. 7.

CLASS A.

In this "Warriors" Competition, in which there were ten "ties," the second list of six came out as follows:

General Gordon	61
Richard I.	47
George Washington	40
Lord Wolseley	38
Edward the Black Prince	29
William the Conqueror	20

None of the ten Competitors left in succeeded in naming more than two of these, with the single exception of

J. G. T. BROWNING,

1, Dock Street, Leman Street, E.,

who therefore takes the prize.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS.

CLASS A.

It would hardly be true to say that the majority of the stories sent in were of a very high order of merit. Many of them, which could only be considered poor, might have been made very much better if the writers had only expended a little more trouble in properly thinking out the plot, and giving some finishing touches to the narration. The absence of this care made them sketchy and incomplete. Some Competitors, I regret to say, mistook the meaning of the word "original," and sent in stories which were certainly not written by the owners of the names attached to them; these of course, were disqualified. The best story was that sent by

JOHN D. ROBERTSON,

Polytechnic, Regent Street, W.

who therefore takes the first prize. His composition, which is entitled "His Christmas Present," will appear in an early number of the Journal, so that unsuccessful Competitors may judge for themselves the merits of the story which beat their own. The second prize is won by

HENRY THOS. WADKIN,

24, Cyprus Street, Victoria Park, E.,

for his story "A Clerk's Experience," which was well written, and neatly finished.

COMPETITIONS SET DEC. 21.

Christmas had its effect in considerably reducing the number of Competitors, as will be seen by the small number recorded for the Six Greatest Divines. The list came out as follows:

Luther	49
John Wesley	44
Spurgeon	25
Knox	22
Wiclif	22
Cramner	15

The next three were—

St. Augustine	12
H. W. Beecher	10
Calvin	9

No Competitor named the first six, but eight gave five correctly; and of these, three gave Calvin as sixth. Four others gave respectively Bunyan, Watts, Pope Gregory (but which of the sixteen popes of that name was not particularised), and Cardinal Manning,

while one gave Beecher. The last-mentioned therefore wins the prize, as being nearer than any of the others; but I am unable to announce the winner's name and address, for the reason that they do not appear on the list sent in. If the Competitor who sent in a list with the first five names mentioned above, with Beecher as sixth, will forward his or her name and address, and satisfactory proof of being the author of the list, he or she shall be entered on the prize register. I would suggest that the best proof would be for the Competitor to write out the names again, so that the handwriting may be compared with that of the list now in my possession.

CLASS B.

Some of the lists of articles in common use which are known by the names of celebrated men were very full; so full, indeed, that every one had to be cut down. Only those articles were considered admissible for the Competition which are commonly known by the names of some person, without it being necessary to add the name of the article itself. Thus, Shakespeare (collar), and similar names were disqualified, because if we were to talk of a "Shakespeare," without adding the word collar, very few people would know what was meant. One Competitor sent in a list of over sixty names, and these had to be cut down to fifteen. But, even after this process of excision, it was found that no one else had an equally large number of permitted words, and the prize therefore goes to him; his name and address being

JABEZ COLSON,

Vine Cottage, Bromley Street, Stepney.

The following are the fifteen articles named by him:—Gladstone (bag), Bluchers (boots), Wellingtons (boots), Brougham (carriage), Macadam (road metal), Mackintosh (coat), Spencer (garment), Tam o' Shanter (cap), Pullman (car), Davenport (desk), Hansom (cab), Albert (watch-chain), Clarence and Stanhope (carriages), and Napoleon (twenty francs). That this list, however, is by no means so complete as it might be, may be judged from the following further examples, some of which were named by other Competitors: Cardigan (jacket), Tantalus (spirit-stand), Chesterfield (coat), and Garibaldi (garment); and doubtless there are others, which a little thought would bring to mind.

CLASS C.

(1) The Essays on "The Rose" were rather disappointing, being few in number, and most of them bearing too evident signs of being grounded on extracts from books, instead of the writer's personal observation. The prize will be given to

AGNES WILLIAMS,

54, Bridge Street, Burdett Road, Bow, E.,

whose essay, though not particularly well written, was the most original.

(2) The prize for the best monogram is awarded to

AMY ELSTOB,

6, St. Helen's Terrace, Mile End Road, E.

CLASS D.

(3) No good specimens of ornamental handwriting were received in this Competition. One, fairly creditable, was received from

CHARLES T. PALMER,

21, Bow Road, E.,

who will receive the prize.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A.

A Prize of Ten Shillings will be given for a list of the six greatest British painters, past or present. To be decided by a majority of votes. The winner to be the Competitor whose list most nearly corresponds to that which results from the poll. Answers not later than noon, Thursday, January 12th.

CLASS B.

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given this week for a "telegraphic message," sent under certain restrictions, as follows:—A word is given, and also a piece of information, which the person telegraphing has to transmit in language suggested by the letters in the given word. For example, the word "stand" is given, and the message to be sent is an enquiry by a lady of her dressmaker about a ball-dress. Her message might run as follows:—"Send tidings about new dress," each word of which it will be seen, begins with one of the letters in the given word—stand. This then is what Competitors must do. A telegram, seven words long, is to be sent, the seven words of which are to commence with the seven letters forming the word "omnibus." An announcement is to be made to the effect that "mince pies have made mother ill"; and the Competitor who conveys the sense of that message most ingeniously under the restrictions named, will win the prize.

CLASS C.

(1) A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best answer to the following question: "What is your favourite book—and why?" The Bible and religious works excluded.

(2) A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the neatest and most effective button-hole ornament made out of green leaves only, such as holly, ivy, &c.

All answers by noon on Thursday, Jan. 12.

CLASS D.

A Prize of One Shilling will be given for the best ornamental geometrical drawing done with compasses and pen or pencil.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET DEC. 21.

(1) N
B E
L a L
A r e S
K e y n o
E n j o i n

6, the letter "n"; 1 and 7, be; 2 to 8, Lal; 3 to 9, Ares; 4 to 10, Keyno (te); 5 to 11, enjoin. From 1 to 5, Blake; from 6 to 11, Nelson.

- (2) A rolling stone gathers no moss.
Look before you leap.
- (3) Matrimony (mat-rim-on-y).
- (4) Carol, coral, coal.
Shovel, hovel, love.
- (5) Heliotrope, verbena, mignonette.

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- (1) My initials name a hero who lost my initials.
1. A large cart.
 2. The beginning of an alphabet.
 3. A point.
 4. To reverberate.
 5. Very genuine.
 6. A great spoon.
 7. A river of South America.
 8. A preposition.

(2) CHARADES.

I am a word of three syllables and thirteen letters. One vowel occurs four times, one consonant six times, another twice, and another once. Reverse me and I am still the same by exchanging my double letters for my single ones.

I am a place familiar to many Members of the People's Palace, and I am composed of eleven letters. My 1, 7, 8, 11, 5 is a large fish; my 4, 3, 9 is an extremity; my 6, 2, 10, 1 is to masticate.

(3) RIDDLE.

Take one thousand five hundred and one third of ten,
(But not in the order I've named them), and then
Divide those three letters by two;
And I pity the woman, and still more the man,
Who's described by the adjective which you will scan:
Most devoutly I hope it's not you.

(4) MY CHRISTMAS DINNER: WHAT WAS IT?

- Soups.* 1. To jeer and a kind of dove. 2. A boy's name, a vowel and a preposition.
- Fish.* 1. Part of my body beheaded. 2. The surname of a celebrated man, whose Christian name was Jack.
- Entrée.* To cover, served with a philosopher on a health-drinking.
- Roasts.* 1. A country. 2. An English writer.
- Vegetables.* 1. A vessel, an article, and a small piece of tobacco. 2. To strike, and the lowest part of a tree. 3. To turn fast, and a pain.
- Puddings.* 1. To regret, part of an arrow and sour. 2. Her Majesty's Government.
- Dessert.* 1. A curse, an article and a conjunction. 2. An interjection and chains of mountains. 3. Four.

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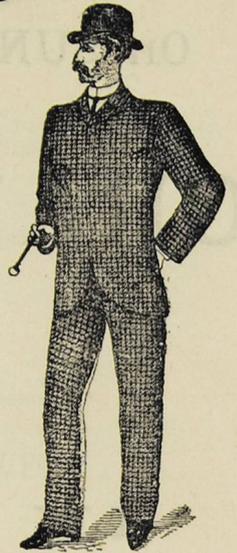
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