

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY.]

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## Notes of the Week.

THE Members of the Palace are only just beginning to find each other out. When the buildings are completed and the social rooms are ready, there will be better opportunities for men of similar pursuits to make acquaintance and talk over their hobbies. Then I hope we shall have many more clubs started—there cannot be too many. A Natural History Club, for instance—a great many places round London are excellent for the study of Natural History. A Historical Club—a Club for the purpose of studying Social Problems: a great many suggest themselves. But first there must be plenty of fellows who delight in watching creatures, collecting flowers, collecting and classifying butterflies, moths, beetles, and the like. I should think they could easily form themselves into a Club, and use the Saturday half-holiday for nine months in the year for excursions, instruction, and collecting. The late Professor Henslow of Cambridge, one of the first Botanists in the world, was also the Vicar of a country parish. He made all his village people botanists by taking them out into the fields.

THE passing of the motion to shut up the House at midnight is the very best and most sensible thing that the present House of Commons has ever done. Members will now get home and to bed by one o'clock in the morning. That is clearly a great gain. The next step, one ventures to hope, will be the conversion of the House into a daylight Debating Society, where the proceedings will be commenced at ten and closed at six, punctually, but the present step is one so much in advance that we cannot expect the greater and more important step just yet. The Debates are to be closed at midnight. Then we shall have no more obstructionists talking in order to tire out the House: one great weapon will be taken out of their hands. To be sure, plenty remain, but it is as well to get rid of one.

ANOTHER advantage will be that speakers will realise the importance of brevity. The House is to be closed at midnight. Thus in common decency Members will see the importance of making their speeches as short as possible. Indeed, except Prime Minister or a Leader, it is difficult to understand why any Member should be allowed to speak for more than a quarter of an hour. As it is, there has been on both sides the tendency to emulate Mr. Gladstone in his diffuseness and length, more though his eloquence is beyond the power of any to emulate. One can stand a long oration from an orator, but we should not be expected to stand it from a miserable speaker whose manner is as hesitating and feeble as his matter is poor and thin.

I do not admire everything in the United States, but there is one thing in their conduct of affairs which I greatly admire. It is that in Congress the long

## Shadows Before THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY, MARCH 1st.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5.  
 RECEPTION OF NEW MEMBERS in the Queen's Hall.  
 Tea at 8.15.  
 MR. HASLUCK'S ELOCUTIONARY "OPEN NIGHT," in  
 the School-buildings. Admission (free) by ticket.
- FRIDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.  
 RAMBLERS.—Committee Meeting at 8.30.  
 LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—Committee Meeting at 7.30.
- SATURDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5.  
 CONCERT (Queen's Hall) at 8.  
 FOOTBALL MATCH.—Beaumont F.C. v. St. Luke's  
 F.C. Ground at Canning Town.  
 RAMBLERS' SOCIETY.—Ramble to Barking Side.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL at 12.30. Admission Free.  
 LIBRARY AND READING ROOM open to the public  
 from 3 till 10.
- MONDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
- TUESDAY.—The same.  
 DEBATING SOCIETY.—Debate at 8 o'clock, to be  
 opened by Mr. Taylor.
- WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5.  
 FOOTBALL CLUB.—Meeting at 8.  
 PROFESSOR MALDEN'S DIORAMIC ENTERTAINMENT  
 (Queen's Hall) at 8 o'clock.

## Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MARCH 4th, at 12.30 p.m.,  
 IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

speaker, the tedious speaker, and the obstructive speaker are not allowed. A reputation is obtained in Congress not by eloquence in the House, but by assiduous work, and Committees which give opportunities for the discovery of business qualities. Would it not be well to instruct Members on entering Parliament that it is not their business to speak at length but to the point; not often, but well: never, unless they can add a fact or an argument. That most men being of second rate intellectual quality it is best that they should vote without talking.

How would it answer, from the point of view of public business, to restrict Members in the first instance to one speech a week, of not more than ten minutes in length? They might be promoted by degrees, though of course the greater number would never ride beyond that limit. The Conservative Members certainly score on the point of silence, while there are dozens of the Radicals and Irish who seem to think that their business in the House is to be eternally making speeches.

ONE question—if it is not political. Without touching on the merits of the question of Home Rule, why do not the Irish Members understand the harm done to their case by the everlasting questions by which they try to establish the charge of misrule? The points recorded are for the most part so paltry, so easily answered, and so exaggerated, that people are beginning to think that if this is all that can be alleged against the present Government theirs is a poor case indeed.

I BELIEVE that *Harper's Magazine* is taken in for the Library. If so, I beg everybody to look at the February number. It contains a series of sketches, with some letterpress of less consequence, to illustrate the open-air orators of London. Those of us who know White-chapel know the open-air orator. The article is called *Socialism in London*; but it contains sketches of others besides Socialists. There are the beer-shop Socialists seated at a table: one is a German, two are English workmen—the fourth—but perhaps I am wrong; make your own guess as to the fourth. There is the public-house with the group of talkers: one of them—everybody knows the kind of man—clutches his glass with one hand and shakes the closed fist of the other: "We are sick of being slaves—I want a Revolution." Poor wretch! Much good would he get from a Revolution. Again there is the teetotalist orator, with the young man who carries the tracts: there is the converted "Gallows Bird," shouting among the Salvationists: there is the Expounder: there is the Irish patriot—you will find them all. Go and look at the scenes which we witness every Sunday in our streets—you will see them drawn to the life through American spectacles.

How would a play go in which the actors were perfectly mute and the parts were read for them while they only performed in dumb show? That, it appears, is how they act in Siam. The words are sung by the orchestra while the actors play the parts. The effect is said to be very good. I once saw a play at the Summer Theatre at Innsbruck in the Tyrol, where each scene was first played in dumb show and afterwards played with the words spoken; the effect of the first part was very curious. Pantomime means vigorous and intelligible acting which tells its own tale. Now to tell a tale on the stage without words requires acting of face as well as of limb. It ought to be part of an actor's education to play in pantomime—an art almost extinct—once revived it would be death to the "cuff and collar" business. If you observe a really good actor narrowly you will perceive that he is always acting even when he is not speaking; he is playing his

part animated by the emotions called forth by the situations altogether separated from his share of the dialogue. In the early French theatre the making of a play meant inventing the tale and the situations, the dialogue was left to the actors themselves. To this day actors regard the "words" with some lingering contempt. The situations are everything to them.

THE following note on the ways of wolves is cut out of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The use of asafœtida is curious. Valerian is said in the same way to attract cats:—"The wolf's season of courtship in this country comes in February and runs into March. As it approaches he may be observed as falling into an uneasy spirit. He is less inclined to stay in his covert, and presently finds himself trotting about in broad daylight. When he comes to a full understanding of what ails him, he waxes quite audacious. The female in the meantime has become aware that she is a personage of much importance, and does veritably put on many airs and practice many gambols. She, too, quits her secret places even in daylight, and goes abroad. Now both sexes come together in packs, and there are many outrageous fights between the males. There are many more male than female wolves, perhaps as three to two or four to three; hence it follows that the male who would have a mate can only secure her through hard fighting. At such times, if one will rub the sole of his boots with asafœtida and then go abroad in the woods, he will soon find that he is tracked by wolves who are not yet better entertained elsewhere. They will follow him to his house, and sometimes bite at the corners thereof, as if they would tear a way in. If not so, they will sit around and howl greatly. I cannot account for this behaviour, unless they suspect that a female wolf has taken refuge in the house. However, an excellent friend of mine tells me that his father, having a mind to kill some wolves went into the woods with his heels greatly smelling of asafœtida, having first selected a tree into which he should climb with his rifle. The wolves beset him forthwith in eager numbers, pressing after him so closely that the hunter lost his head, making all possible speed to the chosen tree, and climbed it so hastily that he dropped his rifle. He had barely fixed himself in his perch when the wolves were rearing upon the trunk and tearing the bark with their teeth. Now the moon was at full tide, and the wolves should have readily perceived that my friend's father was no she-wolf. He never undertook this method of killing wolves again, and was sometimes heard to say that the first grey hairs came into his head that night while fleeing to the tree with the vociferous wolves close at his odoriferous heels. The puppies usually number from three to seven. The male parent does not permit the mother to go far from the little ones, but leaves her at home to watch over them while he goes forth to maraud for food for both. The male seems to love his young more tenderly than the mother; for he stays by them, furnishing them food, instructing them in the art of capturing prey, long after the mother has ceased to care for them. When she would wean them she becomes harsh to them, absenting herself for longer and longer periods, soon losing all sense of natural affection. When they are about half-grown the father also casts them adrift to shift for themselves. After the wolf has won his mate I know not whether he continues this relationship from year to year or enters the list next season for a new one. But a friend of mine who has had great experience of wolves believes that their marriage is for life, giving this instance in demonstration: That he had closely watched a pair for four years, rearing their young at the same place, each having some marked features by which he was able to distinguish them from all other wolves. After four years the female was shot, and the male appeared next season at the same place with a new mate."

EDITOR.

## A Mermaid Hoax.

THE absurd notion, that there are "Mermen and Mermaids, half man or woman, and the remainder fish," has long been exploded; but, little more than forty years since (in 1822), thousands of dupes were attracted to the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, to see a pretended Mermaid, when three hundred or four hundred persons paid daily one shilling each for the indulgence of their credulity! The imposture was, however, too gross to last long; and it was ascertained to be the dried skin of the head and shoulders of a monkey, attached very neatly to the dried skin of a fish of the salmon kind, with the head cut off, the compound figure being stuffed and highly varnished, the better to deceive the eye. This grotesque object was taken by a Dutch vessel from on board a native Malacca boat; and, from the reverence shown to it by the sailors, it is supposed to have represented the incarnation of one of the idol-gods of the Molucca Islands.

This impudent hoax, upon the good people of London was the work of a Japanese fisherman, who seems to have displayed ingenuity for the mere purpose of making money by his countrymen's passion for everything odd and strange. He contrived to unite the upper half of the monkey to the lower half of the fish so successfully as to defy ordinary inspection. He then gave out that he had caught the creature alive in his net, but that it had died shortly after being taken out of the water; and he derived considerable pecuniary profit from his cunning in more ways than one. The exhibition of the sea-monster to Japanese curiosity paid well; but yet more productive was the assertion that the half-human fish, having spoken during the few minutes it existed out of its native element, had predicted a certain number of years of wonderful fertility, and a fatal epidemic, the only remedy for which would be the possession of the marine prophet's likeness. The sale of these pictured mermaids was immense. Either the composite animal, or another, the offspring of the success of the first, was sold to the Dutch factory, and transmitted to Batavia, where it fell into the hands of a speculating American, who brought it to Europe, and here, in the years 1822-23, exhibited his purchase as a real mermaid in every capital, to the admiration of the ignorant, the perplexity of some affectedly learned, and the filling of his own purse.

It is but justice to state that Mr. Jerdan, then editor of the *Literary Gazette*, was one of the first, if not the first, journalist to expose the fabrication of the mermaid of 1822, which other less sagacious observers were induced to regard as a natural wonder! \*

Sir George Head ingeniously attempts to explain the comb and toilet-glass which the mermaid is said to have been seen using, by referring it to the seal, or sea-calf, which has a voice not dissimilar to a man; the claws of the seal, as well as the hand, are like a lady's back hair-comb; therefore, supposing the resemblance of seawater streaming down its polished neck on a sun-shiny day the substitute for a looking-glass, we arrive at the fabulous history of the marine maiden, or mermaid, and the appendages of her toilet. Still, the creature must have been so unsightly as to reduce Dryden's definition of a mermaid—a fine woman ending in a fish's tail—to a witty fancy.

**Springtime.**—Bright February days have a stronger charm of hope about them than any other days in the year. One likes to pause in the mild rays of the sun and look over the gates at the patient plough-horses turning at the end of the furrow, and think that the beautiful year is all before one. The birds seem to feel just the same: their notes are as clear as the clear air. There are no leaves on the trees and hedge-rows, but how green all the grassy fields are! What a glad world this looks like, as one drives or rides along the valleys and over the hills!

\* A pretended mermaid was exhibited in the metropolis in 1775; and in Broad Court, Long Acre, in 1794.

## Gulliver's Travels.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has well observed:—

"The character of the imaginary traveller Gulliver, is exactly that of Dampier, or any other sturdy nautical wanderer of the period, endowed with courage and common sense, who sailed through distant seas without losing a single English prejudice which he had brought from Portsmouth or Plymouth, and on his return gave a grave and simple narrative of what he had seen or heard in foreign countries. The character is perhaps strictly English, and can be hardly relished by a foreigner. The reflections and observations of Gulliver are never more refined or deeper than might be expected from a plain master of a merchantman, or surgeon in the Old Jewry; and there was such a reality given to his person, that one seaman is said to have sworn he knew Captain Gulliver very well, but he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe. (Gulliver, so Swift tells us, was long an inhabitant of the place. 'It was as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoken it,' was a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff.) It is the contrast between the natural ease and simplicity of such a style, and the marvels which the volume contains, that forms one great charm of this memorable satire on the imperfections, follies, and vices of mankind."

The secret of the authorship of *Gulliver* was kept up by Swift by alluding to a book sent to him, called *Gulliver's Travels*. "A Bishop here," he adds, "said that the book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it."

Arbuthnot writes him:—

"Lord Scarborough, who is no inventor of stories, told us that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver, but that the printer had mistaken; that he lived in Wapping not in Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who immediately went to his map to search for Lilliput."

It is obvious how much all this must have amused the Dean and his friends in connection with the unexampled sale of the volume.

## Musical Notes.

**CONCERTS.**—The People's Concert Society gave [us their second concert in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday last, when the programme consisted, as before, of classical pieces interspersed with songs. The vocalists were Mrs. Henry Harrison, Miss Eleanor Rees, and Mr. Bernard Lane, who were all most successful in their songs. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Arthur Somervell. The instrumentalists were Herr Henkel, Mr. Bronsil, and Mr. Orton Bradley, who played a trio (novelletten) by Gade, and Mendelssohn's C minor trio. Herr Henkel and Mr. Bradley played two movements from the Beethoven Kreutzer Sonata, and Mr. Bronsil played a "Drinking Song," by Dunkler.

It is most sincerely to be hoped that we may have other opportunities of hearing classical works at our concerts, although perhaps the great size of the Queen's Hall prevents them from being perfectly heard by the whole audience.

ON SATURDAY LAST the White Rose Quartet paid us a most successful second visit, and every item which they sang was encored. The other vocalists were all very successful. They were, Miss Anna Roeckner, Miss Mervyn Keatinge, Mr. Charles Rose (whom we have not heard here before), and Mr. Geo. Adams, whose accompaniments were played by Mr. J. Bromley. Miss Josephine Lawrence was the solo pianist, and delighted the audience by her really beautiful playing and the excellence of her selections, which were all from the best masters.

THE CHORAL SOCIETY are now at work at some part songs of special character suitable for March 17th. All communications with reference to the Choral Society should be addressed to Mr. Mears, who is our Hon. Sec. Basses and altos are especially invited to join the class, but all singers with a knowledge of music will be welcome.

**Incurable Wounds.**—When people's feelings have got a deadly wound, they can't be cured with favours.

## Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

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

MY good friend, Wadkin, when present at my last Wednesday's "reception," showed himself greatly interested in a five-line Gossip paragraph he had that evening read in the *P. J.*, which had reference to Total Abstinence, and the formation of a Society to uphold the same. He tried to draw me out; wanted to know Why such a Society should be formed, and How?—by Whom was it to be supported, and What was to be its premier object? Let me unroll myself. Although for some years past I have been a wretched and miserable water-drinker I have seldom, or never, made an effort to induce others to put their faith—their whole faith—in the blessed Temperance cause. No; I have been extremely reticent on the subject, and though I have been (necessarily so—being a water man) wretched and miserable, nobody has ever divined the real cause. To confess the truth, I don't quite approve of the habit some people have of thrusting teetotalism down the throat of every person with whom they come in contact; it's a custom highly objectionable, and never practised by yours truly. Yet, I know people who do behave so, and who do make miserable the lives of those erring mortals with whom they are associated; and it's a wonder to me how such persons are permitted to exist. There are teetotalers and teetotalers be it observed—and I for one, verily believe not in the roaring, raging, rampant, and red-hot "demonstrator"—but rather in the one who, having the question indeed at heart, goes quietly about, deeply influencing others by his earnest and unassuming manner.

KNOW, my worthy W., that when I wrote that little paragraph last week I thought to myself, thought I—"This idea may be productive of some good—it's only a suggestion, certainly, but somebody may feel inclined to take it up and act upon it." I saw in my mind's eye a flourishing temperance society at the P. P. with the leading water-men of the day lecturing to overflowing audiences; innumerable converts—as a result; healthy concerts, gymnastic and other entertainments given exclusively by wretched and miserable teetotal Members; and a general state of affairs leading to thriftier habits, richer pockets, sounder lives and a temperance indeed giving a smoothness to the whole existence. Perhaps not quite "an impossible story"—but feasible enough; and who knows but that one of these days the P. P. Institute will possess a section devoted specially to the spread of waterism!

THAT was my idea—and *but* an idea; and I shall now say no more upon the subject for it is a question that—I think—should, to attain success at all, be handled with the greatest possible attention. Don't think for a moment that I'm going to make everybody wretched by weekly lading out whole columns of spouting—because I don't intend to do any such thing.

DON'T forget to turn up in large numbers next Wednesday night, when, you know, my old friend, Professor Malden, has promised to again turn on that wonderful dioramic lantern of his. The subject is to be the life of the Queen—heaven bless her!—and the well-known loyalty of the East-end will probably manifest itself on this occasion.

It's singular how some people are affected by allusions—either political or social—at concerts or entertainments. The last time Mr. Malden was with us he happened to make some reference to the late Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy, and it was fearful and wonderful to behold a certain prominent debating Member approvingly demonstrating his opinion of such remarks, and drowning the lecturer's voice with a torrent of raps from the friendly Gamp with which he was armed.

WORKMEN'S EXHIBITION—due in the merrie May, love; and should be, according to all accounts, a wonderful success. Hear, hear!

ADMISSION OF NEW MEMBERS.—To-morrow night (Thursday, 1st March) some five hundred and fifty candidates are to be admitted as Members of the Palace Institute. A reception tea will be given in the spacious Queen's Hall, to be followed by feasts of reason in the shape of speechifying and merry-making, and the usual etceteras. I hope the Hon. Secs. of the different Palace clubs will make a point of turning up and enlisting the persons (and sympathies) of the newly-enrolled Members. 'Tis an opportunity that never should be missed.

TO-MORROW night also, Mr. Elocution Hasluck's open night will be held, and I hope will be largely attended. The accommodation being extremely limited only a few hundreds can necessarily be admitted; so from those who haven't succeeded in obtaining admission-tickets we may expect a loud wailing—as of Rachel weeping for her children.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—A month or so ago, I first announced in these columns, a Competition—exclusively for Palace Members—for prizes to be won by Elocution. I have repeatedly pushed this announcement; so much so, that I have got weary of announcing it, and I really *did* think that my efforts would be crowned with success. But owing to the little interest taken in the affair, and the few—the very few—entries which I have received, it has been thought expedient *not to hold* the Competition at all, but to return the entrance fees. This is really most disheartening; it's the second attempt of the sort, and it has most signally failed. However, I suppose there's no help for it; better luck next time, perhaps. I shall, therefore, as soon as convenient, return to the dozen would-be Competitors the sixpences they have sent me as entrance fees.

I SHOULD like also to observe that my Special Literary Competition for two guineas closes this day (the 29th), and I hope next week to give a few particulars. The entries here again are by no means as satisfactory as one could wish—greatly to my surprise; for I should have thought a great number of our Palace Members would have possessed vaulting literary ambitions. But it seems to be not so!

THAT capital little Journal *The Young Man* contains in its March number an interesting column or so on Mr. Rider Haggard, the wonderfully successful author of the popular "She." A sketch of the young novelist and an extract of a letter from the same makes up a very pleasing little article, which I doubt not will be read with interest by many of our own young fellows.

I PROMISED for last week something werging on the poetical, but found at the last moment that my space could not possibly admit any lengthy rhymes. This is also the case this week; so all lovers of my poetry (!) will have to wait for another week or so; and in the meantime the Muse and I will collaborate.

MUCH excitement ensued in the sanctum last Wednesday night, when several ardent footballists dropped in to interview the Sub. Those charming youths, Deeley and Moreton, are particularly desirous of learning from whence came that little bird who so ably twittered his impressions of the match at Victoria Park—between our Harriers and our "Monts." Sorry I couldn't inform them; for as I have deputed the same little bird to again take notes for "the Chiel" I couldn't think of revealing his snug little nest, else might the factions arise in their wrath and smite the feathered songster. Deeley—who is very shrewd, you know—has his suspicions, sir; and could lay his hand upon the "fly" one—pardon pun—any time he thought proper. Perhaps D. when sauntering down the Appian Way—I should say the Mile End Road—may chance to alight upon the twitterer and bear him off in triumph. But I've little fear of this myself.

So the Journal is to be boycotted, eh? Well, we shall see who will ultimately triumph—the 'cotters or the 'cotted. A Council of Ten holden last Wednesday at my "at home," gravely and mournfully informed me that from henceforth the Debating Society would know not the Journal; but should depend for its *extenso* reports upon the East End weeklies. Poor weeklies! What a happy time ye will have to be sure! Fancy seeing in all the glory of type the giddy utterances of our Institute Churchill; or the wildly incoherent ravings of a Grand Old Palace Windbag! But this blow, coming so unexpectedly, is a terrible thing for *The Palace Journal*, and my respected Chief has worn for the past few days a visage more in sorrow than in anger. When I informed him that our own local senators had determined to give the Journal an entirely second place, he said something which I dare not commit to posterity—else when some luckless star comes to write his biography this wondrous remark would perhaps injure his otherwise saintly reputation. However, as we sat in our war-paint over the friendly calumet discussing this awful senatorial explosion, we finally agreed—after my "waughs"—to let events take their course, and bear the cut as best we may.

WAD KIN we do otherwise—'cept grin and bear it?

THEY are progressing very steadily with the Swimming-bath, but owing to the recent inclemency of the weather the progress has been very much affected. It is devoutly to be hoped that the limpid stream will be turned on when summer comes with scorching sun and dusty, parching streets—which after all would be slightly preferable to the lovely blizzards we are now experiencing.

OWING to an oversight the name of Miss Louisa Gould, who opened the Concert of the 18th inst., with Mr. Bradley, was unfortunately omitted in last week's "Musical Notes"; but I hasten to repair, with every speed, the mistake—as mistake it was. The lady in question helped to give a very creditable performance on the pianoforte of Moszkowski's "Russia," followed by the same composer's "Italy"—two pieces, which, as those who were present can bear me witness, were most favourably received.

## Woman: and Her Interests.

THE Palace Library is well supplied with Mrs. Gaskell's novels. Perhaps Mrs. Gaskell could not be called a great novelist, but few writers have described factory girls and their lives so well as she; and her stories are very true to life and interesting. "Mary Barton" is one of the best of her longer tales, but I am afraid many readers would get rather impatient over the Manchester dialect, so I suggest to them "Wives and Daughters," and especially to the girls who come on Sundays and want short stories, "Cranford and Other Stories," and "Lizzie Leigh."

I HAVE had several enquiries about homes where women who have recently recovered from non-infectious illness, or who are in delicate health, can be received. I here give a few particulars of some about which I have made enquiries, and I am in hopes that this will fall into the hands of the young girl for whom I promised to make enquiries, but who omitted to leave her name. (1.) Home of Rest, Lindfield, Hayward's Heath. This home is for girls above twelve, and the payment is eight shillings weekly. Application to be made to the Lady Superintendent. (2.) Hope Villa, Wallands, Lewes. This convalescent home is intended for workwomen, servants, etc.; charge five shillings a week. Apply to Lady Superintendent. Next week I will name some more.

SOME of my female readers will be interested in hearing the statements recently made by M. Worth, the great Parisian man-milliner and dress-maker. There are ninety ladies in his establishment who do nothing but try on clothes for customers. On these living models the dresses are designed and draped. Speaking of the time it takes to produce a good dress, M. Worth said that he once made a gown for the Empress Eugenie in three hours and a-half. During the busy season about 200 gowns, and 150 cloaks are turned out a week. With the exception of Queen Victoria, M. Worth ranks all the Court ladies in Europe amongst his customers.

ODDS AND ENDS FOR THE HOME.—It is said that there are 600 ways of cooking an egg. Whether this be true or not, there are certainly many easy ways of utilising eggs when one is tired of them boiled or poached. Rummaged eggs are done in this way: Put into a small saucepan one ounce of butter, two table-spoonfuls of milk, pepper and salt. Prepare some small rounds of buttered toast. As soon as the milk is hot, break in two eggs and stir quickly and smoothly until the whole becomes creamy and thick. Pour it at once on the toast and serve hot. Be careful not to cook it too long, or it becomes lumpy and hard. *To warm up cold meat*—cut rather thick slices of meat, then pepper and salt them and spread a little mustard over with some Harvey's sauce and a little butter; do this to both sides of the meat, then put the slices into a frying-pan, and fry them a light brown, serving very hot. *Scalds* are of such common occurrence, and are so extremely painful that it is well to know of some remedy that one is sure to have in the house. Flour thickly dusted over the injured part with a dredger is a capital thing. CLYTIE.

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

I AM told and verily believe and am glad to hear that that august assembly, the Debating Society, has decided for the future to hold its weekly meetings on the night of Tuesday—instead of Wednesday as heretofore. This is a move in the right direction—for the wise young men, as Shylock would call 'em—have at length discovered that the Wednesday concerts occasionally clash with their awful parleyings, and empty benches are the rule. Hence the alteration. It may be inconvenient to some, but for the majority it surely will be beneficial.

ON Wednesday last (I believe) at the election for a representative Member on the Council, the popular Wadkin was returned with a majority of twenty! Bravo, Hicks! The bright-eyed H. H., however, didn't come off so well; for he was merely returned by—! But no; the earth shall gape ere I'll disclose it!

DOG SHOW due on the 9th, 10th and 12th of March.

I AM sorry to hear that one of our Members—Henry Marshall, to wit—met with an accident when training for the "Flower Cup" one night last week. He was running in the dark, it appears, and slipped over a stone, causing some very nasty flesh wounds. I hope, however, by this time that he has regained his accustomed alacrity; for we can't spare you, Henry, my boy—we can't indeed.

THAT Literary Evening I mentioned a few weeks ago in connection with the Debating Society, is due, I hear, on the 12th of March. Walter Marshall is confident of success, and is arranging, 'tis said, a capital programme—consisting of readings, essays, and recitations. Might I suggest a slight thumping o' the pianah?—which, though scarcely a literary project, would act as an agreeable sandwich to the "drier" portion of the work. (Dryer in inverted commas, please Mr. Printer.)

EVERYBODY will be admitted—supposing, of course, that there's room.

SEVERAL fellows having written for information respecting the long-promised Sick Fund, I have to say that I believe everything is ready for starting the same, and that only a few preliminaries have to be gone through ere the boat is launched. I expect this will be one of the most successful of the Palace scions, for it should come indeed as a blessing to men—that is, Palace men.

A MEMBER of the Gymnasium tells me that Morris Josephs—one of our brethren—distinguished himself one night last week at a boxing contest, and carried off the cup presented by Mr. J. Burchell. The event came off somewhere in the neighbourhood of Church Lane; and when a glorious victory was proclaimed for the triumphant Josephs, the applause—to quote an admiring spectator—"was simply tremenjus."

WILL those fellows who responded when I made an appeal a month or so ago for Sunday help in the Library, kindly send their names to Walter Marshall, for the same purpose. He is organising a system of relief, and would like much to know the fellows personally. This appeal, I hope, will be successful, for nobody seemed to see a similar par of mine last week.

ON Friday next, the 9th inst., the Tredegar Road Schools ("Old Boys" Association) will give a drawing-room and dramatic entertainment at the Assembly Rooms, Cottage Grove; and all ye who are fond of tripping the light fantastic toe are hereby informed that the whole will conclude with a Cinderella dance. How nice! For further particulars drag forth from sweet seclusion the friendly, tennis-loving Clews.

EXHIBITION of Tabbies on Easter Monday.

A SCHEME for a walking-tour (to Brighton, at Eastertide) is on foot, and will, I trust, be eventually carried out. (I may remark, parenthetically, that just at present the idea is extremely young, and has yet to be developed.) If this little trip does come off—and really, I don't see why it shouldn't—we may expect some surprising adventures on the road. The days of stage-coaches and Vellers have long since departed; and nothing in the shape of a mild highwayman may be found anywhere (save tramps, and they're low-waymen). One half regrets the disappearance of the Duvals and the Turpins from the road—for *then*, a dashing young buck did stand a chance of smelling powder—and also a chance for promotion in the eyes of his fair innamorata. But times is changed; and coaches and highwaymen—like Sairey Gamp's Mrs. Harris—are more often talked about than seen. Fancy now, one night—but this is digression.

ONLY a half dozen names have been received in response to my appeal and to Taylor's letter on the proposed Rowing Club; but I know some half-a-score of fellows who would gladly welcome any practical carrying out of the scheme. But they think it cannot be done this season—but the desire will not die out, believe me. Wait till the summer-time—when the cool and crystal Thames shines brightly and invitingly in the sunshine, and then—Well, the tortures of Tantalus will seem mild in comparison!

## 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 CRICKET CLUB.

The following Rules were unanimously passed at a General Meeting of Members of the above Club, held on the 13th inst:—

1. That this Club be called the People's Palace Cricket Club.
2. That this Club consist of honorary and active members.
3. That the committee consist of a president, vice-presidents, captain, vice-captain, treasurer, secretary or secretaries, and six or more other members; four to form a quorum. Such committee shall have power to accept or reject any candidate for membership.
4. That the decision of the committee shall be final in all matters affecting the interpretation of the rules, and in all cases of dispute.
5. That the annual subscription of each playing member be 3s. in advance, which may be paid in one sum, or in three instalments of 1s.; that of each honorary member be not less than 2s. 6d.
6. That all subscriptions shall become due from members on the 14th April, and if not paid by May 1st, the said members shall be declared defaulters, and lose the privileges of the Club.
7. That the Club colours be dark maroon, and that no member be allowed to play in a match in any other colour.
8. That any member making himself objectionable by his conversation or conduct, after being warned by the captain, or any member of the committee, the said committee shall have power to expel him from the Club.
9. That any member resigning or having been expelled shall forfeit all right and interest in the Club.
10. That the rules of the M.C.C. be strictly adhered to.
11. That the captain select the team to play in each match.
12. That the secretary, or any six members (upon sending a written intimation and giving seven days' notice to the secretary) have power to call a meeting at any time he or they may think proper.
13. That the Annual General Meeting be held within one month of the closing day to receive a balance-sheet, elect officers for the ensuing season, and (if necessary) amend the rules.
14. That no rule shall be altered except by a majority of two-thirds of the members present at the Annual General Meeting, or at a meeting specially convened for the purpose of amending the rules; that seven days' notice shall be given to the secretary of the proposed amendments.
15. That any member wilfully damaging the property of the said Club, or causing unnecessary loss, shall be held responsible for such act, and shall not be permitted to play until he makes good the loss occasioned by his negligence.
16. That all notices of meetings be inserted in *The Palace Journal*, and that that be deemed sufficient notice to the members.
17. That no member be allowed to take more than one prize during the season.
18. That every member be supplied with a copy of these rules.

The Secretaries will attend on Wednesday next, in the School-buildings, between 8.15 and 9.15, to receive the names of intending members and subscriptions.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Wednesday, February 22nd.—Mr. Marshall in the chair.

This being a special general meeting several rules were altered, and the night of meeting was changed from Wednesday to Tuesday.

Mr. Norton was elected to fill the vacancy in the Secretaryship, and a position on the Committee becoming vacant thereby, Mr. London was elected Committeeman; Mr. Wadkin being chosen to fill the late Mr. Thomas's position on the Council.

It was decided that the official report should for the future appear in the East London press and not in the Journal. The reports in this Journal will not therefore be official for the future—though that will not prejudice their correctness.

The Debate for Tuesday, March 7th, will be on the subject of Local Self-Government, to be opened by Mr. Taylor.

HORACE J. HAWKINS } Hon. Secs.  
—NORTON }

### BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

Three Members of the above Club undertook to ride to Brighton on Saturday last. The roads from Croydon were in a vile condition owing to the recent snowstorms. After plugging on to Crawley (about 33 miles) they were compelled to cry "enough" owing to darkness having set in which made travelling on a strange road very difficult. They put up at an Inn and enjoyed themselves, eating everything they could lay their hands on. The return journey was made on Sunday, the roads being in a worse condition (if possible) than they were on the day before. I consider that—especially as the three Members are not in any way scorchers—great praise is due to them for their pluck and endurance.

Members are requested to note that unless the Secs. receive notice of their intention to join this Club before the 29th inst. they

will not be allowed to ride in the Road Race on Easter Monday, and also that entries close on that day. All entries, with 2s. entrance fee, to be forwarded to the Secs.

The Handicap will be framed on March 1st, and published in the following issue of the Journal.

A General Meeting will be held on Friday next, March 2nd, Chair at 8 o'clock p.m. *punctual*.

The first prize for the Road Race is a splendid Silver Cup presented by Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq.; second prize by Sir John R. Jennings; third prize by Lady Jennings. We think the Committee will offer medals for the fastest times so as to encourage the back markers.

The first run of the season will take place on March 10th to Woodford, starting from the Palace at 4 p.m. *sharp*. We shall be glad to receive the names of ladies who wish to join this Club.

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

P.S.—The Secretary will attend at the Palace to receive names of Members wishing to join in time for the road race.

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

### LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

[NOTE.—The following paragraph was omitted last week owing to pressure on space.]

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

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

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

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

The Ladies' Pavilion, or Drawing-room, should be a great attraction to the lady Members of the People's Palace. It is beautifully furnished with everything that is needed for comfort, including an excellent piano.

There is a plentiful supply of illustrated and ladies' newspapers and periodicals. All lady Members will be cordially welcomed by the Committee and the Hon. Sec.

Miss Cunynghame, one of the lady Presidents of the Ladies' Social Club, has kindly presented a handsome clock to the Pavilion, which supplies a want that has long been felt.

On Monday, February 20th, a concert by the lady Members was given in the Pavilion, when the following ladies assisted: Misses Rogers and L. Toope, sang; Misses N. Martin and K. Simons gave recitations; selections were given on pianoforte by Misses M. and A. Coker, and Miss Valentine.

The Monday Evening Social Entertainments, given in the Ladies' Pavilion, prove to be a success, and seem to be greatly appreciated. They commenced on Monday, February 20th, when a capital programme was provided, in which the following ladies assisted:—Miss Cunynghame, one of the lady presidents, and the Misses Rogers, Toope, A. Coker, Martin, Simms, Valentine and M. Coker.

Last Monday, February 27th, the second of these social evenings passed off very pleasantly. The programme included recitations, songs, violin and pianoforte solos, given by the Misses Cunynghame and lady friend, Misses E. and M. Larter, Pickel, Hockings, Slater, Cohen, K. Simms, and Sinclair.

Lady Members willing to assist at these entertainments will greatly oblige by giving in their names at least a fortnight in advance to the Sub-Committee, or MAUDE COKER, Hon. Sec.

### PALACE SCHOOLS' FOOTBALL CLUB.

Our Boys were to have played three matches on Saturday last, but the frost prevailing, it was deemed advisable not to do so, consequently the matches were scratched.

1st Team v. St. Leonard Road Schools 1st XI.  
2nd " v. Hale Street Schools 1st XI.  
3rd " v. St. Leonard Road Schools 2nd XI.

We hope to have the pleasure of meeting our friends again before the season ends. A. HUNT, Hon. Sec.

### BEAUMONT F. C. v. BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Comparisons are invariably "odorous" as the great Sairey Gamp puts it, but one cannot help making a slight comparison between the reports of the above match, which appeared in last week's *Palace Journal*. The sub-Editor's—or rather his feathered friend's—twitterings tell us that "all sorts of odds and oddities occurred," while the Hon. Secs. of the opposing clubs tell us, that it was a "well-contested game from first to last." Now your humble servant, who, although his football days are past, is nevertheless still a great enthusiast of all outdoor games, managed to turn up at head-quarters and saw and heard the result of the match for himself. After many inquiries as to the ground, I found No. 2 match ground just as if a herd of sheep had been passing over it all the morning.

I quite agree with our Sub. that it was by no means a fine display of football; nevertheless some good individual play was shown by both sides. Taken as a body, the Harriers played a good game, but lacked one thing, *i.e.*, combination, but perhaps under the circumstances, they must be forgiven. The Harriers' goal-keeper was of no use, and the Footballists have to thank him for his poor display; the left-back was the best back on the field, his fine tackling powers, and strong kicking pulled the football men up whenever they looked dangerous, but the right-back was not so great a success, though at times he was safe. The halves played a good game, the right-half kicked very well, but was at times rather too erratic; the other two played more together when they got a chance. Coming to the forwards, this was the weak spot of the Harriers; not the slightest combination was shown, and when they had the goal at their mercy, which they decidedly had more than their share in the second half, they kept pass, pass, passing, until they really did put it past.

The Football Club men, as they should be, were much better up to the game, and though much lighter than their opponents they played an exceedingly well-combined game. Their goal keeper was a good man, for he saved some very awkward shots in the first half, and could hardly be held responsible for the two goals scored against him, though he made one very bad mistake which nearly lost his side the match. The backs were not so good as the Harriers, by a long way; the right-back played a rough game, and once or twice I wondered that the Referee did not put a stop to it. The left-back was the better of the two, but so many miskicks do not improve his play; the halves put in a lot of useful work, especially the centre, who evidently knows the game well—the others might have passed with a little more advantage. The forwards are really, for a first season, a first-class lot; the outside right wing was conspicuous all through the game, though his partner on the inside being "off colour" lacked speed, and though he evidently has no knowledge of the game, he would do more credit to himself and to his team if he played back. The left wings did a lot of work, the outside man making several good runs in the first half, but his partner on the inside spoiled his play by being too selfish; the inside left was no good, for when his partner got the ball and was dribbling he took it from him and was tackled before he could get his kick; the centre required more practice, but used plenty of judgment in passing.

THE STROLLER.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, by the kind invitation of Canon Gregory, the Members of the above paid a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral. The party was conducted by Rev. — Gilbertson to the most interesting portions of the building, and many thanks are due to him for his interesting and instructive explanation.

A committee meeting will be held on Friday next, at 8.30. New tickets will also be issued between 8.30 and 9.30. Members wishing to take part in a ramble to Brighton at Easter, are requested to send in their names to the Secretary.

On Saturday next the Ramble will be to Barking Side; tea at "Red House." Members meet at Stratford Church, at 3.30.

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

### TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of Teachers held on Thursday evening, February 23rd, a People's Palace Teachers' Association was formed. Thirty-six teachers have up to now joined the Association, and a committee has been elected, comprising Messrs. D. A. Low, Whitworth Scholar, Memb. Inst. M.E. (President); W. P. Cornish (Treasurer); W. Slingo (Secretary); A. W. Bevis, Whitworth Scholar; Orton Bradley, M.A., E. J. Burrell, R. Emmerson, D. Isaacs, B.A., A. P. Laurie, B.A., B.Sc., T. Jacob, and Miss Headdon. All departments of the schools are thus represented, and it is hoped that one of the first fruits of the Association will be the establishment of a feeling of good-fellowship among the teachers, who at present are, "in a great measure, strangers one to another."

### LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

Members wishing to join the above Club are requested to send in their names to A. W. Clews, Hon. Sec., 61, Tredgar Road, Bow, E., or at the Bookstall. New Members will be good enough to communicate without delay as the list will soon be closed.

Committee Meeting on Friday, March 2nd, at 7.30 p.m. (before the Council).

For particulars of General Meeting see next week's Journal.

A. W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

### BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

"FLOWER CUP" HANDICAP, HIGH TEA AND SMOKER.

This Club's fixture for Saturday last was a Five Mile Handicap for the very handsome cup kindly presented by Ernest Flower, Esq., in addition to which the Club gave a gold medal to the first man, silver medal with gold centre to the second, and silver medal to the third. Although Sir John Frost had been the ruling power for the greater part of the week, and the country presented a very wintry appearance, yet twelve Members out of an entry of sixteen, faced the starter. This is the largest entry that has been received by the Secretary for any of the races held by the Club up to the present time; and from the number of competitors the starts that had been allotted must have proved satisfactory to the majority of entrants. We take the opportunity of stating here that—H. Marshall, the energetic Hon. Sec. of the Cricket section, who had entered for this event, while running over the course in company with several other Members on Thursday evening last, met with a very nasty accident by stumbling over some stones, and cutting his face and both knees very badly, and in consequence he was placed *hors de combat* for Saturday's race. But let us hasten back to the proceedings. Punctually at 4.30, W. Hawkes (3 minutes' start), the winner of the last race, and who was again limit man, notwithstanding he was receiving 45 seconds' less than last time, was sent off by H. Johnson, of the Lytton R. C., who was officiating as starter and judge, and was followed by H. J. Soane, 2 mins. 50 secs.; G. Kitchener, 2 mins. 45 secs.; J. Hawkes, 2 mins. 40 secs.; E. Bates, 2 mins. 15 secs.; B. Savill, 1 min. 25 secs.; A. Cuninghame, 1 min. 20 secs.; E. J. Taylor, 1 min. 10 secs.; E. J. Crowe, 30 secs.; A. L. Rosenblatt, 20 secs.; E. Tibbs and J. R. Deeley, scratch.

Some of those in the know anticipated the ultimate winner, who proved to be W. Bates (handicapped by the Committee) he being just now in rare form, in consequence of the recent training he had undergone for the twenty-one miles' walk, the second and third men turned up somewhat unexpectedly in A. Cuninghame and J. Hawkes. Bates when given the word "go" went off with a long steady stride, and by the time half the distance had been covered was among the leading division, and about a mile from home took the lead, and never being caught, finished about 150 yards in front of Cuninghame, who certainly deserved his position as he ran remarkably well and with sound judgment, he being the shortest mark man who got placed; and although J. Hawkes finished next we think he would have done better had he not made his effort too soon. With reference to the unplaced men—Crowe, although he ran as well if not better than anybody in the race, he was unfortunate by finishing in his usual position, *i.e.* fourth. Soane finished fifth, and could not expect to finish nearer, as he had not trained or practised. Deeley finished next, but the task set the scratch man was decidedly too great, as although he ran in good form and caught several of the men before half the distance had been negotiated, he could not get nearer at the finish. Rosenblatt after a mile and a half had been covered had an attack of "stitch" and consequently did not run up to his handicap form. We expected better things of Savill and Kitchener, and Taylor should certainly have finished closer up. Tibbs no doubt could have finished nearer than he did, but seeing he had no chance of winning about three quarters of a mile from home, left the honours to his co-marker. After the competitors had divested themselves of their war paint and had attired themselves in the garb of civilisation, they adjourned to satisfy the cravings of the inner man. Tibbs remarked with his accustomed smile that, although he was left in the race, he was certainly not going to be left in the feed, and he kept his word, for when there was nothing left he said he was all right (see the joke?). Great Scott!—how the ham and jam disappeared! After all had satisfied their most delicate appetites, and the table linen was about to be cleared, we were stormed, to the delight of all, by several Members of the 'Monts F. C., and on their stating they felt fit to devour a town, Deeley soon had the festive board replenished and the Footballers set to with a will and cleared all before them. The feed being over, the Hon. Sec. was voted to the chair, and our pianist having played a short overture, W. Hawkes was called upon to open the ball with "The Parson and the Clerk," which he rendered in his usual masterly manner, then followed Mr. Wenn of the football division with "The Maid of the Mill," and Assist. Crowe with "Gently does the Trick," but to enumerate all would take up too much time and space, so you must be satisfied by being informed that the following gentlemen obliged during the evening. Messrs. Kitchener, J. Hawkes, Tibbs, Deeley, Bates, Savill, (with a good recitation) and Crowe (Harriers), J. Munroe and W. Wenn (Footballers), W. Bramley and A. H. Lewis (Lytton R. C.), and Mr. Russell Sper (with recitation "Kissing Cup Race," which was received with great applause) and W. J. Gavin (clarinet solo); and after a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Walter Bramley for so kindly and ably presiding at the piano, had been duly proposed, seconded and carried, the meeting was brought to a close in the same old way, by all joining hands and singing "Auld lang syne."

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

### BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

BEAUMONT v. ABBEY 2nd.

These two teams met last Saturday, at Victoria Park, to decide their return match. It will be remembered that in the first match the Beaumonts were victorious, by two goals to nil, but, on

this occasion, the Abbey (who were playing several first eleven men, won by two to nil.

The ground, after the heavy fall of snow and frost of the previous day, was in very bad condition, which made play difficult and caused us to lose the services of two of our best forwards, who did not turn up, thinking the ground would not be in a fit condition to play.

Hart, for the 'Monts, winning the toss, decided to take advantage of the wind. At first, the play was very even, but after some good passing by Griffett and Jesseman the ball was taken into the Abbey's territory, an advantage which the 'Monts maintained for the first half, but the Abbey's backs played in fine style, and prevented their scoring. Within two minutes of half-time Boxhall secured the ball, and made a fine run down the right wing, and passing to the centre the first goal was scored for the Abbey.

During the second half the 'Monts tried hard to equalise matters, but were unsuccessful, Hart at back and Jesseman at half-back playing particularly well. The Abbey, who were playing a good combined game, had several corners, off one of which they scored their second goal, the Beaumonts claiming hands before the goal was kicked, which was, however, not allowed by the umpire.

The following represented the Beaumonts—Moreton, Winch, Griffett, Jesseman, and Cantle (forwards), J. Munro, Wainman, and A. Munro (half-backs), Hart (captain) and Wenn (backs), and Thompson (goal).

After the match several Members accepted the invitation of the Harriers, and journeyed down to Forest Gate, and spent a most enjoyable evening.

Match for next Saturday—Beaumont v. St. Luke's, at Canning Town.

The eleven will be selected from the following—Messrs. Jesseman, Wenn, Hart (captain), Munro, Cantle, Wainman, Cook, Butterwick, Cooper, Griffett, Sherrell, Winch, and Moreton.

Members of the committee are reminded that the next monthly meeting will be held on Wednesday, the 7th March.

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

#### BILLIARD ROOM.

A General Meeting was held on Friday the 24th inst., when Messrs. J. Kerr, Loxton and J. Poole, were elected as Committeemen in place of Messrs. Moody, Kitchener and King—resigned.

The Billiard Handicap, promoted by S. Harrison, has made very good progress during the past week, and the following have won their first heats—J. Poole, T. G. Carter, E. Myers, W. Gardner, G. Joseph, H. Goodwin, J. Kerr, A. Bowman, J. Smith, A. Stuttle, F. Jolly, M. Eschwege, R. Back, R. Williamson, T. Castle, A. Edwards, G. Poole, R. Marshall, S. Bennett.

The game played between Messrs. Castle and Poulter was a very fine one. Towards the finish Poulter led, but Castle by some fine play, ultimately won by three points.

All Members who cannot play at the date fixed will kindly notify the same, and stating time most suitable for them.

A. S. HARRISON,  
Chairman Billiard Committee.

**Queen Charlotte's Marriage.**—When the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz came over to be married to George III. she was ten days at sea, but gay the whole voyage, sung to her harpsichord, and left the cabin-door open. Walpole describes her as easy, civil, and not disconcerted. On the road they wanted to curl her toupet: she said she thought it looked as well as that of any of the ladies sent to fetch her; if the King bid her, she would wear a periwig, otherwise she would remain as she was. When she caught the first glimpse of St. James's Palace she turned pale: the Duchess of Hamilton smiled. "My dear Duchess," said the Princess, "you may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me." After the marriage ceremony, as supper was not ready, the Queen sat down, sung and played on the harpsichord to the Royal family, who all supped with her in private. They talked of the different German dialects: the King asked if the Hanoverian was not pure. "Oh no, sir," said the Queen; "it is the worst of all." She was not tall, nor a beauty; pale, and very thin, but looked sensible, and was genteel. A ridiculous circumstance happened during the presentations. Lord Westmoreland, not very young or clear-sighted, mistook Lady Sarah Lennox for the Queen, kneeled to her, and would have kissed her hand if she had not prevented him. Queen Charlotte had always been, if not ugly, at least ordinary, but in her later years her want of personal charms became, of course, less observable, and it used to be said that she was grown better looking. Mr. Croker one day said something to this effect to Colonel Disbrowe, her chamberlain. "Yes," replied he, "I do think that the bloom of her ugliness is going off."

**Plain Speaking at Court.**—When old Mr. Richard Clive, through the elevation of his great son, Lord Clive, had been introduced into society for which his former habits had not well fitted him, he presented himself at the levee. The king asked him where Lord Clive was. "He will be in town very soon," said the old gentleman, loud enough to be heard by the whole circle, "and then your majesty will have another vote."

## Eccentricities of Lord Byron.

MR. ROGERS, in his *Table Talk*, writes:—"Neither Moore nor myself had ever seen Byron, when it was settled that he should dine at my house to meet Moore; nor was he known by sight to Campbell, who, happening to call upon me that morning, consented to join the party. I thought it best that I alone should be in the drawing-room when Byron entered it; and Moore and Campbell accordingly withdrew. Soon after his arrival they returned, and I introduced them to him severally, naming them as Adam named the beasts. When we sat down to dinner, I asked Byron if he would take soup. 'No; he never took soup.' Would he take some fish? 'No; he never took fish.' Presently, I asked if he would eat some mutton. 'No; he never ate mutton.' I then asked if he would take a glass of wine. 'No; he never tasted wine.' It was now necessary to inquire what he *did* eat and drink; and the answer was, 'Nothing but hard biscuits and soda-water.' Unfortunately, neither hard biscuits nor soda-water were at hand; and he dined upon potatoes bruised down on his plate and drenched with vinegar. My guests stayed till very late, discussing the merits of Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie. Some days after, meeting Hobhouse, I said to him, 'How long will Lord Byron persevere in his present diet?' He replied, 'Just as long as you continue to notice it.' I did not then know what I now know to be a fact—that Byron, after leaving my house, had gone to a club in St. James's Street and eaten a hearty meat supper. . . .

"Byron had prodigious facility of composition. He was fond of suppers, and used often to sup at my house and eat heartily (for he had then given up the hard biscuit and soda-water diet); after going home he would throw off sixty or eighty verses, which he would send to press next morning. . . . In those days, at least, Byron had no readiness of reply in conversation. If you happened to let fall any observation which offended him, he would say nothing at the time, but the offence would lie rankling in his mind, and, perhaps, a fortnight after, he would certainly come out with some very cutting remarks upon you, giving them as his deliberate opinions, the results of his experience of your character."

#### A Visit to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Walpole, writing in 1762, describes his visit to this strange lady: "I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow-candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair, or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en l'air*, made of dark-green brocade, with coloured and silvered flowers, and lined with furs; bodice laced, a foul dimity petticoat, sprig'd, velvet mufteens on her arms, grey stockings, and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined. I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she need have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her language as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Russian, all men-servants, and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful, she receives all the world, and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted, that she could not speak to her for laughing."

**Saving a Life and an Ear.**—Lady Suffolk was early affected with deafness. Cheselden, the surgeon, then in favour at Court, persuaded her that he had hopes of being able to cure deafness by some operation on the drum of the ear, and offered to try the experiment on a condemned convict, then in Newgate, who was deaf. If the man could be pardoned, he would try it; and if he succeeded, would practise the same cure on her ladyship. She obtained the man's pardon, who was cousin to Cheselden, who had feigned that pretended discovery to save his relation, and no more was heard of the experiment. The man saved his ear too, but Cheselden was disgraced at Court.

## In the Carquinez Woods.

By BRET HARTE.

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#### CHAPTER II.—(continued.)

**I**N another moment he was on her track, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her re-appear at a lesser distance. But the continual intervention of the massive trunks made the chase by no means an easy one, and as he could not keep her always in sight he was unable to follow or understand the one intelligent direction which she seemed to invariably keep. Nevertheless, he gained upon her breathlessly, and, thanks to the bark-strewn floor, noiselessly. He was near enough to distinguish and recognise the dress she wore, pale yellow that he had admired when he first saw her. It was Nellie, unmistakably; if it were she of the brown duster, she had discarded it, perhaps for greater freedom. He was near enough to call out now, but a sudden nervous timidity overcame him—his lips grew dry. What should he say to her? How account for his presence? "Miss Nellie, one moment!" he gasped. She darted forward and—vanished.

At this moment he was not more than a dozen yards from her. He rushed to where she had been standing, but her disappearance was perfect and complete. He made a circuit of the group of trees within whose radius she had just appeared, but there was neither trace of her, nor a suggestion of her mode of escape. He called aloud to her; the vacant Woods let his helpless voice die in their unresponsive depths. He gazed into the air and down at the bark-strewn carpet at his feet. Like most of his vocation, he was sparing of speech, and epigrammatic after his fashion. Comprehending in one swift but despairing flash of intelligence the existence of some fateful power beyond his own weak endeavour, he accepted its logical result with characteristic grimness, threw his hat upon the ground, put his hands in his pockets, and said—  
"Well, I'm d—d!"

#### CHAPTER III.

OUT of compliment to Miss Nellie Wynn, Yuba Bill, on reaching Indian Spring, had made a slight detour to enable him to ostentatiously set down his fair passenger before the door of the Burnhams. When it had closed on the admiring eyes of the passengers and the coach had rattled away, Miss Nellie, without any undue haste or apparent change in her usual quiet demeanour, managed, however, to despatch her business promptly, and leaving an impression that she would call again before her return to Excelsior, parted from her friends, and slipped away through a side street to the General Furnishing Store of Indian Spring. In passing this emporium on the coach, Miss Nellie's quick eye had discovered a cheap brown linen duster hanging in its window. To purchase it, and put it over her delicate cambric dress, albeit with a shivering sense that she looked like a badly folded brown paper parcel, did not take long. As she left the shop it was with mixed emotions of chagrin and security that she noticed that her passage through the settlement no longer turned the heads of its male inhabitants. She reached the outskirts of Indian Spring and the high-road at about the time Mr. Brace had begun his fruitless patrol of the main street. Far in the distance a faint olive-green table mountain seemed to rise abruptly from the plain. It was the Carquinez Woods. Gathering her spotless skirts beneath her extemporised brown domino, she set out briskly towards them.

But her progress was scarcely free or exhilarating. She was not accustomed to walking in a country where "buggy-riding" was considered the only genteel young-lady-like mode of progression, and its regular provision the expected courtesy of mankind. Always fastidiously booted, her low-quartered shoes were charming to the eye, but hardly adapted to the dust and inequalities of the high-road. It was true that she had thought of buying a coarser pair at Indian Spring, but once face to face with their uncompromising ugliness, she had faltered and fled. The sun was unmistakably hot, but her parasol was too well known and offered too violent a contrast to the duster for practical use. Once she stopped with an exclamation of annoyance, hesitated, and looked back. In half an hour she had twice lost her shoe and her temper; a pink flush took possession of her cheeks, and her eyes were bright with suppressed rage. Dust began to form grimy circles around their orbits; with cat-like shivers she even felt it pervade the roots of her blonde hair. Gradually her breath grew more rapid and hysterical, her smarting eyes became humid, and at last encountering two observant horsemen in the road, she turned and fled, until, reaching the wood, she began to cry.

Nevertheless she waited for the two horsemen to pass, to satisfy herself that she was not followed; then pushed on vaguely, until she reached a fallen tree, where, with a gesture of disgust, she tore off her hapless duster and flung it on the ground. She then sat down sobbing, but after a moment dried her eyes hurriedly and started to her feet. A few paces distant, erect, noiseless, with outstretched hand, the young solitary of the Carquinez Woods advanced towards her. His hand had almost touched hers when he stopped.

"What has happened?" he asked gravely.  
"Nothing," she said, turning half away, and searching the ground with her eyes, as if she had lost something. "Only I must be going back now."  
"You shall go back at once if you wish it," he said, flushing slightly. "But you have been crying—why?"

Frank as Miss Nellie wished to be, she could not bring herself to say that her feet hurt her, and the dust and heat were ruining her complexion. It was, therefore, with a half-confident belief that her troubles were really of a moral quality, that she answered: "Nothing—nothing, but—but—it's wrong to come here."

"But you did not think it was wrong when you agreed to come at our last meeting," said the young man, with that persistent logic which exasperates the inconsequent feminine mind. "It cannot be any more wrong to-day."

"But it was not so far off," murmured the young girl without looking up.

"Oh, the distance makes it more improper then," he said abstractedly, but after a moment's contemplation of her half-averted face, he asked gravely: "Has any one talked to you about me?"

Ten minutes before, Nellie had been burning to unburthen herself of her father's warning, but now she felt she would not. "I wish you wouldn't call yourself Low," she said at last.

"But it's my name," he replied quietly.  
"Nonsense! It's only a stupid translation of a stupid nickname. They might as well call you 'Water' at once."

"But you said you liked it."  
"Well, so I do. But don't you see—I—oh, dear! you don't understand."

Low did not reply, but turned his head with resigned gravity towards the deeper woods. Grasping the barrel of his rifle with his left hand, he threw his right arm across his left wrist and leaned slightly upon it with the habitual ease of a Western hunter—doubly picturesque in his own lithe, youthful symmetry. Miss Nellie looked at him from under her eyelids, and then half defiantly raised her head and her dark lashes. Gradually an almost magical change came over her