

THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY]

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Notes of the Week.

THEY have dug up a stone coffin in Canterbury Cathedral, and found bones in it. The skull had a hole in it. Thomas à Becket was killed by blows on the head. Clearly, therefore, it must be the skeleton of Thomas à Becket. It is, indeed, truly wonderful how people jump at conclusions. One would think that, before writing about the subject, they would have taken the trouble to get up the facts. The person who has taken that trouble has now written to point out that the Archbishop received four blows on the head—not one—every one of which must have made a mark upon his skull: that at the last the whole of the top of his head was cut off. Now, the top of this skull has not been kept up. Therefore, we had better put away these poor bones, and forget all about them.

It is also clear that the bones of this murdered Archbishop—whom they made a saint and a martyr—were burned at the Reformation. Who was this poor man, buried long ago in the stone coffin, with a hole in his skull? Where did he get that hole? Was it brawl or battle? One hopes the latter. There were many, in those days, who were put into their graves with such a hole punched with battle-axe or pike. No doubt this was some valiant soldier—a knight of high degree—to be accorded the honour of burial within the cathedral and in a stone coffin.

It used to be a special privilege to be buried in a place considered more than commonly sacred. The gentlefolk in the village were always buried in the church—the villagers in the churchyard. Princes and great lords generally gave directions that they were to be buried in the habit of monks, hoping to pass unnoticed through the gates of Heaven, thanks to their dress. The most favourite place in London was the Church of the Grey Friars, now the church close to Christ's Hospital. Hundreds of queens, princes, princesses, dukes, earls, and their wives, lie buried in this sacred ground. The church was burned in the Great Fire. The play-ground of the Blue-coat boys lies over the ancient burying-ground of this church, but the tombs of the great people—which made this a much more interesting place than St. Paul's—were destroyed in the Fire.

THE whole world is anxious about the Crown Prince of Germany. There are many reasons why we should be anxious. In the first place, of all princes he is acknowledged to be the ablest, the most moderate, the most Constitutional, and the strongest. Next, if he survives, he will be Emperor of Germany—a throne which gives its occupier far more power than that of Great Britain and Ireland, so that it is to be hoped devoutly that he who sits upon that throne may possess every virtue under the sun. And lastly, those of us who have arrived at middle age have been accustomed

Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—LIBRARY (Queen's Hall) open to public from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
 RAMBLERS' SOCIETY.—Visit to the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street.
- FRIDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
- SATURDAY.—LIBRARY open to the public from 9 till 5.
 CONCERT at 8 o'clock in the Queen's Hall.
 CYCLING CLUB.—Run from Croydon to Brighton, leaving London Bridge (L. B. & S. C.) at 2.30 p.m. for Croydon.
 FOOTBALL.—Match: Beaumont F. C. v. Beaumont Harriers. Victoria Park, at 3 o'clock.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL at 12.30. LIBRARY open to public from 3 till 10.
- MONDAY.—LIBRARY open to public from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
- TUESDAY.—LIBRARY open to the public from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
- WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY open to the public from 9 till 5.
 CONCERT at 8 o'clock in the Queen's Hall.
 DEBATING SOCIETY.—Debate at 8 o'clock (School-buildings).

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, FEB. 19th, at 12.30 p.m.,
 IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST - - MR. VICTOR GÖLLMICK.

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to regard this particular prince with a kind of respect not accorded to ordinary foreign princes. But Fate is against good princes. Titus, the best of autocrats, died young. His early end seems to have been turned into a precedent by the ladies who spin the thread and wield the scissors.

PARLIAMENT has begun again. Are we to have the same disgraceful scenes of obstruction and riot which are fast depriving the Ancient Assemblage of our Commons of all dignity and respect? This is not a question of party—the Conservatives, if they were turned out to-morrow, would pursue the same tactics as their antagonists—it is a question vital to the interests of the nation. Remember that no business, no reform, no single useful measure can be passed so long as obstruction is cultivated and practised as a Fine Art. And how many things cry aloud to be amended, reformed, and abolished!

NEWINGTON has refused to have a Free Library. There are 13,000 inhabited houses in the parish. There were 7,925 rate-payers who voted on the question—very nearly two-thirds—so that there must have been a considerable amount of interest in it. For the Library, 3,606; against, 4,319; majority in favour of ignorance, darkness, crime, the increase of the dangerous classes, and the decrease of national skill and intelligence, 713. Who were they—the 4,319? Can we not invite the people of Newington to come over and see our library on Sundays?

THE debate on the Queen's Address has begun, and will go on probably for another fortnight or three weeks. Is it generally understood that this debate is absolutely and entirely a waste of time? There is no good purpose served by it—not one. It would be far better to take no notice of the Address, except formally, and then to proceed to business. In the Congress at Washington very short work would be made of this abuse of public time. But at Washington an obstructionist, a chatterer, and a systematic waster of time, would be very promptly taken by the collar and set down outside. We want a little more freedom of action in this country.

THE London School Board has actually succeeded in reducing the rate. When it began, the rate was 3d. Then it went up until it became 8½d., now it has gone back again to 8d. Perhaps it may stay there, but it is doubtful. The population increases: so do the number of ratepayers: but not in the same proportion. Still, it is money very well spent. One would rather pay a shilling in the pound for education than on the Poor Rate.

A DISCUSSION has begun in an evening paper on how to live upon £700 a year. Our Members would perhaps, like nothing better than to try if they could manage to make both ends meet on this miserable pittance. They need not, however, be too epigrammatic about it, because the question, to those whom agricultural depression has reduced from three or four thousand a year to this comparatively low figure, is all important. It is, you see, a question of degree. If you have been brought up to wait on yourselves, do not travel, do not drink expensive wine, do not dress your wives and daughters in silks and satins, do not keep horses, carriages, and yachts, then seven hundred pounds a year is a large income. If you have been brought up to these luxuries, then it is very small.

Does anybody believe this story? It first appeared in the *Paris Figaro*. We found it in the *St. James's Gazette*:—"Two individuals, who went out to fight a

duel on a Tuesday morning in the Bois de Boulogne, close to the Porte-Maillot, were the victims of a rather strange incident. The combat was to be with pistols, to be fired by word of command; the two adversaries to exchange shots until one of them was hit. Now, when the word was given the two weapons were discharged, but without any apparent result, and the seconds were re-loading when a couple of park-keepers appeared on the scene, each holding by the collar a young ragamuffin, one of whom was carrying in his hand a partridge, and the other a quail. One of the representatives of the law and order then addressed the fiery combatants, and announced his intention of prosecuting them for killing game out of season. The duellists, it is needless to say, were astounded, and demanded an explanation. This was accorded graciously enough, and was to this effect: The officials, walking through the Bois, hearing the report of firearms, ran towards the spot whence the shots appeared to come, and at once pounced upon a couple of lads, one having just picked up a dead partridge and the other an expiring quail, which the two fire-eaters had brought down without being any the wiser. The guilty combatants could not resist the evidence adduced by the authorities, and had to submit to the inevitable. The *procès-verbal* was drawn up duly; but, the duel having been interrupted, the seconds declared that honour had been satisfied."

AN episode of kitchen life, which rivals any of John Leech's gall'isms, has come to hand to day. In a well-regulated suburban household one of the housemaids has just given notice to leave, because she cannot eat cold meat without pickles. She had previously stated that she preferred cold to hot meat. Her mistress, however, had omitted to inquire for what kind of pickles she had a preference; hence the necessity for a change. Ladies at the head of households will do well to remember this little incident, which it might be useful to them to remember when next they engage a servant.

MUCH has been said and written about the many eccentric employments of Parisians, but one which has only recently been discovered has as yet not been recorded. This is the profession of cravat-tier, which seems as lucrative as it is novel and simple. The gentlemen occupied in it reason thus: Of all the details of the toilet of a man who goes out for the evening the arrangement of the cravat is the most important. But how many men are there who know how to tie a cravat? Not one in ten. Meanwhile a true society man will not condescend to wear a ready-made tie; consequently several large Parisian business houses have trained some of their hands in the art of tying cravats, who at this season of the year are doing an extremely good business. About six o'clock in the evening they begin their work, driving from one customer to the other. In about two hours they have thus visited some twenty society men, pocketed their two francs from each, and earned a very good day's wages without almost any trouble and exertion.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that the discoveries lately made in a cave at Rubeland, in the Harz, are of an interesting character. The quantity of bear's bones is estimated at nearly 10 cwt., among them being several well preserved skulls, a set of stag's antlers, fragments of skeletons of hyenas, and some fine slender bones which experts assign to the ptarmigan and the lemming. These remains are regarded as relics of the arctic fauna of the ice period in the Harz. It is proposed to keep them in the cave, which will be lighted by electricity for the benefit of scientific visitors.

EDITOR.

"Declined with Thanks."

THOSE who fail to recognise the significance of "Declined with thanks," cannot do better than seek for the required information of some literary aspirant. Every gentleman who has at any time in his life ever had the temerity to thrust his poetic effusions into the letter-box of the Editor of this Journal knows the full meaning of the term. How many would-be-but-can't-be poets have felt despondent over having their pet poem (which was to have startled the world) returned with a copy of that most galling, yet polite quotation, "Declined with thanks." And yet this is an ordeal through which all who intend to climb the Parnassian steep have to go through. We once heard of a gentleman, who sent his MS. to publishers continually, for two years, and each time it was returned with "Declined with thanks." After that he returned to the desk he intended vacating, and his success in the world of figures was a brilliant contrast to his attempt to enter the world of letters. An essay, novel, or poem may possess many essentials necessary to success,—it may show signs of undoubted genius—and yet the publisher's reader may return it with the same old reply "Declined with thanks." Stewart Berkeley once said "Failures are the stepping stones to success," and this is undoubtedly the case. For from our own failures we discern our mistakes and shortcomings, and through these we are led to the right path. Many literary men have been ill-appreciated, but ambition has urged them on. What a happy comparison was that of Carlyle's when he referred to the dog with a tin-kettle tied to its tail as a fit emblem of many a conquering hero, "to whom Fate has appended a tin-kettle of ambition to urge him on."

There are many authors whose claim to the front rank of literature none would now dispute, but who in their day knew what it was to go in search of a publisher. In 1832, Carlyle journeyed from Scotland to London to find someone willing to publish his "Sartor Resartus." He failed, and his MS. was declined, often without thanks. The rugged boldness of his style shocked the keen sense of propriety with which so many "book-tasters" are imbued. "Sartor Resartus" they feared was too outspoken for the average Englishman, and its author was too fond of grumbling to suit his taste. Since then, however, we have learned that although Carlyle is a grumbler he always has good cause for his severe criticisms. For Carlyle was the first of that trio, of which Dickens and Thackeray were the other two, who taught that because a man is poor he is yet a man—who told that all Mankind is One. And yet when J. S. Mill saw the manuscript copy he said he had never seen such a silly book as "Sartor Resartus." Even Homer nods, and the philosopher blinks.

But even amongst fiction, poetry, and songs we find as great mistakes made by publishers in declining works of unknown men, as well as those comparatively famous. Keble offered his "Christian Year" for the modest sum of £20 to one firm. "Declined with thanks" followed, but another publisher produced it, sold 400,000 copies, and gave the author £14,000 as his share of the transaction. All the principal American firms rejected Mark Twain's "Innocents' Abroad," but when it was printed the publishers made a profit of about £15,000. One of the most notable cases of phenomenal success, after many adverse criticisms, is that of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." After being refused by all booksellers it was ultimately "printed for W. Taylor, at the Ship in Paternoster Row, MDCCXIX," who realised £100,000 on the transaction. Instances might be multiplied, these however, should be told from practical experience by many readers of these lines. Everyone cannot hope to succeed, but still all can make the attempt, and in many cases, the good gained in the trial amply compensates for those ever-recurring words "Declined with thanks."

JOHN HAMPDEN.

Sweeps' Holiday at Montague House.

AT the north-west angle of Portman Square is Montague House, built for Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, authoress of the "Vindication of Shakespeare against Voltaire." She had often been a guest at the second Lord Oxford's, the resort of Pope and his contemporaries; she was the intimate friend of Pulteney and Lyttleton; and she survived to entertain Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and Reynolds, to their respective deaths. Dr. Beattie was among her visitors; and Mrs. Carter, the translator of Epictetus, was her intimate friend, correspondent, and visitor. At Montague House, Mrs. Montague had her blue stocking parties; and here she gave, on the 1st of May, "Sweeps' Holiday," which originated in the discovery among the fraternity of chimney-sweeps of the eccentric Edward Wortley Montague, "son of the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montague, by her husband, Edward Wortley."

This hopeful boy was born at Wharnclyffe Lodge, in Yorkshire, about the year 1714; he was sent to Westminster School, whence he ran away, and was more than a year apprenticed to a fisherman at Blackwall; he was sent back to Westminster, again ran away, and bound himself to the master of an Oporto vessel, a Quaker, from whom he escaped immediately on landing. In one of these flights he changed clothes with a chimney-sweep, and for some time followed that occupation. After a long and anxious search, he was discovered by his friends, and restored to his parents, on the 1st of May, at the family mansion in Portman Square.

He had also served an apprenticeship among a travelling troop of showmen, who were distinguished by their skill in horsemanship; then worked in the fields in Holland as a day-labourer; next hired himself as a postillion; he then assumed the attire of an abbot, and passed for one at Rome. He next passed for a Lutheran preacher at Hamburg, and was universally popular! He subsequently embraced the Mohammedan religion, and conformed to all the Turkish habits, even to chewing opium and sitting cross-legged on the floor! With the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Persian, and the Chaldaic, he was as well acquainted as with his native tongue. He at one time returned to England, and acted more conformably to his rank, and was returned as a member in two successive Parliaments. At Paris he was taken up with Mr. Taafe, another member of Parliament, and imprisoned for cheating and robbing a Jew, with whom they had gamed. But Montague's profuse expenses soon compelled him to quit his native country, and he again assumed his wandering habits, and eventually died at Padua, at the age of sixty-two years.

Walpole describes him as the greatest miracle of his time. His father scarcely allowed him anything, yet he played, dressed, diamonded himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a foot, and "had more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with a hundred noses." But the most curious part of his dress, which he brought from Paris, was an iron wig. "You literally," says Walpole, "would not know it from hair. I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body."

To commemorate the restoration of the truant to his family, in the grounds attached to Montague House, his relative, Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, for many years feasted the chimney-sweeps of London, on the 1st of May, with roast beef and plum-pudding, "so that they might enjoy one happy day in the year." And this special treat is said to have given rise to the general sweeps' holiday. Mrs. Montague died in the year 1800, in her eightieth year.

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

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

FOURTEENTH of February! Probably the happiest and most appropriate day in the whole calendar for the interchange of love tokens in the shape of so-called "valentines"—which, representing (invariably) two remarkably fine and large hearts securely skewered and surrounded by a halo like a sun in a fog—never fail to produce that fluttering happiness which is the end and aim of the ardent sender. Who indeed can describe the untold joy of a love-sick swain as, on St. Valentine's morn, he carefully opens the annual offering: or paint his increased happiness as he delightedly beholds a precocious-looking juvenile (in extremely scanty attire) aiming a love shaft at an organ of the blood's motion intended, as he knows full well, to represent his own. But how has the glory of this day departed! Alas! it has now no real significance whatever: for the feast of St. Valentine—like May-day revels, Martyr'd King services, Guido Faux demonstrations and a host of other purely British institutions—is surely yielding up its ghost before the mighty march of Civilization. The anniversary now is generally used by dear friends for sending anonymously to dear friends playfully abusive, yard-long, and vilely-coloured "pictorials" facetiously denominated for the time being by the merry name of valentine!

ST. V.'S DAY coming this time in Leap-year has, I suppose, a greater and a more peculiar significance. I say "suppose" advisedly; for between you and me I never yet knew (and never heard) of a spinster who had taken advantage of the fourteenth or the Year of Leap to declare her passion to a backward swain. No: I don't believe a word of it: the whole idea is a pure myth. Of course, there's a funny side to St. Valentine's Day just as there is to everything else; and should you find in the papers an instance of a jilted heart suing the unlucky jilter on this happy day you will possibly find the counsel's speech interlarded with jokelets appropriate and peculiar to the occasion. Then there's a lark in Court; judge smiles, plaintiff becomingly responds, lawyers grin forensically, ushers positively roar, and the newspaper reporter unable to resist the fascinating contagion commits to posterity the wondrous humour of the legal gods.

It was probably Leap-year when Mr. Pickwick, discussing his impending trial with his faithful servitor, informed him that it would take place on the 14th Feb. "Remarkable coincidence that ere, sir," replied Sam. "Why remarkable, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick. "Valentine's Day, sir," responded Sam; "reg'lar good day for a breach of promise trial." But we are informed that Mr. Weller's smile awakened no responsive gleam of mirth in his master's countenance: which leads one to suppose that that worthy man was quite insensible to the privileges alike of Leap-year and the fading glories of the fourteenth.

You may be sure that I wasn't forgotten on Valentine's Day. All sorts of envelopes came: some—these the feminine, of course—neatly-cut and scented; others law-looking and forbidding; and a thick bulky package which I guessed at once was a "poster." I was right. Eagerly curious to see what was inside I hurriedly tore open the envelope and drew out the contents. It was a beautiful "val," something like a yard and a half in length, representing me laden with the objects of my domestic happiness, and entitled—"Subby and the Cherubs." You should see it. There is a settled frown upon my manly brow, and a far-away expression within mine eyes—as if I were yearning for the days of bachelorhood again. I am loosely attired in a gaberdine—my tootsies being encased in a pair of list; and my whole appearance is that of extreme dejection, I rather fancy I know who sent it; and my thoughts at once rested upon an individual whose name rhymes with coody. If I am right in my surmise I am not at all surprised that he sent it; we are playfully antagonistic, as you know, and we never allow an opportunity for attack to pass unnoticed.

ONE of the prettiest val's, however, was that sent me by some fair and unknown Phyllis—whom I have in vain endeavoured to discover. 'Twas a little cardboard casket fitted with brocaded paper and wool, on which nestled the prettiest little natural rose blossom I have ever seen. Many thanks, Anonyma; and that your life may be as sweet as the rose is the wish of one and who has the honour to be,—A Much Devoted Sub.

ANOTHER valentine sent me was also of the right sort. It was a piece of wedding cake—nicely bound up in silver paper and addressed to "Our Dearly Belovèd Sub." (That's me, of course. Nice, isn't it?) It seems that one of our M.P.'s—I purposely refrain from naming names—last week went and sacrificed himself at the 'Imenal halter; and now he wants me to congratulate him. Well, I do: bless you, my boy; and I 'opes as 'ow ev'ry 'appiness on earth'll be your'n; may you be blessed with that greatest of blessings—a loving, faithful and confiding wife; and amid all trouble in this wale o' tears I 'opes as 'ow your shadow'll never grow less.

THE cake in question was accompanied by a stirring verse that made the antient blood within my veins dance high with excitement. It has a classic, almost Bironic, beauty about it, and runs thusly:—

"I gloat with ghoulis' glee,
As I tie with digits three,
The ribbon round this piece of wedding cake;
And I send it on to thee
With wishes full and free
And hope it mayn't give a st—h ache!"

Not bad, is it? At least, I've had a difficulty in deciding which was the best—the conjugal hard-bake or the felicitous rhyme! I love cake: reminiscences of my youthful days arise before mine eyes when'er I behold a tartlet; and when the tiny, silver-papered, ribboned morsel arrived I joyously exclaimed with the maternal Hamlet—"Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!"—and it disappeared!

THERE were several happy Shakespearean selections in the Competition Editor's columns last week. He had offered a prize for the best and most suitable motto for the People's Palace; and the happy issue fell to the lot of one Walter Cull. Several of the answers sent in were printed: including one from "A Well Wisher" which was certainly quaintly curious. Apropos of this contest, I have received a letter from a correspondent who has several times made my heart wax merry with his cheery notes; and strangely enough he "hastens to congratulate" me! Why me, I wonder? He waggishly remarks that a happier selection could not possibly have been Culled. (There's a joke somewhere about; see it?) The motto chosen, you will remember was from the second act of Julius Cæsar, and reads so—

"HERE lies the East; doth not the day break here?"
Which in mine own opinion is singularly conclusive and appropriate. But my correspondent is evidently otherwise opinioned, for he adds that "The most interesting part of the matter is that in future we shall probably find that *daybreak* begins with (*K*)night!" Perhaps there's also a joke hereabouts; but for the life of me I can't discover it; can you? I really wish people would be more lucid. I'm not naturally thick, and I'm not a "bonnie bra'e laddie," but I have passed two sleepless nights in endeavouring to fathom this. Perhaps somebody can help me. (American and Colonial papers please copy.)

It is my painful duty to chronicle the death of Sydney Thomas—the genial and kind-hearted Hon. Sec. of the Debating Society, who died on Friday last from rheumatic fever. The poor fellow was so respected and so popular amongst his *confères* that it would be impertinent on my part to dwell even for a moment upon his well-known good-nature and large-heartedness. Syd. was really the first whose acquaintance I made when I came to the People's Palace; and I know that a better fellow it would have been difficult to have found anywhere. I have often spoken of him jokingly in this Journal—as you fellows well know; but I may now say that we perfectly understood each other, and any (apparently) frivolous remarks of mine were after all but tributes to his popularity amongst his fellows. His remains are to be interred at Chalk Church, Gravesend, on Sunday next; and if any Palace fellows can possibly be present at the interment they would greatly oblige by communicating either to Walter Marshall or myself.

LITERARY COMPETITION for £2. 2s.—We have now reached the middle of Feb., and up to the present nothing has been received for this Competition. Don't forget. All entries close the last day of this month, so be in time—be in time! Of course there may be hundreds of fancies developing at the present moment; and the result on the last day may be overpowering. But I want to wake everybody up for there's only another fourteen days; and the time flies very rapidly nowadays, doesn't it? All particulars to be found in No. 12.

ALSO. The Elocution Competition, due on the 2nd of March. I have only a dozen entries at present, but I am quite sure that there are many who'd by no means split the ears of the groundlings should they have "a passion" to enunciate. O, it offends me to the soul to see that so few respond to so generous a chance. Think, *mes amis*, think of the golden opportunities that you have for pleasing all sorts of people, and the reputation to be earned even by the word of mouth! 'Tis not in mortals to command success, you know; but you can do more: deserve it. Seriously, though, I really hope that this effort of ours will be successful, for the People's Palace Institute has a name to make; and we don't want to assume a virtue if we have it not. No; if we are to have a reputation at all it must be a good, sound, honest one—one, that is, that'll bear investigation; and now's the time. Strike the iron whilst it's hot. Send me a sixpence and your autograph; look up Shakespeare, or Sims, or Scott; go in to win, and return with your respective brows gaily decked with the triumphant bay. (Or, is it laurel—which?)

(You really must forgive me for again referring to the above, but I'm terribly hard up—to put it classically—for news this week, and I must fill up somehow, you see. I've sprung this same par. upon you for the past three weeks, haven't I?—but next week I sha'n't even whisper it.)

LIKEWISE. The poetic tap I hope to turn on again very shortly. My Muse and I are out—at present speaking; but take notice that I threaten you for next week.

THE Ramblers are going to inspect the Polytechnic to-morrow (Thursday) night, and I predict for the visit a huge success. I know a great number of our fellows have been anxious to visit that Institution for some time, so Bullock can confidently count on coming crowds. The sub-Ed.'s compliments, and he hopes to be present. His favourite spot at the Poly. is at the base of a certain Herculean figure—to which it has been often remarked he bears the closest possible resemblance.

BUT you musn't believe all you hear!

THE People's Palace Council—that all-important body—is also very shortly to run up to the Institution in Regentstrasse. This, of course, will be a special ramble, and doubtless the august assembly will be received with every honour suitable to its exalted nature. Some grave and dignified "jinks" will probably be indulged in: but the gay and thoughtless must remember that the strictest decorum will necessarily (and appropriately) be observed.

DON'T forget to turn up next Saturday afternoon at Victoria Park when our Harriers and our Footballists meet, you know, for a friendly contest. Time 3 o'clock; on ground No. 2. You're bound to recognise our fellows by their much distinguished appearance—and keep your optics open for the merrie Moreton.

GREAT expectations are raised for the forthcoming "Open Night" of Mr. Hasluck's Elocution Class; which I suppose hopes to rival the Eloc. Exam. mentioned above. All being well I shall probably be present; and may be able to tell you by-and-bye something of the sad doings that will probably ensue. I have been to several of Mr. H.'s "opens" at the Franklin Hall, and have always left feeling very much gratified at the excellence of the public rehearsal. Now if our Palace pupils are only half as good, why—

THERE is, I believe, a handicap in progress in the Billiard-room; but as I'm kept profoundly in the dark I can give you no particulars whatever. Somehow the Committee of this department studiously avoids me on every possible occasion, but really—as King Gama says—"I can't think why." If it (the Committee) only would post me up a little in its affairs it would be beneficial all round: for my readers would know something of the B.-room, and the Billiardites would have the advantage of a bold advertisement. Now, why this thushness?

ON Friday last, at 8 o'clock, a really capital Dioramic Entertainment was given in the Queen's Hall by Professor Malden—of cosmopolitan fame. It was entitled "Our Glorious Colonies," and as a cruise under the good old British flag took us round the world and back again. That great "Colonial man" Sir Frederick Young occupied the chair, and after a few remarks introduced the lecturer or entertainer—which you will—to the crowded audience. I was curious myself to see the result of this experiment—because one sometimes hears "magic-lantern shows" spoken of very lightly; and treated indeed but as an entertainment originally and expressly devised by the great Bacon—(not the who wrote Shakespeare, but the other fellow)—for the entertainment of juveniles and school-parties. But since the worthy friar's decease the times are somewhat changed, and the magic lantern of the present is a really graceful and artistic instrument—capable of showing in the most realistic manner possible the beauties of the talked-of universe.

ONE picture that Mr. Malden showed us I shall never forget. It represented Mount Everest—the grandest Himalaya, you know—just at that period when it's darkest before dawn. Slowly there came across the sky a feeble shaft of light, and then the lofty mountain tip became in russet mantle clad. This changed again, and as bright Phœbus ascended the heavens a roseate and golden hue shone upon the snow-clad peak and then—well, and then the picture was simply indescribable. I have never before seen such a beautiful effect. The audience was silent, for it seemed as if we were gazing at a real range of mountains and not at a painted glass; but on the termination of the picture "the enthusiasm"—to adopt newspaper phraseology—"knew no bounds." Much more could I tell but my space,—like the immortal Samivel's range of "wisdom"—is extremely limited, so I have to pull up rather sharp.

I MAY mention, though, that during the evening the entertainer announced his intention of coming amongst us again very shortly—I think he said on the 7th of March. He will then give a real jubilee—Oh, the jubilee!—entertainment, and show a fifty years' glorious reign in about a hundred minutes. I am longing patiently for Mr. Malden to give that other show of his—which I hope he will do in good time: I refer to the story of Dickens and his works, a subject which for popularity I think you'll find it difficult to beat. [Will the Professor take the hint? Query.]

Woman: and Her Interests.

A LARGE proportion of readers—I will not say female readers *only*—appear to be unaware that novelists have existed whose names are neither Mrs. Henry Wood nor Miss Braddon. For their benefit then, and also for that large class for whom the Librarians have constantly to prescribe when asked for "any nice book," I intend naming a few books every week which are interesting and readable, and at the same time not trash. First of all, for those who want a short story, I will name one of the most beautiful in the Palace Library. It is called "Julia," and is bound up in a volume entitled "Uncle Jack," and is written by Mr. Walter Besant. It is the love story of a girl who worked by day at a bookbinder's, and at night was employed at the theatre. I must warn you that this little story is very pathetic; and if you do not feel sorry for Jem and Julia—well, you should. Lamb's "Tales from Shakspeare" are most charming, and as far as can be gathered—though this is not *absolutely* certain—have never gone out since the Library opened last October. Younger girls who are fond of Fairy Tales and who have read, and I hope love, Hans Andersen's, should ask for "Tanglewood Tales," by N. Hawthorne, which they will find delightful.

ALL women must feel an interest in Prince Oscar of Sweden, about whose romantic love-match we have lately heard so much. This young Prince, who is now in England, and soon to be united to the young lady of his choice, opened the Scandinavian Sailors' Temperance Home, in West India Dock Road, on Monday afternoon, so that East-end women had an opportunity of seeing him.

AN institution, similar to Toynbee Hall, has now been founded in Southwark, and is to be conducted by University Women. The "Settlement" is in a very poor quarter of Blackfriars, and the University Women who have taken up their abode there will devote themselves principally to the women and children in this part of London.

GLOVES are such an expensive item of a woman's wardrobe that it is well to know some economical ways of repairing them. The following hints have been furnished me by a very practical person, and I have myself carried them out successfully:—Small rents which do not gape much apart can be capitally repaired by drawing the ends gently together and sticking a piece of court-plaster of the same colour as the glove underneath. The colour of black kid gloves that have become worn, may be restored by rubbing them with a mixture, consisting of equal parts of black ink and sweet oil.

It is a great pity that fathers and mothers do not make every effort to induce their daughters to go into service instead of becoming factory girls, shop girls, and what not. Shop girls are badly paid, badly fed and desperately overworked; and yet because for an hour at the end of a dozen hours' slavery, girls are "their own mistresses," they prefer these hardships to going into a decent household where the work is comparatively light, the wages good, and the situation tolerably certain. Of course, all mistresses are not considerate, but a girl is more likely to receive consideration and kindness from a mistress than from a shop-walker, who has neither time nor inclination to study the comfort of the shop-girls. A girl of good appearance, good manners, and some knowledge of the duties required in a lady's household can easily command £16 a year, in addition to a comfortable home, good food, and if she has deserved it, kindness and help in sickness.

CLYTIE.

(Questions of a feminine nature can be answered in this column.)

Society and Club Notes.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Wednesday, February 8th.—Mr. Marshall in the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting being read and passed, the Debate on "Women's Suffrage" was at once proceeded with, other business being left till 9.30 p.m. at the Chairman's request.

Mr. Wadkin, who opened, had evidently spent time and trouble in mastering his subject, and took as his text, that "Taxation without representation is Tyranny." At the close of his speech he proposed the following resolution: "That in the opinion of this House the time has now arrived when the Franchise may safely be extended to Women," which was seconded by Mr. Hawkins. Mr. Ring, who followed these gentlemen, may be compared to a somewhat watery Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and in the course of his unintentional pleasantries greatly amused the House.

The following gentlemen also spoke: Messrs. Masters, London, Currie, Hawkins, and Norton.

Mr. Wadkin having replied, the resolution was put to the House, and carried unanimously, this being the first Debate in which such an unanimity of opinion has prevailed, as shown in the voting, one or two gentlemen, however, had opposed the resolution, but did not vote against it.

The Debate was concluded by 9.30 p.m., when, after a few prefatory remarks by the Chairman, Mr. Masters rose, and in a short speech, in which he disavowed any intention of censuring the Secretary, proposed the following resolution: "That no one but the Secretary be allowed to report the Debates of this Society, and that as Secretary, he report nothing but the Minutes of the same."

After some little discussion had passed concerning the resolution, Mr. Wadkin proposed "the previous question" be put, this was seconded by Mr. Bullen, but on being put to the House was rejected by a majority of five, the voting being as follows:—

For Mr. Wadkin	10
Against "	15

Majority against 5

After one or two other gentlemen had addressed the House, Mr. Hawkins rose to reply. In the course of his speech he stated that the report was placed in the Journal by the Secretary of this Society as reporter to the Journal, and not as Secretary; and therefore this Society had no power of control over the report.

The motion was then put, the being voting as under:—

For Resolution	18
Against "	3

Majority for .. 15

Mr. London, backed by five other Members, called a Special General Meeting of the Society for February 29th.

There will be a Committee Meeting on February 16th, at nine o'clock.

There will be a Debate on Wednesday next, the 15th February; to be followed by another by Mr. Taylor.

All particulars may be obtained of

HORACE J. HAWKINS, Hon. Sec.

Owing to the death of Mr. Sydney Thomas, a Special Meeting will be held this (Wednesday) evening, when every Debating Member is requested to be present.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The subjects for the March Exhibition of Sketches are as follows:—

Landscape	Trees.
Figure	"Toil."
Design	6-inch Tile.
	Still Life.

The date of Exhibition will appear in a future number of this Journal.

For full particulars of above Club apply to

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The proposed run from Croydon to Brighton, which was published in last week's Journal, did not take place on Saturday, owing to the bad state of the roads. But it has been decided to have it on Saturday next, the 18th (weather permitting). Members who intend riding will meet at London Bridge (L. B. & S. C.) Railway station at 2.30 p.m. sharp.

The rules of the above Club are now to be had.

Terms: Entrance Fee, 1/-; Subscription, 2/6 (payable in two instalments); and that for Honorary Members shall be as follows—Ladies, not less than 2/6, Gentlemen, not less than 5/-.

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

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

Through the unpropitious weather last Saturday afternoon, our return match with the Plashet Ramblers did not come off. This was partly owing to the shocking condition of the ground after the rain, and the Members on both sides not turning up in full swing, which might really have been expected. Those present, however, determined to set the leather rolling, and, I believe—although finding it very difficult to stand—thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Members of the Palace, please note. On Saturday next a Football Match will be played at Victoria Park, between the two prominent Clubs in connection with the Institute, *e.g.*, Beaumont F. C. and Beaumont Harriers, to which you are cordially invited. This Match will commence at three sharp. Dressing-room, "Gardeners' Arms," one minute from Old Ford (N. L. R.) Station. The following will represent the Beaumont F. C.:—Messrs. Jesseman, Wenn, Hart, Munro, Wainman, Cobk, Butterwick, Cooper, Griffett, Sherrell, Wand (Captain). [The Harriers will be represented by Messrs. Tibbs, W. Parsons, T. Burgess, J. Burgess, A. Bowman, Robb, J. R. Deeley, Taylor, Kitchener, J. West (Captain), and another.] Referee, T. G. Carter.

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

PALACE SCHOOLS FOOTBALL CLUB.

Palace Schools Second Eleven *v.* Smeed Road Board Schools First Eleven played at Victoria Park on Saturday last, Feb. 11th. The Palace team, playing a good game right through, were returned the victors by five goals to three. Palace team: goal—Gurr; backs—Palmer, Billington; half-backs—Blackwell, Langdon, White; forwards—Howard, Jones, Elstob, Bosworth, Atkinson.

A. HUNT, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

A meeting of the Ladies' Committee was held on Saturday, Feb. 11th, in the schools, R. Mitchell, Esq., in the chair.

The following programme for the week was arranged to meet the requirements of all the Members: Monday—Social evening, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, and interludes; Tuesday—Gymnasium; Wednesday—Concert in Queen's Hall; Thursday—Dancing in Pavilion; Friday—Gymnasium; Saturday—Concert in Queen's Hall. By this arrangement every Member's wish will be gratified.

Those preferring quiet evenings for the purpose of reading will have Tuesday and Friday in the Pavilion, while the other Members are in the Gymnasium-room; also Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Those who have a musical taste have the concerts on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings, while the many who seem to give the preference to dancing will have Thursday devoted for that purpose.

The Monday evening socials for ladies only will be held in the Pavilion, commencing at eight o'clock, and will be given by Members of the Palace, assisted occasionally by friends of the President's and Vice-Presidents' of the club.

In this branch of amusement it is earnestly hoped that all Members and friends possessing talent will kindly give in their names to the Hon. Sec., with dates that would be most suitable for them to assist, at least a fortnight in advance, that a programme may be made up a week before each Monday, and affixed to the Notice Board in the Pavilion.

The following ladies have been elected to form a Sub-Committee for the purpose of arranging the weekly programme: Miss R. Sinclair, Miss Levene, Miss Cohen, and Miss Coker. 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. All lady Members will be cordially welcomed by the ladies of the Committee and the Hon. Sec.,

MAUDE COKER.

COUNCIL MEETING.

A meeting of the Council was held in the Trust Office on Monday, Feb. 6th. Mr. R. Mitchell kindly presided. The following Members were present: Misses Coker, Levene, Orchart, Raymond, Sinclair, Toope; Messrs. Stuttle (Billiards), T. Carter and H. Marshall (Cricket), Gooding and Smith (Chess), Kilbride (Cyclists), Moreton and Wand (Football), Clews (Harriers), Bayley, A. Bowman, Hulls, W. C. May (Gymnasium), Bullock and Caldwell (Ramblers), Halfpenny and Nathan (Sketching), and W. Marshall (Debating).

The Secretary was requested to form a Library Sub-Committee of the Council; to invite and receive the names of Members of the Palace who would be willing to assist occasionally in the Library on Sundays.

Various matters were discussed during the evening, but it was resolved to adjourn these questions till the next meeting.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by Mr. Clews, seconded by Mr. Nathan, was carried unanimously. Mr. Mitchell having responded, the meeting closed.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The above Club was successfully inaugurated on Saturday evening last, and the following ladies and gentlemen elected as a Committee: Misses Boss, Cowan, Levene, Larter, Orchard, Rosenhay; Messrs. Deeley, Frast, Walter Marshall, Moreton, Proops, and Stuttle.

A committee meeting will be held on Friday next, at half-past eight p.m.

All enquiries should be made to A. W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec. and letters addressed to the bookstall.

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.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

A General Meeting of the above Club was held pursuant to notice on Monday last, the 13th instant, at 8.30 p.m., in the School-buildings. Ernest Flower, Esq., in the chair.

The Minutes of a Committee Meeting, held at 8 p.m., were read and confirmed.

The Secretary read a report as to the progress of the above Club, and stated the Trustees had been written, and the following had consented to act as Vice-Presidents:—R. P. Barrow, Esq., T. Dyer Edwardes, Esq., Captain Spencer Beaumont, the Hon. C. W. Fremantle, C.B., Frederick J. W. Dellow, Esq., Lieut.-General Thomas Greenaway, Rev. E. Hoskyns, M.A., Rev. J. W. P. Jay, M.A., Sir John R. Jennings, the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A., Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P., E. S. Norris, Esq., M.P., B. E. Ratcliffe, Esq., the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., Sir Frederick Young, K.C.M.G., Ernest Flower, Esq., and L. N. Cohen, Esq.

Upwards of sixty Members have joined the Club. Matches have been arranged for a first and second Eleven, and a third Eleven is in course of completion.

Election of Captain: T. G. Carter, who had held the position *pro tem*, was elected Captain.

The two vacancies on the Committee were filled up by the appointment of W. C. Wand and E. Alvarez.

The sample cap, as ordered by the Committee, having the monogram worked thereon, was submitted to the meeting and approved.

A vote of thanks was unanimously passed to the Chairman for presiding.

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

The Secretaries will be pleased to receive subscriptions on Monday, the 20th, from 8.15 to 9.15, in the School-buildings.

The following amounts have been received from Vice-Presidents:—Rev. Edwin Hoskins, M.A., 10s.; Bernard E. Ratcliffe, Esq., 10s. 6d.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Two Members went for a run over a five-mile course on Saturday last, *viz.*, the stalwart Bates and the sturdy Crowe. Report roads, etc., heavy; nevertheless enjoyed.

Committee Meeting last night. Two new Members elected. The Flower Cup Handicap fixed for 25th inst. Entries close Saturday, 18th. Prize, besides cup—to 1st man, gold centre medal; 2nd, silver medal.

Football Match with B. F. C. on Saturday next. Dress at "Gardeners' Arms," Lefevre Road, Old Ford. Kick-off at 3 o'clock. No. 2 ground. Request punctuality.

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

PALACE RAMBLERS.

The first ramble of the season will take place to-morrow night, Thursday, Feb. 16th, when all Members are invited to visit the Polytechnic, Regent Street, W.

Rambler's tickets will be available for admission to the Institute at any time during the evening, and instruction for Members will be posted at the door. For other visits see notice boards.

F. W. BULLOCK } Hon. Secs.
H. ROUT }

Colour Blindness.—Colour blindness, which may mistake drab for scarlet, is better than total blindness, which sees no distinction of colour at all.

A London Newspaper of 1667

THE *London Gazette* was first issued shortly after the Restoration; and it is curious to read in its "home news," usually dated from Whitehall, and supplying the place of the Court Circular, the following records:—

First, we view in familiar guise a historical character, better known to us by heading charges of cavalry at Naseby—a daring cavalier, a valiant soldier; though now we see him *en deshabbillé*, and only as Prince Rupert, who, poor gentleman, has lost his pet dog! "Lost," says the advertisement—"lost on Friday last, about noon, a light fallow-coloured greyhound, with a sore under her jaw, and a scar on her side; whoever shall give notice of her at Prince Rupert's apartments at Whitehall shall be well rewarded for their pains." The next month we find the Prince assisting at a launch. "This day (3rd March) was happily launched at Deptford, in presence of his Majesty, his Royal Highness Prince Rupert, and many persons of the court, a very large, and well-built ship, which is to carry 106 great guns, and is like to prove a ship of great force and excellent service, called Charles the Second."

A little later, we find an account of the visit of "Madam," Duchess of Orleans, and sister to Charles II. Her reception, her return, and her death, follow quickly one upon another; so sudden, indeed, was her decease, that her death was not, says history, without suspicion of poison. "Dover, May 21, 1670.—The 15 ins., about six in the morning, arrived here her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans, attended among other persons of quality, by the Marshal de Plessis Praslin; her brother, Bishop of Tournay; Madame de Plessis, the marshal's son's lady; and the Countess of Granmont; having the day before, at about the same hour, embarked with her train upon the men-of-war and several yachts under the command of the Earl of Sandwich, vice-admiral of England, etc."

"The same evening, the court was entertained with a comedy, acted by his Royal Highness's servants, who attend here for their diversion."

"Yesterday, was acted by the said servants, another comedy, in the midst whereof Madam and the rest of the ladies were entertained with an excellent banquet."

Confining ourselves to home news, there appears an edict from Whitehall, commanding the Duke of York's (James II.) absence.

"Whitehall, 3 Mar. 1678.—His Majesty, having thought fit to command the Duke to absent himself, his Royal Highness and the Duchess took leave of their Majestys, and embarked this morning, intending to pass into Holland."

But three years afterwards he must have stood better with the City, for in 1681 we find the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen offering a reward of £500 for the discovery of the person who offered an indignity to the picture of his Royal Highness in the Guildhall, to show their deep resentment of that "insolent and villainous act."

Musical Notes.

CONCERTS.—A capital Concert was given on Wednesday last in the Queen's Hall—which had a fairly enthusiastic audience. The artistes who distinguished themselves on this occasion were Madame Annie Williams, Miss Costello, Miss Muriel Wood, Mr. Roy St. Clair and Mr. P. Hayes. The violin was played by Mr. Pitts. Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.

On Saturday, the 11th inst., a special programme was given by the Members of the People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra; who gave a most pleasing and satisfactory rendering of their somewhat difficult task. The principals were:—Vocalists, Mrs. Arthur Levy, Mrs. Ireland and Mr. Edward Hall. *Pianoforte*, Miss Katharine Hovil. *Organist*, Mr. Arthur Trickett, F.C.O. *Conductors*, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A., and Mr. W. R. Cave.

Dick Turpin.

THE great feat of Turpin's life was his ride from London to York in twelve hours, mounted on his bonny Black Bess, as told in the story-books, and made by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth the startling episode of his popular novel of "Rookwood." This is all very ingenious; but it is doubted whether Turpin ever performed the journey at all. Lord Macaulay had no faith in the story. He was dining one day at the Marquis of Lansdowne's; the subject of Turpin's ride was started, and the old story of the marvellous feat, as generally told, was alluded to, when Macaulay astonished the company by assuring them that the entire tale from beginning to end was false; that it was founded on a tradition of at least three hundred years old; that, like the same anecdote fathered on different men in succeeding generations, it was only told of Turpin because he succeeded the original hero in the public taste; and that, if any of the company chose to go with him to his library, he would prove to them the truth of what he had stated in "black and white"—a favourite phrase with Lord Macaulay.*

Turpin was long the terror of the North Road. Upon a verdant plot of ground, opposite the Green Man, Finchley, on the road to Barnet, was a large oak, which had weathered some centuries, and was known as "Turpin's Oak," from the notorious Dick having often taken up his station behind this tree when he was intent upon a freebooting excursion. Its closeness to the high road rendered it a very desirable reconnoitring spot for Turpin, as well as for highwaymen generally, who a century and a quarter ago were continually robbing the mails, as well as commercial travellers (bagmen) proceeding to and fro between London and the north of England. From time to time were taken out of the bark of this oak pistol-balls which had been discharged at the trunk to deter highwaymen, should any have been at hand, from attacking the parties travelling. Mr. Nuthall, the solicitor, was upon one occasion stopped in his carriage by two highwaymen, who came from behind this oak, as he was proceeding to his country house at Monken-Hadley; when Mr. N., being armed with pistols, wounded one of the thieves so severely, that he died of the effects.

Many years after the above encounter, as Mr. Nuthall was returning from Bath to the metropolis, he was attacked by a highwayman on Hounslow Heath; who, on his demands not being complied with, fired into the carriage. Mr. Nuthall returned the fire, and it was thought, wounded the man, as he rode off precipitately. On arriving at the inn, Mr. N. wrote a description of the fellow to Sir John Fielding, but had scarcely finished the letter when he expired.

Turpin was a gay gallant; Mrs. Fountain, the celebrated beauty of her day, and nearly related to Dean Fountain, was once saluted by Turpin in Marylebone Gardens. "Be not alarmed, madame," said the highwayman; "you can now boast of having been kissed by Turpin;" and the hero of the road walked off unmolested. Turpin was hanged at York in 1739.

The Universal Panacea.—Edward, Duke of York, was one day conversing at St. James's, with his brother George III., when the latter remarked that he seemed in unusually low spirits. "How can I be otherwise," said the Duke, "when I am subjected to so many calls from my creditors, without having a sixpence to pay them?" The King, it is said, immediately presented him with a thousand-pound note; every word of which he read aloud, in a tone of mock gravity; and then marched out of the room, singing the first verse of "God Save the King."

Sympathy.—It is because sympathy is but a living again through our own past in a new form that confession often prompts a response of confession.

* J. C. Hotten, in *Notes and Queries*, 2d S. ix.

The "O. P. Riot."

THE history in little of the "O. P. Riot" is as follows:—

The newly-built Covent Garden Theatre opened on the 18th Sept. 1809, when a cry of "Old Prices" (afterwards diminished to O. P.) burst out from every part of the house. This continued and increased in violence till the 23rd, when rattles, drums, whistles, and cat-calls having completely drowned the voices of the actors, Mr. Kemble, the stage-manager, came forward and said that a committee of gentlemen had undertaken to examine the finances of the concern, and that until they were prepared with their report the theatre would continue closed.

"Name them!" was shouted from all sides.

The names were declared—viz., Sir Charles Price, the Solicitor-General, the Recorder of London, the Governor of the Bank, and Mr. Angerstein.

"All shareholders!" bawled a wag from the gallery.

In a few days the theatre re-opened: the public paid no attention to the report of the referees, and the tumult was renewed for several weeks with even increased violence. The proprietors now sent in hired bruisers, to mill the refractory into subjection. This irritated most of their former friends, and, amongst the rest, the annotator, who accordingly wrote the song of "Heigh-ho, says Kemble," which was caught up by the ballad-singers, and sung under Mr. Kemble's house-windows in Great Russell Street. A dinner was given at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, to celebrate the victory obtained by W. Clifford in his action against Brandon, the box-keeper, for assailing him for wearing the letters O. P. in his hat.

At this dinner Mr. Kemble attended, and matters were compromised by allowing the advanced price (seven shillings) to the boxes. A former riot of a similar sort occurred at the same theatre in the year 1792, when the price to the boxes was raised from five shillings to six. That tumult, however, only lasted three nights.*

A Village Tale.—At Teddington, there lived, in Walpole's time, a Captain Prescott, who was not only a tar, but pitch and brimstone too. He beat his wife, a beautiful, sensible young woman, most unmercifully, so that a young footman, who lived with them five years, could not bear to witness such brutality, but left them, and went to live with Mrs. Clive. The Captain's wife then resolved to run away, and by the footman's assistance did, and got to London. Her father and friends came up, and she swore the peace against her husband. The cause was heard before Lord Mansfield. Mrs. Clive's servant was summoned as a witness. The Chief Justice asked him if he had not been aiding and abetting to his former mistress's escape. He said, Yes, he had. "You have!" said my Lord; "what, do you confess that you helped your master's wife to elope?" "Yes, my Lord," replied the lad, "and yet my master has never thanked me!" "Thanked you?" said Lord Mansfield, "thanked you! what, for being an accomplice with a wife against her husband?" "My Lord," said the lad, "if I had not, he would have murdered her, and then he would have been hanged." The Court laughed, and Lord Mansfield was charmed with the lad's coolness and wit.

A Dream Verified.—Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, Jan. 9, 1755: "I relate the following, only prefacing that I do believe the dream happened, and happened right, among the millions of dreams that do not hit. Lord Bury was at Windsor, when the express of his father's death arrived; he came to town time enough to find his mother and sisters at breakfast. 'Lord! child,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'what brings you to town so early?' He said he had been sent for. Says she, 'You are not well!' 'Yes,' replied Lord Bury, 'I am, but a little flustered with something I have heard.' 'Let me feel your pulse,' said Lady Albemarle: 'Oh!' continued she, 'your father is dead!' 'Lord! Madam,' said Lord Bury, 'how could that come into your head? I should rather have imagined that you would have thought it was my poor brother William (who has just gone to Lisbon for his health).' 'No,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'I know it is your father; I dreamed last night he was dead, and came to take leave of me!' and immediately swooned." Another account states that Lady Albemarle thought she saw her lord dressed in white: "the same thing happened before the Duke of Richmond's death, and often has happened before the death of any of her family."

* Note to *Rejected Addresses*, edit. 1861.

In the Carquinez Woods.

By BRET HARTE.

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. LONGMAN, GREEN & CO.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun was going down on the Carquinez Woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unfathomable depths, or splintered their ineffectual lances on the enormous trunks of the redwoods. For a time the dull red of their vast columns, and the dull red of their cast-off bark which matted the echoless aisles, still seemed to hold a faint glow of the dying day. But even this soon passed. Light and colour fled upwards. The dark interlaced tree-tops, that had all day made an impenetrable shade, broke into fire here and there: their lost spires glittered, faded, and went utterly out. A weird twilight that did not come from the outer world, but seemed born of the wood itself, slowly filled and possessed the aisles. The straight, tall, colossal trunks rose dimly like columns of upward smoke. The few fallen trees stretched their huge length into obscurity, and seemed to lie on shadowy trestles. The strange breath that filled these mysterious vaults had neither coldness nor moisture; a dry fragrant dust arose from the noiseless foot that trod their bark-strewn floor; the aisles might have been tombs, the fallen trees enormous mummies; the silence, the solitude of a forgotten past.

And yet this silence was presently broken by a recurring sound like breathing, interrupted occasionally by inarticulate and stertorous gasps. It was not the quick, panting, listening breath of some stealthy feline or canine animal, but indicated a larger, slower, and more powerful organisation, whose progress was less watchful and guarded, or as if a fragment of one of the fallen monsters had become animate. At times this life seemed to take visible form, but as vaguely, as mis-shapenly as the phantom of a nightmare. Now it was a square object moving sideways, endways, with neither head nor tail and scarcely visible feet; then an arched bulk rolling against the trunks of the trees and recoiling again, or an upright cylindrical mass, but always oscillating and unsteady, and striking the trees on either hand. The frequent occurrence of the movement suggested the figures of some weird rhythmic dance to music heard by the shape alone. Suddenly it either became motionless or faded away.

There was the frightened neighing of a horse, the sudden jingling of spurs, a shout and outcry, and the swift apparition of three dancing torches in one of the dark aisles; but so intense was the obscurity that they shed no light on the surrounding objects, and seemed to advance of their own volition without human guidance, until they disappeared suddenly behind the interposing bulk of one of the largest trees. Beyond its eighty feet of circumference the light could not reach, and the gloom remained inscrutable. But the voices and jingling spurs were heard distinctly.

"Blast the mare! She's shied off that cursed trail again."

"Ye ain't lost it agin, hev ye?" growled a second voice.

"That's jist what I hev. And these blasted pine-knots don't give light an inch beyond 'em. D—d if I don't think they make this cursed hole blacker."

There was a laugh—a woman's laugh—hysterical, bitter, sarcastic, exasperating. The second speaker, without heeding it, went on:

"What in thunder skeert the hosses? Did you see of hear anything?"

"Nothin'. The wood is like a graveyard."

The woman's voice again broke into a hoarse, contemptuous laugh. The man resumed angrily:

"If you know anything, why in h—ll don't you say so, instead of cackling like a d—d squaw there? P'raps you reckon you ken find the trail too."

"Take this rope off my waist," said the woman's voice, "untie my hands, let me down, and I'll find it." She spoke quickly and with a Spanish accent.

It was the men's turn to laugh. "And give you a show to snatch that six-shooter and blow a hole through me as you did to the Sheriff of Calaveras, eh? Not if this court understands itself," said the first speaker dryly.

"Go to the devil, then," she said curtly.

"Not before a lady," responded the other. There was another laugh from the men, the spurs jingled again, the three torches re-appeared from behind the tree, and then passed away in the darkness.

For a time silence and immutability possessed the woods; the great trunks loomed upwards, their fallen brothers stretched their slow length into obscurity. The sound of breathing again became audible; the shape re-appeared in the aisle, and re-commenced its mystic dance. Presently it was lost in the shadow of the largest tree, and to the sound of breathing succeeded a grating and scratching of bark. Suddenly, as if riven by lightning, a flash broke from the centre of the tree-trunk, lit up the woods, and a sharp report rang through it. After a pause the jingling of spurs and the dancing of torches were revived from the distance.

"Hallo?"

No answer.

"Who fired that shot?"

But there was no reply. A slight veil of smoke passed away to the right, there was the spice of gun-powder in the air, but nothing more.

The torches came forward again, but this time it could be seen they were held in the hands of two men and a woman. The woman's hands were tied at the wrist to the horse-hair reins of her mule, while a *riata*, passed around her waist and under the mule's girth, was held by one of the men, who were both armed with rifles and revolvers. Their frightened horses curveted, and it was with difficulty they could be made to advance.

"Ho! stranger, what are you shooting at?"

The woman laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "Look yonder at the roots of the tree. You're a d—d smart man for a sheriff, ain't you?"

The man uttered an exclamation and spurred his horse forward, but the animal reared in terror. He then sprang to the ground and approached the tree. The shape lay there, a scarcely distinguishable bulk.

"A grizzly, by the living Jingo! Shot through the heart."

It was true. The strange shape lit up by the flaring torches seemed more vague, unearthly, and awkward in its dying throes, yet the small shut eyes, the feeble nose, the ponderous shoulders, and half human foot armed with powerful claws, were unmistakable. The men turned by a common impulse and peered into the remote recesses of the wood again.

"Hi, Mister! come and pick up your game. Hallo there!"

The challenge fell unheeded on the empty woods.

"And yet," said he whom the woman had called the sheriff, "he can't be far off. It was a close shot, and the bear hez dropped in his tracks. Why, wot's this sticking in his claws?"

The two men bent over the animal. "Why, it's sugar, brown sugar—look!" There was no mistake. The huge beast's fore paws and muzzle were streaked with the unromantic household provision, and heightened the absurd contrast of its incongruous members. The woman, apparently indifferent, had taken that opportunity to partly free one of her wrists.

"If we hadn't been cavorting round this yer spot for the last half-hour, I'd swear there was a shanty not a hundred yards away," said the sheriff.

The other man, without replying, remounted his horse instantly.

"If there is, and it's inhabited by a gentleman that kin make centre shots like that in the dark, and don't care to explain how, I reckon I won't disturb him."

The sheriff was apparently of the same opinion, for he followed his companion's example, and once more led the way. The spurs tinkled, the torches danced, and the cavalcade slowly re-entered the gloom. In another moment it had disappeared.

The wood sank again into repose, this time disturbed by neither shape nor sound. What lower forms of life might have crept close to its roots were hidden in the ferns, or passed with deadened tread over the bark-strewn floor. Towards morning a coolness like dew fell from above, with here and there a dropping twig or nut, or the crepitant awakening and stretching-out of cramped and weary branches. Later a dull lurid dawn, not unlike the last evening's sunset, filled the aisles. This faded again, and a clear grey light, in which every object stood out in sharp distinctness, took its place. Morning was waiting outside in all its brilliant, youthful colouring, but only entered as the matured and sobered day.

Seen in that stronger light, the monstrous tree near which the dead bear lay, revealed its age in its denuded and scarred trunk, and showed in its base a deep cavity, a foot or two from the ground, partly hidden by hanging strips of bark which had fallen across it. Suddenly one of these strips was pushed aside, and a young man leaped lightly down.

But for the rifle he carried and some modern peculiarities of dress, he was of a grace so unusual and unconventional that he might have passed for a faun who was quitting his ancestral home. He stepped to the side of the bear with a light elastic movement that was as unlike customary progression as his face and figure were unlike the ordinary types of humanity. Even as he leaned upon his rifle, looking down at the prostrate animal, he unconsciously fell into an attitude that in any other mortal would have been a pose, but with him was the picturesque and unstudied relaxation of perfect symmetry.

"Hallo, Mister!"

He raised his head so carelessly and listlessly that he did not otherwise change his attitude. Stepping from behind the tree, the woman of the preceding night stood before him. Her hands were free except for a thong of the *riata*, which was still knotted around one wrist, the end of the thong having been torn or burnt away. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her hair hung over her shoulders in one long black braid.

"I reckoned all along it was *you* who shot the bear," she said, "at least some one hidin' yer," and she indicated the hollow tree with her hand. "It wasn't no chance shot." Observing that the young man, either from misconception or indifference, did not seem to comprehend her, she added, "We came by here, last night, a minute after you fired."

"Oh, that was *you* kicked up such a row, was it?" said the young man, with a shade of interest.

"I reckon," said the woman, nodding her head, "and them that was with me."

"And who are they?"

"Sheriff Dunn, of Yolo, and his deputy."

"And where are they now?"

"The deputy—in h—ll, I reckon; I don't know about the sheriff."

"I see," said the young man quietly; "and you?"

"I—got away," she said savagely. But she was taken with a sudden nervous shiver, which she at once repressed by tightly dragging her shawl over her shoulders and elbows, and folding her arms defiantly.

"And you're going?"

"To follow the deputy, may be," she said gloomily. "But come, I say, ain't you going to treat? It's cursed cold here."

"Wait a moment." The young man was looking at her with his arched brows slightly knit, and a half smile of curiosity. "Ain't you Teresa?"

She was prepared for the question, but evidently was not certain whether she would reply defiantly or confidently. After an exhaustive scrutiny of his face she chose the latter, and said, "You can bet your life on it, Johnny."

"I don't bet, and my name isn't Johnny. Then you're the woman who stabbed Dick Curson over at Legrange's?"

She became defiant again. "That's me, all the time. What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing. And you used to dance at the Alhambra?"

She whisked the shawl from her shoulders, held it up like a scarf, and made one or two steps of the *sembi-cuacua*. There was not the least gaiety, recklessness, or spontaneity in the action; it was simply mechanical bravado. It was so ineffective, even upon her own feelings, that her arms presently dropped to her side and she coughed embarrassedly. "Where's that whisky, pardner?" she asked.

The young man turned toward the tree he had just quitted, and without further words assisted her to mount to the cavity. It was an irregular-shaped vaulted chamber, pierced fifty feet above by a shaft or cylindrical opening in the decayed trunk, which was blackened by smoke as if it had served the purpose of a chimney. In one corner lay a bearskin and blanket; at the side were two alcoves or indentations, one of which was evidently used as a table, and the other as a cupboard. In another hollow, near the entrance, lay a few small sacks of flour, coffee, and sugar, the sticky contents of the latter still strewing the floor. From this storehouse the young man drew a wicker flask of whiskey, and handed it, with a tin cup of water, to the woman. She waved the cup aside, placed the flask to her lips, and drank the undiluted spirit. Yet even this was evidently bravado, for the water started to her eyes, and she could not restrain the paroxysm of coughing that followed.

"I reckon that's the kind that kills at forty rods," she said, with a hysterical laugh. "But I say, pardner, you look as if you were fixed here to stay," and she stared ostentatiously around the chamber. But she had already taken in its minutest details, even to observing that the hanging strips of bark could be disposed so as to completely hide the entrance.

"Well, yes," he replied; "it wouldn't be very easy to pull up the stakes and move the shanty further on."

Seeing that either from indifference or caution he had not accepted her meaning, she looked at him fixedly and said—

"What is your little game?"

"Eh?"

"What are you hiding for—here, in this tree?"

"But I'm not hiding."

"Then why didn't you come out when they hailed you last night?"

"Because I didn't care to."

Teresa whistled incredulously. "All right—then if you're not hiding, I'm going to." As he did not reply, she went on: "If I can keep out of sight for a couple of weeks, this thing will blow over here, and I can get across into Yolo. I could get a fair show there, where the boys know me. Just now the trails are all watched, but no one would think of lookin' here."

"Then how did you come to think of it?" he asked carelessly.

"Because I knew that the bear hadn't gone far for that sugar. Because I knew he hadn't stole it from a *cache*—it was too fresh, and we'd have seen the torn-up earth; because we had passed no camp, and because I knew there was no shanty here. And, besides," she added in a low voice, "may be I was huntin' a hole myself to die in—and spotted it by instinct."

There was something in this suggestion of a hunted animal that, unlike anything she had previously said or suggested, was not exaggerated, and caused the young man to look at her again. She was standing under the chimney-like opening, and the light from above illuminated her head and shoulders. The pupils of her eyes had lost their feverish prominence, and were slightly suffused and softened as she gazed abstractedly before her. The only vestige of her previous excitement was in her left-hand fingers, which were incessantly twisting and turning a diamond ring upon her right hand, but without imparting the least animation to her rigid attitude. Suddenly, as if conscious of his scrutiny, she stepped aside out of the revealing light, and by a swift feminine instinct, raised her hand to her head as if to adjust her straggling hair. It was only for a moment, however, for, as if aware of the weakness, she struggled to resume her aggressive pose.

"Well," she said. "Speak up. Am I goin' to stop here, or have I got to get up and get?"

"You can stay," said the young man quietly; "but as I've got my provisions and ammunition here, and haven't any other place to go to just now, I suppose we'll have to share it together."

She glanced at him under her eyelids, and a half-bitter, half-contemptuous smile passed across her face. "All right, old man," she said, holding out her hand. "it's a go. We'll start in housekeeping, at once, if you like."

"I'll have to come here once or twice a day," he said, quite composedly, "to look after my things and get something to eat; but I'll be away most of the time, and what with camping out under the trees every night, I reckon my share won't incommode you."

She opened her black eyes upon him at this original proposition. Then she looked down at her torn dress. "I suppose this style of thing ain't very fancy, is it?" she said with a forced laugh.

"I think I know where to beg or borrow a change for you, if you can't get any," he replied simply.

She stared at him again. "Are you a family man?"

"No."

She was silent for a moment. "Well," she said, "you can tell your girl I'm not particular about its being in the latest fashion."

There was a slight flush on his forehead as he turned toward the little cupboard, but no tremor in his voice as he went on. "You'll find tea and coffee here, and, if you're bored, there's a book or two. You read, don't you—I mean English?"

She nodded, but cast a look of undisguised contempt upon the two worn, coverless novels he held out to her. "You haven't got last week's 'Sacramento Union,' have you? I hear they have my case all in; only them lying reporters made it out against me all the time."

"I don't see the papers," he replied curtly.

"They say there's a picture of me in the 'Police Gazette,' taken in the act," and she laughed.

He looked a little abstracted, and turned as if to go. "I think you'll do well to rest a while just now, and keep as close hid as possible until afternoon. The trail is a mile away at the nearest point, but some one might miss it and stray over here. You're quite safe if you're careful, and stand by the tree. You can build a fire here," he stepped under the chimney-like opening, "without its being noticed. Even the smoke is lost and cannot be seen so high."

The light from above was falling on his head and shoulders as it had on hers. She looked at him intently.

"You travel a good deal on your figure, pardner, don't you?" she said, with a certain admiration that was quite sexless in its quality; "but I don't see how you pick up a living by it in the Carquinez Woods. So you're going, are you? You might be more sociable. Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" He leaped from the opening.

"I say, pardner!"

He turned, a little impatiently. She had knelt down at the entrance, so to be nearer his level, and was holding out her hand. But he did not notice it, and she quietly withdrew it.

"If anybody dropped in and asked for you, what name will they say?"

He smiled. "Don't wait to hear."

"But suppose I wanted to sing out for you, what will I call you?"

"He hesitated. "Call me—Lo."

"Lo, the poor Indian?"

"Exactly."

It suddenly occurred to the woman, Teresa, that in the young man's height, supple yet erect carriage, colour, and singular gravity of demeanour, there was a refined aboriginal suggestion. He did not look like any Indian she had ever seen, but rather as a youthful chief might have looked. There was a further suggestion in his fringed buckskin shirt and moccasins, but before she could utter the half-sarcastic comment that rose to her lips he had glided noiselessly away, even as an Indian might have done.

She re-adjusted the slips of hanging bark with feminine ingenuity, dispersing them so as to completely hide the entrance. Yet this did not darken the chamber, which seemed to draw a purer and more vigorous light through the soaring shaft that pierced the roof than that which came from the dim woodland aisles below. Nevertheless she shivered, and drawing her shawl closely around her, began to collect some half-burnt fragments of wood in the chimney to make a fire. But the pre-occupation of her thoughts rendered this a tedious process, as she would from time to time stop in the middle of an action, and fall into an attitude of rapt abstraction, with far-off eyes and rigid mouth. When she had at last succeeded in kindling a fire and raising a film of pale blue smoke that seemed to fade and dissipate entirely before it reached the top of the chimney shaft, she crouched beside it, fixed her eyes on the darkest corner of the cavern, and became motionless.

What did she see through that shadow?

Nothing at first but a confused medley of figures and incidents of the preceding night; things to be put away and forgotten—things that would not have happened but for another thing—the thing before which everything faded! A ball-room, the sounds of music, the one man she had cared for insulting her with the flaunting ostentation of his unfaithfulness: herself despised, put aside, laughed at, or worse, jilted. And then the moment of delirium, when the light danced; the one wild act, that lifted her—the despised one—above them all, made her supreme figure, to be glanced at by frightened women, stared at by half-startled, half-admiring men! "Yes," she laughed; but struck by the sound of her own voice, moved twice round the cavern nervously, and then dropped again into her old position.

As they carried him away he had laughed at her—like a hound that he was; he who had praised her for her spirit, and incited her revenge against others; he who had taught her to strike when she was insulted; and it was only fit he should reap what he had sown. She was what he, what other men, had made her. And what was she now? What had she been once?

She tried to recall her childhood. The man and woman who might have been her father and mother; who fought and wrangled over her precocious little life; abused or caressed her as she sided with either, and then left her with a circus troupe, where she first tasted the power of her courage, her beauty, and her recklessness. She remembered those flashes of triumph that left a fever in her veins—a fever that when it failed

* The first word of Pope's familiar apostrophe is humorously used in the far West as a distinguishing title for the Indian.

must be stimulated by dissipation, by anything, by everything that would keep her name a wonder in men's mouths, an envious fear to women. She recalled her transfer to the strolling players; her cheap pleasures, and cheaper rivalries and hatred—but always Teresa! the daring Teresa! the reckless Teresa! audacious as a woman, invincible as a boy; dancing, flirting, fencing, shooting, swearing, drinking, smoking, fighting Teresa! "Oh yes; she had been loved, perhaps—who knows?—but always feared. Why should she change now? Ha, he should see."

She had lashed herself in a frenzy, as was her wont, with gestures, ejaculations, oaths, adjurations, and passionate apostrophes, but with this strange and unexpected result. Heretofore she had always been sustained and kept up by an audience of some kind or quality, if only perhaps a humble companion; there had always been some one she could fascinate or horrify, and she could read her power mirrored in their eyes. Even the half-abstracted indifference of her strange host had been something. But she was alone now. Her words fell on apathetic solitude; she was acting to viewless space. She rushed to the opening, dashed the hanging bark aside, and leaped to the ground.

She ran forward wildly a few steps and stopped.

"Hallo!" she cried. "Look, 'tis I, Teresa!"

The profound silence remained unbroken. Her shrillest tones were lost in an echoless space, even as the smoke of her fire had faded into pure ether. She stretched out her clenched fists as if to defy the pillared austerities of the vaults around her.

"Come and take me if you dare!"

The challenge was unheeded. If she had thrown herself violently against the nearest tree-trunk she could not have been stricken more breathless than she was by the compact, embattled solitude that encompassed her. The hopelessness of impressing these cold and passive vaults with her selfish passion filled her with a vague fear. In her rage of the previous night she had not seen the wood in its profound immobility. Left alone with the majesty of those enormous columns, she trembled and turned faint. The silence of the hollow tree she had just quitted seemed to her less awful than the crushing presence of these mute and monstrous witnesses of her weakness. Like a wounded quail with lowered crest and trailing wing she crept back to her hiding-place.

Even then the influence of the wood was still upon her. She picked up the novel she had contemptuously thrown aside, only to let it fall again in utter weariness. For a moment her feminine curiosity was excited by the discovery of an old book, in whose blank leaves were pressed a variety of flowers and woodland grasses. As she could not conceive that these had been kept for any but a sentimental purpose, she was disappointed to find that underneath each was a sentence in an unknown tongue, that even to her untutored eye did not appear to be the language of passion. Finally, she rearranged the couch of skins and blankets, and imparting to it in three clever shakes an entirely different character, lay down to pursue her reveries. But nature asserted herself, and ere she knew it she was asleep.

So intense and prolonged had been her previous excitement that the tension, once relieved, she passed into a slumber of exhaustion so deep that she seemed scarce to breathe. High noon succeeded morning, the central shaft received a single ray of upper sunlight, the afternoon came and went, the shadows gathered below, the sunset fires began to eat their way through the groined roof, and she still slept. She slept even when the bark hangings of the chamber were put aside, and the young man re-entered.

He laid down a bundle he was carrying, and softly approached the sleeper. For a moment he was startled from his indifference; she lay so still and motionless. But this was not all that struck him; the face before

him was no longer the passionate, haggard visage that confronted him that morning; the feverish air, the burning colour, the strained muscles of mouth and brow, and the staring eyes were gone; wiped away perhaps by the tears that still left their traces on cheek and dark eyelash. It was the face of a handsome woman of thirty, with even a suggestion of softness in the contour of the cheek and arching of her upper lip, no longer rigidly drawn down in anger, but relaxed by sleep on her white teeth.

With the lithe soft tread that was habitual to him, the young man moved about, examining the condition of the little chamber, and its stock of provisions and necessities, and withdrew presently to reappear as noiselessly with a tin bucket of water. This done he replenished the little pile of fuel with an armful of bark and pine cones, cast an approving glance about him, which included the sleeper, and silently departed.

It was night when she awoke. She was surrounded by a profound darkness, except where the shaft-like opening made a nebulous mist in the corner of her wooden cavern. Providentially she struggled back to consciousness slowly, so that the solitude and silence came upon her gradually, with a growing realisation of the events of the past twenty-four hours, but without a shock. She was alone here but safe still, and every hour added to her chances of ultimate escape. She remembered to have seen a candle among the articles on the shelf, and she began to grope her way towards the matches. Suddenly she stopped. What was that panting?

(To be continued.)

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.)

CORRESPONDENT.—We think not; but if Mr. Besant calls here again we will question him for you. In the meantime, however, you might search through the "Children of Gibeon."

SOL.—(a) Sometimes they are stolen, and sometimes so badly used that they have to be thrown away; the good copies are kept, and will possibly at some indefinite period be bound up in book-form. (b) Try the librarians, they might know. We do not.

POSSIBLE COMPETITOR.—The competition you ask about is reserved for Members only. Particulars may be found in the Gossip of No. 12. Prize, Two Guineas. Last day for entry, last day of February.

WHIT TICK.—Coffee is roasted in a very simple way; and we never heard of such a process as you suggest.

CAT SHOW.—(1) On Easter Monday, all being well. Throw physic to the dogs, but don't poison the felines. (2) If you plant them now they will probably peep above ground towards the middle of next month; but much care is required.

A READER.—We should think so; but ask in the West Lodge any evening, and they will furnish you with every information.

J. M. H.—Many thanks for your kindness in sending to us.

KNOWING ONE.—Lime, salt, iron, etc., in water are called inorganic impurities. All kinds of mineral impurities can be removed from water by distillation—that is, boiling the water until it is all turned into steam, and collecting and condensing the steam again drop by drop into water.

GUSSY.—Of an uniform temperature of 40° Fahr.

FOOTBALLIST.—We have a lengthy letter on the subject this week; pray read for yourself.

THOS. C.—On the petition of the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt, an order for its winding-up has recently been granted.

STYLUS.—Will probably be ready in May or June. No; Sir Edmund is expected to return at the end of February.

P. & P. O.—Gentlemen, good den.

SHAWT'UN.—At present they are staying at San Remo; and the Queen will probably visit them there.

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.)

FOOTBALL PUGILISM.

SIR,—I have often heard of the game of Football, but I never thought there was so much fun in it, or I would long before have given it my patronage. Nowadays—when it is customary for the heir to the throne of England to pat on the back the big Irish-American Sullivan—it surely can't be thought extravagant for a hard-working fellow to speculate his pennies on a Football Match. Well, you know, hearing the Beaumont (People's Palace) played at Woodford on Saturday last, I ran down to see how the 'Monts and the Woodford could play. I have often heard it said that the Woodford are steering *chials*—that there's something about the air in that direction that makes the inhabitants very uncivil. But I couldn't see anything but ordinary in their appearance. They were fine, healthy-looking chaps, and civil to all appearance. But the crowd was awfully noisy, and a good many played football outside the lines with more energy than the chials inside. "The Woodford's got the wind!" cried a boy with a gusto that showed "wind" counts for a good deal on a football field. Then the game began. It had always been my opinion that football men only kicked for the ball, but this is quite wrong. By Jove, before I play football I'd like my legs to be made of firmer stuff; a non-player's legs wouldn't stand that long. Still some of the players played very fine, and I noticed that where the men had skill they didn't indulge in the rowdiness so much as the stupid players that seemed not to know where they sent the ball. I Wand(ered) for the captain and some of the regulars, but I know Jesseman, Wenn, and Hart (V.C.)—they played well for the Beaumonts, but were much knocked about by the Woodford men. I wasn't taken up with the first half, but the crowd, as well as the players, were worth watching in the last half. The language used by the enthusiasts was neither English, Scotch, Irish nor civil Greek. "Go for him, Woodford," "Played Beaumont," "Play on, Man," and other sayings constantly came from the spectators, and down the men went in earnest. The Beaumont boys seemed to think the space on Woodford Common rather small, as they kicked the leather into the adjoining ponds with as much pleasure as if they had been sending it through the goal. Then the roaring and booing began, and this sort of business seemed to agitate the players, for they were squaring and shaping at each other as if they had been inside a prize-ring. "Twenty minutes to come yet," said an on-looker. "By George!" said I, "if they have twenty minutes of that kind of work to go through there won't be a living man left on the field!" But the worst of it was to come yet. There was a Beaumont boy who had a fine way of clearing the road. He faced his men with his head down, and it was wonderful how he cleared the road. I wish, good reader, you had been there about the finish of the game. One of the players could have made a grand job of the charging, and kicking, and tripping; it was truly a wonderful sight! Some of the players seemed to feel as if their heads were off by the nervous way they slipped their hands up in that direction. The ball was sometimes left lonely on the field while the players knocked at each other in the fiercest manner imaginable. At last the pent-up feelings gave way. Man, it's amusing to hear it called a friendly game! If it was a friendly game, I'd like to see a Cup-tie. I'd strongly advise all the players, the next time these teams meet, to make sure they have their insurance ticket with them. You must excuse me, Mister Editor, for approaching you on this subject, but as it is the first game I have seen, I thought I would just let you know what I thought of it. I was much amused at that fellow with the whistle. They tell me that he has to see to fair play. My opinion is that there's as much sin in whistling a lie as in telling it with the naked mouth.—Yours truly, A NON-PLAYER.

MEMBERS' FEES.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in the Journal for February 1st a letter from a Member, signed G. M. G., recording what he considers a mistake on the part of the Palace Authorities in fining him a shilling for not renewing his Ticket before the time of expiration, viz. the 17th of January. I, as a Member, hardly think G. M. G. is justified in making such remarks, as, if he will look on the back of his Membership Ticket, he will see it is stated that, failing to renew his Ticket before the 17th, a re-instatement fee of one shilling will be charged. I do not see anything unreasonable about this, for where would our Palace be without rules to govern the management of affairs. Trusting to your usual courtesy to insert this in *The Palace Journal*, I remain, yours very truly,

A. H. Y.

[Several Letters crowded out.]

Mutual Love.—The first sense of mutual love excludes other feelings; it will have the soul all to itself.

Susceptibility.—Susceptible persons are more affected by a change of tone than by unexpected words.

Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

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

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

All Competitors who have been announced as winners in the issues of Jan. 18th and 25th, and Feb. 1st and 8th respectively, may have the prizes to which they are entitled on application to the sub-Editor, at his office, East Lodge, between the hours of 2 and 8 p.m. on Friday week, Feb. 24th.

COMPETITIONS SET FEB. 1.

CLASS A.

The result of this Competition for a list of the six most representative men of letters the world has produced, though gratifying to national pride, is of a nature to rather discount the interest of last week's competition, in which a list of the most representative English men of letters was asked for. For by the votes of the majority of Competitors the six most representative men of letters in the world all had their birth in this island. In these circumstances, seeing that when these lines are published there will still be plenty of time to send in answer to last week's competition, it has been decided to withhold the publication of the list till next week, when the result of the two competitions will be announced together. It will be curious to see how far the two lists will tally with one another. In the meantime I will only say that the prize in this competition has been won outright by one Competitor, who alone succeeded in naming all the first six on the list.

CLASS B.

It is a lamentable fact that there are still Members of the Palace who are in woful ignorance of the meaning of the word "original." Riddles, strictly original, were asked for in this Competition, and yet some of those sent in were the veriest chestnuts—the riddlesmen asked one another when the world was beginning to recover from the effects of the Flood. I shall not on this occasion publish the names of those who offended in this way, but I must ask them in all seriousness to consider their ways and not so transgress again. The prize is awarded to

J. G. T. BROWNING,

1, Dock Street, Leman Street, E.

for the following riddle:

What station on the Underground Railway best describes a Quadrille? Answer: Sloane Square (Slow and Square).

Here are a few of the other riddles received:

What makes the People's Palace so valuable? Because it contains the Queen's (H)all.

Why do people appear to appreciate more after marriage? Because they are always attending a concert (consort).

Why does Her Majesty's Government never leave the Metropolis? Because there is only one cab in it (cabinet).

Who are the coolest men in Great Britain? The pole-ice men.

Why are the Members of the People's Palace like Indian Nabobs? Because they are fond of their curry (Currie).

What is the difference between the People's Palace and a hungry beggar? One fills a want and the other wants a fill.

CLASS C.

All the hand-screens sent in for this Competition were very creditable to those who made them, but the makers are one and all known to me as clever workers. I should like to see the handiwork of some new Competitors, though at the same time I hope that the old ones will continue to compete. As it is, the same Competitors enter week after week, and carry off the prizes. It is true that they fully deserve them, but that is no reason why others

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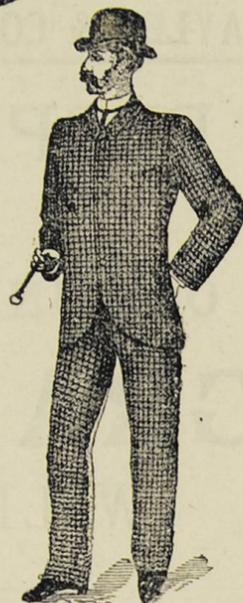
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