

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY.]

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## Shadows Before

### THE COMING EVENTS.

THURSDAY.—Distribution of Prizes, by Lady Currie, to the successful exhibitors at the Apprentices' Exhibition, at 8 o'clock, in the Queen's Hall. Sir John Jennings will preside. The following gentlemen will be present: H. Cunyngame, Esq., Chairman; Nathaniel Cohen, Esq., Deputy-Chairman; George Shipton, Esq., and S. Hyam, Esq., Secretaries; and Sir Edmund Currie, Chairman of Trustees. Library open to public from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

FRIDAY.—Library (Queen's Hall) open to public from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

SATURDAY.—Library open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Concert at 8.0.

SUNDAY.—Organ Recital at 12.30 p.m. Library open to public from 2.0 till 10.0.

MONDAY.—Opening of the Library (Queen's Hall) to the public from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., and from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. This arrangement will hold good on every day excepting when concerts, etc., are given; or when the Trustees reserve to themselves the right of using the Hall.

TUESDAY.—Library open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.

WEDNESDAY.—Library open from 9 till 5. Grand Concert at 8.

## Organ Recitals.

SUNDAY NEXT, JAN. 15, at 12.30 p.m.

ORGANIST ... .. MR. HERMAN VAN DYK.  
(From the Conservatoire of Leipsic.) \*

1. GRAND MARCH, "Eli" .. .. . *M. Costa.*
2. ADAGIO, A FLAT, "Sonate Pathétique" .. .. . *Beethoven.*
3. ANDANTE, Symphonie Op. 15 .. .. . *H. Van Dyk.*
4. OFFERTOIRE .. .. . *Wily.*
5. LIED OHNE WORTE .. .. . *Mendelssohn.*
6. HALLELUJAH, "Mount of Olives" .. .. . *Beethoven.*

## Earthly Tracts.

### No. VII.—DANCING.



THREE hundred years ago there was no country whose people were more addicted to dancing than the English. They danced at every Church or village festival, at Christmas, Shrove-tide, Easter and Whitsuntide; at the village fair, the "Church ale," the wakes, and the Harvest-homes; at the New Year, on Plough Monday, and on the first of May. They danced round the May Pole and they danced round the bonfire. In the City of London the apprentices and the girls danced in the streets after the shops were closed to the music of the pipe and tabor. At the Guilds' feasts they went to church in the morning, and after church they feasted, and after the feast they danced.

No holiday was ever complete without a dance: no rejoicing was ever possible unless a dance went with it. If the King's armies gained a victory they made bonfires and danced round them: when the cannon had been fired, the bells rung, the schools closed, the houses hung with bright cloths, and the procession had marched along the streets, a dance finished all.

Another thing remarkable about the English dancing was the love the people had for dances which have figures, and must be learned. The wild Highland reel and the Irish jig were not to their taste: they liked better the orderly country dance, the rhythmic chain hand in hand, the decorous setting of partners with each other, and the leading up and down the row of dancers. They liked the dance to be something which had to be learned and practised, in which the young men could vie with each other in executing the proper steps

with grace and agility—a sport which had no element of rivalry in it was never much beloved by the English youth.

They had scores of country dances, each with its own rules and its own tune. The tunes remain, but the dances are forgotten. They had the Galliard, the Hey, and the Hornpipe. Later there were introduced from France the Gavotte and the Minuet, but these more courtly dances were never practised by the people. The various kinds of quadrilles, such as Lancers, Caledonians, and the ordinary Quadrille, also came later. So the Waltz, the Galop, the Polka, the Mazurka, the Schottische, and all the round dances are of recent introduction. They all, however, possess one great merit—that they must be learned and practised before they can be attempted in public.

It is not easy to set down in a brief space all the reasons why dancing went out of fashion. Speaking generally, the prevalence of the Puritan ideas succeeded in killing dancing as it tried to kill every other form of innocent recreation. Under the Commonwealth the theatres as well as dances were forbidden. After the Restoration the theatres, it is true, were thrown open, but the middle classes were still under the domination of Puritan ideas, and therefore they not only did not dance themselves, but they discouraged the dancing with the apprentices and those under them. The boys and girls no longer danced in the streets after the closing of the shops; there were no more dances on the village green. Both upper and lower classes, having no other pleasant pastimes, took to drinking hard. Dancing, where it was carried on at all, existed only at public gardens, as at Marylebone, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall. Of late years dancing licenses have been necessary, and, so low in reputation has dancing fallen, that these are always difficult to secure. At the present moment, there is hardly a single place open for public dancing, and the only way for young people to get any dancing at all is to join one of the so-called dancing classes.

The old superstition about the wickedness of dancing still lingers. It is regarded by many people as a most dangerous thing, to create and encourage a love for this form of amusement. Yet there is nothing safer, more innocent, more natural, or more delightful. By dancing young people learn good manners, self-control, respect for each other, and a graceful carriage. They must not jump about and shout: they must move in obedience to the music and to each other: they are under the law of the music and the step: there is no form of motion more delightful than that of the dance. As an answer to those who think dancing wicked these things should be pointed out: it is as natural for young people to dance as for boys to jump and run: the dancing-room properly conducted is above all things a school of good manners: rude and rough behaviour cannot enter there. Nothing evil of any kind can be carried on under the electric light of a great hall. Everyone, for the sake of his partner first, and out of respect to the company, is bound to be quiet, gentle, and courteous.

Let the English folk have their dancing restored to them. Of the recreation of the future it will form the principal and the most delightful part. There is little fear that the people, when they are once permitted and encouraged to dance again, will ever suffer the ball-room to be turned into a scene of orgy and riot. Order must be secured first by the presence of guardians elected by the dancers themselves, jealous of the least disturbing element; and next by care as to the character of those admitted. The chief fear is that the young men will not take the necessary pains to get instruction in the steps, so that their dancing may not become the fashionable West End walk, but a real dance, with correct steps and studied figures. There must be a school of dancing as well as of carpentry. Those who have witnessed the experiment tried at the Palace during the last week may indeed be sanguine for the future.

But, at first, too much care cannot possibly be given to the exclusion of noisy and ill-mannered persons and to the observance of the strictest order.

The maintenance of order and good behaviour is essentially the business of the lady members of the Palace on soirée nights. The Queen's Hall is their dancing room; the young men are their visitors. They must be jealous for the honour of their receptions; they must be the first to check any approach to rough behaviour. If they resolutely refuse to dance with any young man who attempts transgression of the rules of good behaviour, order will be secured. It is to them, therefore, that we look for the good name and the continuance of the dancing soirées.

And when the dance has been given back to the people from whom it was taken long ago, first by religious narrowness; and afterwards by a common brutality of manners, not confined to any class, which turned every popular amusement into a cock pit and a fighting ring and a drinking bout, it will never again be given up. Dancing ought to be, and will be, like reading, an amusement as free, as universal, and as accessible to all.

### Admission of New Members.

LAST night (Tuesday) some five hundred young men and women were admitted as Members of the Palace Institute. They were previously entertained in the Queen's Hall to a reception tea; and, notwithstanding the thick fog without, a great number attended.

On the termination of the tea, a short gymnastic display was given under Sergeant Burdett and Mr. C. Wright; and, at its close, Sir Edmund Currie, mounting the platform, addressed a few words to those before him. He spoke at some length upon the advantages to be derived from being a Member of such an Institute, assuring those who had enrolled themselves that everything would be done conducive to their comfort and recreation, and he gave them, as Chairman of the Trustees and on behalf of the older Members, the heartiest possible welcome to the Palace Institute. He strongly urged them to fraternise, and make sociability their aim—recommending for this purpose the various clubs that had sprung up in their midst. The future of the Palace was in the hands of the Members, and it behoved them one and all to do their utmost to make this pioneer of other People's Palaces—which would be sure to arise—one of the strongest and best ever known within memory. As time went on the few buildings which at present constituted: the Palace, would be surrounded by spacious social rooms, schools, etc.; and in March, the new Library, now in course of erection, would, he hoped, be ready for the public. In May a portion of the new Swimming Bath, so generously given by Lord Roseberry, will also be opened, which would, he felt sure, be a great blessing to the East End of London. In conclusion he had only to thank the elder Members for their assistance there to-night; and in again welcoming the new comers, to introduce a gentleman well-known among them—Mr. N. L. Cohen.

Mr. Cohen, in coming forward, seconded Sir Edmund's remarks, and assured the new Members that what was wanting was unity of feeling and a friendliness one for another.

Mr. Robert Mitchell then rose and gave the Members the heartiest welcome to the Institute, and mentioned, from experience, several instances of the vast amount of good derivable from such an Institution to which they had just enrolled themselves.

A musical programme, under Mr. W. Marshall, followed, and songs by Misses Sinclair, Vandyk and Marshall, and a recitation by Mr. Eschwege were much appreciated by those present; and very shortly afterwards the proceedings terminated.

## Personal & Home Hygiene.

By JOHN GOODFELLOW.

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

### V.—THE DIGESTION OF FOOD.

THE various classes of food we have described in former articles cannot be of use to the economy until they have undergone certain changes in the body. The nutritious portions have to be extracted, and the useless parts of the food excreted. The nutriment has further to be modified into a soluble state, fit to enter the blood stream; for only soluble substances can pass into the blood. Starch, albumen, cheese, lean meat, etc., would be of no utility as foods, unless they were capable of being rendered soluble by the digestive juices of the body.

The parts of the body which perform this duty are called the organs of digestion. We might regard the digestive system as a long tube with certain dilations, through which the food is slowly forced by muscular contraction, the nutriment being drawn from the food during its slow passage. This tube is termed the alimentary canal.

It is a popular idea that the food is entirely digested in the stomach. Such is not the case. Indeed, many of the foods are not acted upon at all by the gastric juice of the stomach. Digestion begins in the mouth, and continues more or less nearly the whole length of the alimentary canal.

In order to elucidate the subject as clearly as possible, we will follow a mouthful of food, consisting of fat, starch, and proteid material, in its journey through the body, briefly reviewing the changes which each substance undergoes, and the parts of the body concerned in bringing about these changes.

In the mouth the food is thoroughly masticated (or should be) and mixed with the saliva (spittle). The large portions of the food are cut into smaller portions by certain of our teeth, and these small parts are further subdivided by other teeth; thus the whole is reduced to a pulp, and the particles of the food brought into close contact with the saliva. The change here is chiefly a mechanical one, viz., the reduction of food to a pulpy mass, favourable for the action of the digestive fluids.

But another change has gone on during mastication. The saliva has acted on some of the insoluble starch, and converted it into soluble sugar, thus rendering this food stuff, largely present in bread, potato, rice, tapioca, etc., fit to enter the blood stream.

We can now understand why imperfect mastication is so injurious to the system. The food is not reduced to a fine-enough state in order for it to be properly digested in the stomach and intestines, and the saliva has not the opportunity of acting on the starch, the food not staying long enough in the mouth. The food is finally formed into a bolus and swallowed, and is forced into the stomach by the contraction of the muscular rings of the gullet.

The digestion of starch by saliva soon ceases here, for the gastric juice of the stomach is antagonistic to saliva, and destroys its power. But the gastric juice acts powerfully on the proteids (lean of meat, white of eggs, caseine of cheese, gluten of bread, etc.) changing them into soluble peptones, although all the proteid is not digested in the stomach.

These peptones differ from proteids, inasmuch as they are very soluble, and will readily pass through the walls of the small blood vessels into the blood. The starch is not acted on in the stomach, nor are the fats digested, although the latter are set free by the gastric juice dissolving the tissue which binds the fat globules together, as well as the proteid envelope, which surrounds each fat globule. The mixture in the stomach

is called chyme, and consists of undigested starch, proteids, and fat globules, mixed with peptones. This chyme from time to time is forced into the small intestine, where it comes in contact with the bile from the liver and pancreatic juice from the pancreas (sweetbread). It is here that the fats are emulsified and split up, so as to be suitable for assimilation. The bile, mixed with pancreatic juice, forms a very fine emulsion of the fats, in which the globules are very minute indeed, and these pass into the system, not by the blood, but by special vessels called lacteals, which are found in the small intestine.

[To be continued.]

## The Blunders of Elementary Education.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

IN dealing with this subject it will perhaps be excusable to introduce it by defining "Education"; and also by giving a glance at its aims and progress—leaving the reader in possession of such ideas as will help to justly estimate whether the education imparted in our Board Schools is such as to commend itself to the present generation.

Education (Latin, *educō*—"I draw out") does not mean only the imparting of knowledge, but more particularly, the drawing forth, or development of the varied "talents" or capabilities of one's nature. However, the term is more generally accepted as implying the set methods and processes by which such development is accomplished. Education deals with the body, the mind, and the character. The education of the body cannot be satisfactorily accomplished without a fair knowledge of human physiology, and hygiene, or the laws of health. That of the mind, or intellectual education, can be best attained by its careful adaptation to the strength of the mind, by which we mean the avoidance of "forcing," and "cramming," the determination of the most suitable subjects for study; and in all matters, the adaptation of the instruction to the stage of growth which the mind has reached. In the formation of the character, we come to the education of the emotions and will. Here we perceive one great omission in our scholastic training, of that importance due to such a division of education; and we shall lay special stress on this point in dealing with our heading.

Throughout the civilised world great attention has of late been given by legislators, to primary education, a strong impetus being imparted to the subject by political and economic movements. It is at last received as a truism that National Education alone will enable the masses to hold their own in that struggle for existence and pre-eminence among nations, in which the weakest go to the wall;—and also to govern themselves wisely. The main educational work of such primary instruction, must always consist of reading, writing and arithmetic, and this no doubt was the sole meaning of Mr. Forster's Elementary Education Act of 1870. That the Act itself was highly desirable, few will deny, but that an Act, intended to help the work of such institutions as the "Ragged Schools," should so far exceed the intentions of the mover as to embrace such subjects as French, mechanics and other subjects of a decidedly secondary nature, is a matter for regret. These excesses have led to (1) undeniable extravagance; (2) inefficiency of work; (3) additional burdens on the ratepayer; (4) superficial instruction; and (5) the gradual decay of those truly beneficial and desirable institutions—the voluntary schools. We shall also contend that habits of cleanliness, thrift, temperance and self-respect are not sufficiently dwelt upon in the school curriculum of the present day.

[To be continued.]

## Palace Gossip.

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

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

PEACE to the ashes of the departed Socials! The air is filled with sighs and lamentations: for the lively worshippers of Terpsichore, who last week trod the mazy dance, no longer fill with festive face the gilded Hall of dazzling light. No longer does the stately M. sedately saunter through the giddy throng: nor certain Strephon furiously flirt with fair *faucée's* fan; for the air of joviality—when the lasses gaily tripped it to the merrie measure of the Gaelic Guards—has given place to sternly-settled, yet sweet serenity. The bookstall has again its accustomed appearance—with the usual Hebe; the reading-desks have returned; and the row of white-robed Queens, who, spectre-like, grimly guard the garnished galleries, look more awful, by contrast, than when, in all their (seeming-marble) majesty, they assumed, for the nonce, a visage smiling—yet so serenely statuesque.

YES, all is over; and the dames and damsels—so ably marshalled by the M.C.'s—have gone goodness knows where, leaving their late partners in an awful state of desperate disconsolation. Cruel charmers! Of course, we can't go on for ever dancing or feasting or conversationalising—everything must come to an end; and now that the memorable Socials have become things of the past, the lost time must be made up—because it's the New Year you know—and everyone must be seriously thinking of those new resolutions, formed with heroic determination, that are to lead and influence our lives in the great—the unknown future. But this moralising won't do; so I'd better get back to the Socials. As you know, I last week announced my intention of detailing the Conversaciones; but as, after thoughtful calculation, I find this would fill nine and a-half columns of PALACE GOSSIP, I murmured, with Hamlet senior's bogey, "Brief, let me be"; and so the anxiously-expectant world will have to rest contented with these few remarks, because, did I but dare to brave the anger of my Chief in filling so much space with GOSSIP, I should probably find myself *non est*—in much quicker time than it takes to write it.

I THINK, on the whole, the Trustees, the Members, and every individual he or she concerned, can be reasonably proud of the success of the New Year's Conversaciones. I know that the sub-Committee—heaven bless it!—has acted up to its nationality, and acted like a brick; and knowing this, I was not a bit surprised at the smooth manner in which everything went. I fully expected Moody to look majestic—and he *did*; I felt sure that Louis Nathan would be delighted—and he *was*; and I was confident that the Misses M. and R. and B. would be charming—and they *were*; and when a fellow sees his opinion so thoroughly carried out, it's—well, it's extremely gratifying, you know.

I DON'T want to flatter the gentleman, but I should certainly like to give the warmest praise to Mr. J. W. Marshall, who, since he came amongst us from Liverpool the other day, has done his level best—and that's a good deal—towards the success of the New Year's Conversaciones. It may border on bad taste to single out this gentleman from the host of others, and my kind (!) friends may think perhaps that I want to "butter" him—which, needless to say, is not in my line; but I've a firm belief in "Honour to whom honour is due," and I congratulate J. W. M. on his untiring energy as an organiser and—a Marshal(!). Verb sap.

ONE fair charmer, catching sight of me, came quickly up, and with a serious face, she asked, "Can you tell me, Mr. Sub., why there are so many wall-flowers?" "Wall-flowers!" ejaculated I; "they're flowers that bloom in the spring, I know; but I haven't seen any this evening. Where do they grow?" But the damsel answered never a word as a trifle grave grew she.

What *did* she mean, I wonder?

BUT the event of the evening—(still harping on the Socials, you see)—was the arrival of the sub-Ed., who fairly took the place by storm. Certainly his approach was not heralded with a fanfare of trumpets, and no maiden strewed flowers before his path, nor meek-faced lad, like "young-eyed cherubim," choired to welcome his approach; neither did the sounds of the sackbut or harp proclaim his presence; but for all that he went, he saw and he decidedly conquered. At least for a time; for it suddenly dawned upon those present that this mighty personage had—horror of horrors!—entered the Hall *with his hat on*. What was to be done: it would never do to suffer such a breach of etiquette to pass unnoticed. A hasty consultation was held: and presently a Tall Form wearing a

settled frown upon its face approached the distinguished arrival, and in a "respectable" voice mentioned the circumstance of the *chapeau*. With no apparent effect, however; and indeed the Sub. afterwards told me that *at that moment* he would not have taken that hat off for fifty thousand Tall Forms—and I've been ever since artlessly wondering—Why.

SEVERAL articles of feminine attire having been lost in the general *mêlée* after the Monday Conversazione, I am desired to request that all those articles which have gone to the wrongful owners may be returned to the office at the earliest opportunity. One young lady, it is said, has lost her boa—whatever that may be—and, being a valuable one, would be glad to have it restored to her.

A SPECIAL word of praise should be given to Mr. Edward Holland, of the Scots Guards band, for so excellently conducting at the Socials, and for the very capital musical fare which merrily set all feet in motion, and made all hearts beat high with exhilaration! A better dance programme could not have been devised.

Not too much Social, but just enough; so

## REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Rend your clothes, and pile the ashes  
On each one diminished head;  
Fill the air with cries and gnashes—  
For the Social's time has sped!

No more dancing—no rejoicing;  
Ne'er a "wall-flower"; ne'er a bore—  
Never shall we loud with joy sing,  
Till another year is o'er!

I HEAR from one—who will in due time distinguish himself as a Palace cricketer—that Mr. Nathaniel Cohen has already given a valuable cricket bat to be played for as soon as the club comes into existence. I hope that many others will follow Mr. Cohen's generous example; and that the cricket club of the future may become a huge success.

I AM glad to chronicle the fact that a very pleasing incident took place in my sanctum the other day, when one of the Palace Members, who I am proud to call my friend, dropped in "promiscuous-like," and presented me with an excellent water-colour sketch well mounted in a handsome frame. Now, it's always very gratifying to receive gifts and presents: still more is it so when one knows that such are accompanied with a genuine feeling of good fellowship; and in again thanking this gentleman for the kindness he has shown towards "the Chiel," I can only add that the cordiality is indeed reciprocated.

OF course, I shall keep this sketch in the sub-Editorial sanctum; but mein frau is extremely anxious that I shall take it home—so that the cherub subs. may learn the sort of good feeling that exists at the People's Palace.

## ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

(BY A MOODY MORALISER.)

As we journey through life with susceptible mind—  
In mansion, in hovel, in glen—  
Wherever we wander more humbug we find  
In all sorts and conditions of men.

Philanthropy oft has the thinnest aspect—  
Is but a misnaming of Heep;  
And many a Friendship I often suspect  
Like Beauty—is only skin-deep!

Devotion and Charity hand-in-hand go  
Too often indeed with Pecksniff;  
And try as you will you can't overthrow  
The Humbug from Piety's skiff.

And Truth—gentle Truth!—yes, though you may scout,  
I say it indeed without bias:  
Has often been proved—without shadow of doubt—  
To be kith and kin to An'ias.

LAST night (Tuesday) some five hundred new Members were admitted to the Institute—being previously entertained to a reception tea. Oh, lor! how every eatable and drinkable disappeared! If the new Members' intentions are only half as good as their appetites the P.'s P. should go on swimmingly in the future. The Members were also presented with a copy of our Journal—I believing with my Chief that, in business, there's nothing like a "bold advertisement."

## The Members' Column.

## THE DRAMA OF "HAMLET."

IF "Hamlet" be compared with those others of Shakespeare's works, which may justly hold comparison with it, it will be seen how pre-eminently it towers above the rest. Assuming, therefore, that "Hamlet" is the most popular of Shakespeare's plays—and its popularity has stood the test of some 300 years—it can only be so on account of its intrinsic merits. To seek, therefore, the causes of such popularity, is to seek its excellencies, and we find these to be:—

(1) ITS SOLIDITY.—It so hangs together that no part can be omitted, any attempt at such, in the acting, has always failed: e.g. the "Gravedigger's Scene," which alone gives the key to Hamlet's true feelings towards Ophelia.

(2) ITS UNITY.—In considering its unity as a whole, we note its prevailing unity of purpose even at the beginning; whereas, in Macbeth or Othello, the key of the whole, e.g. the murder of Duncan, and the gnawings of jealousy, is not hinted at until the play is well advanced. In Hamlet, the key note, struck at once, is absolutely maintained, without even a cadence, until the very close; "the rest is silence." The main idea of vengeance following the certainty of the crime is always to the front, and in Hamlet's intercourse with every single character of note in the play, it is his one purpose.

With regard to the unity of each character, it is at once observed how consistent each is—the words would name the speaker—the key is always plausible. Polonius always drivelling; Laertes always impulsive and impetuous; Hamlet, deeply introspective, and while full of purpose mentally, is slow to act, allowing events to lead him, rather than seeking to control them. So on each character may be analysed, and will be found to stand out clear and sharp.

(3) ITS HUMAN INTEREST.—Macbeth smacks of the supernatural. Othello turns on an accidental circumstance not often met with in everyday life. In King Lear, the ingratitude of the daughters, is unnatural: but in contrast to all this, Hamlet's love of his father gives the true human motive; he is a would-be avenger, commanding all our sympathies. Polonius would seem superfluous, yet we could not have done without him. Ophelia touches our tenderest sympathies.

(4) ITS POPULARITY WITH ACTORS.—The highest ambition with actors is to achieve a success in Hamlet, hence it is often represented with a view to that end, but few attain the goal of their wishes—99 per cent., if not 100 per cent. of the acting Hamlets, are failures. Hamlet himself is too subtle for them.

(5) THE OPPORTUNITY FOR QUOTATION IS SO FREQUENT.—Literature abounds with quotations from Hamlet, which are so apt, that they have become household words. To give examples would be to copy half the play.

(6) LITERATURE HAS FOUND PROBLEMS IN IT.—Goethe and Coleridge have each made psychological analyses of Hamlet's character, and such questions as "Did Hamlet ever exist?" "Was Hamlet mad, or did he only assume madness?" "Did he mean to kill the king or no in killing Polonius?"

(7) In conclusion it may be stated that perhaps art has had something to do with its popularity. Scenes from Hamlet furnish favourite subjects for artists and sculptors; and the actor's art itself has popularised it, thus the one re-acts upon the other, and popularity grows by what it is fed upon. Garrick opened the eyes of his generation to the glory of the character; and how many may perhaps have made their first acquaintance with the play through gazing upon Maclise's noble picture, and seeking the materials for the subject in the impersonation on the stage.

PROTEUS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—I must again call the Members' attention to the Special Prize Competition announced in the Gossip columns a fortnight ago. The 15th inst. is the last day for sending in contributions; and as the time is on the wing (O cursed spite!) all those who have not as yet sent in had better hurry up; for doubtless the merrie manuscripts will want rather a deal of arranging.

TO-MORROW night (Thursday) Lady Currie will, I believe, present the medals, etc., to the successful Exhibitors of the Apprentices' Exhibition. They should be doubly gratified.

AND so the Exhibition's dead! Well, well; it had a merry career, and has afforded not only interest and amusement but also instruction to the vast crowds who, since the Heir Apparent announced it open, have thronged the double building. Yet it seems like parting with an old friend somehow; and the pulling down of all the nice things and leaving the place bare and desolate is too dreary to be thought of. But, I suppose, it can't be helped; for as I have previously remarked everything *must* have an end—and so the Apprentices' Exhibition with its wealth of usefulness, skill and ingenuity is swept away—leaving not a wrack behind!

Good old Exhibition!

As an instance of the extreme popularity of the Artful Museum in the Apprentices' Exhibition I may mention that, during the few days it was opened, over 15,000 persons passed the turnstiles. Good business!

Now desolation reigns supreme.

Fortunately, though, all the Classes re-commenced on Monday night, so the depressing effect consequent on the Exhibition's closing may not be so considerable after all.

I HEARD—from a nameless quarter—the other day that great things are expected of a certain club newly formed. I could say more—but my bond! Therefore, for the present—the rest is silence.

Bow-wow!—I should say, Ha! ha!—We shall not be desolate for long, because early in the merry spring-time—that is, in the balmy month of March—a Grand Dog Show will be held at the Palace! Now, my kind friends, *don't*, an it please you, launch out, Launce-like, with a tirade against the canines; and let me solemnly assure you that we are *not* going to the dogs, nor need you waggishly say that you'd *Batter-sea* about leaving the Palace in consequence; keep down the jokelets, please, because they are all anticipated!

This—I am looking far ahead, now, of course—will in good time be followed by an Exhibition of "harmless, necessary cats," which I hope will be as successful as their canine neighbours. At least, I hope so, for I've a particular fancy for tabbies myself; and could make your hair curl with *larfing* at my feline anecdotes. But don't be alarmed; I shall not inflict them now. All in good time.

Two or three pieces of good news, which I have purposely left till the last. The first is—That I know Sir Edmund Currie is negotiating with a railway company for the acquisition of land to be used for the purposes of lawn-tennis and cricket, and (if possible) to include a bicycle track. This is nice; and the sooner everything is settled the better, for I believe the cricketing section of the Palace will, in time, cause other clubs to sit up and snort. This land will probably be some fifteen or twenty miles from London; and a *fête champêtre*—should it ever be desirable—will not be at all impossible. Hooray!

AGAIN; the new Library is confidently expected to be opened by March, and the Beaumont Trustees are anxious that His Majesty the King of the Belgians should perform the opening ceremony. Let's hope he will, and then we shall have another opportunity of seeing our genial Lord Mayor at the Palace—who's an English-Belgian, you know; and a right good fellow into the bargain!

ALSO.—I hear it is the intention of the Beaumont Trustees to shortly start a Sick Fund—long wanting—within the Palace, which I doubt not will be a huge success. The objects are: "The insuring of money to Members when sick and disabled, for supplying doctors and medicine, and for defraying the expenses of burial of deceased Members." Excellent, i' faith!

AND LASTLY! The new Swimming-bath—or rather a portion of it—so generously given by Lord Roseberry, will, Sir Edmund confidently hopes, be ready early in May. This is indeed good news, and doubtless will be hailed as such by all those East-Enders anxious to display their natatory talents. The portion to be opened will be 90 by 30 feet, which it is hoped will eventually be extended to 200 in length. Au revoir!

## Men who have Risen.

## No. 6.—CAPTAIN COOK.

It is no longer possible for a lad, born in a humble station, to rise in the Royal Navy, and become the commander of a Queen's ship. The advance of science, which necessitates early education, effectually bars that road to distinction. Even in the merchant service it would be difficult for a young man in these days to step from the fo'cke to the quarter-deck. Captain Cook's example, therefore, is one which may be admired, but cannot very well be followed.

He was the son of a farm bailiff, or hind, as it is called in the north. He was born in a little village in Yorkshire, his father being reputed to be of Scotch descent. His face, indeed, sufficiently proves his Scotch blood in its high cheek bones and determined expression. The boy was taught to read and write in a school which is still standing. At thirteen years of age he was placed by his father in the shop of one, Sanderson, at the port of Staithes, near Whitby. The shop has been called variously that of a grocer and of a draper. In fact it was both. The town, which is inhabited solely by fishermen and their families, is still very much like what it was in the time of Cook: there are the winding streets, the boats, the nets on the beach, the small houses, and the general shop which sells everything.

No doubt it was from watching and talking with the fishermen on the beach that the boy's imagination was fired; and his occupation of weighing out sugar, and measuring calico became distasteful to him. He ran away. It is said that he stole a shilling from the till, and until a few years ago they used to show the very till from which he stole it. But the best informed do not admit the truth of the statement. They say that the boy changed an old shilling for a new one. However, the grave point is that he ran away. From Staithes to Whitby is about ten miles. He walked this distance along the cliff; and getting to Whitby, offered himself as an apprentice to one of the ship-owners of the place.

He went to sea in the service of this firm for seven or eight years. He was part of the time on a collier; part on a whaler. He rose from apprentice to second mate, and would have spent the rest of his life as captain of a whaler but for an accident.

His ship was in the port of London. It was just before the outbreak of one more of those wars which continually disturbed the last century. There was a hot press on the Thames for the King's ships; and Cook, finding that he was likely to be pressed as a common able-bodied seaman, went on board a King's ship and volunteered.

It was soon discovered—his friends at Whitby perhaps made it known to the captain of the ship—that here was a volunteer possessed of scientific knowledge as well as that of practical seamanship. He was speedily promoted to be master-mate. Moreover, when the fleet was in the River St. Lawrence, there was actually but one officer, except this master-mate, who could make a survey and take soundings. Cook it was who surveyed the coast round the Isle of Orleans, which is below Quebec. His chart is that which is still in use. For this service he was promoted to be master.

On his return to England he found the Government considering the despatch of a scientific expedition, for the clearing up of many disputed geographical points. There is not room here for the discussion of these points. Suffice it to say that the Pacific was almost wholly unknown. New Zealand was thought to be a part of Australia and New Guinea; the islands which we now call, collectively, Polynesia, were absolutely unknown. The only trade in these seas was carried on by the Spaniards in coasting vessels; and the only

passage across the ocean was by a well-known track along a certain latitude.

Cook, still a master in the navy, was made commander of this expedition. He was accompanied by Bankes, the naturalist, who afterwards wrote the history of the expedition.

On his return, Cook was made lieutenant; and a second expedition, with the similar objects, was sent out under his command.

Again returning in safety, he was made a captain; and was a third time sent out. It was not permitted him, however, to come back this time. He was murdered by the natives of Hawaii.

As for what he achieved, the enormous results to geographical and other branches of knowledge from his voyages, they cannot now be touched upon here. It must be noted, however, that Cook, from his youth upwards, was a temperate liver; that he cared nothing about the hardness of his fare, cheerfully taking the same rations as the common sailors; and that he owed his advance in life solely and absolutely to the knowledge which he had acquired as a young man. Thus, it was not enough for him, as the mate of a whaler, to learn seamanship—others would have been contented with knowing how to handle a ship in all winds—Cook wanted more. He taught himself everything connected with the sailor's life, from the rigging of the vessel to the survey of a coast.

It is no longer possible, as we said above, to rise as Cook rose. But the lesson remains the same in all ages: he who determines to succeed must grasp at knowledge in every direction possible; he must forego the pleasures which satisfy many young men; and to comfort himself he may remember that there is not one young man in a hundred who will deny himself the joys of society and play in order to work for an unknown future.

## A River-side Walk.

To one who loves meditation there is nothing so soothing and refreshing as a walk along the banks of a winding stream. No noisy sound of city life grates on the ear, but Nature's silent highway, flowing ever onward, tends to soothe the mind and produce peaceful thoughts. It arouses too the poetry in one's nature. Old Isaak Walton, the father of angling, the one in whose memory anglers rejoice, was certainly poetical: and ascending higher we find the lovely verses of the Lake Poets, who were no doubt inspired by the scenery, while the Laureate's perfect description of "The Brook":

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally," etc.,

gives us a beautiful idea of a river-side ramble; the startled wild fowl, the shimmering silvery gleam of the rippling water, the bright glimpses of the lusty trout, the flowers, "the sweet forget-me-not growing for happy lovers."

Many happy hours may be spent by the artist in sketching river scenery, and often a rambler may come across a lover of Nature transferring these fairy scenes to paper or canvas. There is scarcely a picturesque spot on "Old Father Thames" which has not been made use of in this way. Other rivers may present to the eye a bolder scene, but what can be more charming than a ramble along the river side from Twickenham to Richmond? The water seems to hold up a mirror to Nature, and whether it is the green foliage of spring and summer, or the purple and crimson leaves of the falling year, one is always struck by the beauty of the reflections. Ever and anon comes a breeze wiping out the picture, and the succeeding calm presents us with another.

NORDISA.

## Christmas Prize Competition.

FIRST PRIZE—£1.

## HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

YOUNG Adolphus Tompkins was in love. The object of his affections was a young lady rejoicing in the name of Isabella Clarinda Jones, called by her friends, for brevity's sake, Bella. She was a pretty brunette, whose face might have been considered faultless but for a slight suspicion of down upon her upper lip.

This down, which has worried many brunettes, was the bane of poor Bella's existence. In vain she tried hair-destroyers; in vain, too, she wrote to the editors of the various "weeklies" she "took in," for all the remedies she had tried had not removed a single hair. Her brother Charlie told her not to bother, as, if she couldn't get a husband to keep her she could exhibit herself as the "moustachioed lady," which was more than most girls could do.

Adolphus had met Bella at chapel, and, upon enquiry, learnt to his great joy that the pew her family occupied had two *free* seats in it. He at once made up his mind to attend chapel regularly, and occupy one of those seats every Sunday. He had observed human nature a little. He had noticed that pretty chapel-going young ladies will always lend their hymn-book to any young man sitting near them who may not happen to possess one. He had observed, too, that if it was an *old* man or an *old woman* who sat near the young ladies without a hymn-book, then the said young ladies would leave it to Dad or Ma to do the polite. So Adolphus sat in Bella's pew every Sunday, and always made it a rule to come *without* a hymn-book. Bella always did the polite, and thus an acquaintance had sprung up between them which soon ripened into love on both sides. He then cultivated the acquaintance of Bella's brother Charlie, and through him frequently obtained an invitation to spend an evening at their house, where he had plenty of opportunity for his love-making.

It was Christmas-Eve. The shops were ablaze with light, and, attired in his great-coat, our Adolphus was gazing at them in search of a present for his lady-love. Presently he stopped outside a large cutlery establishment, and after a few minutes' hesitation entered, and asked to be shown some cases of lady's "thingumbob what-you-call-ems." The young lady who waited upon him understood at once, and fetched some pretty leather cases containing several pairs of scissors, a bodkin, button-hook, thimble, and various other articles. While he was choosing one she fetched some other cases very similar in appearance, but containing a pair of razors and other requisites for the use of gentlemen, and asked him if he would like to look at them. This compliment to the bit of fluff on his upper lip—he hadn't got so much as Bella—was too much for poor Adolphus, and he at once bought a case, remarking that "They might come in handy some day." He then chose a case of scissors, etc., for Bella, and was walking out of the shop with his purchases when he seemed to remember something.

Turning back to the young lady who had waited upon him, he handed her a letter and one of the cases, and asked her to pack it for postage. She did so, and a few minutes later our Adolphus entered the Post Office, happy in the pleasure he was about to bestow upon his lady-love.

It was Christmas morning. Bella sat at the parlour window with a frown upon her pretty face. The postman had called that morning and had only brought her seventeen Christmas cards, and not one from Adolphus. "I'll never speak to him again," she was saying to

herself, when the Parcels Post van drove up to the door, and her face brightened.

Rat-tat! Bella flew to the door, and received from the hands of the postman a neat little package addressed to herself. With trembling hands she undid the string, and a pretty little case was brought to view.

"Dear, darling Adolphus!" she softly murmured, kissing the case and pressing the spring. The lid flew back. Why that start and frown? Why that look of dismay? The box contained a complete set of shaving requisites! And poor little Bella's heart went pit-a-pat as she thought of her upper lip.

"Oh, cruel brute!" she exclaimed; and then seeing the letter for the first time, she clutched it savagely. "Hopes I'll use his present for his sake. Oh! oh!! oh!!! Don't faint, Bella; there's nobody near to attend to you if you do, dear. So Bella seemed to think, for, drawing herself up, she threw the letter into the fire, and taking the case of razors in her hand, she walked from the room.

"Nobody saw the post come but myself," she said, as she made her way to her brother's room.

"Charlie, didn't you say that fellow Tompkins was coming to-day?"

"Yes, Bella."

"Well, the brute hasn't even sent me a Christmas card; and I don't want to have anything more to do with him. I'll give you this case of razors for a Christmas present, Charlie, if you promise to kick him off the steps the moment he calls."

"Hand over the case. I'll do it, Bella."

"I couldn't bear dear Charlie's chaff if I told him the truth," said poor Bella, as she tripped lightly away.

Four hours later Adolphus knocked at the door, and turning his back to it, gazed benignly down the street. Four seconds later he felt himself shot forward into the gutter, and heard Charlie's voice say: "Don't come here any more!" and then the door slammed.

Picking himself up, Adolphus exclaimed: "Good heavens! I am undone. She loves another. Fifteen and ninepence wasted. There is only one course left. I thought those razors would come in handy." Home at last! "Now to end my wretched existence," he said, as his fingers nervously clutched the little leather case. The lid flew open. "Ah-h-h! oh-h-h! scissors? Oh! I see it all now. Poor Bella! No wonder I was kicked."

JOHN D. ROBERTSON,

Polytechnic.

## Musical Notes.

CONCERTS.—The Concerts in the Gymnasium last week and the two Special Concerts which were given in the Queen's Hall have been attended with the success which was only to be expected when the programmes included selections by the Scots Guards' Band and songs by such excellent artistes as Mdlle. Jeanne Denys, Mr. John Frobert, and Mr. Bantock Pierpoint. At the Wednesday Concert the organ was played by Herr Hermann Van Dyk, and on Saturday by Mr. Wiseman.

ORGAN RECITAL.—A very successful Organ Recital was given on Saturday Afternoon last by Mr. Henry J. Leibold, of the Guildhall School of Music. The preparations for the Social Entertainments rendered it impossible to give the Afternoon Recitals on the other days of the week.

THE CONCERT to-night will be especially remarkable as introducing to our audiences the "White Rose Quartet," which is a quartet of artisans who have devoted their leisure hours to the cultivation of their voices and good music.

MUSICAL CLASSES.—These Classes are being resumed this week, and a large attendance is expected—especially in the Pianoforte Class which has already assumed very large proportions.

THE CHORAL SOCIETY meet for the first time this quarter on Friday next, to practise Haydn's "Spring" and Macfarren's "May-day." The "May-day" is to form, with some glees, the principal item in a Programme at one of the Popular Concerts in the Queen's Hall.

## Society and Club Notes.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

A Business Meeting of the above Society was held on the evening of Wednesday, January 4th, to consider the recommendation of the Committee with regard to alteration of Rules, etc. Various alterations were made, and the meeting adjourned at 9.15, having in a short space of time disposed of a large amount of business.

The debate for Wednesday, January 11th, will be on the resolution as follows:—

"That in the opinion of this House the concession of Home Rule to Ireland is the only means by which the fast breaking bond of Union between England and that country may be strengthened."

An amendment will be proposed by Mr. Hawkins:—

"That in the opinion of this House it would be distinctly prejudicial to the interests of both England and Ireland to grant Home Rule to that country."

It should be noted that Mr. Thomas has not "got his Assistant Secretary" as asserted in the Journal for December 28th, the two joint Secretaries being

SYDNEY THOMAS,  
HORACE J. HAWKINS, } Secretaries.

### BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The subjects for the Exhibition of Sketches to be held early in February are as follows:—

STILL LIFE.		
Figure .. .. .	.. .. .	Subject from Dickens.
Landscape .. .. .	.. .. .	A river scene.
Design .. .. .	.. .. .	A wall-paper.

The date for sending in the Sketches will be published in a future number of the Journal.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

In accordance with the announcement posted upon the various notice boards in the Palace, a meeting of those Members interested in the formation of the Cricket Club was held in the schoolroom on Saturday, January 7th. Sir Edmund Hay Currie occupied the chair. A goodly number of Members attended the meeting, and after a spirited contest for places upon the Committee, the following result was declared. President, Sir Edmund Hay Currie; Treasurer, Spencer Charrington, Esq., M.P.; Secretary, Henry Marshall; Assistant Secretary, H. Wadkin; Captain (pro. tem), T. G. Carter; Vice-Captain, A. Bowman; Committee, Walter Marshall, C. Bowman, T. Moreton, A. H. Valentine, A. H. Deel, E. Taylor.

The council representatives were next elected, T. G. Carter and Henry Marshall being the successful candidates.

Considerable enthusiasm was shown by the Members present, and judging from the number of applications already received for membership, it is estimated this club will be one of the strongest—numerically—connected with the Palace.

I shall be glad to receive, at an early date, applications for membership, and desire specially to draw the attention of all our cricketing Members to the fact that if they send in their names immediately a great amount of assistance will be rendered to the officers in the formation of the teams for the ensuing season.

Any Member wishing for information in reference to the Club will please write me, Henry Marshall, c/o People's Palace or 54, Sutherland Road, Bow, and the desired knowledge will be forwarded as requested.

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.  
H. WADKIN, Assist. Hon. Sec.

(I beg to remind the Members of the Committee that the first Committee Meeting will be held in the School-buildings on Friday evening next, at 9 p.m. A large amount of business has to be transacted and it will facilitate the work considerably if the gentlemen are punctual that the business may begin at the time named.)

### COUNCIL OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

The representatives of the various clubs in connection with the People's Palace held their first meeting on Saturday evening, January 7th, in the Trustees' office. Sir Edmund Hay Currie occupied the chair.

The following Members were present. Misses Coker, Levene, Toope, Sinclair, Raymond and Orchart; Messrs. A. Bowman, Hulls and Bailey (Gymnasium); Dell and Stuttle (Billiards); T. E. Halfpenny, Nathan (Sketching); S. Thomas and W. Marshall (Debating).

The first business of importance was the selection of one of the representatives to fill the office of Hon. Sec., and for this post Walter Marshall was elected unanimously.

The Chairman then explained the onerous duties of the Council, and after several suggestions had been made by the Chairman respecting the numerous questions with which it would have to deal, the meeting was adjourned until Monday, January 16th, at 8 p.m.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

### BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

Gentlemen wishing to join the above Club can do so by leaving a note addressed to the secretaries at the Palace. Subscriptions payable in advance. Entrance fee, 1s.; yearly subscription, 2s. 6d. Notice of the next General Meeting will be given through these columns. President—Sir Edmund Hay Currie.

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

### BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

A meeting of the Committee of the Beaumont F. C. will be held this evening in the schools at 8.30.

Beaumont v. Marboro' Rovers. These clubs met in friendly rivalry at Victoria Park last Saturday. Neither club succeeded in scoring. The goal-keeping on both sides was very good, especially that kept by W. Jesseman (Beaumont), who saved several fine shots. Some very pretty runs were made by W. Cooper. A. Wenn, forwards of the Beaumont, the latter sending in two or three good kicks.

W. Cole (goal), A. Rolland, S. Trout (backs) and O. Reneville (forward), played well for the Rovers.

The following represented the Palace Club. W. D. Jesseman (goal); W. Wand, F. Hart (backs); G. Hobday, A. Waiman, J. Munro (half-backs); T. Moreton, W. Griffiths (right wing); W. Cooper (centre); W. H. Winch, W. Wenn (left wing) (forwards).

Match next Saturday, January 14th, at Millwall: Beaumont v. Glengal Rovers.

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.  
W. A. CANTLE, Match Sec.

### BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

In spite of the gloomy surroundings on Saturday last, the 7th inst, nine Members and two visitors peeled for a run over the course to be used in the Five Miles' Handicap, which takes place on Saturday, January 21st, instead of January 7th, as per fixture. The following were the runners: Slow Pack—E. J. Crowe, J. West, E. Robb, E. Bates, H. J. Soame, W. Hawkes, A. Greenwood (Members), and S. B. Northmore (Brunswick Harriers); Fast—E. C. Tibbs (Captain), J. R. Deeley, and H. R. Johnson (Lytton R.C.) The slow division were allowed 2½ minutes' start, and, under the care of the Assistant-Secretary, travelled at a fair rate, and were not caught until about 1½ miles from home, when racing commenced. Tibbs, Deeley, and Crowe at once headed the others, and each leading in turn made the pace a cracker; Tibbs and Deeley ultimately finishing dead level, Crowe 40 yards behind, the club humourist, "Greenwood," strolling in last, fairly baked. Entries (on Club-forms), close on Saturday next, January 14th, to the Secretary, who will also be glad to receive subscriptions for the second half season. Runs every Tuesday at 8.30, and Saturdays 4 o'clock sharp. Visitors always welcome. Members of Institute wishing to join the Club may obtain all information of either of the undersigned.

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

## Perseverance.

PERSEVERANCE is one of the greatest elements of character, that each one must possess who desires to attain any success or victory in this life. How many men there are who have failed to obtain the success they desired because they lacked that one thing—perseverance. If they looked back on their past lives how many obstacles they see that they might have overcome if perseverance had been in their character. Looking on the other side, how many of our great men owe their success in literature, politics, art, science, and many other subjects to perseverance. If we wish to succeed in anything we do it is no use to look at the difficulties in our way, but to try and overcome them. We may meet with disappointment, but even that should not deter us from continuing our labours.

And not only in our callings and pursuits after knowledge should we exercise perseverance, but also upon ourselves. How often might the passions and failings of our own inner lives be overcome by steady perseverance. Let each one of us, no matter what our lot in life may be, take perseverance as our watchword, and we shall find many obstacles, which at first we thought insurmountable, will disappear before us. There are many things which we now use and enjoy that would still be hidden from the knowledge of man if Perseverance had not been in the character of those who patiently laboured until their efforts were crowned with success.

A. ALLARD.

## 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 VIII.—(continued.)

HE CANNOT CHOOSE BUT GO.

IN a word, nothing would serve but that Raymond must go. He had but little money, and it was necessary that he should have enough for his expenses, though he was to travel cheaply. Therefore, the usual expedient was resorted to, and the rest of the small jewels taken from the Holy Rose.

He left us.

"There is no danger," I said to Madame Claire. "The country is peaceful, and he will be as safe as with us at home."

"I know not, child," she replied. "When I think of France, I see nothing but maddened mobs rushing about the streets, bearing on their pikes the heads of innocent women and loyal men. Yes—yes—I know. All that is over. Yet I remember it."

"The First Consul has turned all these mobs into soldiers."

"And there is the man Gavotte. Suppose Raymond should fall into his hands."

"Why, France is large. It is not likely that they will meet. And the man could not harm Raymond if he wished."

"My dear," she said, pointing to the Holy Rose, stripped and bare, "all the jewels are now gone. There is nothing left but the trunk and the dead branches."

He travelled with a passport which described him as Raymond Arnold, British subject, and artist by profession. Had we carefully devised beforehand the method which would be most likely to lead to his destruction, we could not have hit upon a better plan. For, while France was most suspicious of British subjects, the passport described him as one, it concealed his nationality, altered his name, and gave him the profession which would most readily lend colour to suspicion, and support to the most groundless charges.

### CHAPTER IX.

RAYMOND'S JOURNEY.

So Raymond left us, and for my own part I had no fears, none at all. Why should there be dangers in France more than in England? In both countries there are thieves, murderers, and footpads. In both there are honest men. Those who consort with honest men do not generally encounter rogues. Raymond was not one of those who put themselves willingly in company where rogues are mostly found. We had letters from him. First a letter from Paris. He had seen the First Consul at a review of troops. "He was, after all, only a little man," Raymond wrote, "but he wore in his face the air of one accustomed to command." At this time he was little more than thirty years of age, yet the foremost man in all Europe. "Molly," Raymond said, "I confess that my heart glowed with admiration at the sight of this great commander and that of the brave troops whom he hath led to so many victories. They are not tall men, as you already know from the sight of the prisoners, but they are full of spirit, and their marching is quicker than that of our own—the British troops. I forget not that here I am an Englishman travelling as a subject of His Majesty King George. I am staying at a hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, one of the principal streets in the town. The place is full of English visitors, and we all go about with our mouths wide open, looking at the wonders of Paris. I shall

have plenty to tell you, dear, in the winter evenings. I have seen the place where the Bastille stood, and the great Cathedrals of Notre Dame and St. Denis, and the Palaces of the Louvre and Versailles; above all, I have seen the prison of the Queen. The people are very lively and fond of spectacles and theatres, fairs and noise. I find that my French is antiquated, and there are many words and idioms used which are strange to me. But the Parisians talk a language of their own, which changes from day to day, and is always full of little terms and allusions which no stranger or provincial can understand. Last night I went to the Théâtre des Variétés to hear a vaudeville which contained a hundred good things, all of which I lost from not understanding the talk of the day. The ingenious author of the piece was this morning shown to me at a *café*. This happy man, who can make a whole theatre full of people laugh and forget their troubles, is himself one who is always laughing and singing."

If I refrain from copying more of Raymond's letters you must not suppose that they were short, or that they contained nothing but his adventures and observations. They were long letters, delightful to read, only there were some passages which in reading them aloud I was compelled to pass on in silence, because they were meant for no ear but mine. The things which a lover whispers to his sweetheart must not be told to any one, though, indeed, I suppose all men say much the same things, since our language contains no more than a dozen words of endearment, so that they have no choice. Now, after Raymond had been in Paris about three weeks, he thought that he must begin his journey south.

He travelled by the stage-coach, which in France is called a diligence; it is much slower than our flying coaches, while the roads are much worse than ours, being not only narrow, but also rendered dangerous by the deep ruts made by the heavy wagons. Before the Revolution they were kept in repair by forced labour. The roads being so bad, it is not wonderful that people travel no more than they are obliged. The diligence is, however, cheap, and as its progress is slow, one can see a good deal on the way. Thus Raymond saw the Palace of Fontainebleau, formerly inhabited by the Kings of France; he visited also the old city of Dijon, once the capital of Burgundy; the city of Lyons, which was destroyed by the Revolutionary army a little before they took Toulon, and many other places, all of which are set down in the map of France, which we now keep to show the children how great a traveller their father has been. He also made many drawings on the way, some of the women in their white caps, some of the peasants, some of churches and castles, but all these drawings were lost by an unexpected event, which I have presently to tell you.

At Lyons he left the stage-coach and took passage on one of the boats which go down the Rhone, and are called water-coaches. They are crowded with people, and one sleeps on board, but the cabins are close, and there is not room for all to lie. Raymond found, however, that this mode of travel was vastly more pleasant than the coach with the dust and the noise. This journey terminated at a place called Arles, from which he wrote to me.

"I am at last," he said, "in my own country, among the people who use the language of my childhood. It is strange to hear them all talking as we love to talk in our cottage at Porchester. One seems back in England again. The people think it strange that an Englishman should know their tongue. I told them that I knew an English girl who knows the language and can speak it as well as myself. They are friendly to me, though they have the reputation of being quick-tempered and ready to strike. We stayed an hour or two at Avignon, where is an old broken bridge over the river, and in the town there are many remains of antiquity, with stone walls, and a great building once the palace of the Pope.

At the town of Arles, where I write, there are Roman buildings; a vast circus all of stone, where they used to have fights of gladiators, and where the people used to throng in order to witness the torture of Christian martyrs. . . . My dear, I am now within two days' journey of my birthplace. The nearer I draw, the more dearly do I remember it. The Chateau d'Eyragues stands upon a low cliff rising above the river Durance, which is wide and shallow, and subject to sudden floods. It is a large, white house, with an ancient square tower at one end. The windows, which are small and high, are provided with green jalousies to keep out the sun. There is a broad verandah in front of the house; on one side is a garden, and on the other side a farmyard, with turkeys and fowls and geese; here are also the dogs and the stables, and here is a great pigeon-house with hundreds of pigeons flying about. It is the privilege of the Seigneur to keep pigeons, which eat up the corn of the farmers. Overhead is a sky always blue; the hills are bare and treeless; there are groves of gray olives, and the fields, which for the greater part of the year are dry and bare, are protected from the cold mistral wind by a kind of screen made of reeds. There are vines in the fields, and there are groves of mulberry-trees planted for the sake of the silkworms. It is, I confess, a country which few love save those who are born in it. The people are passionate, jealous, and headstrong; they do nothing in cold blood; they hate and love with equal ardour. My Molly, you love one of them. Will you be warned in time?

"To-morrow I leave for the Rhone, and make for Aix, whence it is but a short journey to the village of Eyragues. How well I remember the last time I went to Aix! We travelled in our great gilt coach, hung upon springs, from the Chateau to our house. It must have been early in the year 1793. My father was already melancholy and a prey to gloomy forebodings. But he was the Count d'Eyragues and a grand Seigneur, and now his son is plain Mister Arnold, and a humble English traveller, who cannot afford post-horses, but journeys in the panier with the common folk. Adieu, my well-beloved; I will write to thee again from Aix." A week later there came another endearing, delightful letter.

"I am at Aix," he said. "I am at last, and after a tedious journey of three days, at Aix. The distance, which is not quite fifty miles, or thereabouts, from Arles, would be covered on an English high-road in a single day. Here, however, the roads are bad, the carriages heavy, and the horses weak and in poor condition. All the best horses, I am told, have been taken for the cavalry. The road is not, moreover, what you would call a high-road, but a cross-country road, passing over a level plain through villages; and the coach, which is little better than a great, clumsy basket, was filled with farmers and small proprietors, talking of bad times and the war. There was also a commis-voyageur, that is, a travelling clerk, or rider, going, he told me, from Arles to Aix, and thence to Toulon. He wanted to talk French to me, and was continually expressing his astonishment to find that an Englishman should wish to visit this part of the country at all; and, secondly, that an Englishman should be able to speak the Provençal language. I told him I was often surprised myself, because, with the exception of a single young lady of my acquaintance, there was probably no one in England, apart from the *énigrés*, who could speak it like myself.

"'Monsieur' said my commis-voyageur, 'has the air of a Provençal. Oh! quite the air of a Provençal. I have seen Englishmen. There are English prisoners at Marseilles; and I have seen English sailors at Bordeaux. Never did I see an Englishman who resembled Monsieur.' This gentleman is right, and he, for his part, has the air of one who suspects me. Let him, however, suspect what he pleases. I have my passport. I am not a political agent, and I am engaged in nothing

that I wish to conceal. I conversed freely with the people. Alas! they are no longer Royalists. The events of the last ten years have turned their heads. Though the wars have made them no richer, but have killed their young men and laid the most terrible burdens upon the country—it is certain that France has suffered far more than England—the splendid successes of the French arms have turned their heads. Nevertheless, everybody is afraid that war may break out again at any moment—in Paris they speak openly of speedily sweeping us from the seas—and pray that the peace may be lasting.

"I asked them about many things: the condition of the country, the change from the old order—I understand now that it can never return—the army, the state of religion, the cultivation of the fields—everything that one wants to know when returning to his native land after a long absence.

"'Decidedly,' said my friend, the commis-voyageur. 'Monsieur is curious. Monsieur probably proposes to write a book of travels.'

"The road is lined for the greater part of the way with plane-trees, all bent over in the same direction, and at the same height, by the mistral wind, just as on the King's bastion at Portsmouth the trees are all bent down by the wind from the sea. At this season Provence looks green and beautiful; the planes are coming into leaf, the *Arbre Judas*, which grows in the gardens, is in full flower; there is white-thorn in plenty; the mulberries have not begun to lose their leaves; while the cypresses, of which my people are so fond, and their gray olives, and even the long lines of reeds with which they shelter their fields from the mistral, look well behind the green maize. In two months the white road will be a foot deep in dust, the leaves by the roadside will be white with dust, and the mulberry-trees will be stripped of their foliage for the silkworms. As for flowers, there are few here compared with those in the English fields; but there are some, especially when a canal for irrigation runs beside the road, crossed here and there by its *passerelle*—the little foot-bridge. There are few wayfarers along the road, and in the fields the workers are chiefly women.

"Our journey took three days, the sleeping accommodation in the villages being poor, but better than that in the boats. Here, at Aix, everything is good and comfortable.

"I have been sketching in the town; I have made a drawing of our town-house, which is an old house in a dark and narrow street. It stands round three sides of a court, in which are lilacs and fig-trees, and a fountain. I did not ask to whom the house now belongs, for I begged permission of the concierge to sketch it. There being no one at home, I was allowed to sit in the court and make my drawing. I have also sketched the cathedral and the church of St. John, where my ancestors lie buried. Happily, their tombs were not defaced by the Revolutionists.

"My dearest Molly, there remains to be seen only the old Chateau, and the place where my father died. Some day, perhaps, we may be able to erect a monument to him as well, though his body lies we know not where.

"To-morrow I walk to Eyragues, which is not more than ten miles from Aix. Shall I find the Chateau as we left it? But my father, who used to walk upon the terrace before the house, will be there no longer. I hope to write from Toulon. Farewell, my love, farewell!"

The letter reached us at the end of April. We waited patiently at first for the promised successor. None came the next week, and none the week after. Then I, for my part, began to grow impatient. Day by day I went out to meet the postboy from Fareham. Sometimes he turned at the road which leads to the Castle, and blew his horn at the Vicarage. But none for me. And the weeks passed by and nothing was heard

Now, by our calculations, the time for a letter to reach Porchester from Aix being eighteen days, if Raymond had arrived at Toulon about the middle of April, supposing that his business kept him there no more than two or three days, he would proceed to Marseilles, and thence make his way as rapidly as he could across France, and so home, and should arrive by the middle of May. That is the reason, I said, trying to assure myself, though I spent the nights in tears and prayers, why he has not written another letter, because he is posting homeward as speedily as he can travel, and comes as fast as any letter. He will be with us, therefore, about the middle of May.

The middle of May passed and he did not return, nor was there any letter from him.

Now on the 18th of May, in that year, a very grave step was taken by His Majesty the King. He declared war against France. Those who were in State secrets have since assured the world that this step was not taken without due consideration, and a full knowledge of its importance; and, further, that in declaring war, the King only anticipated the intentions of Bonaparte, whose only reason for deferring his declaration was that he might find time to build more ships.

Well, even though war was declared, Raymond was a man of peace who would be suffered to return. It was not likely that a war, which would not greatly move the hearts of the people, the causes for which lay in political reasons which they could not understand, would exasperate the French against a simple English traveller.

Letters, it is certain, sometimes miscarry; from the South of France to Hampshire is, indeed, a terrible distance. Our traveller would come home before his letter, war or no war.

Thus passed seven weeks, and then we heard that Bonaparte, by an exercise of authority which was wholly without parallel in the history of nations, had ordered that all Englishmen travelling in France, even peaceful merchants and clergymen, should be detained. Among them, no doubt, was Raymond.

But other *détenus*, as they were called, wrote letters home, which were duly forwarded and received. Why did not Raymond write?

It was through me—oh, through me, and none other—that he went away. I encouraged him to talk about his old home; I fed the flame of desire to see it again. Had it not been for me he would have stayed at home, and now we should have been all happy together—safe and happy. But now—where was he? In a French prison, in rags, like our French prisoners, with no money. How could we get to him? How help him? How know even where he was?

"My child," said Madame Claire, "we are in the hands of Heaven. Do not reproach yourself. Raymond was filled with longing to see his native land again. Nay, what can have happened to him but detention with the other English travellers?"

While I wept and wrung my hands, and Madame Claire consoled me, and we sought to find reasons for this long silence, it was strange to listen to the poor mad woman, laughing and singing, and talking to her dead husband, chiefly about Raymond.

"The boy has grown tall, my friend," she would say. "The time comes when we must find a wife for him; then, in our old age, we shall have our grandchildren round us. When he comes home he shall marry; he will come now very soon."

It seemed as if in some imperfect way she understood that her son was gone somewhere. Perhaps it was to comfort us that she kept repeating the words, "He will come home soon; he will come home soon."

Alas! the time soon arrived when those words were a mockery!

It was at the beginning of the tenth week that we received one more letter in that dear handwriting. But what a letter. Oh, what a letter! for it left us without one gleam of hope or comfort.

"I should meet my love in heaven," said Madame. Alas! heaven at nineteen seems so far away; and to one whose heart is wholly given to an earthly passion, heaven seems a joyless place. Sure I am that if when one is young the choice was offered of a continuance to earthly joys, which we know, with youth and health and plenty, or of the unknown heavenly joys, though we are plainly told that mind cannot conceive, and tongue cannot tell their raptures, we should, for the most part, prefer the former.

Oh, this letter! Can I, now, think of it without a sinking of the heart, and a wonder that the letter did not kill me on the spot. The postman stopped at our garden gate; 'twas a morning in June; the lilacs and laburnums were still on; all the roses were in blossom, and the sun was so warm that one was able already to sit in the open air. At sight of the man my heart leaped up. He had a letter for me, which he held up and laughed—for he knew my impatience and anxiety—and I rushed to the gate and took it. Yes, it was in my Raymond's handwriting. I left the postman to get his money from Sally, and ran as fast as I could to the cottage, my letter in my hand.

"A letter!" I cried. "A letter from Raymond! Oh, at last, at last; now we shall know!"

Then I tore open the seal and read it aloud.

"MY DEAREST MOLLY,—This is the last letter you will ever receive from your lover—"

His last letter?

"Quick!" cried Madame; "read it quickly."

"I am in prison at Toulon. I have but a few minutes given to me for this letter, in which I should have said so much had I time. My dear—my dear—I am about to die. Farewell. Try to forget me, my poor heart. Oh, think of me as one who lived in thy heart for a little and was then called away. I am to be guillotined for an English spy in the very place where, ten years ago, they shot my father. It is strange that my death should be like his, and in the same way. I am not a spy, as you know; but I have failed to convince my judges. I was tried this very day, and I am to die to-morrow morning amid the execrations of the people. Is not this a strange destiny for father and son? Kiss my mother for me. By the time this letter reaches you she will be already conversing with the spirit of her son as well as that of her husband; for my dear, where could my spirit rest if not near thee? And, if my father's soul hath obtained this privilege, why not mine? My spirit can have no terrors for thee. I had much to tell; but now you will never hear what has happened to me and why. I am promised that this letter shall be sent to thee. To-morrow I am to die. Farewell—farewell—farewell. Oh, Molly, my sweet girl, I kiss the place where I write thy name. Farewell, by dear. Farewell—"

I know not how I was able to read this letter aloud, for every word was like a dagger plunged into my heart. Oh! a thousand daggers would have been better than this letter so full of love and pity, and yet so terrible with its message.

Pass over this day. Think, if you can, how Madame fell upon her knees and prayed—not for herself, but for me; think how I sat with dry eyes, speechless; think how my father came and wept; think how all the time the poor mad lady laughed and sang as happy as the blackbird in the orchard, and repeated, like a parrot in a cage: "He will come home soon; he will come home soon."

(To be continued.)

**Thrift.**—There is great happiness in saving, which unthrifty people quite miss, without reaping any corresponding advantage. A very large part of the distress in the world is caused by thriftless habits.

**Work.**—Those who work, help to increase the wealth of the country; those who do nothing at all simply help to destroy what others make.

### Next Wednesday's Concert.

THE Wednesday Evening Concert of next week (18th January) will be of an unusual kind, and a few anticipatory words about it may be useful. There will be songs, as usual, but the programme will also include instrumental pieces of the sort commonly known as "chamber music"—compositions of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others. It will be, in fact, a "classical" concert.

Though the Palace has only been open half a year, and is still unfinished, it is already clear that it will become more and more the virtual centre of the music of East London. So far, most of the performances have been of the "popular" kind, and these will, of course, continue to be given as often as heretofore, for an abundance of light, easy, and enjoyable music of a good sort is a first necessity; but with one of the grandest concert halls in the world at our disposal, we may well aim at reaching, as time goes on, the very highest results in the way of music for the people.

East London, perhaps, is hardly yet aware what a noble possession the Queen's Hall is. It is probably the best concert hall in the world—certainly the other half of London has nothing to match it—and it would be a poor answer to such a gift if we were to rest content with any music short of the best. Already a good practical beginning has been made—e.g. the concert of December 3rd—in the direction of orchestral and choral performances; but a large choral society is not a thing that grows to maturity in half a year. Nor is it a light thing to set going a series of great orchestral concerts. So we can't expect to have these larger results all at once. We must wait a little time before the symphonies of Beethoven and Schubert, the oratorios of Mendelssohn and Handel become part of our everyday arrangements.

But there is one kind of instrumental music which is much more easily within our reach. It is the kind that comes next in importance to those grander combinations, and also next in delightfulness—to wit, that known as "chamber music" of the great masters. The word "chamber" sounds odd as applied to such a room as the Queen's Hall, but these works, trios, quartets, quintets, etc., written for string instruments, or for string instruments with piano, were in old days composed to be played in moderate-sized rooms in the houses or palaces of rich people, and so the old name has stuck; though for half a century or more the destination of such music has been the public concert room.

Londoners know this music best by hearing it in one place, St. James's Hall, at the Monday Popular and Saturday Popular Concerts. These are now one of the chief musical institutions of the world. The one thousandth concert was given last year.

Thirty years ago such music was hardly known at all to the general world; but it is now the constant delight of thousands here and in other great cities. It used to be thought that a "string quartet" of Beethoven or Haydn was something utterly over the heads of the multitude—something that only a trained musician, or an exceptionally enthusiastic amateur could understand or care for. But we now know that this is not so. It is a settled thing—the experience of the "People's Concert Society" is decisive on the point, to say nothing of other evidence—that this great music can well be "understood of the people," if only the people can get to hear it, and to hear enough of it. No one pretends, of course, that it is easy for the listener to whom it is new to take in all at once the full power and beauty of such a piece, for instance, as Schumann's great quintet—to be played on the 18th.

People often speak of "classical" music as if it were something necessarily opposed to "popular" music. But there is no such opposition. Historically speaking, it is out of the music of the people—simple songs and dance tunes—that the greater music has grown, and this traditional and non-artistic music has been a constant source of inspiration to the greatest composers. One sometimes hears, also, true lovers of the great music talk slightly of the vulgar taste for "tune." But this, again, is unreasonable. The love of tune that makes us enjoy a simple song, say "Robin Adair," or Balfe's "Power of Love," is at bottom the same sense that makes us delight in the beauty of a Mendelssohn quartet. The main difference is that in the quartet there is infinitely more tune to enjoy than in the song.

But this is a topic which might lead us too far at present. To add a word as to a practical point regarding string quartet and other like music at the People's Palace. It is agreed that the Queen's Hall is not quite the best kind of room for such music. Like St. James's Hall, it is too big, and the small Concert-room, when built, will do much better for the purpose. But the chief drawback to good hearing in a big hall is the stir and movement of the big audience, and the remedy for this rests with the audience itself.

The performance of the 18th has been arranged by the "People's Concert Society," with the assistance of the Musical Director, and will be the 401st concert given by the Society.

### 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,—In seconding the proposal made in last week's Journal, signed "An Anxious Member," I, also a Member, suggest that a Grand Concert should be given one Saturday evening, to which there should be two prices of admission, viz., 6d. and 1s., to Members and non-Members alike. A committee could very easily be formed amongst the Members to make all arrangements. I would willingly get the assistance of two artistes. Should the concert take place, I have not the slightest doubt that it would prove a financial success. Trusting my proposal may be carried, I beg to remain, yours, &c.

X. Y. Z.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

SIR,—I would like, with your permission, to suggest the formation, at the People's Palace, of a Scientific and Microscopical Society.

Such a society would form a pleasant medium, through which those engaged in scientific recreation could communicate one to another, and induce many to take up the delightful study of natural science.

There are no doubt many entomologists, microscopists, and naturalists among the Members of the People's Palace who would only be too pleased to join, and the intercourse thus established could only be productive of great good to the Members.

I should like to hear the opinions of a few others on this suggestion, so that we might be able to see if there were sufficient numbers to warrant the formation of such a society. I would do all in my power to aid the inauguration of some such association. Enclosing my card, I remain, etc.

J. G.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

SIR,—I cannot allow the Conversazione to pass without a special word of praise to the M.C.'s and Stewards, for the admirable way they conducted their arduous duties. I am sure the enjoyment experienced by Members and friends was much enhanced by their untiring energies. Hoping we may soon have a renewal of those pleasant evenings. I am, sir, yours truly,

M. YOUNG.

### 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.

MACBETH.—That same divinity that doth hedge a king also extends in some respects to Correspondence Editors; ergo, when next you write, please put on a little more politeness, and we shall be very happy to answer; until you do—we are strangers.

SWEET VIOLETS.—So you enjoyed the Socials—eh? Well; no wonder—so did we. Although our dancing days are long since over, we also enjoyed ourselves immensely. Many thanks for your pretty compliments.

E. A. ATHWOL.—Very sorry we cannot accept your contribution; which, though very good in its way, would take up more space than we could conveniently spare. Try again; and remember that brevity is, etc.

CHARITY.—(1.) Yes, a communication is made by letter. (2.) Possibly the Charity Commissioners might tell you—if you wrote very nicely for the information. (3.) We think not; never met with any, but the Directory might furnish you with an outline.

RANDY.—No; he is at present in Russia. For the neatest bit see last week's Punch.

THOUGHT SO.—Our contemporary, the East London Observer, contains the information you seek. Every week.

GAINSBOROUGH.—(1.) If we remember rightly in "Endymion," by Keats. (2.) We think the Ingoldsby Legends—but mind, we are not sure. (3.) "Talk of the d—! and he's sure to appear."

E. CHICKEN.—Yes; Elementary on Fridays from 9 till 10; Advanced on Tuesdays from 9 till 10'39. Teacher, Mr. D. A. Low. Fee to Members, five shillings.

SIMMUN.—Oh yes, most distinctly. But remember to err is human—to forgive divine! Lay it to your soul!

JEANNIE.—We have reason to believe that the subject is now having the consideration of the Trustees, so that probably ere long you will know all about it. Speaking for ourselves, we are afraid that the accommodation at the Palace will not allow this to be carried out. For young men as well as—! Oh, Jeannie!

R.T.S.—My dear fellow, why as soon as ever there is a vacancy. Five hundred new Members were admitted last night; and we believe another five hundred will join on the 30th inst.; possibly you will be included in this? We hope so.

ARTHUR ROBERTS.—Not the dashing militaire of the Avenue, surely? We hardly think so; for your style is slightly different to the one Roberts; and Arthur is nothing if not mercurial.

MERCUTIO.—Peace, peace, Mercutio—thou talk'st of nothing. We do protest we never injured thee, but love thee—better than thou canst devise. Therefore farewell, we see thou know'st us not! (How nicely can Shakespeare be adapted!)

WM. BEER.—We take this first opportunity of wishing you a bright and prosperous New Year; and may your shadow never grow less!

ST. MARTIN SLANE.—You are misinformed. It was Mayes, the Holborn Gull, who was backed to fight the Canadian Chicken and the Saxon Souther; but we believe it never came off. The Life might know.

VIOLA.—We think you are quite right. But don't be in a hurry to get married. There's plenty of time for it. We don't believe in early marriages. Twenty-five is quite soon enough for the Hymenal sacrifice, only people won't believe it.

GILBERT-SULLIVAN.—If you're anxious for to shine in the high Aesthetic line as a man of culture rare, you must gather all, etc., as Bunthorne has it. Now, perhaps, you understand the allusion.

BICYCLE BILL.—My dear William, we are afraid not; possibly Somerset House might answer the purpose well enough; but it's rather a dangerous thing. Scotland Yard is, well not so very far off, and Sir Charles might—mind we don't say he would, but he might be tempted to "press" you. Have a care, Billy fair, beware!

PUMBLECHOOK.—You are ingenious no doubt; but, my dear Pum., did it never strike you, that a little common politeness costs nothing, and that it is possible to be candid without being insulting. This is the head and front of your offending; and we don't wonder at the fellow refusing.

WANTED.—Yes; but we find the most important thing in our office to be the waste-paper basket. The pen is mighty, as you say, but the w. p. b. is decidedly mightier.

FANNIE LESLIE.—G. R. Sims, in his "Golden Ladder," mentions the incident where a prison girl ground down a brick to make rouge for her face; but we never heard of it before.

QUASIMODO.—Probably De Lesseps, the Suez and Panama man; but he certainly didn't lose the money you mention. No, no! Ferdinand de is too old a bird for that.

SULTAN OF MOCHIA.—Never.

[Several answers crowded out.]

### Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

#### RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. No Competitor may take more than one weekly prize in any one class in the same week.
2. Eight days will, as a general rule, be allowed for sending in answers to competitions. Thus the Journal appears on Wednesday, and all answers to competitions in any given number must be received not later than 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.

#### PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

All Competitors who have been announced as Prize-winners in the numbers of Journal issued respectively on Dec. 21, Dec. 28, Jan. 4 and Jan. 11 (to-day), may receive the prizes to which they are entitled on application to the sub-Editor, at the office of The Palace Journal, on Friday week, Jan. 20, between the hours of 2 and 8 p.m.

### COMPETITIONS SET DEC. 28.

#### CLASS A.

The result of the poll to test the comparative merits of British Statesmen resulted as follows:

Mr. Gladstone .. .. .	130
Lord Beaconsfield .. .. .	127
William Pitt (junior) .. .. .	95
Sir Robert Peel .. .. .	83
Lord Palmerston .. .. .	76
Lord Chatham .. .. .	39

The next four were—

Lord Salisbury .. .. .	35
Sir Robert Walpole .. .. .	26
Lord John Russell .. .. .	21
C. J. Fox .. .. .	21

Two Competitors were successful in naming correctly the first six on the list, and the prize will therefore be divided between them. Their names are—

B. H. MACKELCKEN,  
13, Baggally Street,  
Burdett Road, E.,

and

LEICESTER GREENWOOD,  
35, Auckland Road,  
Roman Road, E.

#### CLASS B.

Hamlet's character was subjected to a very close analysis in this competition, and came very well out of it; though one competitor had the courage to disapprove of him, and urged some forcible reasons for so doing. Several papers were excellent, and it was not very easy to decide between them; but, after careful comparison, the prize was adjudged to

RICHARD TRANTER,  
(address wanted)

The essays sent by H. T. Wadkin, Louie West, and W. M. Harrison may be singled out for special commendation.

#### CLASS C.

Competitors were unanimous in thinking that the present form of feminine attire is not the best imaginable, though there was much diversity of opinion as to which portions of it should be changed. Some, for instance, utterly condemned the "dress improver," while others argued that it has its use in preventing the dress from dragging in the mud. And so with other points. The prize will be given to

FANNY M. WEST,  
93, Lansdowne Road,  
Hackney, E.,

who gave the fullest description of what woman's dress might be if reasonably modified.

CLASS D.

The prize is awarded to

HORACE BUTLER,  
8, Leopold Street, E.,

whose cut-out figure of man was clever, and showed considerable talent.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A.

A Prize of Ten Shillings will be given for a list of the eight greatest women that have lived in any age or country. To be decided by a majority of votes. The Competitor whose list accords most nearly with that resulting from the general poll being the winner. Answers not later than noon, on Thursday, January 19th.

CLASS B.

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered for the best anagram on the words, "Victoria, Queen of England." An anagram, it may be explained, is a transposition or re-arrangement of the letters in a word or words, so as to make a different word or words. No letter may be used which does not appear in the original sentence, and no letter may be used more often than it there appears. A good anagram should, if possible, contain some allusion or reference to the subject. Thus, for example, an anagram made on the name Arthur Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington) was "Truly he'll see war." Answers not later than noon, on Thursday, January 19th.

CLASS C.

(1) A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best answer to the following question: "Do you consider that what is called the 'higher education' of women is calculated to interfere with their proper performance of the duties which are commonly supposed to be the peculiar province of the sex, i.e. domestic life and its cares?"

(2) A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best design or pattern suitable for weaving into a curtain. From the nature of the object in view it will be seen that what is required is a design which is rather free and bold than detailed and minutely worked. Answers by noon, Thursday, January 19th.

CLASS D.

A Prize of Two Shillings is offered for the best outline map of Great Britain, showing only the names and divisions of counties. The maps must not be traced, but drawn by hand, and may be of any size the competitor may think best. Answers by noon, on Thursday, January 19th.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.

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

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

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET DEC. 28.

(1.) English Towns: Chatham, Bedford, Arundel, Bungay, Barnet, Axminster.

(2.) Double Acrostic; Thames, London.

T il L  
H all O  
A no N  
M il D  
E no O  
S i N

(3.) Rebuses: 1. Consternation (nose, train, creation, onion). 2. Pudding (din, gin, pin, dun, pun).

(4.) Square words:

1. Wind, idea, news, dash.
2. Snag, note, atom, gems.
3. (This was misprinted, and will not count.)
4. Zero, edom, rose, omen.

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

(1.) DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first is warm and bright,  
My second damp and slight,  
My whole is seen at night.

1. A laugh deep and loud,
2. Behold, he is there.
3. A functionary proud.
4. Not too hot to bear.

(2.) SOME ENGLISH POETS.

1. Behead me, and you will find what everybody does at dinner. Put on a new head, and find deeds to be proud of. Transpose me, and find three ladies who preside over destiny.

2. Change my head, and find a very useful substance. Curtail me, and find a practice familiar to lovers. Change my tail, and find disaster.

3. Exchange my head for a double one, and find an English village which produces an article of food known by its name. Curtail me twice, and mount me, and you will be taller. Behead me, and find a charge at a tournament.

4. Curtail me twice, and look for me on the shore. Behead me, and beware of me. Behead me again, and you have a measure.

(3.) ANAGRAMS.

Make one word from each sentence—

1. Mind his map.
2. Great help.
3. There we sat.
4. To love ruin.
5. Best in prayer.
6. I hire parsons.

(4.) CRYPTOGRAPH PROVERBS.

1. Lbcorgoq penq lqbmqr.
2. Zag tzze brogi brax.
3. Oct g tyxch ta bgtyb g tyxch.

(5.) THREE BURIED RIVERS.

1. Socrates and Plato used to practise philosophy.
2. Why do you sketch that tumble-down old cottage?
3. The chief advantage of living in Bedford is that we educate our children free of expense.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F. RIVERS—Yes, you were quite right; "Pearce" was a misprint. I am sorry for the mistake, and also that you were not successful.

F. E. DANZELMANN.—Allowance was made for other rivers. I cannot correspond through the post.

ARISTOTLE.—Your claims were allowed before you made them. Don't be exasperated: accidents will happen, and there is not always a somebody to blame. (*Ethics* III., § 1). I know you are *megalopsuchos* (*Ethics* IV., § 3) and you will, I am sure, cultivate *praotes* (*Ethics* IV., § 5).

HURRY SCURRY.—(1.) I have received all your answers. (2.) I received your story, as you probably gathered from last week's Journal, but your poem arrived after the specified time; which was a pity, as it would probably have taken the prize. (3.) I am sorry, but I announced in an early number that articles sent in for competition could not be returned; and though I should wish to oblige you, I do not think it right to make an exception. Thanks for your good wishes, which I reciprocate.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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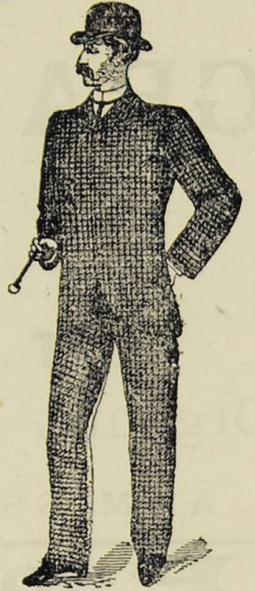
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