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[ONE PENNY.]

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Notes of the Week.

HAPPY is the week of which one can make no notes. It may be dull but it has at least been marked by no miseries. This week has been chiefly remarkable for political business. The House has been having its debate on the Queen's Address, which is the most perfectly useless part of its whole proceedings. The Irish have had their innings, and so far do not seem to have played their best. But this is touching on politics, from which we must abstain. The two great questions before us are: first, whether there is going to be an European War, and next, whether the German Crown Prince will recover. Everything else is for the moment insignificant, and nobody can throw the least light upon either question.

THE war question is, however, unique in history. The three Emperors most concerned with the subject are exchanging triangular shots of friendly messages. Nothing could be more cordial than these professions. And yet Russia has massed half a million of men upon her western frontier, while the Germans and Austrians have 300,000 ready at the first signal. It seems as if somebody were forcing the Czar forward and somebody else pulling him back. The worst of a despotic government is that it really never is despotic. The despotic monarch has a wife who rules him: a minister, a mistress, a servant, a clique, who manage matters in their own interests. But he is hardly ever really despotic. The last real despot was the Czar Nicolas.

THE following story comes from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, communicated to that paper by a correspondent:—"I was lately playing golf with a neighbour on the Wiltshire downs, which are from 600 to 700 feet above sea level, and while we were basking in the sun the whole surrounding country was buried in fog so thick that nothing was visible from our elevation except the tops of the trees which crown the heights of Pen Selwood, some five miles distant. Suddenly we were enveloped in a thin mist, or transparent fog, and as I drew myself up to strike my ball I found myself standing at the apex of a bow in the form of an Early English arch, the exact image of another looming in the sky close in front of me. The bow in the sky was white, but the one which met at my feet was one continuous shimmer of tiny quivering lights, reflecting all the hues of the myriad fragments of a shattered rainbow. My friend saw two bows also, of exactly the like kind. The four bows accompanied us in our play for about a quarter of an hour; and I could see my friend's bow in the sky and he could see mine quite distinctly."

This is a very strange story. A rainbow, as everybody knows, is caused by the refraction of the sun's rays through falling rain. It has no real existence and is seen by each person in a different position. But here a man says that a rainbow was formed at his

Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

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

FRIDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.

BILLIARD ROOM COMMITTEE.—General Meeting at 8.30.

SATURDAY.—LIBRARY open to the public from 9 till 5.

CONCERT at 8 o'clock in the Queen's Hall.

FOOTBALL CLUB.—Match, Victoria Park.

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.

BILLIARD ROOM COMMITTEE.—Committee Meeting at 8.30.

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.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, FEB. 26th, at 12.30 p.m.,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST, MR. HERBERT W. WHATMOOR.

MARCH	J. H. Wallis.
ANDANTE	Dr. Frost.
"JERUSALEM, THOU THAT KILLEST"	Mendelssohn.
"JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN"	Dr. Spark.
ALLEGRETTO FROM "THE HYMN OF PRAISE"	Mendelssohn.
ANDANTE AND ALLEGRETTO FROM SONATA	Mendelssohn.
OFFERTOIRE	Wely.

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

feet and another just like it in the sky. It reminds one of the giant of the Hartz mountains. You see him in the early morning when the mists are not yet cleared away. You go out and look up to the top of the mountains, and there he stands, unmistakable but misty. You bow to him and the Spectre returns the salute. In fact it is an image of yourself that you are looking at. Many very admirable ghosts are thus produced by queer optical illusions and effects of light.

THE commonest form of optical illusion is when you see in a chair, or standing upright, the figure of some person whom you know to be far away. This is a veritable ghost: yet everybody knows that it is due to disordered liver or overworked brain. A well-known literary man gives the following as his own ghostly experiences—

"I am constantly" he says "awakened in the night by some one calling me. I dream of my own characters—those of my novels—and get mixed up with them in strange ways. I suddenly see before me a scene, a day, a moment long since passed and forgotten. A dead man speaks to me and I recognise his voice. Once a dead woman came to my bedside in a dream, and I remembered her face, though she died when I was four or five years of age. Twice I have actually seen a real ghost. The first occasion was about sixteen years ago. I was then living in chambers, which were kept tidy for me by a laundress. She was a good old thing, but fond of spirits, and as she never touched anything else if gin was to be had, I always kept a bottle specially for her—we didn't say so, but she knew it, and felt kindly towards me in consequence. One afternoon, at time of dusk, I wanted to consult a book which stood on the lowest shelf of my book-case. To get it I had to stoop and look about for a few moments. When I had got the book, and recovered the attitude proper to man, I saw the figure of the old lady standing at my open cupboard. Thirst and eagerness were depicted upon her venerable countenance, and her arms were outstretched for the bottle of gin. While I gazed she faded away. This, I have always thought, was a veritable ghost. The spiritualist would have said that something must come of such a visitation. I am sorry to say that nothing came of it.

"The next was a more important ghost. I was travelling in Northumberland alone, staying in a very ancient inn of an ancient town. I spent the day in visiting the ruins of a monastery, and the evening in reading some old history of the Times of Queen Anne. I went to bed at the usual time and fell asleep. In the early morning—it was August and outside the day was just breaking—I awoke with a start and sat up in bed. The curtains were drawn close and the room was quite dark. Suddenly it became quite light: and the door (which was locked) flew open, and three ladies—unluckily they were not young and beautiful—walked in one after the other. They walked in and sat down on three chairs (which did not exist), and began talking to each other. I heard no voice, but I saw the lips move, the heads nod, and the fingers wag. They were dressed very beautifully in the fashion of Queen Anne's reign, with high commodes on their heads and fine satin frocks. Suddenly I was seized with a great terror and sprang out of bed and dragged the curtains back. The daylight poured in, and my group of ghosts slowly, not suddenly, vanished. It was no dream: it was a real group of spectres that I had seen. Yet I know very well that they were due to an overworked brain. The dresses, by the way, of the ladies came in very usefully for my novel."

CATHERINE BALLARD has gone to prison for one month for assaulting her infant child. Catherine is a beggar by profession. She carries a child, probably her own, and pinches it, to make it cry, in order to stimulate pity. Cannot we take that child away from

Catherine, altogether? Cannot we take away all the children who are lugged around bawling hymns in the street, begging with match boxes, sitting on door steps and the like? What sort of future can we expect for a child brought up in such a way?

I WISH we could get at the numbers, not of the unemployed, but of the professional beggars. There are thousands of them in this country. They live well, and earn plenty of money. Their principal support is not from the wealthy, who have too often been warned against them, but from quite poor persons. Their work is easy, though the hours are long. As for real work they cannot do any: they have either never learned, or they have lost the power of application. Unfortunately they have children. Now consider—a pair of professionals marry, and have, say six children, none of whom are brought up to do any work. They belong to the habitual criminal class. They also marry and have, say six children each. That makes thirty-six, all habitual criminals. These thirty-six marry others, and have six children each. Total, 216 great-grandchildren. These will produce 1,296 more, and these, 7,776, all habitual criminals. So that in five generations one single pair have produced 7,776—all lazy, vicious, and ignorant. A celebrated case was investigated in New York some years ago, in which exactly this process was traced. I forget the exact figures, but they came out something like the above. Now, if we had only taken away the children from the first pair, they would have grown up into respectable, hard working, honest men and women. Why do we not do so?

I WOULD make deprivation of children the punishment of rogue and beggar alike. They should not be allowed to see their children, who in their turn should never know who their parents were. As for the latter, I am inclined to think that they should be locked up for life, not in a stupid monotonous prison, but on an island where there should be plenty of out-door life, with tobacco and drink in moderation, and other comforts for those who chose to work for them, and the minimum of food for those who did not.

THE professional beggar and vagabond was a much greater nuisance three hundred years ago than now. He infested all the roads; he lived by going from one monastery to another, he robbed and murdered travellers; he was a most desperate nuisance. In England, they set up whipping posts, stocks and pillories and made life very uncomfortable for him. In France, they hung him and tossed him into the river and drowned him. Yet they never got rid of him. And really I think the only way would be to do as I propose—lock him up, treat him kindly, but don't let him have the care of his own children and don't let him loose. All the vagabonds and habitual criminals in the country would be collected in a month. With what disgust would they view their approaching seclusion?

I SUGGEST for the consideration of the Members of the Debating Society one or two very useful books in which to get up their facts. One of these is the *Statesman's Year Book*, edited by Mr. John Scott Keltie. If it is not in the Library it ought to be. Another is the *Annual Register*: and a third is *Whitaker's Almanack*. Armed with these books the debater ought to be able to fortify himself with facts suitable to almost every subject. Green's *Short History of the English People* is a work that every debater ought to have studied until he has mastered it. If the Hon. Secretary of the Club will be good enough to give notice of the subject for the next Debate, at the Editor's Office, a list of books bearing on the subject shall be prepared for the use of Members. Facts—facts—facts—in this age of wild talk and irresponsible utterance—are what is wanted. EDITOR.

Anne Boleyn.

THERE is a tradition at Salle, in Norfolk, that the remains of Anne Boleyn were removed from the Tower, and interred at midnight, with the rites of Christian burial, in the Salle Church; and that a plain, black stone, without any inscription, is supposed to indicate the place where she was buried. In Blomefield's "Norfolk," no allusion is made to any such tradition, in the accounts of the Boleyn family, and their monuments. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his "History of King Henry VIII.," does not state how or where she was buried. Holinshed, Stow, and Speed say that her body, with the head, was buried in the choir of the chapel in the Tower; and Sandford, that she was buried in the Chapel of St. Peter, in the Tower. Burnet, who is followed by Henry, Hume, and Lingard, says that her body was thrown into a common chest of elm-tree that was made to put arrows in, and was buried in the chapel within the Tower, before twelve o'clock. Sharon Turner quotes the following passage from Crispin's account of Anne Boleyn's execution, written fourteen days after her death, viz.: "Her ladies immediately took up her head and the body. They seemed to be without souls, they were so languid and extremely weak; but fearing that their mistress might be handled unworthily by inhuman men, they forced themselves to do this duty; and though almost dead, at last carried off her dead body wrapt in a white covering." A letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1815, states: "The headless trunk of the departed queen was said to be deposited in an arrow-chest, and buried in the Tower Chapel, before the High Altar. Where that stood, the most sagacious antiquary, after a lapse of less than 300 years, cannot now determine; nor is the circumstance, though related by eminent writers, clearly ascertained. In a cellar, the body of a person of short stature, without a head, not many years since was found, and supposed to be the reliques of poor Anne; but soon after re-interred in the same place, and covered up."

The stone in Salle Church was sometime since raised, but no remains were to be found underneath it. Miss Strickland states that a similar tradition is assigned to a blackstone in the church at Thornden-on-the-Hill: but Morant, in his "History of Essex," does not notice it.

Watch-Face at Somerset House.

There is an odd traditionary story told of a watch at Somerset House. A little above the entrance-door to the Stamps and Taxes is a white watch-face—of which it is told, that when the wall was being built, a workman had the misfortune to fall from the scaffolding, and was only saved from destruction by the ribbon of his watch, which caught in a piece of projecting work. In thankful remembrance of his wonderful preservation, he is said to have inserted his watch into the face of the wall. Such is the popular belief, and hundreds of persons go to Somerset House to see this fancied memento, and hear the above tale. But the watch-face was placed in its present position many years ago by the Royal Society as a meridian mark for a portable transit instrument in one of the windows of the ante-room. Captain Smyth (Mr. Weld informs us, in his *History of the Royal Society*) assisted in mounting the instrument, and perfectly recollects the watch-face placed against the opposite wall; and we have conversed with the bricklayer who executed the work.

Hatred.—Hatred is like fire—it makes even light rubbish deadly.

Woman: and Her Interests.

It is pleasant to know that my suggestions about books to read are proving useful to some girls. Last Sunday afternoon no less than three girls asked for one of the books I named last week, and the girl who obtained it expressed her regret that she had to leave off half-way "to go home and get tea." All the books written by Mrs. Ewing are delightful, and although intended for children they are quite as much read and liked by grown-up people. One of the prettiest is "The Story of a Short Life": but it is rather sad; and perhaps two other of her short stories, "Jackanapes" and "Lob-lie-by the Fire" would be more popular. "Scenes of Clerical Life," by George Eliot, is more suitable for women than girls. Mothers especially will read with interest the first story called "Amos Barton," in which the struggles of Milly, the Vicar's wife, against poverty and sickness are so touchingly described.

It is said that an interesting exhibition will be held before long on the site of the Japanese Village. It is to be called the "Housewives' Exhibition," and there will be specimens of millinery, china-painting, embroidery, and every kind of women's work. Also workshops devoted to the kitchen, laundry, dairy, and all those departments where women's skill is pre-eminent.

OWING to the bad weather there are no novelties in the way of dress at present. It is announced that the fashionable garment for out-door wear this spring will be a short tailor-made jacket of white cloth lined with scarlet or some bright colour, and having a hood to correspond. They will doubtless have a very pretty effect, but are extravagant articles for smoky London.

THERE is one fact that immediately strikes a person who is new to the East End, viz: how much more money and time and trouble are spent by women in adorning their persons than in making their homes pretty and tasteful. Even amongst well-to-do people down here there is a placid acquiescence in ugliness so far as the decoration of the house is concerned. This is a great pity; as though it is very necessary for a woman to be neat and tasty in her attire it is equally necessary if she wants to make home attractive to a man that it should *look* attractive. Nowadays it is quite easy, with a little ingenuity and a small expenditure of money, to make rooms pretty and comfortable. I shall shortly give a few hints as to some methods of doing this.

It is to be hoped that some of the women Members of the Palace intend trying their skill in the forthcoming "Literary Competition": they have no doubt as interesting stories to tell as the male Members, and I heartily hope that some Member of my sex will take the prize.

RECIPE FOR CLEANING MARBLE MANTELPIECES.—Take powdered pumice-stone and vinegar, wash the surface with the mixture and leave it for several hours, then brush hard and wash clean; when dry rub with whiting and wash leather.

CLYTIE.

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

True Friends.—Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

Secret Sins.—We have all our secret sins; and if we knew ourselves, we should not judge each other harshly.

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

"A Child's among ye takin' Notes."

OWING to pressure on my space I was not able last week to tell you anything about that lovely half-hour spent by the sub-Editor at the Beaumont Sketchists' Exhibition. This show, holden in that venerable pile—the School-buildings, is held, you must know, once every month, the object being to secure a free and candid criticism on the drawings, paintings, etc., exhibited. On the night of my visit Mr. Cornish was kind enough to officiate as catechiser—I should say, criticiser; and judging from what I heard I should be inclined to think that a great weight must be attached to his remarks. The different sketches sent in are arranged with a sort of studied negligence upon divers tables, and the reviewer passes from one picture to another, eulogizing this or condemning that—just as the execution of the work demands. It was decidedly funny to note the conflicting emotions plainly visible on an artist's face as the examiner carefully scrutinised his picture; and, try as he might to affect indifference, it was quite possible to tell who had executed the work then under examination. Of course, no name is appended to any sketch at all, so the amateurs have the full force of the judge's scathing remarks—without any chance of consolation.

Some fairly good drawings were exhibited, and the criticiser went carefully through them all, pointing out the defects, etc., in a most agonising manner—at least, to the exhibitors. The Hon. Sec. Halfpenny then orated. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Cornish and the proceedings, which throughout had been painfully interesting, terminated; and the happy, happy sketch-displayists smile and breathed again.

It would be invidious, perhaps, to single out for praise any one exhibit which I there beheld, but I *must* say that one picture—I know not by whom—quite took my fancy. It was a glass vase with lovely trailing passion-flowers clustering around in a manner that made my fine eye in frenzy roll as I thought with a sigh that it could never be mine. Passion-flowers have a peculiar fascination for me, and I have often been struck by their beauty when I have seen them in the summer-time growing thickly on the house-fronts at picturesque old Hastings. There they flourish in wondrous luxuriance, and all this came back to me as I thoughtfully gazed upon the unknown Beaumont Sketchist's sketch.

WELL, I accompanied—or, rather, met the Ramblers last Thursday night, when, as you know, they journeyed to the far West, and "did" the Polytechnic. Unfortunately, I was late; and when I arrived I made of course for the statue of Hercules, which, as you'll remember, I promised to make my rendezvous. However, when I got there I found that Mrs. Hogg was having a Bible Class—so I had to make tracks for the Social-room, where the friendly Deeley, with two or three other Palace fellows, had gathered together in wondering contemplation. Dick, however, soon made himself at home, and, as we sat around a little table, partaking of the creature comforts of this life, you might have thought—as, possibly, many did—that we were part and parcel of the Polytechnic. Oh! Lor', how those college-puddings disappeared! The smiling Moody—who, of course, was there—never left off beaming all the time, and his solar influence extended, not only to the merrie Mac—who was also there—but to the rest of the crew seated around the festive board. Good old Polytechnic!

I CAUGHT sight of Bullock (the Ramblers' worthy Hon. Sec.) in the dark and deserted Concert-hall, and as he emerged from the Stygian blackness I closed with him, and we chummed chummily. I was glad to hear that a goodly number of the fellows had turned up,—the majority of whom were then "doing" other parts of the Institution; and I was on the point of asking B. about the next Ramble, when the quite too-irresistible Deeley dashed up, and bore me off in triumph to the before-mentioned Social-room—which, I may whisper in your ear, is the happiest spot in the Polytechnic. How the fellows got home I can't say—'cos I never see'd 'em wanish, but I heard, before I left, that some four or five of the more daring had paid a visit to the barber's shop (in the Poly.) and had there been shorn and shaved of much of their manly glory.

THE Elocution Competi—! But no; I said last week that I wouldn't mention it, and I *won't*; so there!

THE sanctum has been further decorated, and this time by a gift from Alexander Albu. Seeing the comparative nakedness of my walls, Alexander—know him? Nice fellow—t'other evening brought me down three very pretty pictures, well-framed, which now command the admiration of every beholder. Alex. appears to be happy in gift giving, for it's not so long since, you may remember, that he was greatly instrumental in testimonialising his French

master—only *that* gift was an Albu(m); but mine, you know, is something more pictorial. Not for the world would I flatter—even a little bit—the amiable A. A., but I *must* say that he seems a real good fellow; and I hope he'll often drop in and enjoy the sunny atmosphere of the now quite famous sanctum.

MESSRS. DIGBY AND LONG, the popular publishers of Bouverie Street, in ye busy street of Fleet, have sent me a very pretty volume, written by Scott Graham, and entitled "Mine Own Familiar Friend." These gentlemen, you'll recollect, are the publishers for our clever Ashton (who wrote that book I mentioned a week or so ago), and they seem to turn out their work in a very creditable manner. There is much that is good and strong in this volume: the story is well told, without any of those bewildering complications which some writers (especially young'uns) like so much to "go in for." It has a sound and sounding title; and I may mention that the soundness doesn't end here, but runs very thickly through the book. The interest is well maintained, and if some of the characters don't "live happy ever after" it's their own fault, for the author gives 'em a very neat finishing-off. I'm not going to say anything more about this book, else shall I have some of you fellows fancying that this little par. is nought else than an artfully-worded advt. You may *not* think so, of course, but yet you *may*; for there's so much of that sort of thing done nowadays, isn't there?

"NEXT, please!"

News from Monte Carlo, Nice, and the other delightful resorts, tells us that Sir Edmund Currie is very much better, although he hasn't yet lost that aggravating cough of his. 'Spouse Sir Edmund will be home very soon now; and when he *does* return he'll find plenty to do; for I know a great number of fellows who are extremely eager to interview him.

THE Cricketing section especially; for they are anxious to secure, as soon as possible, that long-expected parcel of ground which is to delight the hearts of the juvenile cricketists. By-the-way, I was very glad to hear last week that my old friend Carter had been elected Captain of the C.C.; and between you and me—if Carter will allow me to say so—I really *do* think that the right man has been secured. Just wait till the clouds have rolled by and the summer has appeared, and then see if my words don't come true!

It is probable that a Special Concert will be given very shortly for the especial benefit of this Cricketing Club, and when it comes off I hope the Institute Members will turn up in large numbers to patronise and support. More, presently.

By what I can gather from One Who Knows I imagine that the forthcoming "Literary Evenings," to be given by the Debating Society, will strongly resemble a sort of Mutual Improvement Society Entertainment. The date—not yet fixed—will be on or about the 12th of March; and I suppose the Club will open its doors to the lame, the sick and the halt, and for the matter of that anyone else who cares to come. This is really a good idea, and I hope will only prove but a pioneer to an actual Mutual Improvement Society, which, as you are all aware, we don't as yet possess at the People's Palace.

THERE'S another Club or Society which I should dearly like to see formed, and that is a section for promoting and upholding Teetotalism. Of course, we can't hope to do everything at once; but I shouldn't like the idea to be lost sight of, for I'm convinced that the Temperance cause would flourish bravely in the Institute.

THEN again, I suppose the time *will* come when some of the fellows will want to form a Volunteer corps, similar to that organised at the Polytechnic. Merely a suggestion, dear boys, because such a thing at present is quite impossible; but I make you a present of the idea.

THE interesting match between the Harriers and the Footballists took place on Saturday last at Victoria Park, and much excitement prevailed. I was not able to attend myself, but a little bird, who was present, has whispered me that previous to the game the Harriers were "if anything" the decided favourites, and defeat for them was thought to be out of the question. It was pleasing to hear that a great number of the Palace fellows were present—for that is support, you know. The game started at 3.40, and after the Harriers had missed a chance of scoring their opponents retaliated and commenced shot after shot, but without avail. All sorts of odds and oddities occurred, so the little bird has whispered—and I much regret that my space will not admit of his remarks, for they are wonderfully caustic and telling, and would make the cautious Cattle marvel at the wonderful truthfulness. But the time wore on, and the game continued until another run of the Harriers' centre ended in a splendid goal making the game equal, and as each side was striving hard to make the winning point the time was called, and the game—alas! for Victory—ended in a draw!

I HAVE it from the same bird—who, by-the-way, is a knowing one—that the match was by no means a fine display of football, but was certainly a very hard game, and the players were not at all

backward in "paying attention" one to another. I'm not going to individualize anyone; but my bird says that Cook was undoubtedly the best forward on the field, his "tricky play"—characteristic of Scotchmen—being greatly admired by all the spectators. Should much like to give my feathered friend's twittings *in extenso*; but as I have said above, the sub-Editorial bird-cage (to keep up the metaphor) is already considerably enlarged.

THE jocular Butler wishes to know if Sub before Ed. stands for *sublime*? Dear me; what a question! Why, of course, it does. Ask Horace Hawkins *his* opinion—"Sublime even unto ridiculousness" will the happy Horace opine.

SOME of the fellows using the Locker-room have little or no regard for the laws of *meum* and *tuum*. I heard last week that several articles had been stolen, one of the sufferers being Fred. Snell; and a short time back Herbert Morden also suffered inconvenience in this way. As the Journal once remarked we must be in our own Palace, "our own police," and keep a sharp look-out for the offenders.

AT the examination for the situation of Male Telegraph Learners in the General Post Office, held on the 17th January, the following pupils of Mr. Isaacs obtained places:—F. C. Batchelor (14), C. Elvin (16), H. F. Priest (31), M. Harry (54), E. M. Cutting (60.) Harry was the only candidate sent up from the People's Palace Classes, and it is gratifying to note his success. The above *five* places added to the *nine* obtained during November will make a total of *fourteen* during the last three months. There are still some vacancies, especially for Boy Clerks and Copyists, Male and Female Telegraph Learners and Sorters, which it is hoped will be soon filled up.

TO ALL whom it may concern.—It has recently come to my knowledge that some of our Palace fellows are treating Arthur Valentine with a great deal of unjust suspicion. Some three or four weeks ago I made a charge in these columns against the Billiard-room Committee, and some of the Members are possessed with the idea that Valentine in some mysterious way was connected with the accusation—and in short, was my informant. To such a suggestion I give the most unqualified denial; and Valentine himself—who being rather a sensitive fellow naturally feels somewhat grieved—is at a loss to understand why they have selected *him*. It's not a nice thing for a fellow to be regarded as a sort of spy, and to be pointed out as such; especially when he knows himself to be innocent of any such charge; and I hope those fellows who entertain such feelings will take my word when I tell them that Val. was in no way connected with, or had any share in the Billiard Com. incident mentioned above.

THERE was a capital letter some weeks ago in the Editor's column which I think might, and should command the attention of all well-thinking readers. It was a suggestion that a box be placed on either side of the Queen's Hall entrance, so that the well-disposed should drop their half-pennies or pennies into it; and then at certain intervals the proceeds should be devoted to the East London Hospital. I should much like to see this idea carried out; and I see that someone else is this week equally of my opinion, for if you will turn to the Letter Column you will see another note on the subject, which I think is very plain-speaking and conclusive.

WALTER MARSHALL asks me to state that he would be very glad to receive the name of any Palace fellow who would occasionally give his assistance in the Library on Sundays. A notice was issued by the sub-Ed. himself a month or so ago for a similar object, and if the same fellows will now reply to Marshall's appeal it will be looked upon as an equivalent. All names for W. M. (Council) to be addressed to the Bookstall.

DID you swallow that first dose of Bret Harte last week? Yes? That's right; but found it rather strong, eh? Well, I'd warned you, you know; I'd told you it'd make your hair curl—as it would have curled mine had I not lost it long, long ago.

TWO GUINEAS—going! going!—nearly gone! All you young dooksies and dummies are requested to bear in mind that the Literary Competition closes on the last day of February. So hurry up. Month's nearly gone, and when it *has* gone you'll wish you had competed, and like the foolish virgins will hopelessly lament. [Particulars in "Gossip," Journal, No. 12.]

SOME choice spirit, after attending my last Wednesday's levee, left behind him the lowly pipe of peace. Can have same on application to the Sub. Now, don't all ask at once, please. Speaking of my levees, it's very gratifying to find that they are getting more popular than ever; and the Sanctum now is generally styled the Social-room of the Institute. All those fellows who'd like to know the other fellows had better step over to the East Lodge any time I'm there, and I shall be extremely happy to do the amiable. You've no idea how sociable we are! Try it.

THE gentleman, whose name "rhymes with coody," says he didn't send the valentine which I attributed to him last week. He indignantly denies of it altogether, and says he couldn't do such a thing. Perhaps, like Galatea, he was only born yesterday!

MR. HASLUCK'S Elocutionary "Open Night" will take place on Thursday, March 1st, at the Palace. Any Member can obtain a ticket of admission on application, by letter, to Mr. A. J. Gray, the popular Hon. Sec. of the Elocution Class. But the he or she desiring to be present had better hurry up, for the seating capacity is rather limited—and, at the last moment, somebody *may* be left out in the cold, you know.

IT must have been extremely gratifying to Mr. Orton Bradley, when, on announcing at last Saturday's Concert the unforeseen absence of Madame Penna, the audience received the announcement in the kindest way. Mr. Bradley, I am sure, was deeply disappointed at the lady's non-appearance; and the good grace with which his audience shared his disappointment spoke very plainly for the great esteem in which our musical director is evidently held.

THE remains of poor Sydney Thomas were interred last Sunday afternoon at Chalk Church, a mile or so beyond Milton, Gravesend. Some very beautiful wreaths were sent from the Palace, including one from the Beaumont Trustees, one from the working staff, and another from the Members of the Debating Society. Had not the distance been so great and the weather so inclement, I do not doubt that a much greater number of fellows would have gone to see the last of poor Syd., but owing to these disadvantages only a few were present. These were: Messrs. Wadkin, W. Marshall, Maynard, Little, Wilmot, Ring and Dumble (of the Debating Society), T. Moreton (Football Club), Mr. Shaw (representing the Staff), and myself. We met at Stepney Station, and having arrived at Tilbury we crossed the water, and proceeded to the house where the deceased lay. A great number of relatives and friends followed in coaches and cabs, for the hearse contained not only the body of our late *confère*, but also that of his father—who strangely enough had died some two days after the son.

THE distance to the church was not great, and was soon reached. It is a very peaceful spot: a simple and ancient edifice surrounded by its small tract of consecrated ground—which, covered rather thickly with the snow, gave to the scene a more solemn suggestion of its awful nature. As the onlookers stood with bare heads in the bitterly cold air, the two coffins were borne from the Church towards their final resting place—that of our late Member being partly supported by some of his Institute friends. As both the coffins were lowered into the same grave, the solemn words of our beautiful burial service rang clearly out; and the effect on the mourners was painful in the extreme. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust";—and with a last look at the grave which held one of our brightest and most genial Members, we turned with heavier hearts and left the scene.

Musical Notes.

CONCERTS.—Perhaps the most successful Concert that has yet been given in the Queen's Hall, was that which took place last Saturday week. The Choir and Orchestra of the Palace made their second appearance in public with the most complete success. They performed a varied programme in a most finished manner, and very much to the approval of an enormous and enthusiastic audience. The solo vocalists were Mrs. Arthur Levy, Mrs. Ireland and Mr. Edward Hall, who were all very successful. Mrs. Levy most ably sustained the part of the "May Queen" in Macfarren's "May Day," in which the Choral Society sang the choruses. The accompaniment was very well played on the pianoforte by Miss K. Hovil. Mr. Arthur Trickett played several of the accompaniments during the evening, and the organ obbligato to two of the songs.

ASH-WEDNESDAY CONCERT.—A very well-selected programme of sacred music was given in the Queen's Hall, on February 15th—Ash-Wednesday—by Miss Adelaide Mullen, Miss Annie Layton, Mr. Henry Beaumont, Mr. Alfred J. Layton, and Mrs. A. J. Layton, F.C.O. A somewhat thin audience fully appreciated the beautiful music, which was rendered with the greatest possible success.

SATURDAY, February 18th, brought the first disappointment which has happened at our Popular Concerts since October. Madame Penna, who was announced to appear, was prevented by illness from coming, and her telegram of regret only arrived when the concert was half over. The audience bore their disappointment with the most gratifying composure, and consoled themselves as they well might, with doubly encoring Signor Ducci's marvellous pianoforte playing, and with enjoying the beautiful singing of Miss Agnes Molteno, who very kindly sang two of Madame Penna's songs, besides her own, with the most complete success, and received an encore in each of the songs she sang. The other artistes also came in for a very full share of applause and appreciation. These were Signor Mhanes, Mr. Claude-Trevor, Mr. H. J. Chatterton, whose second song was encored, and by Monsieur René Ortmans, whose violin playing was also encored.

Society and Club Notes.

[NOTE.—Any Club Report arriving after the LAST POST ON MONDAY NIGHT cannot possibly be accepted for the current week.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Thursday last some 50 Ramblers availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting the Polytechnic Institute, in Regent Street, and were much gratified with their successful excursion. Every part of the building was thoroughly explored under competent guides; and the general impression was that the sooner our Palace is like the Poly.—for convenience and comfort—the better for all concerned.

On the Saturday following a party of 25 were permitted, by the courtesy of Messrs. Charrington, to visit their famous Mile End Brewery. This was also a most successful ramble and was thoroughly enjoyed by all those who participated in it, and a wish is generally felt by the members that their most cordial thanks be conveyed to Messrs. Charrington and also to those who ciceroned our two parties.

Whilst this party was being entertained at Messrs Charrington's Brewery, another was taking advantage of a special order from the Governor of the Tower to ramble over the most historical and interesting building in London.

"We can go there at any time," is the reply of many to the invitation. True, but there is always something fresh to learn inside those ancient walls, and the ladies and gentlemen who went last Saturday were indeed fortunate.

Luckily we obtained the services of a conductor who really took an interest in his party. "You have a good library at the People's Palace," said he, "so take my advice and just write down those things about which you feel most interested, and refer to your works on history and antiquities for full information."

It is unnecessary to describe the Crown Jewels, Armoury, Beauchamp Tower, etc., but our visits to the chapels of St. Peter and St. John, "Little Ease" dungeon, Torture chamber and other places which are closed to the general public were inspected properly—not hurried through as is often the case. Even the spot where some time ago the dynamite was placed was shown to us, and the disastrous effect of the explosion explained.

All who took part in the visit voted it a very pleasant and instructive one.

On Saturday next, the 2nd March.—Visit to St. Paul's Cathedral, west door, 3 o'clock. All Tickets available. For those Members who enjoy a walk, a ramble has been arranged to the "Wilfrid Lawson," Woodford, next Saturday. Members meet at "The Green Man," Leytonstone, at 4 o'clock.

TO-NIGHT (Wednesday), also on Friday, the Hon. Secs. will attend at the Palace to issue new tickets to Members.

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

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.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

[NOTE.—This report, which originally reached the Journal office too late for its insertion, should have appeared in last week's number, but owing to a printer's error it did not, unfortunately, do so. I should like to add that Moreton (the Hon. Sec.) is in no respect to blame for its non-insertion.—Sub-Ed. P. 7.]

The fellows of the above Club were again out of town last Saturday fortnight—at Woodford—in earnest combat with the Woodford F.C. After a most pleasant and friendly game the Beaumonts had to retire from the field by being defeated by six goals to love. This defeat partly arose from the absence of two of our best men. (These should have made an effort to be present, knowing the strength of the Club we had to tackle.) We lost another powerful player, through the indisposition of our Captain, who, although unable to take an active part, served as our umpire. As usual our backs, Wenn and Hart, played a good game, their tackling being very noticeable. Munro (half back) also showed up well. On several occasions our forwards broke away, Butterwick and Cook being most prominent, and were only prevented from scoring by the fine defence of the Woodford backs. Some fine runs were made by the Woodford forwards, and all through the play, they played a good combined game. The following represented the Beaumonts:—Jesseman (goal), Wenn and Hart (backs), Munro, Carter, Jordan (half backs), Butterwick, Cook (right wing), Griffitts (centre), Moreton, Smythe (left wing) (forwards).

Beaumont Football Club v. Beaumont Harriers.—The eagerly awaited match between these two well-known clubs, in connection with the Institute, came off last Saturday, at Victoria Park. Among

the spectators present I was extremely pleased to notice a good sprinkling of our M. P.'s, showing full well that, although not Members of the contesting clubs (which they should be), have that amount of interest in them in watching their proceedings. The game was very determinedly contested from start to finish, and ended in a draw, each side scoring two goals. The Harriers played well, considering that they are Harriers, and not regular football players, and thoroughly deserved the two goals obtained. The football element among them was very prominent, and I should very much like to receive their names as Members of the B.F.C.

Our captain, Wand, winning the toss, took advantage of a slight breeze. Swift set the leather rolling for the Harriers, and for a few seconds the ball was quartered near our territory. Munro securing the ball, contrived to pass it to Cook, and the ball was carried into the Harriers' quarters, but, through the good form of their half-backs, our forwards were deprived of the ball, which was transferred to mid-field by a splendid shot by J. Burgess. A few seconds afterwards it was again sent back by Wenn, and "hands" being given to us, Hart sent a pretty kick in goal, from which the first point was registered in our favour, the ball being "kneed" through by Griffitt. Play commencing, the game was most even for a short time. West and Swift (forwards) Harriers, broke away several times in grand style, and our goal was seriously threatened once or twice, but through our strong defence they were unable to score. A free kick being awarded to the Harriers a good try was made for a goal, and an excellent shot was saved by our goal-keeper, Jesseman. Cook, after some fine manoeuvring, captured the ball, and our forwards, by some neat passing, soon had the ball up the other end of the field, and sorely harassed the Harriers' backs (Burgess and Savil), who were, however, equal to all emergencies. Sherrell (Beaumonts) made several fine runs, but was stopped by the Harriers' backs. About five minutes before half-time a second point was registered by Cooper from a free kick by Munro. This seemed to put fresh vigour into the Harriers. Re-starting the ball, the Harriers played a more combined game. Swift and West were again most conspicuous among their forwards, breaking through our backs two or three times, the former kicking a fine goal, this being the first one registered for them. Cooper again kicking off, the ball was passed to Butterwick, who, with Cook soon had the ball near our opponent's goal. It was, however, captured by H. Burgess (back), and sent forward, when another goal was soon afterwards obtained by them, kicked again by Swift. Nothing more was registered on either side, and the game therefore stood as before mentioned. Cook, I believe, fairly carried off the cake among our fellows, who undoubtedly plays most brilliantly.

The following represented the B.F.C.:—Jesseman (goal); Hart, Wenn, (backs); Wainman, Wand (captain); Munro (half-backs); Griffitt, Sherrell (left wing); Cook, Butterwick (right wing); Cooper (centre).

Next Saturday we play the return match with the Abbey, again in the Park. The following will represent the Beaumonts:—Wenn, Hart, Winch, Wainman, Griffitt, Cooper, Jesseman, Butterwick, Cantle, Thompson and Wand (captain).

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

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

On the 13th inst., the second Exhibition of Sketches by Members of the above Club, was held in the Art Class Room, the majority of the Members being present.

Mr. Cornish again favoured the Club by acting as critic. There were several works in each of the four classes, viz.: Landscape, Figure, Design and Still Life.

Some of the sketches were exceedingly well-done, and the general feeling was that the works were far superior to those exhibited last month.

Mr. Cornish complimented the Club on the way in which some of the sketches were done, and added that he was quite astonished at the marked improvement in the quality, and it was evident on all sides that the remarks of last month had been made to an attentive audience, ready to take advantage of the smallest error pointed out in other sketches, which would enable them to improve their own in future.

In fact the only real faults to be found with the Club, were (1) the small number of its Members (2), the state of its funds; the remedy for both these would be supplied if a number of the Members of the People's Palace, who take an interest in sketching, would enrol themselves. This the Committee believe will follow when the advantages of the Club get more widely known.

The subjects for the Exhibition to be held in March, are as follows:—

Landscape	Trees.
Figure	Toil.
Design	6-inch Tile.

Still Life.

Further particulars may be obtained by writing to
T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The Secretaries of the above Club will attend at the Palace on Friday next, at 8 p.m., to receive the names of any Members who would like to join so as to ride in the Road Race on Easter Monday. Members please note that unless they join before the 29th February, they will not be allowed to compete.

Entries must be made to the Secretaries, with 2/- Entrance Fee, before February 29th.

Terms: Entrance, Fee 1s.; Yearly Subscription, 2s. 6d., payable in half yearly instalments. Honorary Members:—Ladies, not less than 2s. 6d., Gentlemen, not less than 5s.

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

BILLIARD-ROOM COMMITTEE.

A General Meeting will be held on Friday evening, the 24th, at 8.30 p.m., to elect three Committee-men in place of Messrs. Moody, Kitchener and Ring.

Number of Room will be given on Blackboard.

A Committee Meeting will be held on Monday, the 27th, at 8.30 p.m., when all Committeemen are requested to attend.

ALFRED STUTTLE, Sec.

(The Billiard Handicap promoted by Mr. S. Harrison started yesterday (Tuesday). Players are requested to note the time their heat commences. Notice must be given to above if Members cannot play at time stated.)

PALACE SCHOOLS FOOTBALL CLUB.

ON Saturday last the boys of the above schools were in high spirits, the cause being the first appearance in public of the Third Eleven; and, although we cannot credit them with victory, their presence in the field at the appointed time, arrayed and ready to do battle for the honour of the club, spoke well for a bright future.

After waiting in a cold cutting wind for an hour and a-half for some sign of their opponents, they at last reluctantly turned their faces homewards, vowing vengeance against the disappointments.

I have since heard that the teacher, forgetting to announce our match, was the cause of their non-appearance.

PALACE SCHOOLS 1ST v. GROVE HOTSPUR.—Played at Well Street Common, the ground being in a very bad condition. The "Spurs," having won the toss, elected to play with a strong wind and hill in their favour. Griffitts started the ball, which was quickly returned; the "Spurs" making some nasty rushes, succeeded in forcing the ball through the goal twice in the first ten minutes. The School now pulled themselves together, and, by some good passing, scored from the foot of Wright, the ball having been restarted. The Schoolboys playing up grandly, succeeded in making the score equal, goal again kicked by Wright. Half-time was now called, and the teams having changed ends, the game was resumed with vigour, both teams straining every nerve to get the winning point; at last the school team were rewarded, McCardle doing the needful. Soon after time was called the Palace School left the ground victors by three goals to two. McCardle, Courtney, and Wright played well for Palace team.

Robb, goal; Brooks, Phillips (backs); Clements, Sawden, Courtney (half-backs); Burton, McCardle, Griffitts, Elstob, Wright (forwards).

PALACE SCHOOLS 2ND v. NORTHEY STREET SCHOOLS.—Played at Victoria Park. Our boys, who have greatly improved, had the best of the game right through, and when time was called, were declared victors by four goals to nil.

Baines (goal); Palmer, Billington (backs); Price, Langdon, Blackwall (half-backs); Howard, White, Elstob, Gurr, Oughton (forwards).

PALACE SCHOOLS 3RD v. GLENGALL ROAD SCHOOLS.—No match: the Glengall Road team not putting in an appearance.

Paterson (goal); Howell, Birkett (backs); Butler, Atkinson, Wilmott (half-backs); Austin, Davy, Bersey, Hill, Sides (forwards).

A. HUNT, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

FOOTBALL MATCH WITH BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

Footballers or no Footballers, the Harriers decided to accept the challenge of the so-called 'Monts Football Club to a friendly contest, and according to previous arrangements, they met on Saturday last, at Victoria Park, to decide same. Notwithstanding the weather being bitterly cold, a large number of spectators (i.e., something under a thousand—may as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb), assembled to witness, what turned out to be, a well-contested game, as the match eventually resulted in a draw, each side obtaining two goals. Friend Phœbus having favoured us with his presence during the morning, and thawed the snow which had fallen on the previous night, made the ground in a somewhat soft and slippery condition. The 'Monts having won the toss elected to play with the wind at their backs, and set the ball rolling punctually at 3.40, and after about ten minutes' fast play, succeeded in scoring first blood, we should say, goal. This seemed to bring the Harriers to their senses, and the ball having been again kicked off the play was all at the 'Monts' end of the ground, until just before half-time, when a snowstorm coming on it had the effect of waking the footballists up, and breaking away. They took the ball down to the Harriers' end, and in a scrimmage round their goal, were again successful in scoring: the ball was again brought into play for a few minutes when "half-time" was called. The Harriers by this time had got used to the game, and starting off in earnest, with the wind at their backs, they continued to keep the ball at the 'Monts' end of the ground, and very shortly, by a well directed shot,

succeeded in scoring the first goal. The play now became very fast, but notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the footballists, they could not keep the ball from their end of the ground, and the Harriers, after several ineffectual attempts, succeeded in scoring their second goal, in spite of the endeavours of the 'Monts' goal-keeper to prevent same. The time now being very short both sides played very vigorously, each doing their utmost to gain supremacy. The Harriers continued to keep the ball at their opponents' end of the ground, and although the Footballists several times broke away, the Harriers would not be denied, and the game ultimately resulted as we have already stated. For the Footballists, Jesseman kept goal exceedingly well, and Wenn at back and Wainman at half-back, played first-rate, as did also Cooper, Cook and Butterwick, in the forward division. For the Harriers, the brothers Burgess played well at back and half-back respectively, as did also Bowman at half-back, and Robb and West in the forward division. In the course of the game, Deeley met with a slight accident by slipping and splitting his what-do-you-call-'ems down the side, which caused him to present a very ludicrous appearance, but he, nevertheless, continued to play on, greatly to the amusement of the crowd. Mr. T. G. Carter kindly acted as referee. The following were the representatives of each team:—Harriers: Kitchener (goal), J. H. Burgess and Savill (backs), A. Bowman, W. Parsons and J. Burgess (half-backs), Lebbs, Robb, Swift, Deeley and West (forwards). Footballists: Jesseman (goal), Hart and Wenn (backs), Munro, Wand and Wainman (half backs); Coote, Butterwick, Cooper, Griffitts and Sherrell (forwards).

A run over the five mile course will take place to-morrow, Thursday evening, starting from the "Forest Gate Hotel," at 8.30 p.m.

On Saturday next, a Five Mile Handicap for the Cup, so kindly presented by E. Flower, Esq., will take place. Besides the Cup a Gold Centre Medal will be given to the first man and a Silver Medal to the second.

The following is the handicap of the entries received up to the time of going to press:—J. R. Deeley, scratch; E. C. Tebbs, scratch; A. L. Rosenblatt, 20 secs.; E. J. Crowe, 30 secs.; H. Marshall, 2 mins. 45 secs.; B. Savill, 1 min. 25 secs.; E. O. Robb, 2 mins. 40 secs.; E. J. Taylor, 1 min. 10 secs.; J. W. P. West, 2 mins.; J. Hawkes, 2 mins. 40 secs.; G. Kitchener, 2 mins. 45 secs.; A. Cunningham 1 min. 20 secs.; W. E. Hawkes, 3 mins.; E. Bates, 2 mins. 15 secs.

After the race a high tea and smoker will be held, to which a cordial invitation is given to the Club's last Saturday opponents, and we hope a good number of their Members will be present with their friends. We beg to remind everyone not to forget their music.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Report, Wednesday, February 15th.—Mr. Marshall in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting having been read and passed, the Chairman rose and announced the sad death of Mr. Sydney Thomas, late Hon. Secretary of the Society. Several resolutions were in consequence passed: (1) Expressing condolence with the late Secretary's family; (2) Resolving that a wreath should be purchased and be placed upon the coffin; (3) Arranging that a deputation should attend the funeral on Sunday, the 19th February.

It was then moved by Mr. London, seconded by Mr. Norton: "That in consequence of the death of Mr. S. Thomas, this meeting be adjourned till February 22nd, when a Special General Meeting will be held."

Mr. Masters proposed the following amendment: "That this meeting do now adjourn till February 29th."

Voting as follows:

For the amendment	7
Against	12
Majority	5
For the original motion	15
Against	4
Majority	11

The meeting then adjourned till the 22nd inst., when a Special General Meeting will be held.

All information may be obtained of

HORACE J. HAWKINS, Hon. Sec.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

A Committee Meeting was held on Friday last, Mr. Walter Marshall in the chair. The rules, which will shortly be submitted to a General Meeting, were discussed and agreed upon.

It is proposed to limit the Club to 100 Members (fifty ladies and fifty gentlemen), and to make the subscription 5s. per annum, payable in equal amounts on the 1st April and 1st July.

Early application for Membership is requested. Kindly send names and addresses to A. W. Clews, Hon. Sec., 61, Tredegar Road, Bow.

"Treed" by Grizzlies.

RETURNING to camp one evening in the Big Horn Mountains, two hunters discovered that a companion had gone off after a bear. As he had not returned when the moon rose they went to search for him. After tramping about three miles they heard a distant yell in response to their shouting. "As soon as we got near enough to understand what he was saying," one of the party writes, "we moved forward with extreme caution. Shouting at the top of his voice, he told us that he was treed by a whole herd of grizzlies, and had parted company with his Winchester. 'Be mighty careful!' he shouted. 'They're getting all worked up over hearing you. Crawl up as near as you safely can, and then take to the trees with your guns. We had moved up to within about 150 yards of Sagebrush's tree, when he yelled out that several of the grizzlies were moving off in our direction. I was just boosting the Englishman up into the nearest tree, when the foremost bear came scurrying through not more than thirty paces away. There was a likely looking tree about twenty yards further back, and to the best of my recollection I reached that tree in about three jumps. Quick as I was, however, I wasn't a moment too lively; for the bear was underneath the tree, looking up with that longing expression peculiar to a grizzly when he has treed anything, and particularly a man. Tucking myself up a yard or two higher, I got astride of a big strong branch and turned around to take in the situation. By this time four bears had arrived on the scene, and Sagebrush was calling out to inquire if we were both safe. After replying that we were all right, I turned my attention to the Englishman. Fortunately for him the space between his tree and mine was quite clear. In the hurry to get him up off the ground he had sprung to the nearest tree after Sagebrush called out, and it turned out to be the poorest kind of a retreat. After the first six feet from the ground numerous snags made it easy enough to scale; but a very few feet higher up and it ended in such a bushy mass of little branches that it was impossible for him to climb well out of danger. No more uncomfortable position could be well imagined than the one he found himself in when arrested by the scrubby branches. All of a sudden he sang out, 'For God's sake, Hank, use your Winchester if you can. I'm in a devil of a trap; they're climbing the tree.'" Sure enough one determined old cuss was making a clumsy attempt to hoist himself up by clinging to the snags above. Drawing a bead on the varmint that was trying to climb the tree, my Winchester barked, and I was mightily relieved to see him topple over and take to flopping and thrashing around on the ground. In his fury at the sharp twinge of the bullet he tackled one of the other bears, and for a minute or two we witnessed a scrimmage that was away ahead of any circus for a real live show. For the time being the other three bears seemed to forget us; they shuffled around the combatants, walked backward, stood on their hind feet, whined and snarled and otherwise betrayed great excitement. It isn't very often that bears get to fighting among themselves; they are generally as peaceful and playful as so many kittens. When they do get at it, however, they are pretty savage and the wounded grizzly and his antagonist fought and rolled and roared and kicked up such a racket that Sagebrush wanted to know what was up; and two other bears deserted their vigil under his tree and came lumbering over to the scene of the conflict. 'I guess I'm all right now,' sang out the Englishman at this stage. 'I've found a snag that I can sit down on after a fashion and draw my feet up higher. I couldn't use my gun before—bang! He seemed eager to show that he was in position to use it now, anyhow, and to some purpose; for, at the crack of his Winchester, round and round spun another

grizzly, roaring and biting where he had been struck. 'Let 'em have it Hank; we'll have the whole herd a fighting and tearing one another to pieces in a minute.' The din of battling bears, the fighting, cuffing, snarling, and roaring was making the woods ring, and yet another one came hurrying across from Sagebrush's direction. We were now looking down upon seven grizzlies, the biggest bunch I ever saw together up in the mountains. In ten minutes there wasn't a bear left with an unpunctured hide in the whole herd, and they were fighting together like a school of Kilkenny cats—seven grizzly bears, maddened by bullet-wounds, roaring and wrestling and clawing and biting. But the bullets and their own fighting began to tell. First one rolled over and stretched out, then another sat down on his haunches and drooped his head, and finally sprawled out; a third moseyed off some distance to sit down and lick his wounds, and a fourth began spinning round and round like a crazy thing, whining and moaning. They were getting pretty weak with loss of blood and tired of fighting. We still dosed them with lead, and at length four of the seven lay stretched out on the field, and the other three had moseyed off, most likely to die of their wounds, for every one of them must have been badly hit. We stayed up in the trees till broad daylight, not thinking it prudent to trust ourselves on the ground before, with three dangerously wounded grizzlies roaming around the immediate neighbourhood. On the way home Sagebrush told us that he had been 'treed' about eight hours."—*St. James's Gazette.*

A Memorable Explosion.

AMONG the remarkable displacement and destruction narrated of gunpowder is the following, which occurred in the precinct of Allhallows, Barking, towards the east end of Tower Street. Over against the wall of Barking churchyard was the house of a ship-chandler, who, upon the 4th of January 1649, about 7 o'clock at night, being busy in his shop barrelling up gunpowder, it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye, blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabout, to the number (towards the street and in back alleys) of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could never be known, for the next house but one was the Rose Tavern, a house never (at that time of night) but full of company; and that day the parish dinner was at that house. And in three or four days after, digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, and half bodies, miserably torn and scorched, besides many whole bodies, not so much as their clothes singed.

In the course of this accident, says the narrator (Mr. Leybourne, in Strype), "I will instance two; the one a dead, and other a living monument. In the digging (as I said before) they found the mistress of the house of the Rose Tavern sitting in her bar, and one of the drawers standing by the bar's side, with a pot in his hand, only stifled with dust and smoke; their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling cross one upon another. This is one.

Another is this:—The next morning there was found upon the upper leads of Barking Church, a young child lying in a cradle, as newly laid in bed, neither the child nor the cradle having the least sign of any fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it as a memorial; for, in the year 1666, I saw the child, grown to be then a proper maiden, and came to the man that had kept her all that time, where he was drinking at a tavern with some other company then present. And he told us she was the child so found in the cradle upon the church leads as aforesaid."

According to a tablet which hangs beneath the organ gallery of the church, the quantity of gunpowder exploded in this catastrophe was twenty-seven barrels.

In the Carquinez Woods.

By BRET HARTE.

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. LONGMAN, GREEN & CO.

CHAPTER I.—(continued.)



AS it her own breathing, quickened with a sudden nameless terror? or was there something outside? Her heart seemed to stop beating while she listened. Yes!—it was a panting outside—a panting now increased, multiplied, redoubled, mixed with the sounds of rustling, tearing, and occasionally a quick, impatient snarl. She crept on her hands and knees to the opening and looked out. At first the ground seemed to be undulating between her and the opposite tree. But a second glance showed her the black and grey, bristling, tossing backs of tumbling beasts of prey, charging the carcass of the bear that lay at its roots, or contesting for the prize with gluttonous choked breath, sidelong snarls, arched spines, and recurved tails. One of the boldest had leaped upon a buttressing root of her tree within a foot of the opening. The excitement, awe, and terror she had undergone culminated in one wild, maddened scream, that seemed to pierce even the cold depths of the forest, as she dropped on her face, with her hands clasped over her eyes in an agony of fear.

Her scream was answered, after a pause, by a sudden volley of firebrands and sparks into the midst of the panting, crowding pack; a few smothered howls and snaps, and a sudden dispersion of the concourse. In another moment the young man, with a blazing brand in either hand, leaped upon the body of the bear.

Teresa raised her head, uttered a hysterical cry, slid down the tree, flew wildly to his side, caught convulsively at his sleeve, and fell on her knees beside him.

"Save me! save me!" she gasped, in a voice broken by terror. "Save me from those hideous creatures. No, no!" she implored, as he endeavoured to lift her to her feet. "No—let me stay here close beside you. So," clutching the fringe of his leather hunting-shirt, and dragging herself on her knees nearer him, "so—don't leave me, for God's sake!"

"They are gone," he replied, gazing down curiously at her, as she wound the fringe around her hand to strengthen her hold; "they're only a lot of cowardly coyotes and wolves, that dare not attack anything that lives and can move."

The young woman responded with a nervous shudder. "Yes; that's it," she whispered, in a broken voice; "it's only the dead they want. Promise me—swear to me, if I'm caught or hung or shot, you won't let me be left here to be torn and—ah! my God! what's that?"

She had thrown her arms around his knees, completely pinioning him to her frantic breast. Something like a smile of disdain passed across his face as he answered: "It's nothing. They will not return. Get up!"

Even in her terror she saw the change of his face. "I know, I know!" she cried. "I'm frightened—but I cannot bear it any longer. Hear me! Listen! Listen—but don't move! I didn't mean to kill Curson—no! I swear to God, no! I didn't mean to kill the sheriff—and I didn't. I was only bragging—do you hear? I lied! I lied—don't move, I swear to God I lied. I've made myself out worse than I was. I have. Only don't leave me now—and if I die—and it's not far off, may be—get me away from here—and from them. Swear it!"

"All right," said the young man, with a scarcely concealed movement of irritation. "But get up now, and go back to the cabin."

"No; not there alone." Nevertheless he quietly but firmly released himself.

"I will stay here," he replied. "I would have been nearer to you, but I thought it better for your safety

that my camp-fire should be further off. But I can build it here, and that will keep the coyotes off."

"Let me stay with you—beside you," she said imploringly.

She looked so broken, crushed, and spiritless, so unlike the woman of the morning—that, albeit with an ill grace, he tacitly consented, and turned away to bring his blankets. But in the next moment she was at his side, following him like a dog, silent and wistful, and even offering to carry his burden. When he had built the fire, for which she had collected the pine-cones and broken branches near them, he sat down, folded his arms, and leaned back against the tree in reserved and deliberate silence. Humble and submissive, she did not attempt to break in upon a reverie she could not help but feel that little kindness to herself. As the fire snapped and sparkled, she pillowed her head upon a root, and lay still to watch it.

It rose and fell, and dying away at times to a mere lurid glow, and again agitated by some breath scarcely perceptible to them, quickening into a roaring flame. When only the embers remained, a deal silence filled the wood. Then the first breath of morning moved the tangled canopy above, and a dozen tiny sprays and needles detached from the interlocked boughs winged their soft way noiselessly to the earth. A few fell upon the prostrate woman like a gentle benediction, and she slept. But even then, the young man, looked down, saw that the slender fingers were still aimlessly but rigidly twisted in the leather fringe of his hunting-shirt.

CHAPTER II.

It was a peculiarity of the Carquinez Wood that it stood apart and distinct in its gigantic individuality. Even where the integrity of its own singular species was not entirely preserved, it admitted no inferior trees. Nor was there any diminishing fringe on its outskirts; the sentinels that guarded the few gateways of the dim trails were as monstrous as the serried ranks drawn up in the heart of the forest. Consequently, the red highway that skirted the eastern angle was bare and shadeless, until it slipped a league off into a watered valley and refreshed itself under lesser sycamores and willows. It was here the newly-born city of Excelsior, still in its cradle, had, like an infant Hercules, strangled the serpentine North Fork of the American river, and turned its life-current into the ditches and flumes of the Excelsior miners.

Newest of the new houses that seemed to have accidentally formed its single, straggling street, was the residence of the Rev. Winslow Wynn, not unfrequently known as "Father Wynn," pastor of the first Baptist church. The "pastorage," as it was cheerfully called, had the glaring distinction of being built of brick, and was, as had been wickedly pointed out by idle scoffers, the only "fireproof" structure in town. This sarcasm was not, however, supposed to be particularly distasteful to "Father Wynn," who enjoyed the reputation of being "hail fellow—well met" with the rough mining element, who called them by their Christian names, had been known to drink at the bar of the Polka Saloon while engaged in the conversion of a prominent citizen, and was popularly said to have no "gospel starch" about him. Certain conscious outcasts and transgressors were touched at this apparent unbending of the spiritual authority. The rigid tenets of Father Wynn's faith were lost in the supposed catholicity of his humanity. "A preacher that can jine a man when he's histin' liquor into him, without jawin' about it, ought to be allowed to wrestle with sinners and splash about in as much cold water as he likes," was the criticism of one of his converts. Nevertheless, it was true that Father Wynn was somewhat loud and intolerant in his tolerance. It was true that he was a little more rough, a little more frank, a little more hearty, a little more impulsive than his disciples. It was true that often the proclamation of his extreme liberality

and brotherly equality partook somewhat of an apology. It is true that a few who might have been most benefited by this kind of gospel regarded him with a singular disdain. It is true that his liberality was of an ornamental, insinuating quality, accompanied with but little sacrifice; his acceptance of a collection taken up in a gambling saloon for the rebuilding of his church destroyed by fire, gave him a popularity large enough, it must be confessed, to cover the sins of the gamblers themselves, but it was not proven that he had ever organised any form of relief. But it was true that local history somehow accepted him as an exponent of mining Christianity, without the least reference to the opinions of the Christian miners themselves.

The Rev. Mr. Wynn's liberal habits and opinions were not, however, shared by his only daughter, a motherless young lady of eighteen. Nellie Wynn was in the eye of Excelsior an unapproachable divinity, as inaccessible and cold as her father was impulsive and familiar. An atmosphere of chaste and proud virginity made itself felt even in the starched integrity of her spotless skirts, in her neatly gloved finger tips, in her clear amber eyes, in her imperious red lips, in her sensitive nostrils. Need it be said that the youth and middle age of Excelsior were madly, because apparently hopelessly, in love with her? For the rest, she had been expensively educated, was profoundly ignorant in two languages, with a trained misunderstanding of music and painting, and a natural and faultless taste in dress.

The Rev. Mr. Wynn was engaged in a characteristic hearty parting with one of his latest converts, upon his own doorstep, with admirable *al fresco* effect. He had just clasped him on the shoulder. "Good-bye, good-bye, Charley, my boy, and keep in the right path; not up, or down, or round the gulch, you know—ha, ha!—but straight across lots to the shining gate." He had raised his voice under the stimulus of a few admiring spectators, and backed his convert playfully against the wall. "You see! we're goin' in to win—you bet. Good-bye! I'd ask you to step in and have a chat, but I've got my work to do, and so have you. The gospel mustn't keep us from that—must it, Charley—ha, ha!"

The convert (who elsewhere was a profane expressman, and had become quite imbecile under Mr. Wynn's active heartiness and brotherly horse-play before spectators) managed, however, to feebly stammer with a blush something about "Miss Nellie."

"Ah, Nellie. She, too, is at her tasks—trimming her lamps—you know, the parable of the wise virgins," continued Father Wynn hastily, fearing that the convert might take the illustration literally. "There, there—good-bye. Keep in the right path." And with a parting shove he dismissed Charley and entered his own house.

That "wise virgin," Nellie, had evidently finished with the lamp, and was now going out to meet the bridegroom, as she was fully dressed and gloved and had a pink parasol in her hand, as her father entered the sitting-room. His bluff heartiness seemed to fade away as he removed his soft broad-brimmed hat and glanced across the too fresh-looking apartment. There was a smell of mortar still in the air, and a faint suggestion that at any moment green grass might appear between the interstices of the red-brick hearth. The room, yielding a little in the point of coldness, seemed to share Miss Nellie's fresh virginity, and, barring the pink parasol, set her off as in a vestal's cell.

"I supposed you wouldn't care to see Brace, the expressman, so I got rid of him at the door," said her father, drawing one of the new chairs towards him slowly, and sitting down carefully as if it were a hitherto untried experiment.

Miss Nellie's face took a tint of interest. "Then he doesn't go with the coach, to Indian Spring to-day?"

"No; why?"

"I thought of going over myself to get the Burnham

girls to come to choir-meeting," replied Miss Nellie carefully, "and he might have been company."

"He'd go now, if he knew you were going," said her father, "but it's just as well he shouldn't be needlessly encouraged. I rather think that Sheriff Dunn is a little jealous of him. By the way, the sheriff is much better. I called to cheer him up to-day" (Mr. Wynn had, in fact, tumultuously accelerated the sick man's pulse), "and he talked of you as usual. In fact, he said he had only two things to get well for. One was to catch and hang that woman Teresa, who shot him; the other—can't you guess the other?" he added archly, with a faint suggestion of his other manner.

Miss Nellie coldly could not.

The Rev. Mr. Wynn's archness vanished. "Don't be a fool," he said dryly. "He wants to marry you, and you know it."

"Most of the men here do," responded Miss Nellie, without the least trace of coquetry. "Is the wedding or the hanging to take place first, or together—so he can officiate at both?"

"His share in the Union Ditch is worth a hundred thousand dollars," continued her father, "and if he isn't nominated for District Judge this fall, he's bound to go to the legislature any way. I don't think a girl with your advantages and education can afford to throw away the chance of shining in Sacramento, San Francisco, or, in good time, perhaps even Washington."

Miss Nellie's eyes did not reflect entire disapproval of this suggestion, although she replied with something of her father's practical quality.

"Mr. Dunn is not out of his bed yet, and they say Teresa's got away to Arizona, so there isn't any hurry."

"Perhaps not; but see here, Nellie, I've some important news for you. You know your young friend of the Carquinez Woods—Dorman—the botanist, eh? Well, Brace knows all about him. And what do you think he is?"

Miss Nellie took upon herself a few extra degrees of cold, and didn't know.

"An Injin! Yes, an out-and-out Cherokee. You see he calls himself Dorman—Low Dorman. That's only French for 'sleeping water'—his Injin name, 'Low Dorman.'"

"You mean 'l'Eau Dormante,'" said Nellie.

"That's what I said. The chief called him 'Sleeping Water' when he was a boy, and one of them French Canadian trappers translated it into French when he brought him to California to school. But he's an Injin, sure. No wonder he prefers to live in the woods."

"Well?" said Nellie.

"Well," echoed her father impatiently, "he's an Injin, I tell you, and you can't of course have anything to do with him. He mustn't come here again."

"But you forget," said Nellie imperturbably, "that it was you who invited him here, and were so much exercised over him. You remember you introduced him to the Bishop and those eastern clergymen as a magnificent specimen of a young Californian. You forget what an occasion you made of his coming to church on Sunday, and how you made him come in his buck-skin shirt and walk down the street with you after service!"

"Yes, yes," said the Rev. Mr. Wynn hurriedly.

"And," continued Nellie carelessly, "how you made us sing out of the same book 'Children of our Father's Fold,' and how you preached at him until he actually got a colour!"

"Yes" said her father, "but it wasn't known then he was an Injin, and they are frightfully unpopular with those South-Western men among whom we labour. Indeed, I am quite convinced that when Brace said 'the only good Injin was a dead one,' his expression, though extravagant perhaps, really voiced the sentiments of the majority. It would be only kindness to the unfortunate creature to warn him from exposing himself to their rude but conscientious antagonism."

"Perhaps you'd better tell him, then, in your own popular way, which they all seem to understand so well," responded the daughter. Mr. Wynn cast a quick glance at her, but there was no trace of irony in her face—nothing but half-bored indifference as she walked toward the window.

"I will go with you to the coach-office," said her father, who generally gave these simple paternal duties the pronounced character of a public Christian example.

"It's hardly worth while," replied Miss Nellie. "I've to stop at the Watsons' at the foot of the hill, and ask after the baby, so I shall go on to the Crossing and pick up the coach when it passes. Good-bye."

Nevertheless, as soon as Nellie had departed, the Rev. Mr. Wynn proceeded to the coach-office, and publicly grasping the hand of Yuba Bill, the driver, commended his daughter to his care in the name of the universal brotherhood of man and the Christian fraternity. Carried away by his heartiness he forgot his previous caution, and confided to the expressman Miss Nellie's regrets that she was not to have that gentleman's company. The result was that Miss Nellie found the coach with its passengers awaiting her with uplifted hats and wreathed smiles at the Crossing, and the box-seat (from which an unfortunate stranger, who had expensively paid for it, had been summarily ejected) at her service beside Yuba Bill, who had thrown away his cigar and donned a new pair of buckskin gloves to do her honour. But a more serious result to the young beauty was the effect of the Rev. Mr. Wynn's confidences upon the impulsive heart of Jack Brace, the expressman. It has already been intimated that it was his "day off."

Unable to summarily reassume his usual functions beside the driver without some practical reason, and ashamed to go so palpably as a mere passenger, he was forced to let the coach proceed without him. Discomfited for the moment, he was not, however, beaten. He had lost the blissful journey by her side, which would have been his professional right, but—she was going to Indian Spring! could he not anticipate her there? Might they not meet in the most accidental manner? And what might not come from that meeting away from the prying eyes of their own town? Mr. Brace did not hesitate, but saddling his fleet buckskin, by the time the stage-coach had passed the Crossing in the high-road he had mounted the hill and was dashing along the "cut-off" in the same direction, a full mile in advance.

Arriving at Indian Spring, he left his horse at a Mexican *posada* on the confines of the settlement, and from the piled *débris* of a tunnel excavation awaited the slow arrival of the coach. On mature reflection he could give no reason why he had not boldly awaited it at the Express office, except a certain bashful consciousness of his own folly, and a belief that it might be glaringly apparent to the bystanders. When the coach arrived and he had overcome this consciousness, it was too late. Yuba Bill had discharged his passengers for Indian Spring and driven away. Miss Nellie was in the settlement, but where? As time passed he became more desperate and bolder. He walked recklessly up and down the main street, glancing in at the open doors of shops, and even in the windows of private dwellings. It might have seemed a poor compliment to Miss Nellie, but it was an evidence of his complete pre-occupation when the sight of a female face at a window, even though it was plain or perhaps painted, caused his heart to bound, or the glancing of a skirt in the distance quickened his feet and his pulses. Had Jack contented himself with remaining at Excelsior he might have vaguely regretted, but as soon become as vaguely accustomed to, Miss Nellie's absence. But it was not until his hitherto quiet and passive love took this first step of action that it fully declared itself. When he had made the tour of the town a dozen times unsuccessfully, he had perfectly made up his mind that marriage with Nellie or the speedy death of several people, including possibly himself, was the only alternative.

He regretted he had not accompanied her; he regretted he had not demanded where she was going; he contemplated a course of future action that two hours ago would have filled him with bashful terror.

There was clearly but one thing to do: to declare his passion the instant he met her, and return with her to Excelsior an accepted suitor or not to return at all.

Suddenly he was vexatiously conscious of hearing his name lazily called, and looking up, found that he was on the outskirts of the town, and interrogated by two horsemen.

"Got down to walk, and the coach got away from you, Jack, eh?"

A little ashamed of his pre-occupation, Brace stammered something about "collections." He did not recognise the men, but his own name, and business were familiar to everybody for fifty miles along the stage-road.

"Well, you can settle a bet for us, I reckon. Bill Dacre thar bet me five dollars and the drinks that a young gal we met at the edge of the Carquinez Woods, dressed in a long brown duster and half muffled up in a hood, was the daughter of Father Wynn of Excelsior. I did not get a fair look at her, but it stands to reason that a high-toned young lady like Nellie Wynn don't go trap'sing along the wood like a Pike country tramp. I took the bet. May be you know if she's here or in Excelsior?"

Mr. Brace felt himself turning pale with eagerness and excitement. But the near prospect of seeing her presently gave him back his caution, and he answered truthfully that he had left her in Excelsior, and that in his two hours' sojourn in Indian Spring he had not met her once. "But," he added, with a Californian's reverence for the sanctity of a bet, "I reckon you'd better make it a stand off the twenty-four hours, and I'll find out and let you know." Which, it is only fair to say, he honestly intended to do.

With a hurried nod of parting, he continued in the direction of the Woods. When he had satisfied himself that the strangers had entered the settlement and would not follow him for further explanation, he quickened his pace. In half an hour he passed between two of the gigantic sentinels that guarded the entrance to a trail. Here he paused to collect his thoughts. The Woods were vast in extent, the trail dim and uncertain—at times apparently breaking off, or intersecting another trail as faint as itself. Believing that Miss Nellie had diverged from the highway only as a momentary excursion into the shade, and that she would not dare to penetrate its more sombre and unknown recesses, he kept within sight of the skirting plain. By degrees the sedate influence of the silent vaults seemed to depress him. The ardour of the chase began to flag. Under the calm of their dim roof the fever of his veins began to subside; his pace slackened, he reasoned more deliberately. It was by no means probable that the young woman in a brown duster was Nellie; it was not her habitual travelling dress—it was not like her to walk unattended in the road—there was nothing in her tastes and habits to take her into this gloomy forest, allowing that she had even entered it, and on this absolute question of her identity the two witnesses were divided. He stopped irresolutely and cast a last, long, half-despairing look around him. Hitherto he had given that part of the wood nearest the plain his greatest attention. His glance now sought its darker recesses. Suddenly he became breathless. Was it a beam of sunlight that had pierced the groined roof above and now rested against the trunk of one of the dimmer, more secluded giants? No, it was moving; even as he gazed, it slipped away, glanced against another tree, passed across one of the vaulted aisles, and then was lost again. Brief as was the glimpse, he was not mistaken—it was the figure of a woman.

(To be continued).

Dirty Dick of Leadenhall St.

EARLY in the present century there was living in Leadenhall Street, an eccentric person named Nathaniel Bentley, who, by reason of his disregard for appearances, obtained the unenviable name of "Dirty Dick." He kept a large emporium for all sorts of wares: the number of the house was 46, now divided into two tenements. Bentley's shop was one of the curiosities of the town, whither strangers flocked "less to buy than to stare," and it was usually confessed,

Though the dirt was so frightful,
The dirty man's manners were truly delightful.

In his early days he was called "the Beau of Leadenhall Street," and might be seen at public places of resort, dressed as a man of fashion. He not only spoke French and Italian fluently, but, as the rhyme implies, his demeanour was that of a polished gentleman. Whence the cause of his decadence into dirt? As the story goes, our young tradesman had made proposals of marriage to the daughter of a wealthy citizen, and had been accepted; but the lady died suddenly, and Bentley's hopes were wrecked. Time passed on, and our fashionable beau became the inveterate enemy of soap and towels; and hence "Dirty Dick." His house was equally neglected. That wonderful room, whose inside no mortal might brag to have viewed, and the circumstances in which it became so, are described in *The Dirty Old Man, a Lay of Leadenhall*, by William Allingham, who notes that the verses accord with the accepted accounts of the man and his house:—

That room—forty years since folks settled and deck'd it,
The luncheon's prepared, and the guests are expected;
The handsome young host he is gallant and gay,
For his love and her friends will be with him to-day.

With solid and dainty the table is drest,
The wine beams its brightest, the flowers bloom their best;
Yet the host need not smile, and no guests will appear,
For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall hear.

Full forty years since, turned the key in that door;
'Tis a room deaf and dumb 'mid the city's uproar.

Cup and platter are mask'd in thick layers of dust;
The flow'rs fall'n to powder, the wines swath'd in crust;
A nosegay was laid before one special chair,
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it lies there.

In February 1804, Bentley finally quitted his warehouse in Leadenhall Street, in which for forty years he had conducted business, among cobwebs and dust. He then took a house in Jewry Street, Aldgate, where he lived for three years; but his landlord refusing to renew the lease, he removed to Leonard Street, Shoreditch, taking with him a stock of spoiled goods, to the amount of £10,000. Here he was robbed of a considerable sum by a woman with whom he was imprudent enough to associate in his old age. To divert his mind, after this misfortune, he travelled for a time until he reached Haddington, in Scotland. Almost penniless, and suffering severely from ill-health, he took up his abode at the Crown Inn, where he died about the close of the year 1809, and was buried in the churchyard of that town.

Distressed Orphans.—Shortly before the Coronation of George III., Walpole relates this incident. "I was extremely diverted t'other day with my mother's and my old milliner; she said she had a petition to present to me. 'What is it, Mrs. Burton?' 'It is in behalf of two poor orphans.' I began to feel for my purse. 'What can I do for them, Mrs. Burton?' 'Only if your honour would be so compassionate as to get them tickets for the Coronation.' I could not keep my countenance, and these distressed orphans are two—and three-and-twenty! Did you ever hear a more melancholy case?"

Human Goodness.—The first condition of human goodness is something to love; the second, something to reverence.

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.)

Re CONCERTS.

SIR,—Much annoyance is sometimes caused at the Concerts on Wednesdays and Saturdays, especially at the classical ones, by the loud and incessant talking indulged in by some people, noticeably too by those from whom, judging by their appearance, one might expect more polite behaviour.

May I be permitted to suggest that officers of the Palace be present at these Concerts, who shall specially endeavour to enforce silence that this nuisance, which altogether spoils one's enjoyment of the very excellent Concerts we have had the opportunity of listening to lately, may be stopped.—Believe me, Sir, yours very truly,
J. B.

Re ELEMENTARY FRENCH CLASS.

DEAR SIR,—Having read the remarks of "Alexis" in your issue of the 5th inst., I, as a fellow-student, quite concur with all he says. There is too much frivolity in the class, and I think it rather hard that our teacher (who strives very much to advance us in our studies), and those who wish to make progress, should be hindered by a few who take no apparent interest in their work. Of course I should like to see the classes as before, but I think we could soon remove the difficulty if we all paid strict attention to our work, thereby helping our instructor, rather than making his task heavier than it should be.

Trusting you will insert these few lines, I remain yours obediently,
"UN ELEVE."

Re ELEMENTARY FRENCH CLASS.

DEAR SIR,—I was very pleased to see a letter in your last issue respecting the Elementary French Class, as it is a grievance that requires a little airing. I can fully endorse all that "Alexis" has said respecting it. The class is far too large, and it is impossible for Mons. Vaton to give each individual the instruction they require to thoroughly master a language. Trusting it will soon be altered, I remain, yours truly,
A. ALLARD.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—Observing in your interesting Journal notices of different clubs already in existence, and also letters expressing the wish for clubs to be brought into existence, may I venture to suggest the formation of a photographic club among the hundreds of Members of the Institute and attendants of the different classes. I am convinced that there are a number of amateur photographers and others who would be glad to associate themselves for the object of gaining experience in the art by periodical meetings and outings, and no doubt some of the members of the class now proceeding on the subject would welcome such a club, especially those who are about to commence the art practically.—I am, yours faithfully,
ONE WHO WOULD LIKE IT.

ROWING CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to the notes in last week's issue of the Journal regarding the formation of a rowing club, I think those Members who are rowing-men are quite right in demanding a club of their own, and not being affiliated with the Lytton or any other club.

Why do some of those in high places look unfavourably on our desires? We have cricket, football, harriers, and numerous other clubs, and yet those who advocate these virtually throw obstacles in the way of us scullers.

Let a few energetic Members, who are desirous of a rowing club, respond to the sub-Editor's ably-written call, and form a sort of league for the purpose of representing to the Trustees their wishes, and I am sure they will help all in their power (as they have done with the other clubs); and I think, within a short period, we should be able to force our way to the front in the rowing world, and become one of the first clubs in London, and one which the Institute may well be proud of.

I do not shut my eyes to the fact that there would be considerable expense incurred in starting a club of this description, but this could be overcome.

If you can find space to insert this in your next issue I shall be extremely obliged.—Yours truly,
W. H. TAYLOR.

SUNDAY ORGAN RECITALS.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to enclose herewith a letter extracted from the *East London Observer* of the 11th inst., which has reference to the applause given to the organists who play the recitals on Sundays. For my own part I fully endorse J. G.'s sentiments upon the subject, and hope his suggestion for its extermination will be adopted. I have seen persons join in the applause who are, as far as outside appearances go, gentlemen, and have been greatly surprised to find them guilty of such a grave and, in my opinion, well-known breach of custom.—Yours respectfully,
A PALACE MEMBER.

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 next, Feb. 24th.

COMPETITION SET JAN. 25.

The four names which stood next on the list in this Competition, were—

French Divine ..	Fenelon.
English Divine ..	Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury
Lady Benefactor ..	Elizabeth Fry.
English Historian ..	David Hume.

None of the nine "ties" succeeded in naming all of these names, and only two of them named three. Between these two, therefore, the prize will be divided. Their names and addresses are

M. E. CLEWS,	61, Tredegar Road, Bow.
And LEOPOLD NEUMEGER,	140, Grove Road, E.

COMPETITION SET FEB. 1.

The result of the Competition for a list of the six most representative men of letters that ever lived in any age or country, which was held over last week, was as follows:—

Sir Walter Scott ..	98
John Milton ..	91
Charles Dickens ..	87
W. M. Thackeray ..	46
Lord Macaulay ..	46
Lord Byron ..	40

The Competitor who has sent in a list corresponding with the above, and who therefore wins the prize, was

TOTTIE ASHFORD,
16, Tredegar Road, Bow, E.

COMPETITION SET FEB. 8.

The list of the eight most representative English men of letters agrees fairly well with that given above. There are, however, some slight discrepancies. For instance, Thackeray appears as the fourth greatest writer who ever lived, while he is only seventh on the list of English authors. But Competitors can best compare the lists for themselves. Here is the English one:

Milton ..	87
Dickens ..	73
Bacon ..	55
Tennyson ..	53
Macaulay ..	51
Byron ..	48
Thackeray ..	39
Lytton ..	37

The other names, which obtained as many as twenty or more votes, were: Johnson (31), Chaucer (30), Wordsworth (25), Cowper (22), and Pope (20). No Competitor named all the above eight; five named seven. Of these five, one gave Pope as the eighth name, two gave Cowper, one gave Ruskin, and the fifth Dr. Johnson. As Johnson received more votes than any of the others named, the prize will go to this Competitor, whose name and address is

ALICE PALMER,
21, Bow Road, E.

Re LADIES' PAVILION.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to the letter sent by "Atalanta," I should most certainly agree with her respecting the dancing in the Ladies' Pavilion. Being one of the frequenters of the Palace, and seeing the pleasure it affords the Members, should feel very glad if you can find out for us the reason the dancing was prohibited in our room after Sir Edmund Currie's permission to have it.

Wishing to see soon again the happiness a little dancing affords in the Ladies' Social, I remain (as one of it's well-wishers),

A MEMBER.

Re LADIES' PAVILION.

DEAR EDITOR,—I feel sure "Atalanta" earns the gratitude of the frequenters of the Ladies' Pavilion in opening the question whether dancing should be prohibited after a distinct promise from Sir Edmund that it would be allowed providing increased sociability was produced. Until dancing was permitted, there was but little interest in attending these Social Rooms. Doubtless the social evenings which were held in January gave an impetus to sociability among the Palace Members; still the numerous "wallflowers" (as the sub-Editor was pleased to term them in his Gossip) must have disappointed the Executive Committee. You can quite understand it was a great boon when the Ladies' Committee obtained permission to teach dancing in the Pavilion. The few days it was allowed, a large number availed themselves of this enjoyment. Then, without a word of warning, it was suddenly stopped—"By Order." What is the result? The same state of affairs exists as we had bitter experience before. The room is deserted, and to prove it, one evening last week exactly three ladies attended the rooms. Three out of seven hundred and fifty! It clearly shows there is no inducement for Members to attend. The Committee cannot be praised, too highly for the enthusiasm they displayed in teaching; and I, with others, regret that this prohibition has brought a corresponding lack of interest in their work. One can only sympathise with them in their unfortunate position. If Members had complained that the dancing interfered with their amusement, the new rule could be understood; but no Lady Member has raised the least objection. To sum up these remarks, the Trustees have allowed the ladies a Committee of Management, but as soon as a good amusement is found which meets with Sir Edmund's approval, it is vetoed whilst he is temporarily absent. By inserting this protest you will receive the thanks of

A BOHEMIAN GIRL.

LONDON HOSPITAL BOXES.

DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in seconding a letter which appeared a few weeks back, regarding London Hospital boxes being placed about the Palace. I think that if one thousand Members make up their mind to put one half-penny per week in a box, and continue to do so, it would make a grand total of £108 6s. 8d. in one year, sufficient to uphold a bed in the London Hospital, which we might name the "People's Palace."

I have not the slightest doubt that at least that number of Members would contribute weekly, considering the very small amount. Trusting that this very important matter will not entirely drop, and that the authorities of the Palace will see we obtain these boxes.—I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,
X. Y. Z.

(Several Letters crowded out.)

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.)

SNOWDROP AND VIOLET.—It is a pity, as you say; but we are afraid that we could not possibly do as you wish. There is such a thing as infringement of copyright.

MADGE.—Dear maid, we have searched high and low; have consulted the most eminent men of the day, but have failed to get anything like reliable information. Such a disease is evidently incurable—even the sub-Editor failing to come up to the mark. He says, however, that he's going to study the question for the next five years, and at the expiration of that period he hopes for a solution.

J. S. T.—Yes; Mr. Charles Danby played at the Pavilion Theatre, in the pantomime of "Jack the Giant Killer," in the year 1886. He has appeared at the Strand, and is now playing at Drury Lane in "Puss in Boots."

ZULU.—(1) The registration fee of one shilling is not included in the subscription, but is the independent charge for candidature. (2) Two shillings per annum.

AN ENQUIRER.—(1) The bronze medals were given as mementoes of the Apprentices' Exhibition, the silver medals only counting as awards. (2) To all who exhibited.

CLASS B.

The quotations which formed the subject of this Competition are here given, with the blanks filled up and the sources supplied:

So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.
Southey, *Battle of Blenheim.*

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.
Wolfe, *Burial of Sir J. Moore.*

My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.
Cowper, *Lines supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.*

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?
Gray, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.
Shakespeare, *Hamlet Act v. 1.*

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a *nun*,
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity.
Wordsworth, *Sonnet on Evening.*

The next Competition of this description will have to be much "stiffer." Nearly all the Competitors filled up the blanks correctly, and many of them supplied the source of most of the quotations. Four Competitors both filled up the blanks and gave the names of the authors and the poems from which all the extracts were taken. Their papers were equal, therefore, in all respects, and there is nothing but to divide the prize among them, each receiving fifteen-pence. Their names and addresses are,

- KATE WEST, 93, Landsdowne Road, Hackney.
- JULIA COLSON, Vine Cottage, Bromley Street.
- N. MOSS, 24, Coborn Street, Bow.
- H. J. HAWKINS, 1, Archibald Street, Bow, E.

CLASS C.

There was a great improvement in the numbers of the Competitors this week, and some very satisfactory papers were received. Where many went wrong, however, was in neglecting the terms of the question, and judging the queens, Mary and Elizabeth, not so much as women as sovereigns. With one exception, all the Competitors gave their vote for Elizabeth; but the best paper was the exception which contained a just and well-reasoned defence of the much-maligned Mary. Probably no one would deny that considered as a monarch the advantage was all on the side of Elizabeth; but, whatever else she may have been, Queen Mary was a good woman, and there is very good reason for thinking that she was a better one than her successor. The prize, however, is awarded to the author of the paper in defence of Mary, not because of the opinions expressed in it, but because, judged as a Composition, it was better than the others. The name and address of the winner are,

MARY TANNER,
School House, Park Street, Globe Rd.

CLASS D.

Some very neatly-made boxes were received in this Competition. The best, because the most compact and most perfectly finished, was that sent by

JOHN ROBB,
46, Benfield Street, Poplar, E.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

Articles sent in for Competition cannot possibly be returned.

CLASS A.

As Scott has been adjudged the greatest author after Shakespeare, it will be interesting to know what Competitors think as to the comparative merits of his novels.

A Prize of Five Shillings is, therefore, offered for a list of six novels by Sir Walter Scott. Competitors must set down the names of the six novels they consider the best, and the list which most nearly agrees with that formed by taking the opinion of the majority will win the prize. Answers must be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, March 1st.

CLASS B.

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered for the best specimen of "symbolical writing," such as was adopted by Artemus Ward. Here is a specimen of the kind of thing required:

An S A now I mean to write,
To U sweet K T J,
The dearest girl, my I D light,
The belle of U T K.

which, being interpreted, is:

An essay now I mean to write,
To you sweet Katie Jay,
The dearest girl, my one delight,
The belle of Utica.

Competitors are at liberty to send in compositions after this manner, either in prose or verse, but not exceeding fifty words in length. In all cases the interpretation of the writing should also be sent. Answers not later than noon on Thursday, March 1st.

CLASS C.

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best composition, not exceeding 300 words in length on any thoughts suggested by the following lines:

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He would seek for pearls must dive below.
Answers not later than noon on Thursday, March 1st.

CLASS D.

A Prize of One Shilling is offered for the best pen-holder, fashioned out of wood, by the Competitor. The pen-holder required should be complete in itself, and require no metal-work; it should, therefore, contain a receptacle for the nib. To be sent in by noon on Thursday, March 1st.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET FEB. 8.

(1.) DIAMOND PUZZLE.

E
o N e
a n G l e
E N G L A N D
s m A r t
a N d
D

(2.) BROKEN WORDS: Winter, Spring.
1. Win-Some. 2. Ins-Pire (this word should not have been set, being wrongly divided). 3. Nar(d)-Row. 4. Trans-It. 5. Exact-Ness. 6. Red-Grave.

(3.) AUTHORS' NAMES TRANSPOSED.
1. Benjamin Disraeli. 2. Samuel Butler (The ingenious compositor, anxious to make sense, printed "tail," for "tale.")
3. Harrison Ainsworth. 4. Geoffrey Chaucer.
(4.) Pond-i-cherry.

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

(1.) WORD SQUARES.
1. A leaf in October. Wrong. Hazardous. Horned animals.
2. A poet. Where cooks live. The back. To venture.
3. A songster. A tree. A city. Sharp.
4. What a rabbit often is. A town in Sussex. A place for baking. A covering.
5. Disappeared. Unconcealed. Herd. Extremities.

(2.) ENGLISH TOWNS.
1. To dissolve, a preposition, to cut down, and the cry of an animal.
2. A bit, to enclose, and a joint.
3. An amphibious animal, a vowel, a sanctified person, and a girl's name.
4. To possess, a consonant, a passage, and a point of the compass.
5. A bright colour and a conveyance.

(3.) CHARADES.
1. Like Venus, I am ocean-born,
And many a lovely form adorn;
Behold me and I take my stand
Among the nobles of the land.
Cut off my tail I'm on your board,
When it with wine and fruit is stored;
Cut off my tail again and see
What oft for soup will useful be;
Cut off both head and tail—behold
A place upon your head I hold.
2. Without my first old England's arm
Would lose its wonted power;
Without my next no nation could
Exist a single hour.
My third upon my first does ride,
My whole is still our country's pride.

(4.) FRUITS TRANSPOSED.
1. O ape grant me. 2. A nice rent.
3. A green egg. 4. He paces.

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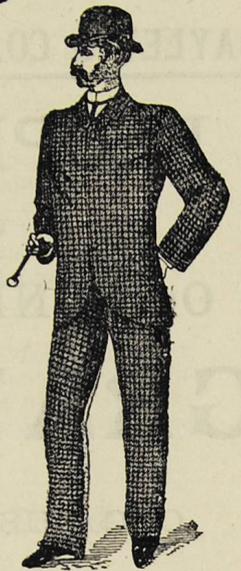
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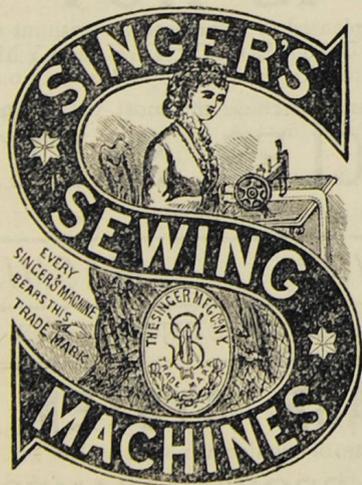
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