

THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
SHADOWS BEFORE	253
ORGAN RECITAL	253
NOTES OF THE WEEK	253, 254
DOWNING STREET	255
WOMAN: AND HER INTERESTS	255
PALACE GOSSIP	256, 257
MUSICAL NOTES	257
SOCIETY AND CLUB NOTES	258, 259
THE VILLAGE OF MERSTHAM	260
A ROYAL WEDDING	260
IN THE CARQUINEZ WOODS	261—263
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	264
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	264
COMPETITIONS, PUZZLES AND PRIZES	264, 265
ADVERTISEMENTS	266—268

Shadows Before THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY, 8th.—Library open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10. Ladies' Social—Opening of New Rooms.
- FRIDAY.—Library open from 8.30 to 10.30 (morning) for newspapers only. Dog Show open from 11 till 10.30. Cycling Club—General Meeting at 8. Ramblers—Sub-Committee Meeting at 8.
- SATURDAY.—Library open from 8.30 to 10.30 (morning) for newspapers only. Dog Show from 11 to 10.30. Concert (Scots Guards) at 8 o'clock, in Queen's Hall. Ramblers—Ramble to Chingford Old Church. Football—Match at Victoria Park: Beaumont v. Glengall Rovers. Cyclists—Run to Head Quarters, Woodford. Chess Club—Match in School-buildings.
- SUNDAY.—Organ Recital at 12.30. Library open from 3 till 10.
- MONDAY.—Library open from 8.30 to 10.30 (morning) for newspapers only. Dog Show (last day) from 11 to 10.30. General Meeting for Social Club at 8.30. Beaumont Sketching Club—Monthly Exhibition.
- TUESDAY.—Library open to public from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10. Debating Society—Debate at 8 o'clock.
- WEDNESDAY.—Library open to the public from 9 till 5. Concert (Queen's Hall) at 8.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MARCH 11th, at 12.30 p.m.
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST MR. E. F. BARKER, A.C.O.

- OFFERTOIRE IN C *Tours.*
 PRAYER AND HOSANNAH CHORUS *Lemmens.*
 SONATA IN C MINOR *Mendelssohn.*
(Grave, Adagio, Allegro maestoso e vivace, Fuga.)
 ANDANTE *G. A. Macfarren.*
 BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL (St. Paul) *Mendelssohn.*
 OFFERTOIRE IN A *Wely.*
 TENOR MELODY *Smart.*
 MINUETTO *J. B. Calkin.*

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

Notes of the Week.

THE sarcophagus that formerly contained the bones of Alexander the Great has been found at Saida, the ancient Sidon. So runs the telegram, and it takes one's breath away. It is 2,224 years since the bones were laid to rest of a warrior greater than Napoleon Bonaparte. True, history tells us that his body was taken to Alexandria, where it was laid in a golden case, and afterwards changed to a coffin of glass. Perhaps, however, history is wrong. What would seem equally possible is that the archæologist who reads the name of Alexander the son of Philip of Macedon is wrong. If, however, this is really and truly the coffin of the hero, it is one of the most interesting monuments that the world has ever seen. The wisest writer in the French language has said, that everything precious is to be sought underground. There can be few ancient things more precious than the coffin of Alexander, and now it has been found—they say so—underground. Let us relate a portion of the career of this most marvellous of men. It was admirably sketched in a leading article of the *Daily Telegraph* for Friday, March 2nd, which I venture to quote because it puts the story better than I could hope to tell it in my own language:—"History commits some mistakes, but she has made none in placing Philip's son in her front rank of wonderful men. He did not live thirty-three years; he did not reign thirteen; nevertheless, in that brief space of existence and of power, he—more than all before him and since his time—welded the West and the East together, with war for his furnace and the sword for his hammer. All we know of him stamps as utterly extraordinary this Macedonian Prince, who had Aristotle for his tutor, the "Iliad" for his daily reading, Asiatic Queens and Athenian Thais for the companions of his pleasure, and the conquest of mankind for the business of his life. As a boy of fourteen he complained of his father's constant victories, saying, "What will he leave me to achieve?" At sixteen he was left in charge of Philip's kingdom, and administered it excellently; a year before he broke in Bucephalus, the horse which no one else could manage; and at twenty, in the year 336 B.C., he was crowned king. He had fought with such superb valour and military skill at Charonea that his father exclaimed, when they embraced amid the scattered corpses of the Theban Sacred Band: "O son! seek for thyself a larger realm; that which I shall bequeath thee is too small!" Brilliant and terrible, he blazes across the sky of ancient history like a comet, alternately cruel as a tiger and gentle as a dove. The poles of human passion were united in him. In the midst of the massacre at Thebes he could spare the house of Pindar for the sake of lyric poetry, and when they charged his body-physician with a design to poison him he could drink up the potion offered and smile sweetly in the Greek doctor's face while he gave that innocent official the letter of accusation to read. The same man slew his

prisoners like sheep, stabbed his friend Clytus to the heart at a festal board, and behaved to the inhabitants of Tyre, when he had captured the city, like a Fury from Hades. To the mother, wife, and children of the defeated Darius he was chivalrous as a Paladin, and when Bessus murdered his crowned enemy and he saw the King of Persia lie naked in the dust of his own dominion, Alexander unbuckled the purple jewelled cloak which he wore, and laid it reverently over the dead Monarch. Yet the same man, to please the whim of an Athenian courtesan, set fire to Persepolis, destroying thereby the glory and wonder of the world; executed his best general and adviser, Parmenio for a suspicion; mutilated Callisthenes, the pupil of his tutor Aristotle, and carried that miserable victim about in an iron cage, besides perpetrating all sorts of odious barbarities and excesses. As a study of human nature he is, indeed, the most perplexing, incongruous, and dazzling monster of antiquity, with clearly-blazoned gifts of nature and of culture, which proves him to have been one of the wonders, as well as one of the terrors, of our race. Small of stature, he was physically so sound, so perfect, and so healthy that no fatigue or intemperance overcame him. In battle he was indomitable; "victory sate upon his standard"—he was never once wounded, although always in the front of fight. The East still pronounces the name of "Iskander" as if it were that of a god. Cities and towns still bear it; a thousand tales and legends still celebrate the prowess, the power, the divine masterfulness of this Macedonian boy who, at the age when English lads are going to college, started to revenge upon Persia the insults half-expiated by memories of Marathon and Salamis; and to make a final conquest of Asia. This pinch or two of grey dust in the sarcophagus at Saida, these fragmentary bones which were once a skull, are tokens of the indomitable frame and relics of the restless head of him to whose thirty thousand footmen and five thousand cavalry a whole continent submitted; to whom Sardis, Miletus, Damascus, Tyre, Babylon, Susa, and Persepolis opened one by one their gates, until from the Nile to the Oxus the East was all his own.

"I would pause at the Euphrates," said Parmenio, after the capture of Babylon, "if I were Alexander." "So would I," replied the Conqueror, "if I were Parmenio"; and forthwith he started on that most marvellous of all his campaigns—the invasion of India. There is no romance for the Oriental student so intensely absorbing as the too slender record of that enterprise. In approaching the Indus and crossing it near Attock into the Punjab, Alexander came upon a region ruled by that ancient Brahmanism which immediately preceded Buddhism. The first Porus whom he defeated upon the Jhelum, and the second Potentate of that name whom he overthrew on the Chenab, were Puru Princes of the Pramara race—high-caste Aryans. When Buddhism a hundred years after spread over the "Five Waters" it found Greek plastic art lingering in these abandoned conquests of Alexander, and adopted it for bas-reliefs on temples, stupas, and rock-caves. The paths trampled by the Macedonian opened up a road for intercourse between East and West, though many a cruel conqueror was to tread them before civilisation found the way. Commerce owes to Alexander its first tracks across Bactria, Arachosia, Gedrosia, and Drangiana—now Afghanistan; and to his admiral Nearchus its first charts and sailings directions for the Indian Ocean. In the pages of Herodotus India is still a land of fable, where we read, as things only half-believed, of the tree-wool, the ants which guard gold, the gymnosophists, the sati-burnings, and the stories wilder than the "Arabian Nights." Alexander tore the veil from the beautiful Aryan lands, as he had unclasped the virgin-zones of Roxana and Stateira, those high and lovely Princesses of Asia, and as he had cut the famous knot at the Temple of Gordium. We perceive now that it was for the good of India to be so violently discovered,

much as she preferred her philosophic isolation. Well, indeed, has it been written,

"The East bowed low before the blast,
In patient, deep disdain;
She saw the Legions thunder past,
Then plunged in thought again."

ONE would like a photograph of Alexander. I think that he, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon Bonaparte must have been very much like each other. As for Napoleon, his face is pure Roman: you may see in the most Roman part of France, the South East, the actual face of Napoleon carved upon the ancient tombs placed for all to see. His family migrated from Florence to Corsica, where they became poor; but they were originally, I am convinced, of Roman stock. Now, many of the things told of Alexander are precisely such as Napoleon, less civilized, might have done. They were both of short stature: both must have had clear cut features and keen eyes: both certainly possessed an overwhelming ambition.

A WEEK or two ago I asked why we cannot recover children from the custody of parents who are habitual criminals, beggars, and of known vicious lives. A case in the paper of Thursday last illustrates the case. A woman "addicted to drink," was brought up for sending out her daughter, fifteen years of age, to beg. That good mother is now deprived of drink for one month. When she returns to her gin, the daughter will return to her begging. What chance in life, under existing circumstances, can there be for that unfortunate girl?

I HOPE the Ramblers Club will make a note of this kindly invitation extended to them by the resident of Merstham. This village is a station on the South-Eastern Railway, 20½ miles from London Bridge. The communication published in this number sufficiently explains what is to be seen there. Briefly, there is a pretty country and a somewhat picturesque church and village. Two centuries ago Flecknor found that Merstham was unsatisfactory:

"Where I nothing found for supper
But only coarse brown bread and butter."

In the bed he also found a "whole warren of starved fleas," who made a meal off him the whole night through. Therefore, he concludes, "The Devil take Merstham for't for me." But this has been improved since then, and no doubt the Ramblers will find themselves very comfortably "done for." N.B.—Not to think of going before the month of June.

THE Librarian keeps a kind of diary concerning books taken out, number of readers, and other points of interest. Would you like to know what we are doing in the library? The number of readers for the week ending February 25th, 1888, was over 2000. The number of books taken out was 1213, classified as follows:

Novels ...	854	Technical ...	40
Biography ...	14	Punch ...	70
History ...	57	Voyages ...	60
Poetry ...	20	Belles Lettres...	7
Theology ...	4	Miscellaneous...	36

The favourite authors during the week, in order of application, were Marryat, Dickens, Braddon, Ainsworth, Collins, Verne, Reade, and Mrs. Henry Wood. It is very noticeable how Marryat, week after week, keeps steadily in the first place. The favourite studies are the History of England, Mathematics, Shorthand, and Fishing and Angling. The evening attendance seems to be increasing steadily. That of Sunday is most satisfactory, and shows that the Sunday privilege of quiet and rest is becoming more and more generally appreciated. The number who avail themselves of the Sunday opening range from 1,700 to 2,000. The benefit conferred upon these 2,000 people every Sunday, in offering them a quiet place where they can rest and read, is simply incalculable. EDITOR.

Downing Street.

THIS street has now disappeared. The clearance was begun so long ago as 1828, when was taken down the south of Downing Street: at the corner next King Street, was the noted "Cat and Bagpipes," where, in early life, George Rose, subsequently Secretary of the Treasury, used to eat his mutton-chop dinner. When Haydon painted for Earl Grey a whole-length portrait of his Lordship, seated in his private room at Downing Street, he paid special attention to the details of the apartment. Downing Street has a host of political associations and anecdotes of its celebrated occupants. When Sir Robert Walpole removed from his official residence here, he found an old account-book of his father's, wherein he set down all his expenses. In three months and ten days that he was in London one winter as a member of Parliament, he spent sixty-four pounds, seven shillings, and fivepence! There are many entries for Nottingham ale, eighteenpences for dinners, five shillings to Bob (afterwards Earl of Orford), and one memorandum of six shillings given in exchange to Mr Williams for his wig; and yet this old man, Horace Walpole's grandfather, had two thousand pounds a-year, Norfolk, sterling! He little thought that what maintained him for a whole session would scarce serve one of his grandsons to buy a pair of fans for princesses at Florence.

When, in 1783, Lord North descended from the post of First Minister to Secretary of State, he jested on the change. His apartments at the Treasury being situated on the second floor, he experienced some fatigue in ascending so many steps. Frequently, from the effect of long habit, or from absence of mind, forgetting the change in his official situation, he went straight to the Treasury Chambers, on the first floor. These accidents, which would have distressed more irritable men, never externally discomposed good-humoured Lord North.

Prime Ministers have variously affected Downing Street. Pitt's laborious habits of work kept him much at his office. A curious piece of Parliamentary work in his administration—a genuine Downing Street record,—has turned up. When, in 1783, Mr Pitt introduced his bill for regulating fees, perquisites, and other emoluments in public offices, he pointed at one of the charges of previous administrations, specifying a sum of £340 paid to the Secretary of the Treasury for the article of *whipcord*. Some sort of explanation was given, which diverted more than it satisfied its hearers. (See Sir N. W. Wraxall's *Historical Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 361.) Has not this *whipcord* charge something to do with the Treasury *whipper-in*?

Haydon once asked Lord Melbourne if he occupied Downing Street. He said "No," with hesitation; but he was fond of leisure, and, by keeping at his house in South Street, he was out of the way of bore till business hours. Lord Grey was always in it; and Haydon in his picture, has portrayed his Lordship ruminating by the fireside after a great Reform debate.

In the Colonial Office, No. 14 in the street, in a small waiting-room on the right hand on entering, the Duke of Wellington—then Sir Arthur Wellesley—and Lord Nelson, both waiting to see the Secretary of State, met,—the only time in their lives. The Duke knew Nelson from his pictures; Lord Nelson did not know the Duke, but was so struck with his conversation, that he stepped out of the room to inquire who he was. Mr Peter Cunningham relates this meeting, which has been painted and engraved.

Theodore Hook, in one of his later tales, says of Downing Street: "There is a fascination in the air of that little *cul-de-sac*: an hour's inhalation of its atmosphere affects some men with giddiness, others with blindness, and very frequently with the most oblivious boastfulness." And Theodore was right.

Woman: and Her Interests.

LARGE hats, made generally in velvet with raised brims, are very popular just now, and are both artistic and becoming to most faces. All the newest gowns are made with long waists and very simple draperies. At the recent Drawing Room, Princess Louise of Wales was very simply dressed in delicate rose-coloured tulle, and brocade adorned with bunches of snowdrops. Owing to the chilliness of the weather a great many high bodices were worn, and one lady robed in white satin and silver, had a fluffy white feather boa.

AN interesting account of the Ballet girls of Paris is given by an evening paper. Few people who see the gaily dressed dancing girls on the stage know the terrible amount of strain and hard work they are obliged to go through. As a rule, we are told, the fairies begin their training for the ballet at the age of seven or eight, and having been pronounced suitable for the profession by the lady professor and the doctor, henceforth begin their daily labours for the opera, until some ten or twelve years hence they have become passable dancers. As she advances the work of the *danseuse* gets harder and harder; nor is there any interruption of it or any holiday, for "a week's rest, for a dancer, implies a month's extra hard training to recover her limberness and agility." After describing her preparations for her appearance on the stage, the writer says:—"Thus equipped she bounces on to the stage smiling, fresh and gay, and flitting with easy grace through her *pas*, applauded by the admiring audience. But the moment her back is turned to the public, the smile vanishes, her face becomes serious, her features are grimacing and drawn with fatigue, and as she passes us we see she is panting for breath; and by the time she has finished dancing she will be so worn out that she will scarcely have strength enough left to crawl upstairs to her dressing-room.

ODDS AND ENDS FOR THE HOME.—How to preserve the colour of dresses.—Be careful only to use water that is lukewarm if you wish to preserve the colour of gingham, printed lawns, chintzes, etc. Make a lather with soap before you put in the dress, instead of rubbing it on the material, and stir into the first and second tub of water a large tablespoonful of ox-gall. Coloured articles should be washed as quickly as possible, and then rinsed through two or three cold waters into which a teaspoonful of vinegar should be stirred, which will help to brighten the colours. After rinsing do not let the materials stand a moment, but hang them out immediately. If they cannot be ironed at once, let them hang till they are quite dry, then damp and fold them. Next day iron them. Coloured articles should not be placed in hot water, or boiled, or scalded.

To prevent flat irons from sticking to any starched article, lay a little fine salt on a flat surface and well rub the irons with it.

Golden crust pudding.—Cut some stale bread into slices half an inch thick. Break an egg on a plate, add a little milk, soak the bread in it, and fry in a frying-pan with dripping or butter. Serve with brown sugar sifted over.

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

Rochester's Letters.—Mr. Bentley used to tell of an old devout Lady St. John, who burnt a whole trunkful of letters of the famous Lord Rochester, "for which," said Mr. Bentley, "her soul is now burning in heaven." The oddness, confusion, and wit of the idea are very striking.

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

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

SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE—fresh from the breezes of the sunny South—on Thursday last did the honours of the evening at the Reception tea, when, you know, some five hundred and fifty candidates were admitted as Members of the Institute. The Queen's Hall—a peculiarly happy place for such gatherings—presented a most picturesque appearance, with the long tables covered with fair linen and with the grateful and comforting comforts of this life deftly placed—with good effect—by the silent familiars of Pearce and Plenty. At about eight o'clock the Hall was nicely filled, and much joy reigned therein; even the gallery queens—the spirits of the place—lending a joyful eye to the occasion. And well they might: for probably their majesties never saw anything in their lifetime half so animated as the picture at any time.

THE fairest Hebes from the Ladies' Pavilion turned out to assist in feeding the multitude—and, between you and me, they found themselves pretty well employed. The tartlets vanished with astounding rapidity; quarts of the fragrant Bohea disappeared; and two young gentlemen who were swollen wistfully before my wry eyes had to undo a button or two—to accommodate the remaining delicacies. Walter Marshall and his satellites were here, there, and everywhere, and had a particularly lively time of it—in taking entrance and other fees and in booking the names of the masculine teists for the numerous Palace Clubs. Carter, the cricketing man, fared, I believe, particularly well in this latter employment: which shows, you see, that the in-coming Members have their respective oculars widely open for the future.

WHILST the tea was disappearing, our Director Burdett with Instructor Wright and a contingent from the Gymnasium, went through some daring performances on the horizontal bar; the gallant Sergeant being the observed of all observers. This performance—sweet as it was—struck me as being rather ill-timed, for it necessarily distracted somewhat from the tables, though goodness knows full justice was done to the nice things provided. Two or three particular Pavilion nymphs made matters agreeably comfortable for the sub-Ed—who, by the way, was *very much* there; and so insisted upon his swallowing the aforesaid Bohea that he had no alternative but to comply—and suffered (afterwards) in consequence.

THEY laughed and rioted till the feast was o'er, then came the speeching—then they laughed no more! (Shakespeare!) Sir Edmund, mounting the rostrum, delivered himself of a neat oration wherein, amongst sundry other things, he informed his hearers that the reputation of the People's Palace depended upon them—and on them alone. He pointed out—truthfully enough—the many gad-flys surrounding the Palace, who were ever ready and willing to mark the place for destruction; and after paying a very nice compliment to the lady Members present, Sir Edmund sat him down amid prolonged applause. Mr. Dellow and Mr. E. Flower also orated and severally distinguished themselves, and so the evening passed agreeably away.

I HAD almost forgotten to mention the sweet warbling of those ever-ready ladies, Misses Bready, Sinclair and Marshall, who did much to further the undoubted success of the evening's entertainment; and those other ladies the Misses O'Connor and Land, who so ably presided at the pianoh, also deserve a well-earned diploma of merit. Mr. Lishawa sweetly tooted a flute solo, and another enjoyable item was the short organ recital given by Mr. T. Hill, who had come from St. Philip's to assist in the general harmony—and well he succeeded.

To sum up and to conclude, I should opine that this evening was one of the happiest ever spent beneath the noble roof of the great Majestic hall. I think that perhaps the older Members might have been admitted to the galleries, where they could have had the (doubtful) enjoyment of seeing the new-comers feed; but the powers that be were otherwise opinioned—and not even a Sub. may dare dispute their right!

UNFORTUNATELY, in the midst of the general joy of Belshazzar's feast I had to tear myself away for a brief space to witness the efforts of Mr. Elocution Hasluck's Palace pupils—who were giving a public rehearsal, or, as it is called, an "Open Night" in the School-buildings. I dropped in just as Mr. Gray and Miss Elstob were interesting those present by that "scene" from the evergreen "School for Scandal" wherein the good Sir Peter Teazle lectures his naughty wife. I rather liked Gray in this Sheridanian gem, and I likewise thought Lady Teazle to be very nice. Mr. Hasluck is to be congratulated. The performers, however, in my opinion, laboured against the disadvantage of an imperfect room—which though spacious enough and the best we have in the Palace is not

quite remarkable for the beauty of its acoustic properties. When we get our promised lecture-hall we shall change all that; and shall have a fair performance with fair advantages to all. For a first performance then, Mr. Hasluck, I say, is to be warmly congratulated: for though the some of the entertainers lacked "tone and quality" the general effect was pleasing than otherwise; and as time goes on I hope the Palace will turn out as good elocutionists as another institution of its kind has done. We shall have Louis Schillers, merry Andrewses, Alice Aloofs, and Ivan Berlins of our own some day—sha'n't we, Mr. Hasluck?—and the sooner the better, say I.

SOMEONE, who evidently did not read my GOSSIP par. on the same subject a week or so ago, this week writes a lengthy letter to the Editor on a dramatic club for the P. P. For his benefit (and for my own—for it's a "fill-up," don't you know), I should like to observe one or two things—risking, indeed, the charge of iteration. I say now, as I said before, that the time is hardly ripe enough yet for the formation of such a club; for did we but organise such a society now, it could necessarily be but a lame affair; and I, for one, would prefer waiting until the before-mentioned lecture-hall is erected for the carrying out of the dramatic idea. The Journal, in its first number, you will remember, promised that dramatic sport would form one of the Palace features, but the time has not yet come for the paper to fulfil its promise. I disagree with the Thespian letter-writer in thinking that the Queen's Hall would be the "very place" for such performances. I think it's by far too large, whereas the other parts of the Palace are decidedly too small; so we shall have to wait till some other building is erected. Nobody is more deeply interested in this dramatic question than myself. Loving the drama as I do, with all my heart and soul, the writer of the letter may rest assured that whenever the chance for forming such a club in the Palace comes, I will be one of the first to give it publicity, and the foremost to welcome the idea as another means of healthy recreation. [The letter in question next week].

I NEVER yet saw, and never could perceive, any harm arising from dramatic institutions. Possibly I am biased; but not all the persuasions of my dearest friends, nor all the arguments of my would-be guardians will ever bring me to regard the theatre as the temple of Deep and Dark Iniquity. And though I feel all this—yea, verily believe it—I cannot, for my life, think it makes me less Christian or less conscientious. 'Tis surely time that the days of Puritanism were over! More anon, on this subject.

I SHOULD like to call attention to a letter which will appear in the next issue of the Journal dealing with—or, rather, suggesting—the formation of a Society for the advancement of Short-hand Writing. A class is formed, with a small entrance fee. The members assemble—one fellow being elected to serve as reader; and then, being seated at the table, the question is asked, "Are you ready gentlemen?" A silent negative is taken in the affirmative; and then, the reader shouting "fifty"—or fifty words a minute—fires away for some three or four minutes, at the end of which he increases his reading power to "sixty," and so on every four minutes, until he reaches one hundred and twenty words a minute! To enable the budding reporter to "get up speed" a society of this nature is an immense boon, for, as the secret of shorthand is practice, practice, practice, one cannot hope to attain proficiency till he *does* practice. Now, Mr. Horton, you've been very successful with such a club at the Polytechnic, why not organise a similar institution here? I, for one will support it, and you may rely upon me for giving publicity to the same.

LOST!—On the reception tea-night (March 1st) in the Queen's Hall, one of our Members lost his black-knotted walking-stick. May be recognised by the indentation on the knob. Possibly left under one of the tables. Would feel obliged by return of same. So if any of you young fledglings have discovered the same, a return would greatly oblige, etc. May be left at bookstall for W. G. Edney, or sent to the sub-Editorial sanctum.

I SHOULD like to call Bullock's attention—and indeed the attention of our Ramblers generally, to an article we have in the present issue entitled "The Village of Merstham"—wherein a gentleman who has taken an interest in the Palace fellows offers us a delightful excursion in his quaintly-delightful little village. When the summer comes and everything is glad I doubt not that his kindness will be greatly appreciated and acceptable to the weary workers who attend the People's Palace. The Ramblers' Society is to be the society for the summer, you know; and will be undoubtedly the great rival to the cricketing and the tennis sections.

TAKE NOTICE—that in consequence of the continual loss of Membership tickets the Trustees have decided not to issue any more duplicates. This will be recognised as a just decision by all well thinking Members; and will teach the thoughtless to take care of what they have to pay for. So henceforth any Member losing his or her ticket must cease to belong to the Institute till the end of the quarter, when they can re-join in the ordinary way.

A FRIENDLY chat about Bret Harte, the American novelist and humorist, will be given on Sunday, March 18th, at 8.30, by Mr. Frank Heath, to which all Members are warmly invited. There are plenty of fellows in this Institute who are fond of books, and this talk on the subject—the beginning of a series, I trust—should be extremely welcome. Particulars shortly.

LITERARY COMPETITION—RESULT.

THE number of entries for this Competition has been greater than I last week anticipated, for, at the eleventh hour, they came, not singly, but in battalions. The Prize, you know, is two guineas for the best single original composition, but the judge, in his discretion, has thought fit to divide this sum between three Competitors, and the result, therefore, is as follows:—

- (1) *One Guinea to*
JOHN RUSHBROOK,
Red Pottery, Commercial Road, E.
- (2) *Half-Guinea to*
R. T. LOCKWOOD,
12, Barnes Street, Stepney.
- (3) *Half-Guinea to*
HORACE J. HAWKINS,
1, Archibald Street, Campbell Road.

for writing respectively "A Timely Lesson," "Kitty," and "Bob Mahoney." Details next week. The winners will receive cards from me appointing time and place to receive awards.

I AM glad to say that Henry Marshall is much better, although far from recovered from his nasty fall. It is to be hoped, however, that he will shortly come up to the scratch—for the cricketing season is advancing, and Henry'll be wanted, you know.

I SHOULD like to call the attention of all those interested in football to the forthcoming Football Charity Festival, to be held at the Kennington Oval, on the 10th instant. Rugby game to be played between Middlesex and Somersetshire; and Association between Preston North End and Corinthians. Admission, I believe, is 1s. 6d. The 'Monts, and the merrie Moreton, will doubtless show up in good form. "The Stroller" intends to be there.

Bravo Valentine! At a Council meeting held on Monday night, the resolution for the formation of a Social Club in the Institute was carried—some say, hurried—*nemine dissente*. A room has been provided, and everything promises richly for the future. I hear that two concerts a week—smoking or otherwise—will be given, which doubtless will be largely conducive to the general harmony; a special evening concert once a month, when I also hear that the ladies are expected to vacate their seraglio in favour of the lords of creation; and, altogether, such a brilliant time is promised, that fairly puts every other arrangement in the shade. The new room to be occupied by the Socialists—that is, Social Clubists—is situated between the Queen's Hall and the new Library, and is somewhat curiously shaped. It is, however, intended to make this apartment as comfortable and as snug as possible; a small bar will be provided, where the cup that cheers but not inebriates may be obtained; chess, draughts, and other friends will be found; and all that will be wanting is a general sociability—and that must come from the Members themselves.

AFTER the Council meeting was over its representatives flew en masse to the Subby's sanctum—there to uncork the vials of their wrath. It seems that Valentine's resolution was carried much too quickly for the general liking—though why it was so carried it is hard to imagine. The dissentients' voices were raised after the motion had been passed, which was rather an odd thing, wasn't it? So poor Valentine had to encounter innumerable Orsons in the shape of fierce arguists, and the sanctum, for the time being, was nought else than a discussion forum. Certainly the Council should have been somewhat posted up in the details of the resolution before they passed it; and it is rather hard on the exultant Val. to get sat upon just as he was bearing his blushing honours so thick upon him.

THERE are only two things that I object to in the rules of this Social Club: firstly, the fact of calling such a gathering a club,—when it should be an universal and free "institution" (like the Ladies' Pavilion, for instance); and, secondly, the charging a fee to support the same. I do not at all like the idea of charging Members for sociability—which ought to be as cheap as possible; but if a fee *must* be levied, it is to be hoped that the sum will come within the reach of all.

I AM glad to learn that at the Council meeting on Monday last a resolution in favour of extending the age limit from twenty-five to thirty was passed with an overwhelming majority. I know a number of persons—masculine and feminine—who, having passed the formerly prescribed limit of twenty-five years, have been disconsolate because hitherto the People's Palace Institute has been a forbidden fruit to them. Let these now rejoice with exceeding great joy, and at once enrol themselves.

THE lady Members having been summarily ejected from their familiar harem, will take possession of their new suite of rooms on Thursday next; probably amid much rejoicing. The august Members of the mighty Council are invited to be present at the inauguration ceremony; which will also be graced by the presence of the Sub.

It was intended to hold the Debating Literary Evening on Monday next, but as the Council are bidden to feast at the Polytechnic on that evening, it has been wisely decided to postpone the Literary Evening till March 19th, when a much larger gathering will probably turn up.

ON Sunday morning last, no fewer than 963 persons—chiefly working-men—assembled in the Queen's Hall, to hear the Organ Recitals; and between the hours of 3 and 10 some 1,710 persons patronised the library and reading tables. This speaks well for the Sunday opening of the Palace; and should be extremely gratifying to the Beaumont Trustees.

ATTEND all ye who list to hear of People's Palace praise, Dog Show 's to be held you know, for three successive days, viz. Friday, Saturday and Monday. Hope to tell you all about it in next issue. "Subby's Gone to the Dogs,"—good subject for a comic poem—eh, Kerridge?

I HAD something to say last week in reference to a proposed walk to Brighton at Eastertide. If those gentlemen who feel interested in the subject will turn to the Ramblers' Club Notice on page 258, they will see what arrangements Bullock has thus early made. I shall try and see B. personally, and let you know next week the particulars of the intended trip; for I imagine that its likely to be well worth the journey. I shall also ask the genial Bullock to post me up regularly with the names of the intending trippers so that sets may be formed and loving union made one to another. (No. 750 please note).

WORKMEN'S EXHIBITION.—It is hoped that as many bona fide working men will take part in this Exhibition as possible; that it may be a thorough success. The time is on the wing, and May will be here before we can look around us. So all those interested in this interesting show are requested to make hay whilst the sun shines.

AS I have remarked above the People's Palace Council are due at the Polytechnic on Monday next—and many interested will not therefore be able to take part in next Monday's social "club" meeting. The popular Wadkin (who in conjunction with Valentine has done his utmost towards furthering this "club") particularly desires me to express his regret at his unavoidable absence. Of course, he should have been present at Monday's meeting; but I shouldn't advise him to miss the Poly. party. I hope to be there myself—just to keep a paternal eye upon the frivolous young sparks, you know.

MAKE a point of turning up to-night in the Queen's Hall when our old friend, Professor Malden, lectures on "A Fifty Year's Reign,"—heaven bless it! A popular man and a popular subject should bring success!

Musical Notes.

CONCERTS.—On Wednesday last, the 29th ult., a capital Concert was given by the Upton Choral Society in the Queen's Hall, when Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" was given. The soloists were Miss Jones *vice* Mrs. Stanley Stubbs, Madame Osborne Williams, and Mr. Arthur Giles. The organist, Mr. C. B. Gilbert, F.C.O., was accompanied by Mr. F. C. Kitson. The whole conducted by Mr. Joseph Proudman. In the first part several favourite songs were given, including "Kathleen Mavourneen," "The Yeoman's Wedding," and Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave."

ON Saturday, March 3, Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was given by the Hampstead Choral Society, and was most enthusiastically received by a crowded audience. The soloists were Miss Alice Gomes, Madame Julia Lennox, Mr. Bernard Lane, and Mr. Musgrove Tufnail. Organist, Mr. S. Boddington Smith, pianoforte, Miss Alice Edmunds, conductor, Mr. Willem Coenen. Owing to the length of the programme, the audience were admitted half an hour earlier than the usual time, and by eight o'clock no admittance could possibly be obtained.

ORGAN RECITALS.—On Sunday last, March 4th, at half-past twelve, Organ Recitals were given in the Queen's Hall; the Organist being Mr. T. Bromley. The programme was as follows: "Overture to Messiah" (Handel); "Prelude in A and Postlude in C" (Smart); "Soft Voluntary in A Minor and Grand Offertoire in F" (Batiste); "Sicilian Mariners' Hymn with Variations" (J. Bromley); "First Sonata," (a) Allegro. (b) Adagio. (c) Andante Recitativo. (d) Allegro Assai Vivace. (Mendelssohn); "The Heavens are Telling" (Haydn); "Grand March" (Hamilton Clarke).

PEOPLE'S PALACE.
NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY.
LIBRARY

Society and Club Notes.

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

CLUB JOTTINGS.

Immortal Puck is credited with saying "What fools these mortals be," and had the representative of mischief been present at Victoria Park last Saturday week, he would have had strong cause for this trite remark. The weather was bitterly cold; but the return Football Match between the "Monts" and the "Abbey" was not such a frost as the weather—those enthusiasts who did turn up being rewarded by seeing a good game. The result of the match was an unlucky defeat for the "Monts" by 2 to 0—though it is but fair to say that the "Monts" were minus several of their best men, including their Captain, who was a looker-on. The play of the Abbey was at times fairly good. Their goal-keeper had little to do—what he did he did well. Their backs were the main-stay of the team—both men played a sound game, genuine tackling and strong kicking being prominent. The three halves played a good game, their passing being exceedingly good. Coming to the forwards: while they were decidedly strong on the left, they were very weak on the right. The centre played a good game, but taken on the whole they showed very little combination. The "Monts," as was to be expected, did not play so well together as on the previous Saturday. Their goal-keeper was strange to the play of the "Monts," but greatly improved as the game wore on. The backs put in a lot of excellent work, as I remarked in my last note. The right back plays much too rough: tackling a man is all right, but when it comes to "going for a man" at full speed, it is beyond all reason. The left back worked very hard, but once or twice lost his head—miskicks are a great fault of his play. The halves are too light though they played a very plucky game. The forwards showed more combination than the Abbey, though the majority of them are inclined to be selfish; outside-right played well, but might certainly have passed a little oftener—he has a bad trick of sticking to the ball, and instead of passing, places the ball right at the feet of the opposing backs; the inside-right wants practice, he put in a lot of work, though at times he got mixed up with the players. Centre played very well, but has the same fault as the outside-right; inside left played a splendid game all through, his head work being especially good: with a good partner on the outside, he would be an acquisition to the forward rank; the outside left appeared nervous, paying more attention to the men than the ball.

THE STROLLER.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

At the reception of Members on Thursday last a great number of enquiries were made respecting this Club, several intending Members giving in their names. The Secretaries will attend to receive the names of intending Members and subscriptions on Friday and Monday, between 8.15 and 9.15 in School-buildings.

Terms:—Playing Members, 3s. (payable in one sum, or in three equal instalments); Hon. Members, not less than 2s. 6d.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLERS.

On Saturday last, favoured with unusually bright sunshine, eighteen of the Ramblers enjoyed a seven-mile walk. The route taken, starting from Stratford Church, Forest Gate, Wanstead Flats, Ilford, across the fields to Barking Side, finishing at Snaresbrook, where it was unanimously agreed to have some tea, at any price. So bread up were we, and so ravenous, that not until seven loaves had disappeared in about as many minutes could we realise what a vacuum nature had created. It was a sight to see the elegant slices that so marvellously disappeared. Some contented themselves with dividing one loaf into four parts, but others preferred a simpler division.

The tea was presided over by lady Ramblers, and was most heartily enjoyed.

At eight o'clock we repaired homeward, but not before many had declared the outing had been enjoyed beyond all expectations. Next Saturday we walk to Chingford Old Church, and the Ramblers, especially the ladies, should turn out in large numbers, starting from Hoe Street Station (G.E.R.) at 4 o'clock. Arrangements have been made for a plain tea at Chingford at 8d. per head.

The sub-committee have advised a four days' walking tour to Brighton, starting on Good Friday morning. They suggest leaving Croydon early, passing through Red Hill, stopping at Crawley the first night, arriving at Brighton about 5 p.m. Saturday. Sunday may be spent in visiting places of interest in and around the neighbourhood, returning home on Monday. The Hon. Secs. will be glad to receive from Members of the Palace any information as to accommodation and stopping-places. All communications please address or leave at the bookstall. A sub-committee meeting will be held on Friday next, 9th inst., at 8 o'clock. New tickets will be issued from 9 till 9.30.

All Members must take up their new tickets on or before 27th March, or they will be erased from the books.

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

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Owing to several of the Members participating in a ten-mile race of the Brunswick Harriers, and in the North of the Thames Second Class Clubs' Inter-Club Race, the attendance on Saturday for a run from the head-quarters—the Forest Gate Hotel—was somewhat sparse. Unfortunately, the worthy secretary, Mr. Deeley, arrived too late—a severe disappointment to such an enthusiastic "dog." It was decided to negotiate the four-and-a-half mile course, and although neither "Jupiter Pluvius" nor "Sir John Frost" were present, a biting nor-easter disputed the progress for the first part of the journey, but, on turning for home, the going was more agreeable, and about a mile or so from the finish the pace became warmer, J. Hawkes leading, hotly pursued by H. Soane and W. Hawkes, the others following close up.

Runs take place every Tuesday night from the head-quarters, to which Members are earnestly requested to turn up in strong force. Visitors heartily welcome.

As this Club occupied so much of the Journal's valuable space last week, and it is stated that the compositor was very disgusted with the writer's caligraphy (poor compositor!), we will refrain from giving a detailed account of Saturday's proceedings by simply stating, for the edification of the absent ones, that owing to counter attractions only a small contingent of the Members turned up at head-quarters for Saturday's run, and these were Messrs. W. & J. Hawkes, Soane, and Pearson. Deeley—well, perhaps, the least we say about this gentleman the better he will like it—turned up in time to see them return. The above occupied themselves by running over the four-and-a-half-mile course—description is needless—and on their return reported that they had enjoyed the outing immensely.

The undersigned will be glad to receive the names of any gentlemen who were admitted with the last 50 Members wishing to join this section. All communications should be addressed to the bookstall.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Tuesday, February 28th.—Mr. Marshall in the chair. Mr. Masters having withdrawn his statements with regard to Mr. Dumble, and the matter being thus satisfactorily settled, Mr. Watson opened his debate upon "Royalty: its Cost and Uses." Mr. Watson would have been rather hard on Royalty had he been able to prove his statements, and he also set up a new historical standpoint from which to judge of our sovereigns, in which he is not supported by any unprejudiced historians of eminence.

Mr. Hawkins, who followed Mr. Watson, mentioned that Royalty cost the country the sum of £540,000 per annum, a sum not worth quibbling over.

Mr. Dumble seconded Mr. Watson's resolution, Messrs. Masters and Taylor speaking to it.

Mr. Maynard then proposed the following amendment:—"That in the opinion of this House, the cost of the Royal Family is capable of great reform, but circumstances do not warrant the abolition of the Monarchy." This was seconded by Mr. Valentine, and accepted by the Conservatives as the best compromise possible to ensure the rejection of the resolution.

Messrs. Clenshaw, Wadkin, Hawkins, Norton, Courtney, Dumble, and Ring having spoken to the amendment, it was put to the meeting with the following result:—

For the amendment	13
Against	8
Majority for	5

Mr. Watson, claiming his right of reply, moved the adjournment of the debate, and this was carried with the result that on Tuesday, March 6th, Mr. Watson will have to open the debate, and after his reply no other speakers will be in order. Truly a delightful prospect!

The meeting then adjourned. The debate for Tuesday, March 13th, will be on the subject of Local Self-Government, which will be opened by Mr. W. H. Taylor. The resolution runs as follows:—"That, in the opinion of this House, Local Self-Government is the only means by which this great Metropolis may be properly and adequately governed, and the interests of the ratepayers properly secured."

HORACE J. HAWKINS, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS AND DRAUGHTS CLUB.

A Chess Match, of ten players a side, will take place on Saturday, March 10th, in our Rooms, with Y.M.C.A. of Stratford. Time for commencing, 7.30. Those who are going to take part in it are requested to put in an appearance at 7 o'clock, to allow time for arrangement.

The Tournament is making good progress. In section 1, Mr. J. R. Deeley holds the foremost place, with a score of 3½ games won out of 4 played; next to him comes H. Harris, 3 out of 4; S. B. Hince, 5 out of 7; and E. Robson, 3 out of 5. In section 2, Mr. L. Ososki has played and won 4 games, and Mr. L. Davids has played and won 3.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The third monthly Exhibition of Sketches, by Members of the above Club, will be held on Monday the 12th inst., in the Art Classroom, at 9 o'clock in the evening.

The Committee would be obliged if Members would hand in their Sketches to the undersigned before 8, and it is requested that quietness be observed during the criticism, in order that the remarks made may be distinctly heard by all.

Any Sketch not coming under the head of one of the subjects given below will be rejected:—

Landscape	Trees.
Figure	Toil.
Design	6-in. Tile.
	Still Life.

Any further particulars may be obtained by writing to

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The Ladies' Pavilion has been closed this week for the purpose of removing the furniture into the new rooms, which will be opened to the Members on Friday next.

The concert which was to have taken place on Monday, March 5th, has been postponed in consequence until Monday, March 12th, at eight o'clock, in the new rooms, when it is hoped that all the new Members will avail themselves of the opportunity of spending a pleasant evening, and being introduced to the old Members by the Sub-Committee and the Hon. Sec.

MAUDE COKER.

The following ladies will assist at the concert on March 12th. Misses Cunynghame, Connor, Cohen, Fisher, Hines, Larter, Lewey, Nathan, May, K. Simons.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

A Meeting of the Committee of the B. F. C. will be held this evening at 7.45 in the Schools.

Beaumont v. St. Lukes.—A good friendly and evenly contested game was played at Canning Town last Saturday between these two Clubs and resulted in a draw, each side scoring one goal. It could hardly be considered a match, as both Clubs were playing two men short. I don't like having to remind one or two Members of the B. F. C. of strictly adhering to rule 10, on which I may say, partly depends the success of any Club.

Hart (Capt.) losing the toss, we were forced to play against the wind, and for the greater portion of the first half the St. Luke's had the best of the game, two or three times playing the leather very near our posts; but, however, were unable to score owing to the capital play of our defence. Jesseman, as usual, played well in the goal, saving several very awkward shots. Cook and Butterwick made some fine runs, three or four times carrying the ball very dangerously near our opponents' head-quarters.

After changing over play was slightly reversed, our forwards frequently forcing the ball into the St. Luke's territory. Cook played a first-class passing and dribbling game. Cantle and Winch showed up well at half-backs. About ten minutes after the second half, the first goal was registered for the Beaumont's by Cook, who managed to send the sphere through the uprights, the ball being cleverly passed to him by Butterwick. This caused the St. Luke's to do their utmost to equalise matters, which they succeeded in accomplishing about seven minutes before time.

The following represented the Beaumont's:—Jesseman, Hart (capt.), Munro, Cantle, Winch, Cook, Butterwick, Moreton.

Next Saturday we play the return match with the Glengal Rovers, at Victoria Park (ground 1). Kick off at 3.15 sharp. Members of the Institute cordially invited.

The following will represent the Beaumonts:—Thompson, Munro, Wenn, Wainman, Hart, Sherrill, Cooper, Butterwick, R. R. Douglas, Cook, Wand (Capt.) Reserve—Jesseman, Griffith.

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

COUNCIL MEETING.

The monthly meeting of the Council took place on Monday last, 5th inst., at 8 p.m. in Trust Office. Sir Edmund Hay Currie presided.

The following representatives were present:—Misses Orchart, Raymond, Toope (Ladies' Social), Miss Rosenways and A. W. Clews (Lawn Tennis), Messrs. Gooding and Smith (Chess), T. G. Carter and H. Marshall (Cricket), H. Wadkin and W. Marshall (Debating), T. Moreton and Wand (Football), Bayley, Bowman, Hulls and May (Gymnasium), Deeley (Harriers), Bullock and Caldwell (Ramblers), Halfpenny and L. Nathan (Sketching).

Minutes of previous meeting confirmed.

It was proposed by W. Marshall, and seconded by J. R. Deeley, "That the age limit for Membership of the People's Palace be raised from fifteen to sixteen years, and extended to thirty years." The subject being well threshed out at the previous meetings, the motion was put to the vote; with the result 18 for, 2 against. Majority in favour of 16. This resolution will be placed before the Trustees for consideration at their next meeting.

The need of a Social Club for male Members was brought under the Council's notice, and it was decided on the proposition of Mr. Gooding, seconded by Mr. Bayley, "That in the interests of the Palace it is necessary a Social Club should be formed for the gentlemen Members."

Details relating to the Swimming Bath (which will be opened on the 1st of May) and Library were discussed and adjourned. The proceedings then terminated.

After the conclusion of the meeting an inspection was made—under the Chairman's guidance—through the new rooms at the rear of the Queen's Hall, which will be devoted to the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Social Rooms.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The following is the handicap for Road Race, to take place on Easter Monday: Howard (scratch), E. Ransley, Dawson (3 minutes' start) Jesseman (4 min.), H. G. Ransley, Gillett, Hobson (5 min.), Wilkie (15 min.), Payne (16 min.), Glover (28 min.), Meason, Kennard, Hill, Slater, Reynolds (33 min.) Kilbride (45 min.). Four Prizes will be given. The first is a cup presented by Nathaniel Cohen, Esq.; 2nd prize by Sir John Jennings; 3rd, by Lady Jennings; and 4th, by the Club.

The first run of the season will take place next Saturday, starting from the Palace at 4 p.m. sharp. There is no reason that we should not have a large muster, especially as the roads are in good condition. We shall be pleased to see any Members of the Palace who have not yet joined this Club. Seven Members were out last Saturday to Woodford. The roads were in good condition.

A General Meeting was held on Friday last, when it was agreed that in future all notices concerning this Club were to be put in the Journal, so as to save the Secretaries a deal of unnecessary trouble and labour.

A General Meeting will be held on Friday, March 23rd, at eight p.m. sharp, when we shall be able to show prizes for road race, and give Competitors all particulars.

Ladies and gentlemen wishing to join please address the Secretaries, at the Palace.

Terms—Honorary Members: Ladies, not less than 2s. 6d.; Gentlemen, not less than 5s. per annum. Active Members: Entrance Fee, 1s.; Subscription, 2s. 6d., payable half-yearly.

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

PALACE SCHOOLS' FOOTBALL CLUB.

Being unsuccessful in arranging any matches for last Saturday, the boys contented themselves with a good practice, and a very enjoyable time was spent.

We are to have a great match on Friday next. On that day the rival "Varsity" admirers determine to try their strength against one another. I shall not venture to predict the winners; but may the best team win.

A. HUNT, Hon. Sec.

LAWN TENNIS.

There will be a General Meeting of the Lawn Tennis Club on Friday week, March 10th, to consider the rules framed by the Committee, etc. I have received the names of forty ladies and thirty gentlemen for membership. The list will soon be closed.

A. W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

A difficulty solved.—Mrs. Rudd, who was tried at the Old Bailey, 1775, for felony, preparatory to her trial sent for some brocade silks to a mercer; she pitched on a rich one, and ordered him to cut off the proper quantity; but the mercer reflecting that if she were hanged, as was probable, he should never be paid, pretended he had no scissors, but would carry home the piece, cut off what she wanted, and send it to Newgate. She saw his apprehension; pulled out her pocket-book; and, giving him a bank-note for twenty pounds, said, "There is a pair of scissors."

Hardship.—The beginning of hardship is like the first taste of bitter food—it seems for a moment unbearable; yet if there is nothing else to satisfy our hunger, we take another bite and find it possible to go on.

Maternal Love.—The mother's yearning, that completest type of the life in another life which is the essence of real human love, feels the presence of the cherished child even in the base, degraded man.

The Language of Nature.—Nature has her language and she is not unvarnished; but we don't know all the intricacies of her syntax just yet, and in a hasty reading we may happen to extract the very opposite of her real meaning.

The Village of Merstham.

It is my privilege to live in a country village, and one of my enjoyments is to receive and entertain friends or visitors. Living as I do in the midst of most interesting country, I have a very good programme which includes Chipstead, Gatton and Chaldon. My object in writing is to give a general invitation to all Members of the various Clubs of the Palace for their Saturday outings, due notice being given to me, and I will undertake to convoy them round explaining all matters of interest, and making arrangements for a good tea, if required.

I will give a short account of our own parish, Merstham, a quaint little village which one might expect to find in the midland or eastern counties rather than within twenty miles of London.

The old hostelry, the blacksmith's forge, the aged school houses, and the gabled cottages are all suggestive "of fifty years ago" rather than of a time when railways and telegraphs have revolutionised the world. There was a church here in 1086. During the late alterations a stone with Norman sculpture was found imbedded in the walls. The font dates from 1175. The north and south chapels belong to Lord Hylton, and contain an altar tomb with brasses to the memory of John Elmbygge, who died, 1473, and a much mutilated figure supposed to be of Nicholas Jamys, M.P. for London, 1415. There are also brasses of the Newdigates, 1498; and Ballards, 1463. The foliage on the capitals of the chancel is very rare, if not unique in this country. Over the tower arch is a shield bearing the leopards of England brought from Old London Bridge. The bells are dated from 1587. The dedication bell has the inscription "Sancta Katerina, ora, pro Nobis" on it, but is not dated. Bells cast before the Reformation are scarcely ever dated, but as we know it was cast by Robertus Burford of London, who died in 1418, we may fairly put the date of it as 1410 or thereabouts. About eighty years ago, one of the first railroads in England was made to carry lime and fuller's earth from Merstham to Wandsworth, but the horse railway was bought up by the Brighton Railway Company. The tunnel is reached through a cutting 180 feet deep and nearly two miles long, through very hard stone which had to be blasted. This tunnel cost £112,000. There is a quarry here of fire-stone, from which material was taken to build Old London Bridge Windsor Castle, Henry VII.'s Chapel, and Hackney Old Church, so we have a connecting link with the East of London!

Merstham is a village that requires very little looking after: it boasts of no police-station, sustaining only one policeman, whose name is Miles, thereby giving rise to the joke, that if you want a policeman in Merstham you have to go for "Miles" before you can get one! There are five public-houses in the parish, and here one sees the advantage of "good landlords." One, actually helps in the choir, another, is a great supporter in church matters, and the majority are regular attendants at church, thereby showing it is possible for the church and the public-house to work together. Much depends on the landlord. Going along the street, a venerable object meets the eye, in the shape of an ancient building with the upper part projecting in a decidedly threatening manner; this was formerly the blacksmith's shop.

The neighbourhood is very rich in plants, as owing to the great variety of geological formations, the flora is extremely copious, which is well attested by the fact that of the ninety-seven natural orders of flowering plants, ferns, and their allies, no less than eighty-six are represented in the vicinity.

The pursuit of botany leads one out into the fresh air, on the breezy downs, or in the solemn woods, and gives what is so essential to the enjoyment of a walk—

a definite aim and purpose. Few other pastimes can compare with it on the score of trouble or expense. It inculcates habits of minute and exact observation, of order, and of regard to what are ignorantly termed "trifles." And above all, it gives one an insight, however slight it may be, into the ceaseless workings of the immutable laws of Nature and of Nature's God.

A road in the parish still retains the name of the Pilgrim's Lane, which passes into Kent, and a wellhead in the road, now a pond, is connected by local tradition with the Canterbury pilgrimages. On the hill a pause may be made to scan the beauty of the prospect, which has charms so varied that to attempt description would be useless. From hence can be traced the line of the Sussex South Downs, thirty miles distant. In the west, Leith Hill, 993 feet above the level of the sea, also Box Hill and Betchworth Clump. T. F.

A Royal Wedding.

"SUNDAY, 25, April 1736. The Princess of Saxe Gotha arrived at Greenwich. Her Highness landed at the Hospital, and was conducted in one of His Majesty's coaches to the Queen's House in the Park.

"MONDAY, 26. The Prince of Wales dined with Her Highness at Greenwich, in one of the rooms towards the park, the windows thrown open to oblige the curiosity of the people. His Royal Highness afterwards gave her the diversion of passing on the water, as far as the Tower and back again, in his barge, finely adorned, and preceded by a concert of music. The ships saluted their Highnesses all the way they passed, and hung out their streamers and colours, and the river was covered with boats. Their Highnesses afterwards supped in public.

"TUESDAY, 27. Her Highness came in His Majesty's coach from Greenwich to Lambeth, and was brought from Whitehall to St. James', in the Queen's chair, where was a numerous and splendid court beyond expression. The Prince of Wales received her at the garden door, and upon her sinking on her knee to kiss his hand, he affectionately raised her up, and twice saluted her. His Royal Highness led her upstairs to their Majesties' apartments, where presenting her to the King, Her Highness fell on her knee to kiss his hand, but was gently taken up and saluted by him. Her Highness was then presented to the Queen in like manner, and afterwards to the Duke and Princesses.

"At eight the procession began to the chapel. Her Highness was in her hair (*sic*) wearing a crown with one bar, as Princess of Wales, set all over with diamonds; her robe likewise, as Princess of Wales, being of crimson velvet, turned back with several rows of ermine, and having her train supported by Lady Caroline Lennox, Lady Caroline Fitzroy, Lady Caroline Cavendish and Lady Sophia Farmer, in virgin habits of silver, and adorned with diamonds, not less in value than from £20 to £30,000 each. The marriage service was read by the Lord Bishop of London, and after the same was over, a fine anthem was performed by a great number of voices and instruments.

"When the procession returned, His Royal Highness led his bride, and coming into the drawing-room, their Royal Highnesses kneeled down, and received their Majesties' blessing. At half an hour after ten their Majesties sat down to supper. His Majesty was dressed in a gold brocade, turned up with silk, embroidered with large flowers: the buttons and star were diamonds. Her Majesty was in a plain yellow silk, robed and faced with pearls, diamonds and other jewels of immense value. The Duke of Marlborough was in a white velvet and gold brocade, the Duke of Montagu in a gold brocaded tissue. The waistcoats were universally brocades with large flowers."—*Gentlemen's Magazine*, 1736.

In the Carquinez Woods.

By BRET HARTE.

By PERMISSION OF MESSRS. LONGMAN, GREEN & CO.

CHAPTER III.—(continued.)

AND you're sure you never knew any?"

"None."

The young girl seemed to derive some satisfaction in moving her feet up and down for several minutes among the grasses in the hollow; then after a pause said, "You are quite certain I am the first woman that ever touched this spring?"

"Not only the first woman, but the first human being, except myself."

"How nice!"

They had taken each other's hands; seated side by side they leaned against a curving elastic root that half supported, half-encompassed them. The girl's capricious, fitful manner succumbed as before to the near contact of her companion. Looking into her eyes, Low fell into a sweet, selfish lover's monologue, descriptive of his past and present feelings towards her, which she accepted with a heightened colour, a slight exchange of sentiment, and a strange curiosity. The sun had painted their half-embraced silhouettes against the slanting tree-trunk, and began to decline unnoticed; the ripple of the water mingling with their whispers came as one sound to the listening ear: even their eloquent silences were as deep, and, I wot, perhaps as dangerous, as the darkened pool that filled so noiselessly a dozen yards away. So quiet were they that the tremour of invading wings once or twice shook the silence, or the quick scamper of frightened feet rustled the dead grass. But in the midst of a prolonged stillness the young man sprang up so suddenly that Nellie was still half clinging to his neck as he stood erect. "Hush!" he whispered, "some one is near!"

He disengaged her anxious hands gently, leaped upon the slanting tree-trunk, and running half-way up its incline with the agility of a squirrel, stretched himself at full length upon it and listened.

To the impatient, inexplicably-startled girl, it seemed an age before he rejoined her.

"You are safe," he said; "he is going by the western trail towards Indian Spring."

"Who is he?" she asked, biting her lips with a poorly restrained gesture of mortification and disappointment.

"Some stranger," replied Low.

"As long as he wasn't coming here, why did you give me such a fright?" she said pettishly. "Are you nervous because a single wayfarer happens to stray here?"

"It was no wayfarer, for he tried to keep near the trail," said Low. "He was a stranger to the wood, for he lost his way every now and then. He was seeking or expecting some one, for he stopped frequently and waited or listened. He had not walked far, for he wore spurs that tinkled and caught in the brush, and yet he had not ridden here, for no horse's hoofs passed the road since we have been here. He must have come from Indian Spring."

"And you heard all that when you listened just now?" asked Nellie half disdainfully.

Impervious to her incredulity Low turned his calm eyes on her face. "Certainly, I'll bet my life on what I say. Tell me—do you know anybody in Indian Spring who would likely spy upon you?"

The young girl was conscious of a certain ill-defined uneasiness, but answered "No."

"Then it was not you he was seeking," said Low thoughtfully.

Miss Nellie had not time to notice the emphasis, for he added, "You must go at once, and lest you have been followed I will show you another way back to Indian Spring. It is longer, and you must hasten. Take your shoes and stockings with you until we are out of the bush."

He raised her again in his arms and strode once more out through the covert into the dim aisles of the wood. They spoke but little; she could not help feeling that some other discordant element, affecting him more strongly than it did her, had come between them, and was half perplexed and half frightened. At the end of ten minutes he seated her upon a fallen branch, and telling her he would return by the time she had resumed her shoes and stockings, glided from her like a shadow. She would have uttered an indignant protest at being left alone, but he was gone ere she could detain him. For a moment she thought she hated him. But when she had mechanically shod herself once more, not without nervous shivers at every falling needle, he was at her side.

"Do you know anyone who wears a frieze coat like that?" he asked, handing her a few torn shreds of wool affixed to a splinter of bark.

Miss Nelle instantly recognised the material of a certain sporting coat worn by Mr. Jack Brace on festive occasions, but a strange yet infallible instinct that was part of her nature made her instantly disclaim all knowledge of it.

"No," she said.

"Not any one who scents himself with some doctor's stuff like cologne?" continued Low, with the disgust of keen olfactory sensibilities.

Again Miss Nellie recognised the perfume with which the gallant Expressman was wont to make redolent her little parlour, but again she avowed no knowledge of its possessor. "Well," returned Low, with some disappointment, "such a man has been here. Be on your guard. Let us go at once."

She required no urging to hasten her steps, but hurried breathlessly at his side. He had taken a new trail by which they left the wood at right angles with the highway, two miles away. Following an almost effaced mule track along a slight depression of the plain, deep enough however to hide them from view, he accompanied her, until rising to the level again, she saw they were beginning to approach the highway and the distant roofs of Indian Spring. "Nobody meeting you now," he whispered, "would suspect where you had been. Good night! until next week—remember."

They pressed each other's hands, and standing on the slight ridge outlined against the paling sky, in full view of the highway, parted carelessly, as if they had been chance met travellers. But Nellie could not restrain a parting backward glance as she left the ridge. Low had descended to the deserted trail, and was running swiftly in the direction of Carquinez Woods.

CHAPTER IV.

TERESA awoke with a start. It was day already, but how far advanced, the even, unchanging, soft twilight of the woods gave no indication. Her companion had vanished, and to her bewildered senses so had the camp fire even to its embers and ashes. Was she awake, or had she wandered away unconsciously in the night? One glance at the tree above her dissipated the fancy. There was the opening of her quaint retreat and the hanging strips of bark. And at the foot of the opposite tree lay the carcass of the bear. It had been skinned, and, as Teresa thought with an inward shiver, already looked half its former size.

Not yet accustomed to the fact that a few steps in either direction around the circumference of those great trunks produced the sudden appearance or disappearance of any figure, Teresa uttered a slight scream as her young companion unexpectedly stepped to her side.

"You see a change here," he said; "the stamped out ashes of the camp fire lie under the brush," and he pointed to some cleverly scattered boughs and strips of bark which completely effaced the traces of last night's bivouac. We can't afford to call the attention of any packer or hunter who might straggle this way, to this particular spot and this particular tree; the more naturally," he added, "as they always prefer to camp over an old fire." Accepting this explanation meekly, as partly a reproach for her caprice of the previous night, Teresa hung her head.

"I'm very sorry," she said, "but wouldn't that," pointing to the carcass of the bear, "have made them curious?"

But Low's logic was relentless.

"By this time there would have been little left to excite curiosity if you had been willing to leave those beasts to their work."

"I'm very sorry," repeated the woman, her lips quivering.

"They are the scavengers of the wood," he continued in a lighter tone; "if you stay here you must try to use them to keep your house clean."

Teresa smiled nervously.

"I mean that they shall finish their work to-night," he added, "and I shall build another camp fire for us a mile from here until they do."

But Teresa caught his sleeve.

"No," she said hurriedly, "don't please, for me. You must not take the trouble—nor the risk. Hear me; do please. I can bear it, I will bear it—to-night. I would have borne it last night, but it was so strange—and," she passed her hands over her forehead,—"I think I must have been half-mad. But I am not so foolish now."

She seemed so broken and despondent, that he replied reassuringly, "Perhaps it would be better that I should find another hiding-place for you, until I can dispose of that carcass so that it will not draw dogs after the wolves, and men after them. Besides, your friend the Sheriff will probably remember the bear, when he remembers anything, and try to get on its track again."

"He's a conceited fool," broke in Teresa in a high voice and a slight return of her old fury, "or he'd have guessed where that shot came from; and," she added in a lower tone, looking down at her limp and nerveless fingers, "he wouldn't have let a poor weak nervous wretch like me get away."

"But his deputy may put two and two together, and connect your escape with it."

Teresa's eyes flashed. "It would be like the dog, just to save his pride, to swear it was an ambush of my friends, and that he was overpowered by numbers. O yes! I see it all," she almost screamed, lashing herself into a rage at the bare contemplation of this diminution of her glory. "That's the dirty lie he tells everywhere, and is telling now."

She stamped her feet and glanced savagely around, as if at any risk to proclaim the falsehood. Low turned his impassive truthful face towards her.

"Sheriff Dunn," he began gravely, "is a politician, and a fool when he takes to the trail as a hunter of man or beast. But he is not a coward nor a liar. Your chances would be better if he were—if he laid your escape to an ambush of your friends, than if his pride held you alone responsible."

"If he's such a good man, why do you hesitate?" she replied bitterly. "Why don't you give me up at once, and do a service to one of your friends?"

"I do not even know him," returned Low, opening his clear eyes on her, "I've promised to hide you here, and I shall hide you as well from him as anybody."

Teresa did not reply, but suddenly dropping down upon the ground buried her face in her hands and began to sob convulsively. Low turned impassively away and putting aside the bark curtain, climbed into the hollow

tree. In a few moments he reappeared laden with provisions and a few simple cooking utensils, and touched her lightly on the shoulder. She looked up timidly; the paroxysm had passed, but her lashes yet glittered.

"Come," he said, "come and get some breakfast. I find you have eaten nothing since you have been here—twenty-four hours."

"I didn't know it," she said with a faint smile. Then seeing his burden, and possessed by a new and strange desire for some menial employment, she said hurriedly, "Let me carry something—do please," and even tried to disencumber him.

Half annoyed, Low at last yielded, and handing his rifle, said, "There then, take that; but be careful—it's loaded!"

A cruel blush burnt the woman's face to the roots of her hair as she took the weapon hesitatingly in her hand.

"No!" she stammered, hurriedly lifting her shame-suffused eyes to his; "no! no!"

He turned away with an impatience which showed her how completely gratuitous had been her agitation and its significance, and said, "Well then, give it back if you are afraid of it." But she as suddenly declined to return it; and shouldering it deftly, took her place by his side. Silently they moved from the hollow tree together.

During their walk she did not attempt to invade his taciturnity. Nevertheless she was as keenly alive and watchful of his every movement and gesture as if she had hung enchanted on his lips. The unerring way with which he pursued a viewless undeviating path through those trackless woods, his quick reconnaissance of certain trees or openings, his mute inspection of some almost imperceptible footprint of bird or beast, his critical examination of certain plants which he plucked and deposited in his deerskin haversack, were not lost on the quick-witted woman. As they gradually changed the clear, unencumbered aisles of the central woods for a more tangled undergrowth, Teresa felt that subtle admiration which culminates in imitation, and simulating perfectly the step, tread, and easy swing of her companion, followed so accurately his lead, that she won a gratified exclamation from him when their goal was reached—a broken, blackened shaft, splintered by long-forgotten lightning, in the centre of a tangled carpet of wood-clover.

"I don't wonder you distanced the deputy," he said cheerfully, throwing down his burden, "if you can take the hunting-path like that. In a few days, if you stay here, I can venture to trust you alone for a little *pasceur* when you are tired of the tree."

Teresa looked pleased, but busied herself with arrangements for the breakfast while he gathered the fuel for the roaring fire, which soon blazed beside the shattered tree.

Teresa's breakfast was a success. It was a revelation to the young nomad whose ascetic habits and simple tastes were usually content with the most primitive forms of frontier cookery. It was at least a surprise to him to know that without extra trouble, kneaded flour, water and saleratus need not be essentially heavy; that coffee need not be boiled with sugar to the consistency of syrup; that even that rarest delicacy, small shreds of venison covered with ashes and broiled upon the end of a ramrod boldly thrust into the flames, would be better and even more expeditiously cooked upon burning coals. Moved in his practical nature, he was surprised to find this curious creature of disorganised nerves and useless impulses informed with an intelligence that did not preclude the welfare of humanity or the existence of a soul. He respected her for some minutes, until in the midst of a culinary triumph a big tear dropped and spluttered in the saucpan. But he forgave the irrelevancy by taking no notice of it, and by doing full justice to that particular dish.

Nevertheless he asked several questions based upon these recently discovered qualities. It appeared that in the old days of her wanderings with the circus troupe she had often been forced to undertake this nomadic housekeeping. But she "despised it," had never done it since, and always had refused to do it for "him,"—the personal pronoun referring, as Low understood, to her lover Curson. Not caring to revive these memories further, Low briefly concluded:

"I don't know what you were, or what you may be, but from what I see of you you've got all the *sabe* of a frontier-man's wife."

She stopped and looked at him, and then with an impulse of impudence that only half concealed a more serious vanity, asked, "Do you think I might have made a good squaw?"

"I don't know," he replied quietly. "I never saw enough of them to know."

Teresa, confident from his clear eyes that he spoke the truth, but having nothing ready to follow this calm disposal of her curiosity, relapsed into silence.

The meal finished, Teresa washed their scant table equipage in a little spring near the camp fire; where, catching sight of her disordered dress and collar, she rapidly threw her shawl after the national fashion over shoulder and pinned it quickly. Low cached the remaining provisions and the few cooking utensils under the dead embers and ashes, obliterating all superficial indication of their camp fire as deftly and artistically as he had before.

"There isn't the ghost of a chance," he said in explanation, "that anybody but you or I will set foot here before we come back to supper, but it's well to be on guard. I'll take you back to the cabin now, though I bet you could find your way there as well as I can."

On their way back Teresa ran ahead of her companion, and plucking a few tiny leaves from a hidden oasis in the barkstrewn trail, brought them to him.

"That's the kind you're looking for, isn't it?" she said half-timidly.

"It is," responded Low in gratified surprise; "but how did you know it? You're not a botanist, are you?"

"I reckon not," said Teresa; "but you picked some when we came, and I noticed what they were."

Here was indeed another revelation. Low stopped and gazed at her with such frank, open, utterly unabashed curiosity that her black eyes fell before him.

"And do you think," he asked with logical deliberation, "that you could find any plant from another I should give you?"

"Yes."

"Or from a drawing of it?"

"Yes; perhaps even if you described it to me."

A half-confidential, half-fraternal silence followed.

"I tell you what. I've got a book—"

"I know it," interrupted Teresa; "full of these things."

"Yes. Do you think you could—"

"Of course I could," broke in Teresa again.

"But you don't know what I mean," said the imperturbable Low.

"Certainly I do. Why, find 'em, and preserve all the different ones for you to write under—that's it, isn't it?"

Low nodded his head, gratified but not entirely convinced that she had fully estimated the magnitude of the endeavour.

"I suppose," said Teresa, in the feminine postscriptum voice which it would seem entered even the philosophical calm of the aisles they were treading—"I suppose that *she* places great value on them?"

Low had indeed heard Science personified before, nor was it at all impossible that the singular woman walking by his side had also. He said "Yes;" but added, in mental reference to the Linnean Society of San Francisco, that "they were rather particular about the rarer kind."

Content as Teresa had been to believe in Low's tender relations with some favoured *one* of her sex, this frank confession of a plural devotion staggered her.

"They?" she repeated.

"Yes," he continued calmly. "The Botanical Society I correspond with are more particular than the Government Survey."

"Then you are doing this for a Society?" demanded Teresa with a stare.

"Certainly. I am making a collection and classification of specimens. I intend—but what are you looking at?"

Teresa had suddenly turned away. Putting his hand lightly on her shoulder, the young man brought her face to face with him again. She was laughing.

"I thought all the while it was for a girl," she said; "and—" But here the mere effort of speech sent her off into an audible and genuine outburst of laughter. It was the first time he had seen her even smile other than bitterly. Characteristically unconscious of any humour in her error, he remained unembarrassed. But he could not help noticing a change in the expression of her face, voice, and even her intonation. It seemed as if that fit of laughter had loosed the last ties that bound her to a self-imposed character, had swept away the last barrier between her and her healthier nature had dispossessed a painful unreality, and relieved the morbid tension of a purely nervous attitude. The change in her utterance and the resumption of her softer Spanish accent seemed to have come with her confidences, and Low took leave of her before their sylvan cabin with a comrade's heartiness, and a complete forgetfulness that her voice had ever irritated him.

When he returned that afternoon he was startled to find the cabin empty. But instead of bearing any appearance of disturbance or hurried flight, the rude interior seemed to have magically assumed a decorous order and cleanliness unknown before. Fresh bark hid the inequalities of the floor. The skins and blankets were folded in the corners, the rude shelves were carefully arranged, even a few tall ferns and bright but quickly-fading flowers were disposed around the blackened chimney. She had evidently availed herself of the change of clothing he had brought her, for her late garments were hanging from the hastily-devised wooden pegs driven in the wall. The young man gazed around him with mixed feelings of gratification and uneasiness. His presence had been dispossessed in a single hour; his ten years of lonely habitation had left no trace that this woman had not effaced with a deft move of her hand. More than that, it looked as if she had always occupied it; and it was with a singular conviction that even when she should occupy it no longer it would only revert to him as her dwelling, that he dropped the bark shutters athwart the opening, and left it to follow her.

To his quick ear, fine eye, and abnormal senses, this was easy enough. She had gone in the direction of this morning's camp. Once or twice he paused with a half-gesture of recognition and a characteristic "Good!" at the place where she had stopped, but was surprised to find that her main course had been as direct as his own. Deviating from this line with Indian precaution, he first made a circuit of the camp and approached the shattered trunk from the opposite direction. He consequently came upon Teresa unawares. But the momentary astonishment and embarrassment were his alone.

(To be continued).

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.)

LADIES' SOCIAL.

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure that I see the Committee of the Ladies' Social have, I presume through "Atalanta's" letter, been awakened from their lethargy, and arranged a programme for the benefit of the Members. By this means sociability will be promoted among the frequenters of the drawing-room. There can be no doubt that talent exists among our Members (judging from the social evenings in January) and am sure that those ladies would deem it a pleasure in assisting to provide amusement for Members. To show the popularity of social evenings, one was held a week or so ago, which was thoroughly enjoyed by those present; the great drawback being that the Pavilion was by far too small to seat the numerous assembly.

I hope the Committee will see their way clear to arrange a social evening more than once a week, as it tends to bring the Members greatly together.

MARTHA.

ROLLER SKATING.

SIR,—I have read the letter of "R. Skater," which appeared in your issue of Wednesday last, and I must say that the idea of holding a six days' race is, in my opinion, a good one, but I am at a loss to understand why it should be a roller-skating race, when R. Skater admits that he is the only member who could enter, and must therefore rely upon outsiders to supply competitors.

Why not hold a six days' go-as-you-please race, and rely upon the Members to supply the competitors.

A contest of this description, unlike roller-skating, would make scarcely any noise and would be, as regards entries, liberally supported by the Members, and if the Trustees supplied a band it would make a very good week's entertainment.

The hours for racing could be those suggested by R. Skater, viz., 7 to 10 o'clock.

I should suggest that prizes be given to the first three men, and medals to all those who cover, say 130 miles.

If intending competitors would send their names, addressed to me, at the bookstall, I would, if sufficient were received, ask Sir Edmund if he could make arrangements for such a race to take place, and I would let those gentlemen, whose names I had received, know the result of such interview. I remain, yours truly,

H. A. T.

P.S.—Would not this be an attraction for Easter week? We could race during the afternoon, instead of evening, on the Monday.

[CORRECTION.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I must acquaint you of another misprint of my name in the Quarterly Prize Competition of this week's Journal. You have printed "Selina Hall, 174, Bow Common Lane," instead of "Selina Hale, Selina Terrace, Bow Common Lane." Hoping you will rectify it, I remain, yours truly,

SELINA HALE.

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.)

SQUIRREL.—(1) No charge whatever is made; enquire for the Hon. Sec., who will gladly welcome you. (2) No; the game will have to be taught.

PALACE.—(1) At the West Lodge (temporary office). (2) If a male 7s. 6d. per year, paid quarterly; if a female, 5s. per year, ditto. If you join at once you may be admitted with the next batch—in a fortnight's time.

PHOEBUS.—(1) "Vanity Fair," undoubtedly. (2) It is a matter of taste. (3) Write the Polytechnic (Regent Street) Bookstall; by Dr. Avery Ward. (4) Write to Mr. George, bookseller, St. Mary, Whitechapel.

LILY NATHAN.—Much obliged; but we are afraid we cannot publish, owing to want of space.

W. M.—To-night (Wednesday), in the Queen's Hall.

FORTUNE.—Sir Edmund has returned.

THRIFTY ONE.—Half the quantity will suffice; but, if you can afford to use the whole, it will be to your advantage.

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.

The prizes awarded to the Quarterly Puzzle Competition will be given to the successful Competitors on Friday, March 9th, on application to the sub-Editor, East Lodge, People's Palace.

COMPETITIONS SET FEB. 23.

CLASS A.

With the single exception of "Castle Dangerous," every one of Sir Walter Scott's novels was named as being among six favourites of one or more Competitors. As will be seen from the list below, "Ivanhoe" is a good first, but it would appear that it must not be taken as an universal favourite, for on a good many lists it was not named at all. Here is the result of the voting:—

Ivanhoe	105
Kenilworth	84
Waverley	71
Guy Mannering	59
The Heart of Midlothian	57
Rob Roy	53

The next four were:—

The Bride of Lammermoor	31
The Fair Maid of Perth	30
The Talisman	25
Old Mortality	23

The number of Competitors who named five of the first six was very large indeed; but two only sent lists containing all the six names. Between these two, therefore, the prize will be divided. Their names and addresses are

ALICE FOALE,
10, Antcliffe Street, Commercial Road, E.

and

JOHN SCHMIDT,
6, Leatherdale Street, Mile End, E.

CLASS B.

It is to be feared that Members must have misunderstood that the symbolic writing asked for in this competition was required to be original. The majority of the specimens sent in could lay no claim at all to that epithet, some of them even being old friends of the nursery. Unlike the Correspondence Editor, I do not know everything; but it would be well if Competitors would imagine that I do; and then, if one purposes to send in for competition the production of somebody else's brain, he or she (for it is not only he's that offend) will blush with shame at the thought of being found out, and refrain from practising the imposition. It is unpleasant to have to make complaints of this nature so often; but if Competitors did not allow the occasion to arise it would not be necessary. To return to the symbolic writing. What was in many respects the best example sent in was some verses by A. J. Parsons, but they were vitiated by the fact that the letters R T H R were made to stand for the name "Arthur," the sound of which it is impossible to reproduce by uttering those four letters. The prize I have decided to give to

MELINA S. KERRIDGE,
15, Lichfield Road, Bow, E.

for the following:

I C U R 2 have a Dog-show B 4 long. The D cree which M N 8 ed from the Y Z of an N M E of the K 9 race has not L M N 8 ed all the dogs in London, although carried out in such N R G and 4 T tude.

Which, being interpreted, is:

I see you are to have a Dog Show before long. The decree which emanated from the wise head of an enemy of the canine race has not eliminated all the dogs in London, although carried out with such energy and fortitude.

CLASS C.

Some thoughtful little essays on the lines ("Errors like straws," etc.) from the prologue to Dryden's "All for Love" were received, but they, one and all, supported the dictum of the poet and enlarged on his sentiment. There must be a good deal to be said on the other side, and I should like to have seen something of it. Starting with the proverb "The cream always rises to the top" as a basis of operations, one might at any rate show that it is not always necessary to dive below to find pearls. The best essay was that by

FRANCES BLANCHE SOKOLOWSKI,
211, Burdett Road, Bow, E.,

to whom the prize will be given.

CLASS D.

The prize for a penholder is awarded to
CHARLES BLAKE ELSTOB,
6, St. Helen's Terrace, Mile End Road.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A.

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for a list of six books likely to prove the most satisfactory companions to a solitary human being. Supposing you were put ashore on a desert island, there to spend the rest of your life, and were allowed to choose six books and no more, which would you choose? The Bible and works of a religious character not to be included. The competition to be decided by a majority of votes, and the list most nearly agreeing to that formed by the majority to win the prize. Answers not later than noon on Thursday, March 15th.

CLASS B.

The following lines from Gray's "Elegy" are probably well known to all Competitors:

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given to the Competitor who best succeeds in making a paragraph containing all the thirty-two words comprised in the above, neither more nor less, and so re-arranging them as to give a meaning as remote from the original as possible. Take the thirty-two words, mix them up, and write a paragraph (or verse, if preferred), using all of them, and no others. Answers by noon on Thursday, March 8th.

CLASS C.

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best short essay on the following assertion of the celebrated John Knox: "Nature, they say, doth paint women to be weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish; and experience hath declared them to be unconstant, variable, cruel." To be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, March 8th.

CLASS D.

A Prize of One Shilling is offered for the best likeness of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., drawn with pen or pencil. To be sent in by noon on Thursday, March 8th.

NOTICE.—There would appear to be considerable doubt as to where the distinction between Classes B and C is drawn. All Members of the Palace who are of the female sex, unmarried, and have not attained the age of twenty-five years, are entitled to compete in Class C. For Puzzle purposes (Quarterly Prizes) this is the only class open to them, and all girls who come within the limitations just described should mark their answers with a C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET FEB. 22.

(1) Word squares:

1. S E R E	2. B A R D	3. L A R K	4. S H O T
E V I L	A R E A	A L O E	H O V E
R I S K	R E A R	R O M E	O V E N
E L K S	D A R E	K E E N	T E N T

5. In this word square "herd" was printed for "want." It will not count.

(2) ENGLISH TOWNS.

1. Melton Mowbray (Melt; on; mow; bray).
2. Chippenham (Chip; pen; ham).
3. Ottery St. Mary (Otter; y; saint; Mary).
4. Haverfordwest (Have; r; ford; west).
5. Redcar (Red; car).

(3) CHARADES.

1. Pearle (Earl; pear; pea; ear).
2. Seamanship.

(4) FRUITS TRANPOSED.

1. Pomegranate.
2. Nectarine.
3. Greengage.
4. Peaches.

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

(1) DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials of the words signified by the descriptions given name a colour which is no colour; the finals a flower in the plural; the initials and finals together were once worn as a political badge, and are now worn chiefly for personal adornment,

1. What clothes do.
2. The friend of Hamlet.
3. A name of part of the Thames.
4. The abode of law.
5. Darkness.

(2) PROVERBS.

- Arrange each set of letters into a proverb.
1. a a a a d e e e e f f h i i l n n n o r r r t t v w y.
 2. a b b e e e e f g j n o o o r r r s s t t u u y.
 3. d e e f h i i l n n n o o o p p s s u w y.

(3) ENGLISH WRITERS.

1. Curtail me and I am a skin; behead, and I am often skinned; behead, and double my tail, and you will know its exact length.
2. Curtail me, and I am trouble; transpose, and I am a struggle; behead, and I am one; behead and curtail me, and you will find yourself at sea.
3. Curtail me, and I stand for very little indeed; behead, and I am a blow; curtail, and I am an interjection; behead, and I am I.
4. Behead me, and I signify assent; behead again, and an interrogation is left.

CHARADES.

1. Upon my second will be found.
My first, if sought in care;
My whole's a place well known to all,
A battle was fought there.
2. My first is my whole;
My whole is my first;
My second is either, you'll find;
My third you will hear when cannon do burst;
And my fourth you'll have done when you've dined,

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. O'BRIEN.—Yes. The names of successful Competitors in the puzzles are published.

C. CLAYDON.—Thanks for your explanation, but your sarcasm is wasted. It was not I whom you just missed at the office, and it was not I who returned your communication to you. In the circumstances your answers will be allowed to count. I should advise you, if I may, not to trouble about that "Mr.;" you won't find it do you much good.

K. LEWIS.—The marks vary from week to week. The highest marks are, of course; obtained by correct solutions to all the puzzles.

B. H. MACKELCKEN.—I don't know where you found "on referring" that Byron and Macaulay were Scotchmen. They may have been of Scotch descent, just as every other Englishman is of Norman descent. Byron's family were thoroughly naturalised, and were settled in England when Newstead Abbey was given them by Henry VIII. The Scotch blood in Macaulay was more recent, but he was born at Leicester, and his father resided at Clapham. The fact that so many Competitors named them shows that they are always considered Englishmen.

T. S. A. PRINGLE.—See above answer. Macaulay was not a Scotchman, in the sense that Burns, for instance, was a Scotchman. The very manner of spelling his name proves it. The Scotch family spell it McAulay.

PANSY BLOSSOM.—Thackeray was none the less English, because he was born in Calcutta. I am afraid that your suggestion that I should draw up a list, and that the Competitors who named most on my list should take the prize, would not do. It would be pure speculation, and the competitions are not intended to encourage gambling. Moreover, I should be sorry to take the responsibility on myself of laying down the law in what can only be matter of opinion.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY,

LIMITED,

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Extracts from the THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT,
For the Year ending 31st December, 1887.

THE DIRECTORS have much pleasure in presenting their Report and Accounts for the year 1887. The total Assets of the Company have been raised from £6,811,954 to £7,867,103, being an increase of £1,055,149 during the year.

ORDINARY BRANCH.

The number of Policies issued during the year was 37,450, assuring the sum of £3,903,635, and producing a New Annual Premium Income of £192,109.

The Premiums received during the year were £535,131, being an increase of £138,191 over the year 1886.

The Claims of the year amounted to £158,257. The number of deaths was 1071, and 39 Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Policies in force was 115,451.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.

The Premiums received during the year were £3,058,501, being an increase of £147,206.

The Claims of the year amounted to £1,204,823. The number of Deaths was 142,665.

The revision of the Tables of the Industrial Branch (in all cases in favour of the Assured), which was alluded to last year, has been much appreciated by the Policy-holders. The effect has been to add more than **£30,000** to the amount paid in the year for Claims, owing to the increased benefits thus afforded.

The number of Policies in force was 7,599,554, including 89,232 Free Policies.

GENERAL BALANCE SHEET

OF THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, ON THE 31st DECEMBER, 1887.

LIABILITIES.

	£	s.	d.
Shareholders' Capital	200,000	0	0
Ordinary Branch Funds	2,225,557	5	5
Industrial Branch Funds	5,409,827	11	6
Claims under Life Policies admitted	31,717	13	11
	£7,867,102	10	10

ASSETS.

	£	s.	d.
British Government Securities, Consols, and New 3 per Cents...	1,053,992	6	10
Railway and other Debentures	1,080,382	2	5
Loans on Municipal and other Rates	1,516,070	19	11
Freehold Ground Rents and Scotch Feu Duties	1,487,815	3	10
Metropolitan Board of Works Stock and City of London Bonds	160,568	10	0
Bank of England Stock	44,301	16	10
Freehold and Leasehold Property	665,501	14	0
Indian, Colonial, and Foreign Government Securities	470,149	17	6
Reversions	124,093	6	0
Railway and other Shares	20,413	1	10
Mortgages	653,443	5	7
Loans on Company's Policies	61,042	5	3
Furniture and Fittings	19,500	0	0
Loans upon Personal Security	712	10	0
Outstanding Premiums	168,529	14	7
Cash in hands of Superintendents and Agents' Balances	28,367	18	1
Outstanding Interest and Rents	66,669	2	8
Cash—On deposit, on current accounts, and in hand	245,548	15	6
	£7,867,102	10	10

THOS. C. DEWEY,
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Invested Funds	£2,501,300	Claims and Surrenders paid	£8,459,173
Annual Income	319,720	Bonuses Declared	2,629,814

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

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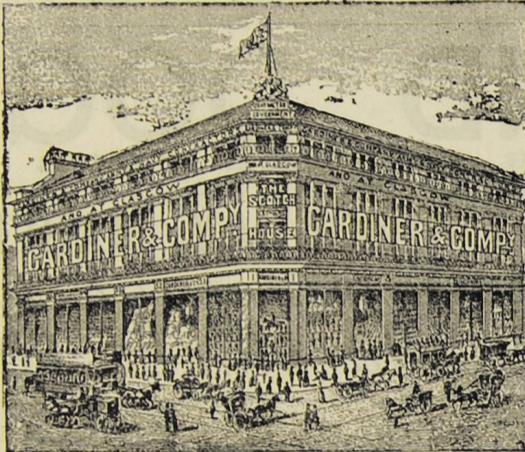
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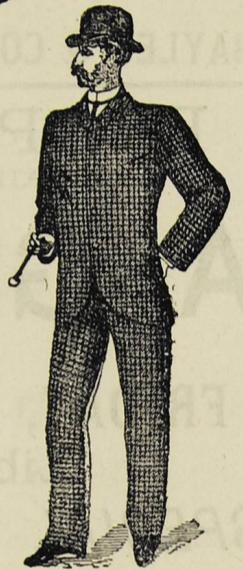
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