

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. I.—No. 12.]

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
SHADOWS BEFORE	173
ORGAN RECITAL	173
NOTES OF THE WEEK	173, 174
EARTHLY TRACTS	175
PALACE GOSSIP	176, 177
WOMAN: AND HER INTERESTS	177
SOCIETY AND CLUB NOTES	178, 179
JOHN MILTON	179
THE PARLIAMENT OF GREATER BRITAIN	180
MUSICAL NOTES	180
THE HOLY ROSE	181—184
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	184
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	185
COMPETITIONS, PUZZLES AND PRIZES	185, 186
ADVERTISEMENTS	187, 188

Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

THURSDAY.—Library (Queen's Hall) open to public from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.

FRIDAY.—The same.

SATURDAY.—Library open from 9 till 5. Oratorio Concert (Handel's "Samson") at 8.
Football Match at Woodford—Beaumont v. Woodford.

SUNDAY.—Organ Recital at 12.30. Library open to public from 2 till 10.

MONDAY.—Library open to public from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.

TUESDAY.—The same.

WEDNESDAY.—Library open from 9 till 5. Concert (Queen's Hall) at 8.
Debating Society—Debate at 8 p.m.

Organ Recital,

SUNDAY NEXT, FEB. 5, at 12.30 p.m.

ORGANIST Mr. GEORGE J. RAYNER,
(Of Victoria Park Congregational Tabernacle).

1. MARCH OF ISRAELITES (Eli) Sir M. Costa.
2. ARIA, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"
(Messiah) Handel.
3. OFFERTOIRE IN G Calkin.
4. AIR, "The Lost Chord" Sir A. Sullivan.
5. ANDANTE IN E Batiste.
6. MARCHE HEROIQUE W. J. Minter.
7. PRELUDE IN D (for soft stops) Henry Smart.
8. ARIA, "Nazareth" Gounod.
9. CHORUS, "The Heavens are Telling"
(Creation) Haydn.

Notes of the Week.

I WANT to see a new Radical Club started. It must be something quite outside the ordinary club of that name. It will have, in fact, nothing to do with Westminster, or with the Local Representation. It will have its own reforms to carry out; but they will be social, not political reforms. It will have its own programme, of course, and its members will be pledged to work for every point of this programme. In fact, this Radical club will work for the well-being and happiness of the multitude. Hitherto we have made the mistake of supposing that by altering the form of government we could secure that well-being. Very well. In Russia they have got an Autocratic government: the Russians are reported to be dissatisfied with it. In France they have got a Republic: half the French are always wanting a Monarchy or an Empire. In America they have also got a Republic; yet the condition of the working classes is no better than elsewhere. Here we have a limited Monarchy, and there are plenty who would like to upset it. In fact, the form of government seems to matter little, so long as order and personal freedom are guaranteed. The chief thing is—what we want done.

My Radical Club shall go in for many things. First of all it will provide, not only for times of sickness, but for times when one is out of work, and for pensions when one is old. The latter is most important. In the Government service every one gets a pension which, at sixty, he may claim. There is no chance that the ordinary employer will recognise a claim for a pension after a whole lifetime spent in one service. Let us, therefore, have a Pension Fund. If we could only understand in youth what a grand thing it is to be independent in age, such a thing would be supported by every young man. Every lad of eighteen thinks that fifty will never come. Alas! It will; and after that the age of no work. Then look at the dreary walls of the workhouse, and think of being free from that bugbear, at any rate!

AFTER the Pension Fund I think my Radical Club would turn its attention to the subject of Good and Honest Work. Every boy must learn a trade, and learn it well. It has always been the boast of our countrymen that their work is better than the work of any other people. Perhaps the boast has not always been justified; yet, on the whole, it is well founded. It is, therefore, a most terrible thing that a lad should not be taught any trade at all, and should have nothing but his two hands with which to meet the struggle for existence.

THE next thing that the Radical Club would seriously consider is the matter of women's wages. I do not quite know how the subject is to be met, but it must be met by some one, and that very soon, unless we are going to become a great slave-holding country, and to own up that we mean to make half the women slaves

for life. There is going to be a conference on the subject in the Spring. If any one who reads this will send me information on the subject, I shall be very glad to communicate it to the secretaries of that Conference.

MORE about our Radical Club next week. Meantime, I shall be grateful to have suggestions from anybody. Mind! I care nothing at all whether Lord Salisbury is in power or Mr. Gladstone, provided certain measures of social reform can be laid down and carried through, with the assistance of the Legislature, if necessary. The abolition of the House of Lords, for instance, will neither lengthen our lives nor increase our wages. But the House of Lords may be of great use to us in enabling us to buy and sell land cheaply: in getting justice done without the present enormous expenses: in making vestries honest: in enforcing good laws—such as the laws for building: in keeping houses and streets sweet and clean: in prosecuting adulterators of food, breakers of the law as regards working hours, and so forth.

A DISCUSSION arose the other day whether America or Great Britain is the better country in which a young man could get on. I am of opinion that there is no better country in the world for a young man than this. In America the only way to political position seems by the law; in this country every road leads to the Cabinet if rightly used. Trade, Law, the Army, the Navy, the Professions—all are represented in the House of Commons. Again, there are in this country ladders everywhere in the shape of scholarships. A lad may by means of a scholarship go from the Board School to the Grammar School, and from there to the University. Or a man may become first a skilled workman, then a foreman, then a master and an employer of labour. But all this is much more difficult in America—Henry George says that, owing to the prevalence of great houses with enormous capital, and of great Industrial Companies, it is now impossible for a young man to rise to a position of independence and wealth. One reason is that the Americans all want to crowd into the cities; they like to get all their manual work done for them by their immigrants—Irish, Germans and Chinese—while they sit at desks and take the money. Now the sons of the old immigrants have grown up, and are Americans, and all want to do the same thing. The result is a struggle, growing daily more fierce.

THE result of the Literary Competition was very disappointing. Only one tale was sent in and the judge refused to award the prize to that composition. Are there no young fellows—no ladies—among the Members who have literary ambitions? There must be some. To begin with, journalism is a very well paid profession, and a very safe one for a sharp and active young man. He must know shorthand: he must be able to write graphically and quickly: he must be well read. If the profession were better known there would be a run upon it. Meantime a class for intending journalists would perhaps prove successful in the Palace. The recognised road to authorship is through journalism.

THE first thing to learn, for an intending journalist, is the lesson that there is a certain kind of literature which he must cease to read. Those for instance, who are not going to live by writing may read the Penny Dreadful as much as they please: those who are must exchange it for Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and the great masters of English. Those who are going to write poetry, again, should read and if possible, learn by heart, only the poetry of the best poets.

I AM pleased to learn that there is a good deal of interest outside the Palace in the forthcoming Elocution Contest, and I hope that there will be a large number of competitors. Good recitation leads to good speaking. Those who learn good pieces and recite them have not only the art of managing the voice and speaking clearly and effectively—they learn also the value of words and phrases, and they should learn at the same time the value of truth in argument. Every speaking member of the Debating Club should join in the Contest, if only for the sake of the last lesson.

SOME of the Members have contributed short articles to this Journal which have been inserted. For the sake of our readers we must raise the standard of these papers. Therefore, while we beg Members to go on sending in papers, we must ask them at the same time not to be discouraged should they not find their articles accepted. For instance, I have this week refused admission, among others, certain verses. Without mentioning names let me say that these lines were promising, but that it would be a false kindness to let the writer think that they could be read with pleasure by others. Let him continue to practice, and above all, let him learn the different kinds of modern metres. The poems of Swinburne—whose flow and swing are dangerous because they seem so easy: of Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, and Edward Gosse, should be studied by a young writer for the sake of acquiring excellence in form. At the same time he should not neglect Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning. For the sake of our young poet I will send the works of some of those modern poets to the library. And we shall be glad to hear from him again.

THE following (extracted from the *St. James's Gazette*) will greatly encourage those who think about emigrating to Dakotah:—"We are having the most terrible winter here anybody in the country has ever experienced. Since the 22nd of November last there has been one uninterrupted series of blizzards, snow-storms, and intense cold; and I think this week has been the worst of all. Last week we had two fine days, for a wonder; and I thought I would strike out for the nearest town, about eighteen miles off, to get feed for the horses and grub for ourselves. I took three days to go and come back, whereas I usually go in a day and come back with a load. Coming back, when within about five miles of home, the wind suddenly sprang up, and the snow drifted so that I could not see a thing. The trail, such as it was, got blocked up, and the horses got off it; so I was completely lost. Just fancy yourself on a dark winter's night, with the thermometer 25 deg. below zero, and yourself tired and hungry, with the chance that you must freeze solid before long, and you can imagine in a feeble kind of way how a man feels when he is lost in a Dakotah blizzard at night. By good luck I got safely into shelter for the night with no worse result than a frozen face. Last Wednesday, again, our wood-pile was getting low, so I had to make a break for the timber and get some firewood. It was fine when I started; but before I had got far on my road home an awful blizzard started up with no warning at all, and I thought I should never get home. Though it was broad daylight, one could not see more than a rod ahead. Somehow, between the horses and myself, we managed to keep the trail most of the way, and I got home, though I had to leave my load in a drift. It was 32 deg. below zero that day, and my face, neck, and fingers were all frozen solid; so that I am now a beautiful-looking object, with my face and neck one big scar and my nose—well, I guess I'd better quit describing myself. Yes, this is a hard country without doubt. I can stand the cold—we sometimes work in our shirt-sleeves on a still day with the thermometer nearly at zero; but the wind and blinding snow are a terror." EDITOR.

Earthly Tracts.

X.—CO-OPERATIVE DWELLINGS.



IN 1884, the Government organised a Royal Commission to enquire into the Housing of the Working Classes. This Commission issued eight hundred pages of Blue Books, at a considerable cost; yet everything goes on just the same as before the Commission was appointed. There was "a great cry, but no wool." Are the miseries of the people always to remain the sport of our wretched Party Politicians? Are they always to be the footballs for Political Adventurers? Are the people's hopes to be raised and lowered; are their expectations to be elevated and depressed to suit the exigencies of political weather? Is it worth while to sit still, with eyes shut, with hands folded, and with mouths open, waiting for what Parliament may send us, or shall we endeavour to acquire the common-sense knowledge, the simple brain power, and the elementary energy necessary to cause us to combine to gather the blessings that are clearly within our reach?

THE REPORT OF THIS ROYAL COMMISSION says: "There are houses inhabited by the poor the floors of which a woman could not scrub because they are absolutely rotten, and the more that is done to them the worse they become." It also says that "forty-six per cent. of the poor population pay from one-fourth to one-half of their wages in rent," and another "forty-two per cent. pay from one-fourth to one-fifth." Our readers will know what rents they have to pay, but it is doubtful if they know what profits are made out of them. A house jobber in Clerkenwell paid £20 a year for a house and sub-let it for £100 a year. After paying rates and taxes and repairs this middleman made 150 per cent. per annum of net profit. It is a convincing illustration of a very bad state of things which has been summed up in the phrase that "there is more to be made by scheming than by hard work." This is a somewhat extreme case, but plenty of holders of short leases make twenty per cent. per annum out of tenants. In the suburbs "respectable" cottage property pays to the owners from six to eight per cent. per annum, and even "philanthropists" receive as much as from five to eight per cent. per annum on the capital they invest for the supposed "exclusive benefit of the working classes."

TAXES AND ELECTIONS.—What a noise is made by our candidates for office. Vestrymen and Members of Parliament alike try who can shout the loudest in favour of "economy and retrenchment," and the man who promises reductions of rates and taxes very often wins the most votes. But the man rarely keeps his promises. Economy is a very good thing, but what must be said of the man who objects to wasting a farthing while he, at the same time, is throwing away a shilling? Yet this is the conduct of the mass of the people. They are right in trying to keep down waste, but they are wrong in being wasteful. If working people were to be at once relieved of the burden of paying the local rates and taxes, and received for nothing all the benefits of water, paving, police, lighting, street cleaning, and local government, they would not reap so much benefit as they can reap by the simple process of joining together to become their own landlords.

INTEREST PAID FOR THE USE OF CAPITAL varies considerably. The Imperial Government can borrow money on paying interest at the rate of two and three-quarters per cent. per annum. The Metropolitan Local Government can do the same for three per cent. The British working-man forms the largest part of the metropolis, and the largest part of the nation. It is he who, in his combined capacity as a municipality and a nation, can get the use of money for such a small

payment. But with such good credit he foolishly, wastefully, extravagantly pays his landlord twice, three times, and even more than these rates for the use of the capital employed in giving him house-room; while he is continually grumbling at times being bad, wages being low, and at work being short. How is it? Why does he not stir? Is the ancient British lion dead? Or does the insinuation of our Continental friends convey the truth? Is he really only a donkey?

FORM A CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY. Invest your shillings in it—they will grow into pounds. Let the society borrow money from those capitalists who are well-wishers to the working classes. They would as soon lend you money at four per cent. as lend it to Government for two and three-quarters; and they would much rather lend it to you than send it to America for investment, as many have to do. Then let the society buy your dwellings. Pay it the same rents you now pay. Every half-year balance up your accounts, and you will find that there is a handsome profit saved from the clutches of your old landlords. Share this profit out among the tenants in proportion to the amount of rent they have paid. But don't let them draw these profits out. Men must always be slaves unless they become slave-owners. The only slaves that rational human beings ought to hold are those things such as land, houses, and machinery, which are called capital. Capital should be, and can be, the great slave for all men. This is the only way of preventing it enabling some men to be practically the owners or possessors of other men. The profits, as they accumulate, should be used to repay the borrowed money, until the tenants own every brick, slate, and timber. This they will accomplish out of that excessive portion of the rent which at present is foolishly and thoughtlessly given away to the landlord.

IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS all the working-men in the country could become the sole owners of their dwellings. They would then have no rent to pay. The vexed question of ground rents, and the unearned increment, would be solved without the intervention of Parliament. It is a shame and a disgrace that British working-men should continue in a state of abject, slavish dependence. When a clear way is pointed out to them, surely they will try to follow it.

CALL ON YOUR LEADERS to become constructive politicians, to cease their declamatory denunciations, and to begin to work out methods of social and industrial amelioration. The era of tall talk ought to be closed. The era of good works ought to be opened. "The harvest is great, the labourers (as yet) are few." "If ye only have faith, as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall remove mountains." "Ask and ye shall receive; knock and the door shall be opened." This grand old simple faith wants to be implanted in the breasts of all social reformers. Workers in this spirit will meet with a glorious reward by seeing the rapid success of that portion of the everlasting truth which may be opened out to view by their patient persevering labours.

LIFE'S ILLUSIONS.—What we call illusions are often in truth a wider vision of past and present realities—a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces—a movement towards a more assured end than the chances of a single life. We see human heroism broken into units, and say "This unit did little—might as well not have been." But in this way we might break up a great army into units; in this way we might break the sunlight into fragments, and think that this and the other might be cheaply parted with. Let us rather raise a monument to the soldiers whose brave hearts only keep the ranks unbroken and meet death—monument to the faithful who were not famous, and who are precious as the continuity of the sunbeams is precious, though some of them fall unseen and unknown.

MENTAL ACTIVITY.—Our mental business is carried on much in the same way as the business of the State: a great deal of hard work is done by agents who are not acknowledged. In a piece of machinery, too, there is often a small unnoticeable wheel which has a great deal to do with the motion of the large obvious ones.

Palace Gossip.

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

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

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signiors—After receiving such a severe snubbing last week I have resolved to become a different Sub. I allude to the Journal—which, as you know, had in the premier place an article on Talking Tall. I have not the slightest doubt but that it was intended for me—written for me, and hurled at my devoted head in all its biting sarcasm and truthfulness. Probably the writer knew me well: was perfectly acquainted with my peculiarities; yet it was cruel to thrust such a shaft against poor and (otherwise) unoffending me. Talking Tall!—yes, I'm afraid I've done nought else since the days of my swaddling clothes—for well I remember good old Maryann (my nurse), reproving my childish flights of parlance. Unluckily for me, I happened to have been born under the very same star that appeared at the nativity of Munchausen—and, believe me, that identical planet has ever materially affected my existence. But I will stand it no longer: I must, nay, I will reform; and opining these sentiments I last week sat me down in sundry high places with sackcloth on my back and with ashes on my head, and crying aloud with bitter lamentation the former evil of my ways. For the future the universe shall see what a good Sub. am I. There shall be no more hankerings after the flesh-pots of Egypt: no feasting, no dancing and merry-making; but the stern, vegetable air of a recluse shall encompass me round about. Yea; and henceforth shall my life be spent at the shrine of Truth; and in my former place there shall arise a Sub. that knows not extenuation!

FOR have I seen the error of my ways, and my spirit is sore within me! But, of course, it's no use wailing over the shedded lacteal, for, as you know, what's done cannot be undone. Therefore, must I take my pleasures sadly. When I tell you, however, that the 'umbleness of a Heep and the firm determination of a Lesseps can never equal mine; and when I solemnly assure you that from the cinders of a cremated Sub. a being of wisdom and veracity will arise, I hope—as you murmur about yourselves that "It's about time"—you will no longer doubt my fervent protestations.

IN reference to that little matter connected with the Billiard-room to which you will remember I alluded last week, I am happy to say that I have received the most emphatic denial to the grave charges brought against its Committee—or rather, against some of its individual Members. Hunt, the man lately in charge (who is terribly in earnest) has brought forward divers books for my perusal, wherein I could see by the different entries that such an evil as has been asserted could not have been possible. I have seen different fellows on the subject—all more or less disinterested—have examined books and made inquiries, and I can honestly say that I have nowhere discovered the slightest irregularity or wrong-doing. And I am very glad to say so. It has been suggested, however, that possibly my informant ran his head against this fact: That some half-dozen fellows are fortunate enough to get to the Billiard-room exactly when it is opened. They secure the cues, play and finish a game, and then, *nobody else having turned up*, they—justifiably enough—proceed to amuse themselves with another "50 up." The room is never in great demand, I suppose, until six o'clock or half-past, and therefore no blame can be attached to any fellow—Committee-man or otherwise—should he fill up the time by a game till the others arrive. This is the only instance of "unfairness" that I can discover, and I am perfectly certain that the allegations brought against the Committee-men have no foundation; and therefore had the matter better drop into immediate obscurity.

RESPECTING our Literary Competition which expired last week, I have received a suggestion from one of our Members—and in faith I'll print it. This gentleman—I believe it's a gentleman, but am not sure—says that though the late competition was a decided failure, he (or she) yet hopes that I shall again offer the prize of two guineas for a similar object. He (or she) is also glad to see—read this Moody, please—that the competition was reserved exclusively for our own Members; and he (or she) further hopes that if his (or her) suggestion is carried out I shall not allow outsiders to stand a leg in. Which I certainly sha'n't: they won't even have the ghost of a chance.

LITERARY COMPETITION. FOR MEMBERS ONLY.—A Prize of Two Guineas is offered for the best Original Story not exceeding in length four columns of this Journal. Open to Members of the Palace only. All communications—addressed to me at the East Lodge with full name and address—will be received up to the 29th February—but not later. This arrangement will allow plenty of time for the respective fancies of the local Jules Vernes to bud and blossom. Let me see, now: three thousand Members; well, there ought to be at least three hundred entries; and—er—two guineas can't be picked up every day, you know. Truly a Tom Tiddler's ground!

ELOCUTION COMPETITION.—Don't forget the Elocu. Com. which, you know, I have already announced for the 2nd of March. I shall be glad to receive names (and Jubilee sixpences) at any time the youthful aspirants to elocutionary fame may feel inclined to leave them. I am usually on view all day at the East Lodge; occasionally—only occasionally—I wander abroad to breathe the zephyrs of Mile End; but I can *always* be found in the sanctum on Wednesdays and Saturdays. So be in time—be in time! The old-established—the original—the only!!

BUT a little month—!

As you will perceive by the present number some changes have already been wrought in *The Palace Journal*; and, as time goes on, it is hoped that still more startling features will be introduced. Don't be surprised to see anon the pages beautifully adorned with illustrations. (But this between you and me, of course).

BRET HARTE'S story, which is to follow "The Holy Rose," will be entitled "In the Carquinez Woods"—a tale of adventure replete with those choice Americanisms which never fail to make each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon, etc., etc.

MATRIMONY MISSED!

A simple letter—half-a-dozen lines—
With just a formal and a cruel farewell;
A sharp release from cherished love-confinement—
A sudden 'wakening from an idle spell.
Her lover false! A gentle, loving maid
Left but to play a thankless, joyless part;
A ling'ring sorrow on a young life laid;
A slight suspicion of a broken heart!

EVERYBODY, I suppose, will be sure to turn up on the 18th February, when representatives of the Beaumont Football Club and a team of the Harriers are to meet for a friendly contest. The place of meeting, I imagine, will be Victoria Park—but I see by Moreton's report in last week's Journal that he hasn't said where this match will come off. The Harriers are to be captained by the genial and industrious West—who will, I am sure, pardon the adjectives; whilst the B.F.C., I suppose will be led off by Wand. You may take it for granted that the merrie Moreton will be somewhere about, keeping his (I was going to say paternal) eye upon his clever crew. I have my own opinion in regard to the winners of this match—but don't be afraid, I'm not not going to commit myself on paper. No; mum's the word.

It's almost unnecessary to add that Deeley will be there! How could the Harriers exist without their Dick!

DEELEY, I see, particularly distinguished himself at that jolly "Smoker" which the Harriers had the other night. Although he and Taylor occupied the posts of honour at the Forest Gate Hotel, I am assured that the jovial D. "took the cake," leaving his companion far behind. After the feed, Walter Bramley (one of the renowned Lyttons), looked after the pianah, and he also distinguished himself; the whole concluding with—"For we are jolly good fellows," or "Auld lang syne," or something equally pathetic (my informant not being quite clear about the matter).

THOSE fellows who have written me for information about the Ramblers are referred to the Hon. Sec., F. W. Bullock, for whom a note may be left at the bookstall.

"EMIGRATION," I believe, was the subject of last week's debate at the People's Palace Debating Society, and one who was present tells me that he had a high old time of it—whatever that may mean. I saw the happy Hawkins after it was all over, and enquired after my old friend Syd., who, I am afraid, has cast off for aye yours (and his) ever truly. If 'tis true—well, 'tis pity!

ADMISSION OF NEW MEMBERS.—A great number of candidates having had reason to suppose they would be admitted as Members on the 30th ult., I should like to say that that arrangement—if it ever existed—has been abandoned. At any rate, it is now the intention of the authorities—the quarter being somewhat advanced—to admit one thousand candidates either on the 1st of March or immediately after. I have had several letters questioning the date of admission—hence these lines.

SEVERAL fellows having asked me "How about that there ground" which I mentioned some few weeks back, I feel compelled to say that I only know this: That as soon as Sir Edmund Currie returns from the Continent, the negotiations—which you know were pending—will be resumed and, I hope, finally settled. Some fellows—the more impetuous, of course, are under the impression that a large plot of ground adaptable for the purposes of cricket, cycling, etcetera, can be bought at a moment's notice. In fact, their notions of ground-purchasing are about as airy as Mr. Harold Skimpole's idea of money. Rome, you will doubtless remember, wasn't built in a day; and everything (more or less) comes to 'im as waits.

Woman: and Her Interests.

[The interests of women-readers of *The Palace Journal* not having hitherto received any particular attention, it is proposed, in future, to have a certain number of columns devoted exclusively to the subjects in which women are interested. As we do not believe the woman exists whose *only* interest is dress, other feminine subjects will be duly treated, and "Clytie" will be happy to answer, in these columns, any purely feminine questions.]

THERE are few novelties in fashion just at present, Spring garments not having yet made their appearance. Velvet is much worn, and plush and gold and silver embroidery are the favourite materials for trimming. Scarcely anything but tailor-made gowns are worn for mornings. They are very much braided, and finished off with coats of the same material for outdoor wear.

WHITE is more worn than anything else at weddings and balls, and lately brides have adopted the very sensible practice of having their bridal gowns made of white cloth, which is a refreshing relief after the eternal white satin.

FOR outdoor wear, red reigns supreme; and if not carried out to excess by means of red stockings, muff, bonnet, etc., forms a bright and not displeasing bit of colour in sombre London.

SELDOM has the British Army awarded so much honour to a woman as that shown to the wife of Quartermaster Fox, who was last week buried at Portsmouth with full military honours. During the Transvaal war, she was severely wounded, and was for several months a prisoner in the Boer camp. In spite of her wounds she devoted herself to alleviating the sufferings of the wounded around her, for which she afterwards received the Order of the Red Cross. The coffin was borne on a gun-carriage, covered with the Union Jack, six officers acting as pall-bearers.

IN a little pamphlet that has recently been published, some interesting particulars are given of the many industries carried on by working-girls in East London. One of the worst features in connection with this kind of work seems to be the utter lack of any variety, as one hand does the same minute part of the whole process day after day. For instance, we are told that a baby's boot, of the kind with polished kid toes and elastic sides, may pass through ten processes and then be sold for 1/6. First, the *clicker* cuts them; someone, probably a girl beginning to learn the trade, *inks the edges*; then the *lining maker* sets to work; the *fitter* continues; then comes the *flowerer*, who makes a pretty pattern with white thread; then the machinist makes all firm, and hands over the boot to the *needle and thread hand*, who sews on the sole; another girl *damps* and *trims* the boot, and then the *heel* is put on; and, lastly, it is *finished* by being polished.

IN this cold weather a cup of good soup is warming and satisfying. In small households where there is little or no stock with which to make it, excellent soup can be made from the penny packets of desiccated soup which can be bought at any grocers.

CLYTIE.

Life's Disappointment.—No one who has ever known what it is to lose faith in a fellow man whom he has profoundly loved and revered, will lightly say that the shock can leave the faith in the Invisible Goodness unshaken. With the sinking of high human trust dignity of life sinks too; we cease to believe in our own better self, since that also is part of the common nature which is degraded in our thoughts; and all the finer impulses of the soul are dulled.

Unity of Feeling.—What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?

I SHOULD like to call everybody's attention to the fact that a Cricket Club is now forming amongst our fellows; and all those who have not yet enrolled themselves as Members had better take my advice and do so—for between you and me this Club is going to be the finest in the Institute; aye, and for popularity, is even likely to outstrip its companion-clubs. The junior Marshall—wich 'is name is 'Enery, yer know—is ever on the look out for intending batters and bowlists; and with the help of the genial Wadkin and my old friend Carter great things may confidently be expected. A list of matches has already been drawn up and confirmed; and so as soon as the season arrives the "plan of campaign" can be put into immediate operation. It's bound to be successful!

SOMEBODY, I see, in writing to the Editor last week, laments the non-admission of ladies to our Cycling Club, and also the boycotting of the merry Tricycle. He says he has enquired into the matter and finds that only *Bicyclists* are admitted as Members. Evidently he has been wrongly informed—and doubtless his informer (like Jo,) "never knowed nothink" about the matter. Ladies, I am sure, would be only too gladly welcomed. There's Kilbride and Glover who I am certain would rejoice to receive the fair sex,—not to mention Ransley, who, although he has a habit of omitting handles to a fellow's name, is a very excellent fellow, and from all accounts is just the man for the Cycling Club. (I don't want to flatter him.) This club, I should imagine, is not only the premier but also the aristocrat of the P. P. Institute; certainly it can claim the advantage of being the most *enjoyable* of any at present existing. (I *must* say it, Marshall, even although it reflects on the manly game of cricket. Opinion's everything, you know.) The Hon. Secs. have a reply-letter this week denying the assertions of a "Tricyclist," and inviting all sorts and conditions of 'cycles to become part and parcel of the Beaumont C. C., which I hope will be done. Think of the summer days that are coming when—ye gods!—the lovely wheels will be whirling over road and dale! What can beat that?

THE Dog Show is due on the 9th, 10th and 12th of March, and will be, I am assured, a huge success. I don't doubt it. All you wags—and your name is legion—happy in the possession of canines, are requested to forward 'em for exhibition without delay—supposing, of course, the Barkers are willin' to come. Some capital prizes are offered, and I think, on the whole, the game is really worth the candle; or, to put it less classically, the Dog Competition is well worth trying for.

THIS Dog Show, I may tell you, will be held under the revised Rules of the Kennel Club, and the majority of Dogs entered for Exhibition have to be registered at the Kennel Club, Cleveland Row, S.W. Register forms and a List of Shows can be had on application. It is essential that all Entries be made before Saturday the 25th Feb. upon certificates entered for the purpose. P.O.O.'s to be made payable to the Chairman of the People's Palace. But take note: The entry fee of any dog *not sent* will be forfeited. Special prizes will be given for special animals (full particulars of which will be found in the Schedule).

THE judges will be some of the best known gentlemen—so that everything you may be sure will be fair and square. Veterinary Surgeon, Mr. J. Sewell; Clerk to the Show, Mr. G. E. Murdoch. For the further information of those interested I here quote the different entrance fees:—For Kennel Club Classes, 7s. 6d. each; Additional Entry (in the same class) after the first, 5s.; For Dogs not for Competition, 5s.; For Selling Classes, 5s.; and for Classes 4s. 4d., 4s. 7d. and 4s. 8d. There!—if you want any more information you must call at the office for a Schedule.

I AM glad to see that the Queen has recently been pleased to make Mr. Frederick Young a K.C.M.G. This, of course, is chiefly in recognition of Sir Frederick's life-long efforts in the cause of Imperial unity. It will, however, be none the less welcome to his East End friends, to whom he is known not only as Chairman of the East End Bench of Magistrates, but also as one of the most active of the Beaumont Trustees. It is devoutly to be wished that Sir Frederick Young will long be spared to enjoy this well-won honour.

THE Competition Editor has received, I see, a very choice communication from one of the competitors in Class B. A missive, I may add, "complimentary" to me. Although it has not taken the prize (five shillings) I really think it deserves to do so—but, of course, I am not the judge. It is entitled "THE SUB-EDITOR," and being a picking from the poets, runs thusly: "How eloquent he is: his thoughts flow fast, (Rogers). Fast as the periods from his fluent quill, (Cowper). Oh, teach him, while your lessons last (Scott). The faculties of intellect and will." (Dryden). Lovely, isn't it? Only I do wish they wouldn't say such awfully flattering things about me. I was ever conceited—as everyone knows, and since I have been on this Journal my coxcomby has been simply unbearable. But it isn't so much my fault after all; for if people will send me such "butter" one can hardly expect any other result. Thanks, my gentle Kerridge; you see to oblige you I have (slightly) broken my resolution, *i.e.* never to insert other people's matter in the Gossip. Drop in the sanctum, one night; shall be glad to know you.

Society and Club Notes.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

A Committee Meeting was held last Monday for deciding the details of a Road Race from Croydon to Brighton, on Easter Monday. It was proposed and carried that no Member be allowed to compete in the race unless he become a Member of this Club on or before the 29th February; and it was also decided that no machine would be allowed if it weighed under 40 lbs.

A Committee has been formed to manage the arrangements of race, etc., and to handicap the Competitors. The following are the names of the gentlemen elected: Messrs. F. Glover, H. G. Slater, J. Kennard, T. Meason, H. Reynolds, J. Burley, and E. Ransley. Mr. L. M. Nathan, having presented the Club with a Drawing of Cyclists on a Country Road, with the name of Club and Badge on top, to be used as a fixture board, was accorded a hearty vote of thanks for same by the Members present.

A Match has been arranged between Messrs. F. Glover and E. Ransley, to take place either on a track or road, the distance to be ten miles, Glover to receive five minutes' start.

Also a Match between Messrs. H. G. Slater, T. Meason, and Reynolds, for ten miles, all to start level.

Members of the Palace are requested to note that this Club is now one of the most flourishing Clubs in the East End, and that we shall be pleased to receive the names of any ladies or gentlemen who wish to join. This, being a Cycling Club, is open of course to any type of machine, so that the ladies need have no fear of joining us, as they are sure to have companions who ride tricycles.

Terms: entrance fee, 1s.; annual subscription, both for ladies and gentlemen, 2s. 6d., payable in two half-yearly instalments; and that for Honorary Members shall be as follows: ladies, not less than 2s. 6d.; gentlemen, not less than 5s.

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

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The second of the series of Monthly Exhibitions of the above Club will be held in the Art Class Room, on the 13th inst.

The subjects are as follows:

Landscape..	..	A River Scene.
Figure	A Subject from Dickens.
Design	A Wall Paper.
		Still Life.

The sketches are merely to bear the number of the Member's Card in the right-hand top corner, for the purpose of identification. The name of the Member is not to appear.

The Committee are anxious that each Member should at least contribute one work, if not more.

Competitions to be handed in to the undersigned in the early part of the evening. The criticism will commence about 9 p.m.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

A Committee Meeting of the above Club was held on Thursday last, at eight o'clock. Present: T. G. Carter, A. Bowman, A. H. Valentine, E. J. Taylor, and Henry Marshall. Chairman, T. G. Carter.

The List of Matches, as arranged by the Secretary, was read and confirmed.

Three monograms of the Club initials were placed before the Committee, and it was decided to have a sample cap made, with the monogram as selected worked thereon.

Either of the Secretaries will be pleased to receive the names of Palace Members who wish to join the Club.

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

THE LADIES' PAVILION.

The Ladies' Pavilion, or drawing-room, should be a great attraction to the lady Members of the People's Palace. It is beautifully furnished with everything that is needed for comfort, including an excellent piano. There is a plentiful supply of illustrated and ladies' newspapers and periodicals.

The evenings are enlivened with vocal and instrumental music and recitations.

Ladies are reminded that a Committee Meeting will be held on Saturday next, at 5.30 p.m., in a room at the School-buildings.

All lady Members will be cordially welcomed by the Honorary Secretary,

MAUDE COKER.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

A Committee Meeting of the Beaumont Football Club will be held this evening, at 8.45 p.m., in the Schools.

Last Saturday the Beaumonts paid a second visit to Wanstead, to play the return match with the Forest Gate Alliance. In the first contest with this Club our fellows were beaten by one goal to nil; but, to their great satisfaction, finally entirely reversed this result. After all, the "turn up" donning their uniform, it was found we were one short, which made our good-natured Captain—well—look around him, especially when he heard it was our able goal-keeper. On our way to the field of fray, one of our number caught sight of Jess(th)eman that was wanted, on one of the very latest improvements of the old-fashioned bone-shaker, who, besides being an ardent footballist, is also a cyclist, and follows the 'Monts about on his machine. This greatly relieved our Captain's mind. Wand losing the toss, we were forced to play against the wind. Cooper kicked off, and a hotly-contested game ensued. For the greater portion of the first half the leather was centred round our goal—the Alliance once or twice very nearly succeeding in scoring, but, through our first-class goal-keeper (Jesseman), this was prevented. Cooper, Butterwick, Cook (forwards) played most brilliantly, the latter two several times dashing away up the right wing. The dribbling and tackling of Wenn and Hart (backs), was splendid. On re-starting the leather, although the wind had dropped, and we lost that useful ally, the play was reversed—our forwards very often sending in some fine shots. The game resulted in a victory for the Beaumonts by one to nil—the goal being obtained from a corner, by Munro, who put on the finishing touch.

The Palace Club was represented by the following:—Jesseman (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Munro, Wand (capt.), Carroll (half-backs); Moreton, Cantle (left wing); Cooper (centre); Cook, Butterwick (right wing, forwards). Referee: T. G. Carter (our future captain of the People's Palace Cricket Club).

Next Saturday, the Beaumonts journey down to Woodford, to combat the Woodford team. Dressing-room at Castle Hotel (few minutes' walk from station). They will be represented by the following:—Jesseman, Hart, Wenn, Wainman, Cook, Butterwick Cooper, Sherrell, Griffett, Winch, Wand (capt.), Cantle (reserve).

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

EAST LONDON CHESS AND DRAUGHTS CLUB.

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

For every information write or see

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

LADIES' GYMNASIUM CLASS.

Among the advantages offered to the lady Members of the People's Palace is the Gymnasium Class.

Nothing can be more conducive to the health of our young lady Members—most of whom are engaged during the day in closely-confined business premises—than the exercise which a gymnasium affords.

It is a mistake to suppose that girls do not require the same amount of exercise as young men. Now a visit to this useful branch of the Palace will convince one at once that, not only is it the means of promoting a robust, healthy, and cheerful tone to the otherwise spent frame, but it is an invaluable source of amusement.

The Gymnasium is under the charge of an excellent instructor, Sergeant Burdett, and his assistant, Mr. C. Wright, whose indefatigable efforts are shown in the progress made by those under their care. Here the girls go through a series of exercises with bar-bells, clubs, dumb-bells, &c., and musical drill.

The Gymnasium-room is fitted with parallel and horizontal bars, swings, etc., and is well warmed and lighted. The ladies' evenings are Tuesdays and Fridays, from 6 till 10 p.m.

MAUDE COKER (Hon. Sec. Ladies' Social Club).

PALACE RAMBLERS.

There was a numerous attendance of Members at the General Meeting last Thursday. Mr. W. Marshall presided. The most important alteration of rules was the increase in the number of Members to 200 (100 of each sex), and the subscription to be 2s. per annum.

The alteration in the former rule was made to enable more ladies to join. Early application should be made.

The increase of subscription was made with a view to abolish the objectionable "whip-round" for gratuities. New Cards of Membership will be ready on Tuesday next, when the Secretary will attend at 8.30.

Those Members wishing to have consecutively-numbered tickets should send names together to the Secretary.

F. W. BULLOCK, Hon. Sec.
H. ROUT, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

REPORT, JANUARY 25TH, 1888.

Mr. Marshall in the chair. The minutes being accepted as read, Mr. Ring rose and called the attention of the House to the paragraph in the Journal, dated January 25th, 1888, where, in announcing the result of the Home Rule debate, the reporter had used the following words:

"The resolution was therefore declared carried, amidst great enthusiasm from the Gladstonian benches, the Tories maintaining their composure, and evidently pitying rather than angered by their opponents."

Mr. King took exception to being pitied as a Gladstonian, and moved: "That the Secretary be instructed to insert in the Journal only the minutes of the meeting." This was seconded by Mr. Masters, who was also evidently averse to being pitied. The motion was then put to the meeting:

For Mr. Ring's resolution	8
Against	8
Chairman's casting vote for	1
Majority for	1

Mr. Valentine then read a lengthy and instructive paper on the subject of Emigration, but, owing to the unparliamentary conduct of several Members, the general effect of the paper was greatly spoiled.

Mr. Rhodes having seconded Mr. Valentine's resolution, Mr. Masters rose and proposed the following amendment: "That, in the opinion of this House, State aid to emigrants should be provided for those in good health, who are able to give sufficient proof of the knowledge of a trade, or means whereby they may earn a living; and that means be taken to stay the immigration of foreign workmen into this country."

This amendment was seconded by Mr. London. Messrs. Watson, Colson, Hawkins, Ring, and Maynard also spoke, and it was then proposed by Mr. London, seconded by Mr. Hawkins: "That the question be now put." This was carried unanimously.

The Chairman, however, amidst some confusion, put the amendment, which was carried by a large majority, the supporters of Mr. Valentine refusing to vote, as they believed the proceedings to be irregular.

The subject for Wednesday, February 1st, is "Nationalisation of the Land," when Mr. Ring will move:—

"That nationalisation of the land is the only true remedy for the prevailing commercial depression in this country."

The debate following that will be opened by Mr. Wadkin on the question of "Women's Suffrage."

All particulars may be obtained of

SYDNEY THOMAS,
HORACE J. HAWKINS, } Hon. Secs.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

In glorious weather, on Saturday last, the following Members and visitors went for a spin of about eight miles over some splendid country: E. J. Crowe (pace), W. Hawkes, J. Pearson, H. R. Johnson and A. Savill (Members), T. B. Northmore and E. Smith (Brunswick Harriers). The route taken was as follows: Leaving "head quarters" Wanstead Flats were crossed, and the road leading to Alderman Finnis's park was taken. Wanstead Church passed, then came the fields leading to the back of the Red House; these were crossed, the going being rather rough, but a decided improvement on the previous Saturday. The Red House, Barking Side, having been reached, the fields immediately opposite were taken. Once more on the road, a stiff hill was encountered, the pack slackening a bit and having a blow. Still keeping to the road the Bee Hive, Chigwell Row, was passed, and the "jolly dawgs" were on their way home. The Red House once more being sighted a sigh of relief escaped one or two, they evidently having had enough. A very fair pace was kept until about a mile and a half from home, when the usual dust-up commenced, Johnson being the first to show in front. This position he kept but for a short distance, Crowe taking up the running, closely followed by Northmore. A ding-dong race ensued between these two. One hundred and fifty yards from home they were level, and after a severe tussle Crowe finished five yards in front (all out). Johnson finished third, after a good race with Smith; the others some distance away. Thus ended one of the most pleasant runs of the season, everyone having thoroughly enjoyed it.

Members are earnestly requested to turn up in larger numbers, and give the Club the support it deserves. Visitors always welcome.

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

True Sublimity.—It is sublime—that sudden pause of a great multitude, which tells that one soul moves in them all.

John Milton.

JOHN MILTON was born in London on the 9th December, 1608. His father, also named John, was a scrivener, in Bread Street, Cheapside; and his mother's maiden name was Caston.

He entered Christ's College, Cambridge, on 12th February, 1628, bringing with him high classical attainments, gathered no doubt from a private tutor—a Puritan clergyman named Young. In 1632, after completing his university course, he retired to his father's estate at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, and it is here he wrote several of his minor poems. In April, 1638, he set out for his long intended visit to Greece and Italy, visiting Florence, and had an interview with Galileo, who was then a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. He returned to England in the autumn of 1639, and settled in Aldersgate Street, London, undertaking the education of a few pupils, and it was about this time he joined the Puritans in their opposition to the episcopacy.

Milton was married in 1643 to Mary Powell; but this marriage was an unhappy one, and after a few days, she went back to her parents. She, after numerous entreaties, returned to her husband, and in July, 1646, his first child—a daughter—was born. Three other daughters followed, but their young mother died, aged twenty-six, in giving birth to the fourth child in 1652.

It was shortly after 1651 Milton lost his sight; not suddenly, for it had been gradually failing him for some years, and although dissuaded by his physicians from clerical work he continued his literary engagements, and towards the end of 1652 became quite blind. He frequently alludes to his blindness. In one passage, in "Paradise Lost," he writes:

"Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and from the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

He was married again, in 1656, to Catherine Woodcock, who died the following year in giving birth to a daughter, who survived only a few months. In 1663 he was married to Elizabeth Minshul, his third wife, who survived him several years.

"Paradise Lost" was begun in 1658, but not finished until 1665, and was first published in 1667. That it had a ready sale may be gathered from the fact that a third edition was issued in 1678. With the exception of the Bible and Shakespeare no book has passed through so many editions, or been translated into so many different languages. The translations comprise Greek, French, Italian, Dutch, German, Armenian, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Swedish and Icelandic, and some books into Tamil.

Milton shortly after wrote "Paradise Regained," and this was published in 1671, followed by "Samson Agonistes," and lastly by a treatise "Of True Religion."

Milton's blindness continued until his death, which occurred on the 8th November, 1674, having almost completed his sixty-sixth year; and he was buried in the parish church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, but it was not until 1793, nearly a hundred years after, that any monument was erected to his memory. A bust of Milton was, after much opposition, permitted to be erected in Westminster Abbey—"To the Author of 'Paradise Lost.'"

R. T. LOCKWOOD.

The Parliament of Greater Britain.

It is a good thing for British statesmen—and British voters too—to turn aside occasionally from the contemplation of strictly internal questions, and survey those wider political issues which, for want of a better name, and in spite of Professor Freeman's frowns, we are constrained to call *imperial*. It is one of the marked defects of our legislature that while subjects of domestic importance are eagerly and exhaustively debated, the discussion of Indian and Colonial affairs, involving the welfare of whole continents, is usually but languid and fitful. It seems to be too commonly taken for granted by the electorate that these things are no concern of theirs; and as Members of Parliament are becoming more and more prone to take their cue from their constituencies, this indifference not unnaturally finds its way from the country into the House of Commons.

The whole blame, however, ought not to be laid upon the voters of the country, for after all it is only to be expected that they will be most interested in what concerns them nearest. "Out of sight, out of mind," is a true saying, and it is only at rare intervals, and by such an event as the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886, that his fair inheritance is flashed upon the eyes of the average stay-at-home Briton. The plain fact of the matter is that Parliament is no longer equal to the burden that is bound upon its back. A very Atlas among institutions, it groans beneath the weight of the world. Its duties are so manifold, so multifarious, that one's brain swims at the bare thought of them. It decrees how Kensington shall dispose of her dust-heaps one evening, and the next is busy with the annexation of Zululand. It not only exercises, in short, complete legislative and administrative control over these islands, but it has also in its hands the entire management of the "foreign affairs" of the vast and scattered dependencies of the crown. To quote the language of a recent writer, "When we remember that fifty or sixty years ago the British Empire, both in extent and population, was comparatively small, we cannot wonder that Parliamentary Government in those days worked smoothly. Foreign and domestic affairs alike were managed exclusively by the dominant class, which, of course, directed a policy as much as possible in its own interests. . . . Now the franchise has been given to almost all classes. This, of course, means that a great deal more work is required of our legislators. . . . We find consequently that everything is at a deadlock. We find that Parliament cannot even carry on the ordinary business of the United Kingdom. If it cannot do that, how can it look after the interests of the whole empire? . . . It is no use spending session after session in inventing new rules of procedure for facilitating business in the House of Commons. The defect does not lie in the rules of the House at all. *The defect lies in the whole fabric of Parliament as at present constituted.*"

These are plain words, and deserve attentive consideration. When Parliament is not sitting, we are apt to forget its shortcomings and its long-windedness; but February will soon be here, and with it will recommence once more what Lord Salisbury has wittily described as "the dreary drip of dilatory declamation." As the Greek poet, Sophocles, wrote more than two thousand years ago:

"It never was a wise surgeon's part
To drone out charms above a deadly smart."

and this Parliamentary paralysis is a disease that craves decisive remedies. It is idle to ignore the necessities of the case, and to bury our heads, like so many ostriches, in the sand of procedure regulations, when we ought to be devising some means of rescuing our institutions from their discreditable impotence.

Let us pause to take stock of this Empire of ours, and try to form some estimate of the magnitude of its interests. Statistics are as a rule but ill adapted for stirring the blood and quickening the pulse, but in this department they are more than usually invigorating, and may pardonably be regarded with satisfaction and pride. To begin with, then, the British Empire at the present day covers (within a fraction) *one-sixth of the entire land area of the globe*. This is a sober truth, such as a mere map may demonstrate; but how lightly is it treated by those who have entered on this huge inheritance! As Professor Seeley says in one of his fine epigrams, it is as if "We have conquered half the world in a fit of absence of mind!"

To put the facts in another striking light, the colonies and dependencies of the British Crown occupy an area *more than three times as large* as the combined area of the colonies of all the other colonising states of Europe, those states themselves, and the United Kingdom into the bargain.

Or again, take population. The inhabitants of the British colonies and dependencies alone amount to *more than one-seventh* of those of the whole world; while those of the British Empire (including in that term the United Kingdom itself and the feudatory states of India) must be reckoned at *more than one-fifth*, or *slightly less than that of the whole of Europe*.

Finally, look at trade. We learn, under this head, that the total trade of the United Kingdom is *a fraction greater* than that of all the other European states possessing colonies (being as £715,371,000 to £697,780,000) while the total trade of our country with her colonies exceeds *five-fold* that of all the other colonising states with their own colonies. It should be observed, moreover, that these figures, which are taken from the address of a President of the Statistical Society, delivered so recently as 1884, are already considerably behind the times!

Upon the last point, viz., the trade of Great Britain with her colonies, it is worth while to give a few further details. There is nothing which shows the value of these distant possessions to us, and more especially to our manufacturing population, than the persistence with which, as the saying goes, "Trade follows the flag." While our dealings with the rest of the world are not (comparatively speaking) so large as they used to be, our trade with our own kinsmen over seas is increasing hand over hand. During the eleven years preceding 1884 the *foreign* import trade of this country had only increased nine per cent., but its *colonial* import-trade had increased fifteen per cent.; and while its *foreign* exports showed a rise of only five per cent., its *colonial* exports showed a rise of twenty per cent.

[To be continued.]

Musical Notes.

CONCERTS.—The Concerts during the past week have been, if possible, more successful than those hitherto given. On Wednesday last, a special Scotch programme in honour of Burns' Anniversary was given, and was much appreciated by an immense audience. A capital performance was also given last Saturday, the Artistes being Miss Mervyn Keatinge, Madame Schluter, Mr. J. Bromley and Mr. Geo. Adams (Vocalists); Mr. Walter Alcock, F.C.O. (Organist), under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—We are hoping to make our second appearance in public on Saturday, February 11th, for which occasion we have in rehearsal Macfarren's pretty little work "May Day," and two or three Part Songs. After Friday next no new Members can be received into the Class until after February 11th. Mr. Cave will also conduct the second appearance of the Orchestral Society on the same date, so that a very enjoyable Concert may be expected.

SINGING CLASSES.—Several new Members have joined the Elementary and Advanced Singing Classes, and, with the additional numbers, the quality of the work improves every week.

ORGAN RECITAL.—The Organ Recital on Sunday Morning next, at 12.30, will be given by Mr. George J. Rayner, of the Victoria Park Tabernacle.

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 XII.—Continued.

THE TRIAL.

RAYMOND, like all émigrés; filled with hatred to the Revolution; eager for revenge on account of his lost wealth and rank; an Englishman one day, a Provençal the next; intelligent, well educated, a draughtsman, and, perhaps—it is in the blood of Provence—brave. Behold the spy of Pitt! Behold the tool of the British Government! Yet a willing instrument, and, therefore, one which must be rendered useless for any future work, as an example and a discouragement.

"All this time," Raymond tells me, "while the advocate thundered, and even I myself began to feel that after all I must be a secret messenger of the British Government, I was filled with that strange feeling that the issue of the trial concerned some other man. Until the moment when I wrote the letter to you, which I thought would be my last, I was callous to an extent which I cannot now understand. For certainly no man ever had an escape such as mine."

The jury, without hesitation, gave their verdict—the prisoner was guilty. Then the President sentenced Raymond to death, and he was taken away.

Outside the court there was such a crowd as had never been seen before, yelling death to the English spy, and demanding that he should be given up to them.

Amid a storm of execrations he was taken back to the cell in safety.

"Even then," said Raymond, "in the midst of the savage faces, and with the certain prospect of death, I was insensible. It was as if I were playing a part, and that the principal part, of a play."

What it was that supported him through this time of trouble, I know not: but remembering Raymond's dream at the Chateau and the strange events which followed, and his mother's constant companionship with her dead husband, and the assurance which she received as to her son's safety, I have formed a judgment which nothing can shake.

At last the prisoner was safely lodged in his cell, the key turned, and the mob dispersed, hungering for the moment when he should be brought forth to be beheaded in their sight.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT HOME.

It was in the second week of June when Raymond, as we judged, had been already dead for three weeks, that we received his last letter. Indeed, I cannot bear to think even now or to speak of that terrible time, in which nothing could bring consolation, not even weeping. Raymond was dead. Then was all the sun taken from the heavens, and the warmth from the air, and the joy from my life. There were others who mourned for Raymond besides myself; but we women who lose our lovers are selfish, and we think not of any others.

It is good for those who mourn and refuse to be comforted that they should be forced by necessity into thinking of other things. It was about the end of October that I was compelled to turn away my thoughts from my own sorrows. I have said that with the arrival of peace and the paying off of the ships, the profits of our boat greatly diminished. This decrease grew worse as ship after ship was paid off, and none were put into commission except to relieve the regular West India and Mediterranean fleets. Many days during the summer of that year the boat returned with half her

cargo unsold. If this was the case in the summer, when we looked to make our chief harvest, what was to be expected from the winter? Day after day passed, and not enough business done to pay even the wages of Sally and her father. More than this: there was no longer any demand for our dried sloe-leaves, and Portsmouth herbalists bought no more of our drugs.

I regarded this change at first without the least concern. Was it likely that the daughter of a substantial merchant should be rendered anxious by so small a matter? Besides, this was the most delightful season in my life, being in the first six months of my engagement, and, naturally, I thought all day long of Raymond.

In winter, we have little to sell except potatoes, onions, and cabbages. This winter it appeared that no one wanted to buy our things at all, because there were so many who sold and so few to buy. Thus it is with a seaport town. A long war gives rise to many new trades. Where there was one shop there are seen, after a few brisk years, ten; where there was one market-garden there are ten. Then Raymond went away. Was it likely that I should concern myself about the boat when I had to prepare for his departure? Whose hands, but mine prepared his linen and packed his trunk?

In the spring a great misfortune fell upon us, I mean, a misfortune apart from the dreadful letter of Raymond's. War was declared, and we thought to recover our losses, the dockyards being busy day and night, the harbour full of vessels in commission, and Spithead and the Solent crowded with ships waiting for convoy. The promise of April was beautiful. Never were trees thicker with blossom. Then there came a hard frost one night which did dreadful damage, and after this a cold east wind which destroyed whatever escaped the frost. After the east wind the weather grew suddenly hot, and then came swarms of caterpillars, the like of which I have never seen before or since. They stripped the currant, gooseberry, and raspberry bushes of leaf and fruit; they left not a single strawberry, they ate up our asparagus, our young pease, our beans, and our lettuce. They left us nothing. It was like the plague of locusts which fell upon the land of Egypt and ate up every herb of the land and all the fruits of the trees.

And now there was no use for the boat to go down the harbour, because there was nothing to put into her.

Very soon, naturally, the day came when I had no more money to pay even the wages, and none for the house-keeping. Note that, like all the world, in the prosperous times we had kept a good table, and my father had taken his punch nightly, as if the fat times were going to last. I declare that I had no suspicion at all of the truth. My poor father had always spoken of himself as a substantial merchant. It was thus that he qualified himself. Everybody regarded him as a merchant, who had retired with what is considered a substantial fortune. To be sure, I have never seen any evidence of that fortune; but there was no need to draw upon it, seeing that the garden provided amply for the needs of the house; and, besides, is a daughter to suspect her father of exaggeration? However, there was now nothing to be done but to inform my father of the circumstances, namely, that we had nothing hardly to sell and no money for wages. For a garden must be kept up. If labourers are not continually employed upon it, how is anything to be made out of it?

Nothing ever surprised me more than the effect of my communication, for my father first turned pale and then red. He then rose, and softly shut the door.

"My child," he said, and there his voice stuck. "My child," he began again, and a second time he was fain to stop and gasp, "Molly"—this time he made an effort and succeeded—"I feared that this was coming, but I would not worry you. What are we to do? What in the wide world shall we do?"

"Why, sir," I said, "if you will find the money to tide us over this bad season, I doubt not that we shall do very well, seeing that the war has begun again and times are brisk."

"Find the money, child? I find the money? Molly," he whispered, "listen, child: I have no money. Yes, you all think me a man of substance, but I am not. Molly, your father is a man of straw—a man of straw, child. He is worth nothing."

He rose from his chair, and walked about the room, beating his hands together. All his consequence vanished, and he now seemed to become suddenly thin.

"I have no money, Molly."

"But I thought—"

"Yes, yes, I know. Why did I retire from the City, the only place where a man can find true happiness? Why did I come to this miserable village? Child, because I had no choice—because I was a bankrupt, and my creditors, after they had taken all I had, suffered me to withdraw unmolested. So I came here, and—Molly—'tis hard for a man, who has been Alderman and Warden of his Company, and lived respected, to go among other men and own that he was bankrupt—bankrupt."

"Oh, sir!" I cried, "forgive me for ignorantly opening up the past. I could not know—"

"Say no more, Molly, say no more. Let us consider. There is a little purse; let us hope it may be enough. Perhaps our friends may not learn the truth, if this will serve till next year." He opened his desk and took out a purse containing fifty sovereigns. "If this will serve, Molly. It is not my money, but your own, saved by me."

You now understand how I was dragged out of my trouble by necessity. We had fifty pounds for all our stock; we had to make it serve for six months and more, supposing that we did no trade for that time. But the potatoes and the cauliflowers turned out well, and in the end we pulled through, though with desperate shifts at home, so that no one suspected of the Alderman that he was not, as he always pretended, a substantial merchant.

I then discovered, having my eyes opened again, as I said, by necessity, that the two ladies at the Cottage were threatened with straits as dreadful as our own, or more, because, with a great garden and no rent to pay, it goes hard if one cannot live; but these two ladies had nothing at all, except the mere hollow trunk of thin gold, from which the jewels of the Rose had all been taken. And now they must sell even that.

"My dear," said Madame, "since it hath pleased Heaven to call away our boy, for whom we broke up this Holy Relic, the possession of which, we were taught to believe, secured the continuation of our house, I see no reason why the gold should not follow the jewels, and all be sold. When we have spent that money there will be nothing. But we are in hands which never fail."

"Oh, Madame!" I cried, "you and the Countess shall come and live with us. We will all live together, and talk about Raymond every day."

They did come to live with us, but, as you shall see, under happier conditions than we looked for.

The Vicar took away the Rose, and brought them money for it. Never was any man more taken with a work of art than the Vicar with the Rose. He loved to look upon it; he would make it the text for a discourse upon the Popes of Avignon; upon the early Protestants of Provence; upon the arts of the Middle Ages, and upon a thousand things. Yet, when he took it away, wrapped in flannel, he showed no sign of grief, but rather of satisfaction, a thing difficult to understand.

When it was gone, one felt as if the blessing of the Pope had departed from the place; strange, that we, who are Protestants, and should not value the Pope's blessing a farthing, should believe in a superstition which associated the extinction of the house with the

loss of the Rose. Yet Raymond was dead, and the Holy Rose was gone. That could not be denied. And Raymond was the last of the Arnaults.

There are many strange and surprising things in this story. It is wonderful to remember how, in the wisdom of Providence, the son of the man Leroy, ignorant of his father's crime, should have been brought to the village where his father's victims lived; it is wonderful to think that his life was saved by none other than the sister of the man whom his father had murdered; that he should become a friend of that man's son; and that he should discover the truth in so sudden and unexpected a manner, on the very eve of his departure.

Remember next how Pierre prayed that we would not tell Raymond, and how, through that very ignorance, Raymond was brought mysteriously to the house of his father's murderer, and received his hospitality; how he was lured on by him in apparent security to encounter the most dreadful risk; and how the same man, who denounced the father, also bore false witness against the son. Who that considers can doubt the Providential guidance of these things?

For my own part, I remember also the dream which Raymond had in the tower of the Chateau; and I see in all these things together, and in those which followed, the vengeance of God.

The world is, however, full of those who scoff at such interpretations, and foolishly boast that they believe no more than they can see. Well, for my own part, I believe not only in what I see, but also in the things which even a woman's mind may gather and conclude, from the things seen, concerning things unseen.

For instance, was it for nothing that all this time the poor mad woman talked and laughed, always happy, always with smiles and songs, with her dead husband? She knew, in a dim and uncertain way, that Raymond was gone away. She even knew that he was gone to Aix, to Eyragues, and to Toulon. She talked about him at those places, wondering what he was doing, and so forth. From her husband's replies she learned that all was well with her son—which we knew, alas! was not true; but one may surely deceive a mother on this point—and that he would return home safe and well. How could he return home who was lying dead somewhere among the graves of the criminals? Well, I am now going to tell you exactly what did come to pass, and show what little faith we possessed, who knew that the dead Count was always with his wife, day and night, yet could not be brought to believe his most solemn and repeated assurances.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RELEASE.

RAYMOND sat in his cell, saved from the yelling mob, which wanted to have him delivered into their hands. Why, he thought, had his guards been overpowered it would have been all over, and quickly. Now, those execrations and those furious yells would have to be faced again.

It was six o'clock when they brought him back. The Governor of the prison followed him into his cell.

"I have to inform you," he said, coldly, "that your sentence is to be carried into effect without delay. You will be executed to-morrow morning, at daybreak. Expect no commutation of the sentence."

Raymond bowed.

"If there is any request you have to make, you can do so now."

"I should like to send a letter of farewell to—a certain English girl whom I was to have married."

"You can write the letter. Confine yourself solely to the facts, and to a brief farewell. It will be read, and, if it contains nothing treasonable, it will be forwarded. Have you any other request to make?"

"I should like," said Raymond, "if this request can be granted, my sketch of the Chateau d'Eyragues to be enclosed in the letter."

"If it is not a drawing of a place of arms, and conveys no information, it shall be enclosed in your letter."

"I thank you, M. le Directeur. There is no other request that I have to make."

"Will you see a priest?—no? It is sometimes the case that a condemned criminal likes to make a confession or statement. You shall have a candle to enable you to do so, if you wish."

"I have nothing more to add," said Raymond, "to the statement I made in Court."

The Governor left him, and they presently sent the writing materials; the turnkey standing over Raymond while he wrote the letter, which you have already seen. The letter must have been despatched that very evening, otherwise, as you will discover immediately, it would not have been sent at all.

His dinner, or supper, was brought to him at seven o'clock. It was a sumptuous meal for a prison, consisting of soup, a roast chicken, and a bottle of good wine. But it was to be his last, and people are naturally kind to a man who is about to die.

His last! Astonishing to relate, he devoured it with great appetite and heartiness, as if it were to be succeeded by thousands. When he had finished it he endeavoured to compose his mind to the meditation and prayer in which he intended to pass the night.

"Either," he says now, "I am naturally insensible to religion, which I am loath to believe—indeed, I am sure I am not so cold a wretch—or I was sustained by some inward assurance, because, though my end was so imminent that every minute seemed to bring me closer to the axe, I could not so clearly face the situation as to question my conscience and confess my sins before Heaven; but continually my thoughts turned towards you, my dear, and my mother, and this quiet village. Nay, though I knew that my dinner would be the last I should ever take, I devoured it with appetite, and only wished there had been twice as much. In vain I said to myself that in twelve hours or so I should be in the presence of my Judge, and my body would be lying a senseless, headless log; my thoughts were turned earthward, and wholly directed to thee, my sweetheart."

I do not blame him in this; nor do I think that he was insensible to religion; because I am well assured that, as he was sustained at the trial, and as he heard the execrations of the people without alarm, so he was now miraculously kept from the despair which would otherwise have laid hold upon his soul.

Surely, a more solemn time there can never be in a man's life than the last night of it; especially if he knows that he is to die the next day, and if he be in such a condition of mental strength as to understand it. There are so many wretched criminals hanged every year that we think nothing of the anguish, the terror, the remorse, of their last night upon the earth. Of some, I know, it is reported that they drink away their terrors, and go to the fatal tree stupid with liquor; and of others, that they sleep through the whole night, apparently careless of their coming end.

It was about ten o'clock that Raymond was interrupted by footsteps outside his door, and the turning of the key in the lock.

He started to his feet. Was he—the thought made his heart stand still—to be taken out in the night and thrown to the mob?

"I thank you, M. le Directeur"—Raymond started because he thought he knew the voice—"and I will not trouble you to wait. My orders are to put certain questions to the prisoner alone. Leave one of your men outside the cell, and he can conduct me to the door. Good-night, M. le Directeur."

The door was thrown open and an officer entered, wearing a military cloak thrown over his shoulders, and covering half his face. He shut the door carefully, put the lamp he had taken from the turnkey upon the table, and threw back the cloak.

"Heavens, it is Pierre!"

"Hush!" It was none other than Pierre Gavotte, but no longer in rags. Pierre Gavotte, Lieutenant of the Forty-ninth, in uniform. "Hush! There is no time to spare."

"My friend, you are come to say farewell. I did not expect to see a friendly face again before I died."

"I come with an order from the General-Commandant to put certain questions to the English spy. Well, here I am." He threw out his arms, and laughed as if he had kept an appointment to an evening's amusement.

"And your questions?"

"My first question—" he hesitated. "Raymond, do you know—have they told you—who I am?"

"Why, you are my old friend and enemy, Pierre Gavotte. Who else should you be?"

The name had escaped him at the trial; in the discovery that Leroy and the witness were the same, Raymond paid no attention to his assumed name. This was a happy accident, if everything can be called an accident in the course of this history so manifestly providential.

He held out his hand. Pierre hesitated a moment. Then he took it. "Yes," he said. "Yes, we can shake hands now."

"It has been impossible," he explained, "for me to have access to you until now. I discovered a week ago the name of the so-called English spy, and I knew that it must be no other than you. Oh! my friend, you a spy? I have been considering and devising. Now I have completed my plan."

"Your plan?"

"Certainly; my plan. Why not? What is the good of having friends if they do nothing for you? You are to escape, Raymond."

"Escape? Why, Pierre, who is to take me through these stone walls? There is no time, either. I am to die at daybreak."

"Everything is arranged if you will do exactly what I order. Will you promise that? I give you freedom, Raymond, if you will act by my orders. It is for Molly's sake," he added.

"I promise."

"Then change your clothes with me. Quick; time presses."

"Change with you? Why, what will you do? Pierre, I understand you now. You think that we are so much alike that I have only to walk out in your uniform, and I shall pass for you."

"That is, my friend, exactly my plan. That is, you have guessed a part of it. But, as you would infallibly be found out if you went on parade, that is not all my plan."

"And what about yourself?"

Pierre laughed. "I had to make two plans; one for you, and one for me. What do I do, when you are gone? My man outside—whom I have bribed—returns for me, and lets me out by the Governor's private entrance when he is asleep. I go home to my barracks quietly. No one will ever suspect me, and presently I get a letter from you telling me that you have arrived in safety."

All this was pure fiction.

"Are you quite sure, Pierre, that you are safe?"

"My dear friend," he replied, earnestly, "I am as sure of my future as I am of your escape, if you will do exactly as I order you. There can be no doubt whatever of my future." Again he laughed, and looked so careless and light-hearted that one could not choose but believe him.

"A Field-Marshal's baton—or—"

"That, or the other fate common to soldiers," said Pierre. "Quick, now; undress and change. Think of Molly, not of my future."

"You are now complete," he said, five minutes afterwards. "Upon my word, Raymond, you make a pretty lieutenant. But stand upright; swing your shoulders. You civilians never understand a military walk; clank your heels, rattle your sword, look at the turnkeys at the gate as an officer looks at his men, without fear and with authority; but keep your face in shade. When you leave the cell follow the turnkey without a word. Do you understand so far?"

"Yes; so far." "Very well. Outside the prison is a sentry who will call for the word. It is 'Espion Anglais.' Turn to the right, and walk straight along the street until you come to a little wine-shop with the sign of the Bleating Lamb. Enter this shop, and without saying a word walk through it and up the stairs to the room above. Do you understand all this?"

"Perfectly. Shall I wait there for you?" "No. You will there find a young lady. You will obey her. Now, my friend, farewell."

"We shall meet again." "Perhaps. I do not know. Farewell. If—say rather, when you get home in safety, give this note to Miss Molly, and"—he pulled off the gold-lace knot that hung from his sword-handle—"give her this as well. Tell her it is the badge of my honour that I give her. She will explain what that means. Now, farewell, Raymond."

"Farewell, Pierre." They clasped hands for the last time, and looked each into the other's face. At the last moment a doubt crossed Raymond's mind. "You are quite sure—perfectly sure, Pierre, that you are in no danger whatever?"

"Perfectly sure," he replied; "I know perfectly well where I shall be to-morrow morning. There is a thing concerning myself that Molly knows, and Madame Claire. When you get home, ask them to tell you. I shall not mind your knowing it then. Forgive me, friend; it is the only secret that I have kept from you, and even this I only discovered the day before I came away from Porchester. Go now."

He kissed him, French fashion, on both cheeks. It all happened exactly as Pierre had arranged. The turnkeys glanced a moment at the officer, and let him out. The sentry demanded the word and suffered him to pass. He was a free man once more. In the Place d'Armes, through which his way led, stood the guillotine, tall and slender, which was set up to take off his head: the workmen were still engaged upon the scaffold. Presently he came to the wine-shop with the sign of the Bleating Lamb, its doors open. Raymond walked through it unchallenged and up the stairs, all this exactly in accordance with his instructions.

When I received Pierre's letter he had been dead for nearly six months, so long did it take Raymond to effect his escape from the country.

"I promised," he said, "to write to you if ever I had the chance of doing something worthy. The chance has come, but not in the way you thought and I hoped. I have set Raymond free. The guilt of my father is atoned, and the life of your lover is saved for you. What more could I desire or expect? Let Madame Claire know that I was not ungrateful or forgetful. If, as she thinks, there is another life beyond the grave—my grave will be among the criminals and the outcasts—perhaps the sin of my father will not follow me there. Farewell, and be happy."

(To be continued).

Sorrow.—Doubtless a great anguish may do the work of years, and we may come out from that baptism of fire with a soul full of new awe and pity.

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,—As a Member of the Palace Institute, may I be allowed to make a suggestion? That is—That a Hospital Box (say the London, it being a local one) be placed on either side of the Hall entrance, so that Members and non-Members may contribute to it. I think after the entertainments that are given, one may be induced to think of those that are otherwise situated. Hoping it will meet with a financial success—I remain, yours, etc., A JUNIOR MEMBER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

DEAR SIR—I have unhappily to record what I consider a mistake on the part of the authorities of the Palace. I had been unable through illness to get over to the Palace until last Saturday week. I went to the office then to pay my subscription, but was told to come next week. I was unable to do this, but got a friend to pay for me. He went Friday last (the 20th inst.), and was told there was 3/6 to pay. I should like to know why this fine of 1/-.

G. M. G.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

In reply to a letter from TRICYCLIST, which appeared in The Palace Journal last week, we beg to state that this Club (as he is no doubt aware) is a Cycling Club, which means that riders of any type machines are eligible as Members. We are afraid he does not visit the Palace very much, or else he must certainly have noticed both Bicycles and Tricycles in the grounds. We have the names of several ladies who have promised to join our club, and we shall be obliged if he can further the interests of the club by introducing new Members. As regards his query about purchasing machines, we are at present unable to answer, but hope the Trustees will at some future date favour us with an arrangement such as he suggests. The next meeting of the club will be held on Feb. 3rd. at 8 p.m. We shall be pleased if TRICYCLIST can make it convenient to attend. Yours &c.,

J. KILBRIDE Secretaries. E. RANSLEY

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

DEAR SIR,—I should like to make one or two statements as a Member of the People's Palace and a frequenter of the Ladies' Pavilion. As you announce in your Journal, the drawing-room is beautifully furnished and replete with every comfort. Now, until very recently, there was lacking (in my humble opinion), the most essential element in any community, viz., sociability. Words inadequately express the vain, I may almost add frantic, endeavours made by some of the most genial Members present, to instil a little life or even conversation into the circle—which at the utmost, never mustered more than a dozen maidenly forms. Night after night we all sat like "Patience on a monument smiling at grief." At last, a brilliant idea suggested itself to some of the Committee Ladies—Dancing. To an unfeminine mind, I can scarcely detail the "magic" included in that one word—suffice it to say that the idea was carried out. Instead of ladies feeling affronted at being asked their names on entering, they were as pleased when they knew it was for the purpose of being introduced to a partner, as though that partner had been of the opposite sex. When I inform you that instead of a dozen woe-begone damsels holding a Quakers' Meeting, the Pavilion on Monday last, was so crowded, as to tax to the utmost the resources of the Committee Ladies in attendance. I am sure you will agree with me that the success of the venture is indisputable. It was quite a strategic movement to accommodate and please all, as some were playing chess, draughts, dominoes, etc., and of course, their space must not be encroached upon. Recitations and Songs were also indulged in, but Dancing was undeniably the attraction. Possibly, you may consider, why this voluntary information? A notice has been posted in the Pavilion prohibiting dancing, and Sir Edmund expressly said, "On the attendance of its Members depends—not only the success, but the use of the new Ladies' Rooms." I should feel obliged if you would give publicity to the fact (and if it be in your province), ascertain by whose authority the prohibition was issued, as Sir Edmund accorded a most cordial assent when the suggestion was made to him. While I am on the subject of the Ladies' Pavilion, I think "honour should be accorded to whom honour is due." Miss M. Coker, does not alone, if ever, receive visitors to the Pavilion. On the contrary, each evening, two Ladies of the Committee have elected to be responsible for the comfort and amusement of their visitors. The innumerable introductions, the happy faces and ringing laughter, testify to the pleasing, and I may add, amicable feeling existing, and to the thoroughness with which the ladies enter into their responsibilities. Apologising for occupying so much of your valuable space. I am, etc., ATALANTA.

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.)

ALICE W.—(1.) The Ladies' Dressmaking Association. (2.) Mrs. E. Paull. (3.) No; Miss Emily Faithfull.

PREZUNTERO.—It was originally intended we believe to admit all candidates on the 30th ult.; but that decision has now been transferred to March, when all those awaiting admission will be enrolled. Due notice will be given through the Journal and the post.

MEX.—We are making enquiries.

R. P. HARRY.—Many thanks for your suggestion. The sub-Editor, however, prefers to retain the half-quotation (or motto) as it is—without the addition of the line you send.

MARIE.—Rice is produced by one of the corn food or cereal grasses; and it is grown, threshed, and winnowed in the same way as wheat is in this country, but requires a warm climate and abundant moisture to ripen it. It is largely employed as a food in those countries where it is extensively grown.

FORTUNATUS.—(1.) Hands, ears and face soon tell us what sort of weather it is. It does not matter very much about these parts because they soon become warm again. (2.) People who remain indoors on cold days always complain more about the cold than those who bravely go out. They are cold simply because their blood does not circulate well, so they should go out and get it thoroughly oxygenated.

KING LEAR.—It claims to be the same immortalised by Dickens—but you needn't believe it unless you like.

JNO. KNIGHT.—(1.) The Gordon Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral. (2.) Sir John Bennett in Cheapside. (3.) We cannot recommend another.

CHITTY.—You will find it in the 4th chapter of Genesis.

M. E. M.—Ostrich feathers are imported chiefly from South Africa, where there are large farms for breeding ostriches solely for their tail feathers.

GALLILEO.—In Tennyson's "May Queen."

DEKAY.—The chief fisheries are at Cardigan Bay, Yarmouth, Hastings, Lowestoft, and Aberdeen and Wick. The pilchard is caught almost entirely off the coast of Cornwall during the summer.

F. G. H.—(1.) The Chancellor of the Exchequer. (2.) Through the Palace Journal. (3.) Mr. Walter Besant. (4.) In the famous—but "impossible"—story; yes. (5.) Never. But a time will come!

BAXTER.—Mrs. Lynn Linton is the authoress of the work you mention. 'Tis not in mortals to command success; but you do more—deserve it!

STANEY.—(1.) Possibly not; but Louis Nathan did exhibit. When we see him we will seek the information you desire. (2.) The "Lion at Home" by Rosa Bonheur.

SIR LEICESTER D.—(1.) By Sims and Pettitt. (2.) No; it has nearly approached its 500th night. (3.) Miss Marion Hood was the original exponent; since been played by Miss Tempest and others. (4.) Played by Messrs. George Grossmith and Durward Lely.

THESIS.—In San Francisco. He has been there, and of course knows all about it. He will expunge the sentence, of course. Write him.

T. ROBINSON.—"Never Too Late To Mend," Adelphi—and other places.

BOLTON.—In Derbyshire, probably. At any rate, if you write the author he will settle your doubts on the subject.

CLITO.—(1.) The Imperial Institute. (2.) Down a dirty, almost obscure court in the Strand—a difficult matter to find. (3.) Try "Nuttall."

A. E. T.—Mr. O. Hogg, was the founder. The institute of course has probably now far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the founder, and is a success in every respect. Yes; the Palace is.

GUNTER.—The late Indian and Colonial Exhibition was responsible for much of it. Yes; but we think if it had been otherwise employed the result would certainly have been far more satisfactory.

TRUE HEART.—In Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" probably. We are not quite sure.

H. CALLARD.—Many thanks for your kindness.

LAMA.—The business you mention has been established considerably over half a century; so if time is a criterion, we should think the thing was safe. "Safe bind, safe find."

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.

NOTE.

In some mysterious manner, which has yet to be explained, it happened last week that in the announcement of the result of the voting of the "Eight Greatest Women" competition, one of the names dropped out, and only seven were published. The missing name, which completed the list was that of Boadicea. This will answer several correspondents.

COMPETITION SET JANUARY 4. CLASS A.

In the "Greatest Painters" competition the following were the second six decided by the poll:

- W. Hogarth. Sir D. Wilkie. Sir T. Lawrence. Sir J. Gilbert. Mr. A. Tadema. Mr. G. F. Watts.

None of the "ties" sent in a list exactly corresponding with the above. The nearest was

MOLLY HYAMS, 147, Bow Road, Bow, E.,

who named four of the six, and thus wins the prize.

COMPETITION SET JANUARY 18. CLASS A.

The result of the voting for the names of seven men, statues of whom might most appropriately be placed in a lecture-room devoted to instruction in physical science, was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Count. Newton 63, Faraday 34, Darwin 33, Herschel 32, J. Watt 28, Stephenson 27, Huxley 26.

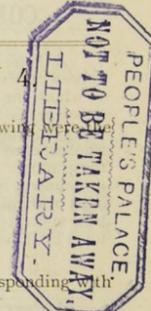
No competitor sent in a list exactly corresponding with the above, and only one gave six of the names correctly. That answer was sufficient to win the prize, which is therefore awarded to

CELIA LOUISE THORNE, 12, Carlton Terrace, Globe Road, E.

CLASS B.

To judge from the "cento" competition, members are more at home in adapting from the poets than in turning out poems of their own. A goodly number of patchwork stanza were received, and several of them possessed high merit. Some were not so good, either because the lines were not so chosen as to rhyme with another according to the instructions laid down, or because the lines strung together were of such varying meter that no one could possibly imagine they were written together; and that is the object a cento should achieve. The prize is awarded to

KATE WEST, 93, Lansdowne Road, Hackney, E.,



for the following verse:

'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs (Longfellow)
The smell of violets hidden in the green (Tennyson),
And meditate on everlasting things (Wordsworth)
When evening melloes all the glowing scene (Hemans).

I would also select, for special commendation, the verses sent in by Adam D. Waugh, J. G. T. Browning, A. T. Emslie, and M. S. Kerridge. The lines sent in by the last-named Competitor were on the sub-Editor. They did, however, but very poor justice to that fascinating subject, and are now in his hands to deal with as he may think proper.

CLASS C.

The pincushions sent in for this competition were bewildering in their beauty, variety, and originality of design. I wish it were possible to give all the Competitors prizes—so excellent were one and all of the pincushions. That, however, may not be, and a preference had to be given, which resulted in favour of a very gorgeous cushion arranged for both pins and hair-pins, on which much work and taste had been expended. The maker of this pretty article was

LOUISE TOOPE,
22, Bromley Street, E.,

to whom the prize is awarded. As I should be sorry for the efforts of all the other Competitors to go unrewarded, extra prizes of books will be given to the three next best, viz.: L. Rattray (145, Burdett Road), Ruth Sinclair (Ordell Road), and Clara Partridge (121, Malmesbury Road).

CLASS D.

The scarf-pins cut out of wood were only fairly satisfactory. The best was that sent by

C. T. PALMER,
21, Bow Road, E.,

who, therefore, takes the prize.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A.

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for a list of the six most representative men of letters that have ever lived; the men, that is, to whom the world is most indebted for its literature. One name, however, is barred for the purposes of the competition. Every patriotic Englishman, and probably most other people, would give Shakespeare the first place, and therefore his claim will be taken for granted. The list required may include any author of any age or country, with the exception of Shakespeare. What is wanted is a list of the six names best entitled to rank after his. To be decided by a majority of votes. All answers must be received not later than noon on Thursday, Feb. 9th.

CLASS B (FOR MEMBERS ONLY).

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered for the best original riddle or conundrum. It must be understood that the riddles required must be strictly original in the full sense of the term, i.e., they must be the unaided composition of Competitors. Answers not later than noon on Thursday, Feb. 9th.

CLASS C—(FOR GIRLS ONLY).

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best hand-screen made by a Competitor. The kind of screen is left to the Competitor's own discretion. It may be painted on card, for example, or worked on cloth, or made in another manner that may seem suitable. To be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, Feb. 9th.

CLASS D—(FOR BOYS ONLY).

A Prize of One Shilling is offered for the best letter supposed to be written to a friend at a distance describing how a holiday was spent. Answers by noon on Thursday, Feb. 9th.

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 JAN. 18.

(1) Word squares:

Table with 3 columns and 6 rows of words: 1. MADAM, ARENA, DEIGN, ANGEL, MANLY; 2. SHEEP, HORSE, ERECT, ESCOT*, PETTY; 3. ROACH, OCHRE, AHEAD, CRAIG, HEDGE

* In setting this square-word, the word "fine" by an error appeared as fire.

- 4. ACRID, CRANE, RAVEN, INERT, DENTS; 5. MODEL, OPERA, DEMON, ERODE, LERES; (2) 1. For Brutus is an honourable man. 2. Oh, that this too solid flesh would melt. 3. False, fleeting, perjured Clarence. (3) 1. Yellowhammer. 2. Snipe. 3. Ptarmigan. 4. Bustard. 5. Nightingale. (4) 1. Fakir (Kafir; fair; hair; ire; fire; fir). 2. Cold (c equals 100 equals one-fifth of 500; l equals 50 equals one-half c; o equals nothing; d equals ten times l; l plus o plus c equals three-tenths of d). (5) Stone (s; st; ton; one; tone; note; on; no; Eno).

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

(1) Make word-squares on the three following words, using only legitimate English words:

Table with 3 columns and 6 rows of letters: 1. RAVEN, 2. SPRIG, 3. CASTLE

(2) A Triangle:

Triangle of numbers: 15, 14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8

15 is part of the ocean; 1 and 14 are two parts of ago; 2 to 13 is three-quarters of a mile; 3 to 12 means "alas"; 4 to 11 is a kingdom; 5 to 10 is a word meaning "died" transposed; 6 to 9 is an astringent; 7 to 8 are parts of speech. From 1 to 7 is a continent; from 15 to 8 is the name of the man who is credited with having discovered it.

- (3) 1. An historian of nine letters; 5, 4, 7 are a point; 3, 2, 9, 7 are quiet; 1, 8, 7 are a building; 5, 4, 6, 3 are that by which we have our exits and our entrances. 2. An historian of ten letters; 10, 7, 8, 9 are neither in front nor behind; 4, 3, 1 are to sever; 1, 2, 3, 6 are a noise; 8, 5, 9 are to colour. (4) Buried Places: 1. If the weather continues so vile we shall not think of going out. 2. I can scarcely stop a rising smile. 3. Look at that ship or tug a little to the left. 4. I don't play bezique because I don't care about cards.

All answers by noon on Thursday, Feb. 9th.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LATER ON.—I have no recollection of your former letter. The answer to your question is that original puzzles would be accepted if thought desirable; but they would on no account be paid for.

SARAH JANE.—My Christmas dinner has ceased to trouble me; why should it trouble you? However, I am glad to satisfy your curiosity. (1.) Jack Sprat was noted for his marked disinclination to the fat parts of joints. He lived at Erehwon, but historians have not yet been able to agree as to the precise period which he adorned. It is known that he was a married man. (2.) The entrée I named is, I should think, very easily procurable. Try Hill's or Gunter's, and if they cannot supply you, write again. (3.) "Pudding" is a generic name, and may certainly be said to include rhubarb tart. I suppose you would say also that that delicacy could not be called a "sweet," because it is a tart. (4.) The way "on earth" that I reconcile "four" with pears is very simple. If you had four oranges, I am sure you would be the first to admit that you had also two pairs.

A. P.—See the preliminary note on the last page, which explains why you have no claim to the prize.

GRACE DARLING.—See answer to A. P.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

BAYLEY'S REMEDIES FOR PILES

Have been in use for upwards of 120 years, and are pronounced unfailing as a cure for this painful disorder. Dr. Andrew Wilson, editor of "Health," recommends this cure to all who are so afflicted.

BAYLEY & CO. (Established 150 Years) 17, COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

CHAIRMAN - - - SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

On SUNDAY, February 5th, 1888, at half-past Twelve,

GRAND ORGAN RECITAL

WILL BE GIVEN IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE,

(FOUNDED 1806),

50, REGENT STREET, W. & 14, CORNHILL E.C. LONDON.

DIRECTORS:—The Right Hon. LORD KINNAIRD; Capt. W. SPENCER BEAUMONT, J.P.; Major-General H.V. BRACKENBURY, C.B.; S. A. BEAUMONT, Esq., Managing Director; W. H. SPENCER, Esq.; Admiral Sir GEORGE KING, Bart., K.C.B.; CHARLES F. CUNDY, Esq.; JOHN NATHANIEL FOSTER, Esq.; WILLIAM COPLAND JUDD, Esq. Invested Funds £2,485,955 Annual Income 319,215 Claims and Surrenders paid exceed £8,000,000 Bonuses Declared 2,629,814

Prospectuses and further information to be obtained at the Head Office, or of any of the Agents.

CHARLES STEVENS, Actuary and Secretary.

Agents: FRANCIS & SONS, 137, MILE END ROAD, E.

ATHLETIC CLUBS & HOW TO FORM THEM.

GOY, Limited, have the honour to supply every personal requisite and appliance pertaining to the different branches of Sports (in or out-door) to most of the leading Athletic Clubs. To READY-MONEY purchasers MOST LIBERAL TERMS are offered, but

READY CASH IS NOT IMPERATIVE.

To responsible persons GOY, LIMITED, will be pleased to arrange terms without extra cost upon payments being guaranteed, by which the advantages of GOY'S NEW PLAN of EQUAL MONTHLY PAYMENTS can be availed of. Captains, Secretaries, Treasurers and Presidents are invited to communicate with us, and call and inspect our large and varied stock.

Those interested in Cycling can see, compare, and purchase the most varied and extensive stock of

BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, SAFETIES & TANDEMS,

and we have always on hand a few Second-hand Machines of good value.

CYCLING REPAIRS. MACHINES ON HIRE.

Arrangements will be shortly made to have REPRESENTATIVES AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

GOY'S HIRE-PURCHASE SYSTEM APPLIES ALSO TO

All Personal Requirements of whatsoever description for wear and daily use, for

Table with 3 columns: HOME, PLEASURE, SPORTS, GAMES OR TRADE, SUCH AS; Clothing, &c.; Household Furniture & Bedding; Invalid Furniture; Billiard Tables; Bagatelle Boards; Photographic Apparatus; Printing Presses; Lathes & Fretsaws; Sewing Machines; Gymnastic Apparatus; Perambulators; Lawn Mowers; Magic Lanterns; Boats and Canoes, &c.; Guns, &c., &c., &c.

GOY, LIMITED, THE ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS. H. F. GRIFFEN, Managing Director. 21, LEADENHALL ST., E.C., 22, " " " LONDON.

Est'd. 1839.

THE SCOTCH HOUSE GARDINER & COMPANY

Est'd. 1839.

**OVERCOATS.**

Made from the finest Diagonal Cloths, Meltons, and Beavers. Fit and make guaranteed. Warranted to wear.

READY-MADE.

14/11 16/11 19/11 25/6 29/6

34/6 42/-

TO ORDER.

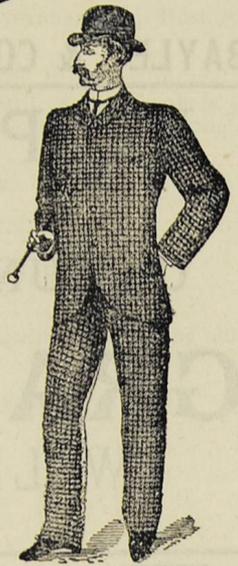
29/6 35/- 40/- 45/- 50/- 55/-

CLOTHING AND OUTFITTING STORES.



GARDINER & COMPANY. have a Special Postal Order Department for the convenience of Customers who live in the country or at a distance. Orders by letter are carefully and promptly attended to and dispatched by Parcels Post or other conveyance FREE OF CHARGE. Patterns and Self-Measurement Forms with our New Illustrated Catalogue and Price List sent POST FREE.

Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to GARDINER & COMPANY.

**REEFER SUITS.**

READY-MADE.

19/11 25/- 29/6 34/6 42/-
49/6.

MADE TO ORDER.

27/6 35/6 42/- 45/- 50/-
55/- 63/- 70/-

1, 3 & 5, Commercial Road & 30 to 35, High Street, Whitechapel, E.
And at DEPTFORD HOUSE, THE BROADWAY, DEPTFORD, E.

POSSESSING ALL THE PROPERTIES OF THE FINEST ARROWROOT,

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

Is a World-wide Necessary for the Nursery, the Sick Room, and the Family Table.

NOTE.—Unlike many others, this CORN FLOUR bears the name of its Manufacturers, who offer the guarantee of their long-established reputation for its uniformly superior quality.

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

A GRAND DOG SHOW

(UNDER KENNEL CLUB RULES)

WILL BE HELD ON

FRIDAY, SATURDAY & MONDAY, MARCH 9th, 10th & 12th.

Liberal Schedule of Money & Special Prizes.

SPECIAL CLASSES AND PRIZES FOR EAST LONDON.

For Schedule and all particulars apply to the CHAIRMAN, PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Printed by THOMAS POULTER & SONS, for the TRUSTEES OF THE BEAUMONT TRUST, People's Palace, Mile End, E., at their Works, The Globe Printing and Paper Works, Rupert Street, E. Office: 6, Arthur Street West, E.C.—Wednesday, February 1st, 1888.