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[ONE PENNY.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
SHADOWS BEFORE	285
ORGAN RECITAL	285
NOTES OF THE WEEK	285, 286
A FAMOUS MISER	287
PALACE GOSSIP	288, 289
MUSICAL NOTES	289
SOCIETY AND CLUB NOTES	290, 291
FISHING AND ANGLING	292
IN THE CARQUINEZ WOODS	293—295
A TERRIBLE DUEL	296
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	296, 297
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	297
COMPETITIONS, PUZZLES AND PRIZES	297, 298
ADVERTISEMENTS	299, 300

Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5.
RECEPTION TEA to New Members at 8.
- FRIDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
CYCLING CLUB.—General Meeting at 8.
RAMBLERS'—Committee Meeting at 8.
- SATURDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall) at 8.
FOOTBALL CLUB.—Match at Victoria Park.
RAMBLERS.—Ramble to Dagenham.
HARRIERS.—Usual Run at 4.
CYCLING.—Run to Abridge.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL at 12.30. Library open from 3 till 10.
- MONDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
- TUESDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
PALACE PARLIAMENT at 8.
DRAMATIC CLUB.—General Meeting at 8.
- WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall), at 8.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MARCH 25th, at 12.30 p.m.
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST MR. HENRY MEECH WHITE.

- MARCH IN G *W. Hill.*
- ADAGIO QUI TOLLIS (No. 12) *Mozart.*
- MARCH OF THE GIRONDINS *S. Clark.*
- CHARITY *S. Glover.*
- PRAYER: MOSES AND ISRAELITES AT
THE RED SEA *Rossini.*
- ANDANTE IN F *H. Farmer.*
- MARCH OF JEWISH WARRIORS *G. Shinn.*
- "SIDE BY SIDE TO THE BETTER LAND" *W.M. Hutchinson.*
- MARCH (from St. Dorothea) *Sainton Dolby.*

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

Notes of the Week.

An announcement was made in last week's Journal in the Ladies' Column which has caused some inquiry. It was to the effect that a Lecture would be given at the Palace last Sunday. This was a mistake. No Sunday Lectures at all are given at the Palace.

THE old Emperor is buried and the new Emperor reigns in his place. How long he will reign is doubtful. It is admitted that his disease is really cancer of the throat, and the only hope is that it may not progress. He has issued a manifesto in the shape of a letter to Prince Bismarck. This is said to have been written for him by the Minister of Justice, but we must take it as expressing his own sentiments very carefully considered. One sentence should be written in gold, that, namely, in which he speaks of the folly of "raising expectations as if it were possible to put an end to all the ills of society by the intervention of the State." Exactly—when, twenty years ago, Frenchmen lamented the corruption of his country, it was all laid on the back of the Emperor. Are the present evils of France—supposing that there are any—to be all laid on the back of the Republic? At all times, in every country, the cry is perpetually raised that the State must intervene for the cure of all disorders.

THE question of the Reform of the House of Lords is one which every year grows in importance. The principal of hereditary legislation is an anachronism—that is to say, it is a survival of old customs which can no longer be defended. In the case of Irish and Scotch Peers we have ceased even to practise it, because we cause those countries to elect Representative Peers. Surely the first step in the direction of Reform would be the election by all the Peers of Representative Members? We should then abolish the national disgrace of having as Members of the Upper House some men whose place would be more properly in the stable. As for creating Life Peers that would increase unnecessarily the value of an hereditary Peerage. Perhaps it will be possible some day to consider on the death of a Peer whether his son shall succeed him or not, and if the deceased has been a man whose life has been undistinguished or disgraceful, his son should not succeed him. In this way we should gradually, that is in a hundred years or so, get rid of the hereditary Peerage altogether, and so have an Upper Chamber of Notables elected for life.

A LITTLE paper on Angling has been sent to me, which will be found printed in another column. It points to the establishment of an Anglers' Club, in connection with the Palace. I should very much like to see such a Club established, if only for one reason, that the East End Angler's river is the Lea, and that he will never enjoy any sport

worth having until Tottenham and other places on its banks are prohibited from befouling that once silvery stream. Therefore the Club will have to agitate, agitate, agitate, until it succeeds in ridding the river of a most intolerable nuisance. The Lea ought to be a most delightful place on a summer evening both for anglers and for boating men. As for other places in which to practice the gentle craft, I believe there are jack in the Roding: I have seen a boy pull a jack a foot and a half long out of the Brent: in the reservoir, also formed out of the Brent, at Hendon, there are a great quantity of fish; and I am told that Dagenham Lake is full of jack and of eels. Indeed, the old-fashioned ministerial whitebait dinner was originally commenced by one or two of the Conservators of the Thames wall inviting Mr. Pitt to dine with them off eels caught in Dagenham Lake, and whitebait caught in the meadows.

RAMBLERS! If you want a breezy delightful walk, when there is a good north-west wind with light driving clouds and ultimate sunshine and shade, take train to Barking or to Rainham, and walk along the Thames wall. It affords a five foot track at the top with a stone slope fronting the river, and a slope of turf facing the land. You walk along: on the left hand, meadows of waving corn or grass: on the right, the river with the great ships and the little ships going up and down—the most beautiful procession of ships possible to be seen anywhere. They are of all kinds, from the great ocean liner to the clumsy barge swinging upwards with the tide. If you get as far as Tilbury, there are the great docks to look at, with, as yet, not too many ships. But there is a capital Hotel, where you will be able to get everything you want.

I HOPE that every Member of the Palace will make a point of visiting Mr. Barnett's Picture Exhibition at St. Jude's, Commercial Street, between April 1st and April 8th. It is a Loan Exhibition. The owners of the pictures lend them to the Vicar of St. Jude's, who not only exhibits them, but gets people to come and talk about them; to describe the meaning of each picture, that is to say, the story it tells or suggests, and the excellencies of the treatment. We shall perhaps, in time, have our own exhibition of Pictures. Meantime, let us lose no chance of seeing good pictures.

It is rather late in the day to recommend a book which has been out some months, but those who take an interest in science must not forget to read the life of Darwin—especially the first volume. The humility of this great man, the soft-heartedness of his nature, the readiness with which he acknowledged the greatness of others, and his surprise at the estimation in which he found himself universally held, fill one with surprise and admiration. Those who are truly the greatest men in the world—I do not mean the windy spouters—seem to me always the most delightful and generally the most humble. Unfortunately, so few of us get to know, personally, even so much as one great man.

HERE is a melancholy "dog story." Last Monday week, two boys named Walker, aged 17 and 13 respectively, left their home in Derbyshire to look after the sheep on the moors. The lads took with them two collie dogs, "Nell" and "Dot," and they were seen going in the direction of Winstone Lee Tor. On the way the lads met their father, who said they had better put their coats on, and they took his advice. Some three hours later the dogs returned home alone, and appeared to be very restless and peculiar in their manner. The father and mother then set out to find the lads. The dogs went along and kept "waffling" (as the Derbyshire folk say), eager in their desire to get on. After going a consider-

able distance Mrs. Walker observed a dog's footprints, but noticed no boot marks in the snow. The dogs, especially the old one, appeared to "settle" near a great mass of fallen snow, which had slid over from Winstone Lee Tor. The snow had evidently drifted to the edge of the cliff, and subsequently slipped over in a huge mass, weighing many tons, and the path under the face of the tor was buried. Mrs. Walker soon discovered a foot and ankle projecting from the snow, and raised the alarm, recognising that it was the foot of her youngest son Frank. Her husband, who was some distance away, came with all possible speed, the mother meanwhile working at the snow to save her boy, who was head downwards, and must have been there for three or four hours. A fierce wind was blowing at the time, and the snow was whirling about in clouds. She in a short time rescued her son, but the body was stiff and cold and the face blue and discoloured. The mother used every effort to restore animation. Partially succeeding, she at once asked, "Oh, Frank, where is Willie?" and he answered, "He was here last night," evidently being under the impression that he had been there all night. As the search was being continued the husband observed the old dog "Nell" again scratching and "waffling," and he went up to the animal, who barked impatiently. On reaching the place indicated by the dog he noticed the feet of the other son, Willie, projecting through the face of the solid mass of snow, which was at that spot several feet deep. This body was also buried deeply, the snow being firmly wedged, and the body "jammed" in so closely that it could not be extricated until a shovel was obtained and the snow cut. It was found that the body was face downwards in a slanting position, over four feet of snow being on the head. After hard work the body was got out. It was evident that life had been extinct for a considerable time. From the statement of Frank Walker, who was with his brother, it seems that the two boys, after attending to the sheep, went to look at the snow on Winstone Lee Tor. While they were looking they observed the snow slipping down upon them, and ran to get out of the way, but both were overtaken by the huge mass and buried.

A NEW profession for women has been formed. It is one which will not in the least interfere with men's work; and it is one which promises to be highly successful. A lady in New York, the widow of a clergyman, has conceived the idea of becoming a professional "mender." She goes round from house to house of those who employ her, and goes through the whole of the family linen, the flannels, the silk things, the lace things, and everything. She must be a highly skilled needlewoman, able, says *Harper's Bazaar*, whose editor evidently knows all about such things, to put "fresh ruches and whalebones in basques and to attend to the boot buttons." She carries her own bag of silks, tapes, thread, etc. This is clearly a new opening.

MR. GOSCHEN calls attention to the very remarkable fact that ladies never send "Conscience Money" to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Therefore, one of two things may be concluded. Either they never cheat the revenue in filling up the returns, and are therefore more virtuous than the men; or they cheat like the men, but are inferior to them in the voice of conscience.

EDITOR.

LOSING a Fortune.—Sir John Bland is said to have flung away his whole fortune at hazard. In one night he exceeded what was lost by the Duke of Bedford, having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it) lost two-and-thirty thousand pounds. The citizens are said to have "put on their double-channeled pumps and trudged to St. James's-street, in expectation of seeing judgments executed on White's—angels with flaming swords, and devils flying away with dice-boxes, like the prints in Sadeler's hermits." Sir John lost this immense sum to a Captain Scott, who had nothing but a few debts and his commission.

A Famous Miser.

DANIEL Dancer, one of the most remarkable instances of the insatiable thirst of gold recorded in the history of human nature, was born in the year 1716, on Harrow-weald Common, near Harrow, in Middlesex. His father, who possessed considerable property, had four children, three sons and one daughter, of whom Daniel was the eldest. His youth was not distinguished for any particular passion or propensity, and it was not till he succeeded to the fortune which devolved to him by the death of his father, that he manifested the inordinate love of money, which rendered him miserable during the remainder of his life. His sister, whose disposition exactly corresponded with his own, continued to reside with him till his death.

The fare of this saving couple was invariably the same. They used constantly on a Sunday to boil a sticking of beef, with fourteen hard dumplings, and this was to last during the whole week. No consideration could induce them to alter this arrangement, excepting it were a circumstance like the following. Mr. Dancer walking out one morning, found on the common a sheep, which had apparently died of disease. He instantly seized the precious present which fortune had thrown in his way, carried home the carcass, skinned it, and cut it up; after which his sister made it into pies. Whether Mr. Dancer was delighted at thus living at a small expense, or at the change of diet they afforded, he expressed a great partiality for these pies, and was extremely frugal of them while they lasted.

Had not Miss Dancer lived in an enlightened age, she would most certainly have run the risk of incurring the penalties inflicted on those unhappy wretches accused of witchcraft; so perfectly did her appearance agree with the ideas attached to a witch. She seldom stirred out of her miserable hut, except when alarmed by the cries of huntsmen and hounds: on such occasions she used to sally forth, armed with a pitchfork, with which she endeavoured to repel the progress of these intruders on her brother's grounds; and her appearance was rather that of a moving mass of rags, than of a human being.

During her last illness, her brother was frequently requested to procure medical assistance for her. His reply was, "Why should I waste my money, in wickedly endeavouring to counteract the will of Providence? If the old girl's time is come, the nostrums of all the quacks in Christendom cannot save her: and she may as well die now as at any future period." Of lawyers and physicians he entertained a very unfavourable opinion. Sooner than have any connection with a lawyer, he said, he would deal with the devil; and to use his own expression, "All the gentlemen of the faculty are medical tinkers, who, in endeavouring to patch up one blemish in the human frame, never fail to make ten." He thought bellows-makers, undertakers, and trunk-makers very extravagant fellows, on account of their great waste of nails, which profusion he thought unnecessary. The only food he offered his sister during her indisposition was her usual allowance of cold dumpling and sticking of beef, accompanied with the affectionate declaration, that if she did not like it, she might go without. The kindness of Lady Tempest and Captain Holmes, who inherited the whole of Mr. Dancer's fortune, made ample amends for her brother's inhumanity, and soothed her dying moments. In consideration of her tenderness, Miss Dancer intended to have left Lady Tempest the property she possessed, to the amount of £2000. She, however, expired before she signed her will, which she had directed to be made, on which her two other brothers who were equally celebrated for parsimony, put in their claim for a share of her fortune. To this proposal Daniel refused to accede, and a lawsuit ensued; the result was, that he recovered £1040 of his sister's property, as the price of her board for

thirty years, at £30 per annum, and £100 for the two last years, in which he declared she had done nothing but eat and lie in bed.

On the death of his sister, finding himself lonesome, he hired a man for his companion, who was a proper counterpart of himself. This servant, Griffiths, had, by severe parsimony, contrived to accumulate £500 out of wages which had never exceeded £10 per annum. At the time he hired with Mr. Dancer, he was about sixty years of age, and his wages were *eighteen-pence* per week. He assisted his master in picking up bones, etc. accordingly, when they went out, they took different roads for the same purpose; but Griffiths having a taste for strong beer would tipple a little, which was the cause of much altercation at night, when he returned home to his master.

From a principle of rigid economy, Mr. Dancer rarely washed his hands and face; and when he did, it was always without the assistance of either soap or towel. Dispensing with those articles of expensive luxury, he used, when the sun shone, to repair to a neighbouring pool, and after washing himself with sand, he would lie on his back in the sun to dry himself. His tattered garments, which were scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, were kept together by a strong hay-band, which he fastened round his body. His stockings were so patched, that not a vestige of the original could be perceived, and in cold and dirty weather he wound about his legs ropes of hay, so that his whole figure presented the most striking picture of misery that can possibly be conceived.

At one period of his life, he used annually to purchase two shirts, but for several years preceding his death, he allowed himself only one. This he bought at some old clothes shop, and seldom exceeded half-a-crown in price. After coming into his possession, it never underwent the operations of washing or mending, nor did he ever change it till it dropped from his back in rags. In making one of these purchases, he was involved in an affair which gave him no small trouble and uneasiness. Being desired by the mistress of a shop, to which he went to purchase an old shirt, to mention his price, he told her, "as much under three shillings as possible." A shirt was accordingly produced, for which, after bargaining a long time, Dancer, as he declared, agreed to give two shillings and ninepence. He gave the woman three shillings, and waited for the change, but to his mortification and surprize, she refused to give any, positively asserting, that he had agreed to take the shirt at the price she had received. Remonstrances were vain, and to suffer such a diminution of his property without endeavouring to obtain redress, he regarded as criminal. He therefore summoned the woman to a court of conscience, and to support his claim made two journeys to town; but after a full hearing, the poor man was not only nonsuited, but obliged to pay the costs of the court, to the enormous amount of five shillings. To add to his vexation, his two journeys had put him to the additional expense of three-pence more: for it can scarcely be supposed that a man of his age and wealth could travel on foot fifteen miles, and back again on the same day, without the extraordinary indulgence of a penny-worth of bread and cheese, and a half-penny-worth of small beer. At this time Mr. Dancer was in the possession of property to the amount of £3000 a year.

When his sister died, he had a pair of sheets on his bed, which he would never suffer to be removed; but lay in them till they were worn out. He would not allow his house to be cleaned, and the room in which he lived was nearly filled with sticks he had collected from his neighbours' hedges. He was for many years his own cobbler, and the last pair of shoes he wore had become so large and ponderous, from the frequent soles and coverings they had received, that they rather resembled hog-troughs than shoes.

(To be continued).

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

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

MUCH excitement ensued on Friday evening last among those fellows who had turned up to give their support to the to-be-formed Social Club—of which, as I told you last week, Valentine was to be the promoter. The meeting was held in one of the new basement rooms beneath the Queen's Hall organ; and so great was the multitude that had gathered together that I feared we were about to have another version of the Calcuttan Black-hole. The place was thronged with, I suppose, something like two hundred and fifty fellows, and from the more hilarious sounds of revelry broke the monotony of the place. Valentine, with some kindred spirits, was very much there; and joy and expectation shone from the countenances of all present. That pirate Captain, Deeley, and the other desperadoes from the good ship *Lytton*, were armed, so to speak, from top to toe with opposition: for it was an open secret that Deeley intended to run his bark foul of the Valentinean cockle-shell, and to scatter the able supporters of that little craft to the four winds of heaven. Which didn't take place—as you shall hear.

Of a sudden a commotion was visible, and through packed humanity Sir Edmund Currie made his way to the table where sat the smiling Val. He was, he said, very pleased to see so many fellows present; but he was afraid he had some bad news to tell them. (Val's face fell, and Deeley's eyes sparkled with expectation). The Trustees, Sir Edmund continued, were anxious to do all in their power to promote the welfare and sociability of the Palace Members, and to carry out their undertaking in as thorough a manner as possible. They (the Members) were in that room to consider the question of forming a Social and Smoking Club, which had for its object an universal sociability for all the Members. Now, all that could be given them for this purpose was a miserable little room capable of holding, he supposed, rather less than fifty Members. What, then, was to become of the remaining fellows—those whom he saw before him? Reflect. Not fifty in that crowded room could possibly hope to participate in the proposed scheme—under the present arrangement. How much wiser, then, would it be to wait till next October, when he hoped the basement of the New Library could be utilized for this—and other purposes. There would then be adequate room for all comers, without any fear of crowding out whatever. And again, the time of year was rather late for the formation of such a club—it was now, he said, the 16th of March. Only another month could possibly be devoted to this purpose—another month that could only provide a lame entertainment for a favoured few of fifty or so. Would it not be, he repeated, better to postpone the idea for a few months, and then, under more favourable circumstances, to carry the thing out in a more satisfactory manner?

SIR EDMUND'S remarks bore fruit, for, as he finished speaking, a general acquiescence was accorded him; for the fellows, you see, *did* take—both the hint and the situation, and felt that Sir Edmund's pregnant argument was, after all, what was exactly wanting. Captain Deeley grew rather less elated, because although he had come there with the express intention of scuttling or running down the *Social* boat, he, after all, found that such intention had been thwarted; for, like the gendarmes in "Madame Angot," he'd got no work to do. Much sympathy, of course, was shown for Valentine, but the general impression was that the wisdom of Sir Edmund was greatly favourable. As that gentleman remarked, it would only be a postponement—the idea need not die out, and could be revived again at a more fitting opportunity. So cheer up, Val, the vessel has not been scuttled, the piratical D. has not signalled himself, nor has his opposition crew had even the ghost of a chance to distinguish themselves.

WHEN Sir Edmund had finished his harangue, the majority of fellows took themselves off, and we breathed again. Possession being nine points of the law, the remaining few had a merrie time of it, for, according to report, they stayed behind making night hideous with their youthful lungs. Fortunately, I left the festive scene, and hid me straight to the secluded sanctum; so heard not I the squeaking of the wry-necked fife: nor did the sounds of shallow foppery enter my sober house!

THE Cricket Clubbists are very anxious that I should enlighten the appreciative world as to their intended whereabouts on Easter Monday. They are to play against the South-West Ham C.C., at the Tidal Basin. It's to be an all-day match—commencing with the first flush of dawn—that is, eleven o'clock (we don't get *real* daylight till then, you know). Of course, our captain is ready with great expectations for his Club's success; and the youthful Marshall, it's to be hoped, will be, like Richard, once more himself again.

APROPOS of this club I am sorry to learn that Wadkin has sent in his resignation as Assist. Hon. Sec., for I had expected great things from that incomparable triumvirate: Wadkin, Carter and Marshall. In the same breath, I must, however, heartily congratu-

late the bright-eyed Taylor, who has been elected (*pro tem.*) to fill the empty chair. Taylor's all right when you know him—and, not requiring too much knowing first, is likely to become extremely popular with his *confrères*. So here's to his success!

FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY candidates are to be admitted as Members to-morrow (Thursday) night, and will be entertained right royally at the usual reception tea. This will be the last admittance until October—the beginning of the Palace financial year. I am asked to state that no *yearly* tickets can possibly be issued, but only the quarterly ones. I hope that Moreton, Marshall, Clews, Kilbride, Smith, Deeley, Halfpenny, and the other Hon. Secs. will make a point of turning up, just to enlist all raw recruits for their respective clubs.

I AM glad to hear that Miss Edith Lewis (one of our Mr. Isaac's pupils) has successfully passed the recent preliminary examination for Female Clerks. This is the seventeenth pass this term to the credit of Mr. Isaacs, of whom fourteen have managed to obtain places. An examination for female sorters will probably be held in May; and will very likely be followed by one for telegraph learners. Present and intending students who may wish to compete are earnestly requested to communicate with the teacher at once.

A CAT, Rabbit, and Guinea-pig Show will be held on Easter Monday and Tuesday under the auspices of the Beaumont Trustees. All particulars obtainable at the East Lodge, where schedules, etc., can be obtained.

(I HAD a par. on the above subject last week, you'll remember, and therein said that the P. P. would become in time a veritable Noah's Ark—an expression which I afterwards thought was a delugeon. My old friend Kerridge, however, writes me to say that it was "No delugeon; only a Noah full ark"—an awful lark, see? It took me exactly sixty-two minutes to discover the joke, and when I had found it, I groaned within me at man's atrocity. This is the second time Kerridge has tried to annihilate me—but I'm not dead yet. Think, my merrie K., think of Bruce and the spider and—try again!)

So we are to have our Dramatic Club, after all! The objections have been overcome, and the amateur Thespians to a man have resolved to sit like Patience on a monument, a-smilin' at grief. I shall jealously watch the progress of this latest offspring, and shall not fail to let you know when it is weaned from obscurity, and also when it will cut its first public tooth. Munro, your humble servant, and a few other demi-gods are to have the nursing of this noble scion: and if it isn't a case of multitudinous chefs spoiling the pot-au-feu all will be well. We are going carefully to work: the little stranger is to be well-bred, and though I could tell you of the rules for its welfare, I purposely refrain from so doing as its swaddling clothes, to keep up the metaphor, are not yet cast aside. We do not hope to give our first entertainment till drowsy winter and more "blizzards" again arrive; but when that blizzful period *does* arrive we are gwine to kinder astonish you.

I AM glad to hear that through the kindness of Mr. Jas. Jones the Palace Library has been enriched by the addition of a number of books on the "Art of Angling"—some of which are now quite rare and consequently more valuable. If ever we *do* have an anglers' club at the Palace it is to be hoped that the rising Isaak Waltons will make good use of these tomes, and read, mark, learn, and inwardly di-gest the piscatorial wisdom contained therein.

IN answer to my interrogatories, Hon. Sec. Clews tells me that he hopes—all being well—to commence business with his tennis club in the first week of April. He has already secured the full complement of Members: and hopes to have erected some four or five courts for the edification of his lively tennisists.

I SHOULD like to call the attention of all well-thinking Members to the habit that some of their thoughtless brethren have of obliterating and disfiguring the Notice-boards of the Palace Institute. Where are our Palace "police"?—for we are our own custodians, you know. It seems a great shame that the offenders should go undiscovered; for their offence is remarkably like an old case of the dog in the manger. They have no interest in the notices themselves, and will not allow those others who are interested to derive any benefit or information from a mutual convenience. It is to be hoped that the next offender will be caught red-handed; and may the "catcher" have well-developed biceps!

THE new Swimming-bath, having been reported as "rising," some ardent natatists have besieged the sanctum and have pounded wonderful schemes for the formation of a Swimming Club. The bath is expected to be ready in May, you know; and the idea is to form a club *now*, to practise swimming elsewhere, and then, on the opening day, for the Members to assemble and meet together for the purpose of displaying their Beckwithian abilities. Why, cert'nly! The volatile Karet is greatly interested in this question; and as the idea seems fair and square I really don't see why it

shouldn't be Kareted into effect. All intending swimmists are therefore requested to forward name and address—per bookstall—to the worthy K.; or to keep their eyes upon the notice-boards, where an announcement for a meeting to consider the question is announced for Thursday week.

ROOM, gentlemen, room for the Palace Parliament! The Debating Society, you know, is dead, and from its ashes has arisen an august and imposing body seeking a bubble reputation as an all-important Parly. Premier Wadkin seems to have assumed a Brobdingnagian size; and see what a grace is seated on that brow! Senators Hawkins, Ring and Taylor feel that the fate of nations depends upon their words. Messieurs Londrès, Turner, and Norton (like the luckless monarch) will, I am certain, never smile again. Once upon a time frivolity dwelt in the midst of these luminaries; but times are changed, you see, and they've reformed all that. Never again will their proceedings be suggestive of Comus; and never again will they boycott *The Palace Journal*—that humble organ which they affected to despise, but which now they find they cannot do without! (Hooray!) Well, we'll bury the hatchet—the Parleists and I; and here's success to the new undertaking! May the language of the house be ever Parliamentary; may the Hon. Members be ever loving one to another; and may the wing of true-born eloquence never moult so much as a feather!

THE Literary Evening, given by the late Debating Society on Monday evening last, was fairly successful. Owing to the blizzard state of the weather, comparatively few turned up: but those who did brave the elements had a particularly lively time of it. The programme consisted of readings and recitations, with criticisms thereon, and would have been thoroughly successful had not much valuable time been wasted—not in criticism, but in severe and unnecessary personalities. I am not going to criticise here the abilities of any one reciter that I heard—for that would be invidious and out of place; but I must say that it offended me to the soul to hear several robustious fellows tear fine "passions" to tatters. What was wanting was variety: there was no light and shade—for save one hackneyed reading of a modern author, the efforts were strangely alike. Poor Taylor was unexpectedly the cause of much diversion: for essaying to essay and having a fea'fu' codeid de dose he cou'dd't spik at all save with a far-away ventriloquial chirp! I should hope that before the entertainers announce another similar entertainment they will organise some rational system of criticism, and not mar the evening with personal attacks—such as characterized last Monday's proceedings. Some of the critics forgot they were discussing the orator and not the person—just as certain newspapers very often attack the man and not the politician. O reform it altogether!

BEFORE we had left the room Premier Wadkin made a sensible suggestion, and that was that we should found a Literary Society in the Palace—a sort of offspring, I presume, of the late Debating Society. This, if formed, would be a step in the right direction: for we have plenty of room for mutual improvement. What say, Whittick?—"Improve the Sub. first." Well, yes; he wants improvement. (Chorus of Stentors without: "And so say all of us!")

ALL ye lovers of the wingèd 'cycle—and your name is legion!—will rejoice to know that our own Ransley having gone into the trade on his own account will be prepared to meet emergencies. He has, I believe, a decent stock of all sorts and conditions of 'cycles—saleable to M.P.'s on remarkably easy terms. He is quite prepared to answer all enquiries respecting prices, etc., and letters may be addressed to the Palace bookstall.

THE fistic Bowman, I hear, has again distinguished himself, having on Monday night fared remarkably well in the open competitions of the Royal Victor Amateur Athletic Club. I had a ticket sent me for this entertainment—holden at the Beaumont Hall; but, like another Prometheus, I was, unfortunately, chained to the rock (of duty), and had to submit to the agonies of a literary evening, with the longing-pangs gnawing at my "innards."

IN reference to my remarks respecting the formation of a Shorthand Society, Mr. J. Horton writes me to say that he will be quite prepared to undertake the promotion of the same; and hopes to call a meeting for this purpose on Saturday week. All the shorthand-writers of the Institute will, I trust, come to the front and support a society that (unlike some I could name) is far more useful than ornamental. It's an immense boon to shorthandists: especially those fellows who *cannot* get the assistance of dictation. I shall try to be present at the meeting myself; and in the meantime I heartily hope that every success will attend Mr. H.'s endeavours.

THE courteous Rout tells me that he anticipates a grand success for the (Easter) Brighton Ramblers. The arrangement for their comfort is proceeding apace; and many thanks are due to Mr. Fisher (the "Merstham Village" author) for his kindly interest in the affair. I am also informed that the Easter trippists will leave London Bridge at 10.12 (booking for Caterham Junction); will arrive at the Junction at 10.45, and will at once proceed to leave the lights o' London still farther behind them. For further information see Club Notes.

THERE was a grand Gymnastic Display given last evening in the Gymnasium, which Sergeant Burdett proudly tells me was most successful. The entertainers were composed exclusively of the fair sex, and the entertained were their sisters, their mothers, and their aunts. I am told that many movements were given with remarkable grace and skill; and am further informed that the exercises of some of the ladies would put the efforts of the sterner sex very much to the blush. This being so, Gym. May and a score or two others had better look to their laurels, or else we shall have the ladies carrying everything before them.

THE Beaumont Sketching Club's usual Monthly Exhibition was held on Monday last with great success. As I had been lured into the Debatists' room I could not, unfortunately, turn up at Halfpenny's show: and so cannot tell you anything at all about the proceedings. I hope, as the time advances, that this monthly exhibition will be a really grand affair—a sort of Royal Academy on a small scale, with the genial Halfpenny as President.

FOR the benefit of those who didn't see the last number of the Journal I should like to point out that a Competition for the sum of one guinea was therein announced. What is wanted is the best little play, or drama—capable of being performed by three, four, or more persons. Splendid chance for budding playwrights. All communications please address the sub-Ed. at the East Lodge. (For M.P.'s only.)

JOY reigned in the sanctum last Wednesday night, when the welcome form of Miss Braddock—one of our former lady Members—graced the sacred spot. The Sub., you may be sure, was extremely glad to again behold one of his earliest Palace friends; and accordingly quite distinguished himself by his gallantry. Unfortunately the lady's visits are few and far between: for her new calling in life precludes her from taking that interest in the Palace which she formerly used to exhibit. The lady has mine and Miss Levene's best wishes.

QUERY.—*Apropos* of the Parleists' manifesto: would it not have been better had the Premier "cast" one of his Cabinet more becomingly? Should not the Secretary for War have been that volatile youth who has just recently become a dashing city militaire?—a youth, too, possessing an eye like Mars to threaten and command. What say, Moody?

INFORMATION respecting the Easter run of the Cycling Club can now be obtained from Kilbride or Ransley. A programme-card of the Brighton route has been printed for the mutual convenience, and will, I doubt not, be regarded as a benefit to those concerned.

Musical Notes.

LAST Wednesday's Concert was, in consequence of the weather, but thinly attended, but those who were present in the Queen's Hall had the pleasure of hearing a very excellent programme very excellently rendered. The "Unity" Vocal Quartet made their first appearance here, and sang their very charming part songs and solos in a most finished manner. Mr. Vernon Lee, who is the conductor of this quartet, was especially successful in his solo. The only lady vocalist was Miss Clara Robson, who gave the audience very great pleasure by her excellent singing, and Mdlle. Cecilie Brousil was most successful with her very dainty violin playing.

THE Stock Exchange Orchestra and Male Voice Choir promise us a very interesting and attractive programme this evening. Among the other items we are to have a Symphony in E flat of Haydn's, which will be particularly delightful, as being the first entire Symphony which has been performed in our Hall. It was composed in Vienna, in 1793, during the short stay of the master in that city, between his first and second visits to London, and is particularly bright in character; the themes (especially the second in the *Vivace Assai*, the subject of the slow movement, and the trio) are exceedingly graceful, while the finale is sunshine itself. Haydn once observed to a friend, "A mischievous fit comes over me sometimes that is perfectly beyond control." This love of fun is very apparent in the finales of many of his symphonies, but probably in none more so than in this one.

ANOTHER very interesting item in to-night's programme will be a suite for Orchestra by Jules Massenet. The composer who is now in his forty-sixth year, has published several "Suites d'Orchestre." The suite to be performed this evening possesses all the principal characteristics of the composer. The exceeding quaintness of the treatment, the piquancy of the orchestration, the haunting beauty of the melodies, are most fascinating; whilst the fact that familiarity with the music, so far from breeding contempt, enhances its appreciation, is convincing proof of the genius that inspired it. Of the numbers before us, the "Air de Ballet" will probably be most generally popular, though each has its own peculiar charm and interest. The suite is dedicated to M. Paladilhe, the composer of "Suzanne," and the intimate friend of Massenet.

Society and Club Notes.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY, IN FUTURE THE PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Meeting held March 13th—Mr. Marshall in the chair.

A vacancy having occurred by the resignation of Mr. Driscoll, Mr. Masters was unanimously elected to the post of Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Taylor was elected Committeeman in place of Mr. Masters. Mr. Masters opened the Debate and proposed the following resolution: "That in the opinion of this the conduct of the Government, with regard to the management of the Metropolitan Police, is highly deserving of censure."

Mr. Wadkin moved as an amendment "That considering the absence of Central Government in London, the Executive Government was fully justified in the measure taken to ensure order, and that the Metropolitan Police Force as a whole is highly commendable."

In consequence of business the Debate had to be adjourned.

Mr. Ring proposed, and Mr. Hawkins seconded, that this Society in future be the People's Palace Parliament, this was carried by a majority of 29.

Mr. Wadkin was subsequently induced to undertake the task of forming a Cabinet.

Members of the Palace wishing to distinguish themselves as Members of the Parliament are cordially invited to apply at our Room in the School-building any Tuesday evening at 8. Subscription nominal.

Constituency books now open, apply early in order to secure a good "seat."

All information from J. W. NORTON } Hon. Secs.
H. J. HAWKINS }

PEOPLES' PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Premier, First Lord of the Treasury and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs	HENRY T. WADKIN.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	W. H. TAYLOR.
Secretary of State (Home and Scotland)	A. L. LONDON.
Secretary of War	J. WHITTICK.
Chief Secretary for Ireland	H. J. HAWKINS.
First Lord of Admiralty	W. K. RHODES.
President of Local Government Board, President of the Board of Trade	J. KARET.

(The above form the Cabinet.)

MINISTERIAL STATEMENT.

In accepting office we are fully conscious of the responsibilities we have, at your earnest and peculiar request, undertaken, and of the onerous duties we have to discharge. Where, however, a majority so far confesses its mental inability to form a Cabinet and conduct the Government affairs, as to absolutely beg the leader of the minority to undertake such work, it cannot reflect credit upon those who have thus voluntarily forsaken and resigned their privileges.

We shall, however, relying upon the Unionist Party, and upon our powers of argument, together with the sensible programme of business shortly to be laid before you, use every endeavour to discharge our new duties in a manner creditable alike to ourselves and the House; and we feel confident that our efforts to improve the House and heighten its tone will be warmly supported by the whole assembly.

The immediate course of Government business is not yet decided upon, owing to the sudden departure from society to Parliamentary work. It is our intention, however, not to leave a monopoly of reform to the Liberals, but rather to deal with measures such as Education, Trade Depression, Improvement of the Surroundings of the Working-classes, Local Government, London Reform, Womens' Suffrage, Foreign Competition, and Immigration of Foreign Paupers, Facilities for Emigration, and other measures to benefit the British Empire as a whole, and the individual in particular, being careful withal to maintain the supremacy of the country by sea and its stability by land.

We confidently appeal to the House to assist us in the promotion of the above measures, and earnestly hope all debates will be carried on in both an instructive and friendly manner, bringing credit upon ourselves and our glorious People's Palace.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

A General Meeting of the above was held on Friday last, when the rules were submitted, and agreed upon. The Subscription will be 5s. per season, payable on or before March 31, or by two instalments, on March 31 and June 30. Practice will commence the second week in April. About half-a-dozen gentlemen can still be enrolled on application to the Secretary, A. W. CLEWS.

BILLIARD HANDICAP.

The third round of this successful Handicap commenced on Monday evening, March 19th.

Hall	versus	Smith.
Marshall	"	J. Poole.
Lyons	"	Johnson.
Freeman	"	Keane.
King or Kerr	"	Deeley.
Fozzard	"	Williamson.
Edwards	"	Wal. Henshaw.
Rowland	"	G. Poole.
Stuttle	"	Goodwin.

Gordon a bye.

Any gentleman who cannot play next week will please note the same to

S. HARRISON, Chairman, Billiard Committee.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

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

Figure	" Wanderers."
Landscape	A Muddy Road.
Design	A Wooden Baluster.
	Still Life.

All further particulars may be obtained on application to T. E. HALPFENNY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A General Meeting in furtherance of this Association was held on Tuesday night, 13th inst., in Trustees' room, at which Sir Edmund honoured us with his presence in the chair. At that Meeting the formation of a Dramatic Club was fully discussed, with the result that a Committee of direction was formed there and then. On the following night the Committee held its first Meeting in the School-room, and engaged in drawing up rules, etc., which shall be placed before Members in due course. It was decided to limit the number of Members to one hundred, so that intending Members are invited to make early application to me by post, at 104, Chobham Road, Stratford, E.

A General Meeting of Members of the Club will be held on Tuesday, 27th inst., but of this, due announcements will be made by notices posted up throughout the Palace.

J. MUNRO, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

A General Meeting of the above Club will be held on Friday, March 23rd, at eight o'clock p.m. sharp. It is to be hoped that all Members will turn up, as this is a very important Meeting. We shall also be glad to enrol any new Members at the same time. Full particulars will be given as to the arrangements about Easter Monday at this Meeting. Our run to Buckhurst Hill on Saturday last was not very well attended, but great credit must be given to those who did attend, as the roads still remain in a very bad condition. After enjoying a good tea and a few songs, the bold wheelers returned to the Palace about eleven o'clock.

There will be a run to the "Wilfrid Lawson" on Thursday next, also a run to Abridge on Saturday. Every Member who possibly can should turn up at this latter run—that is to say, if the weather will permit them.

All Members should have their uniform—which is dark navy blue plain jacket and knickerbockers—by Easter.

Badges can be had of the Secretary at 3s. each.

Terms—Entrance fee, 1s., and subscription, 2s. 6d., payable in two instalments.

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

PALACE RAMBLERS.

As the list for the Brighton Tour closes on Friday, 23rd inst., the Hon. Secs. will be at the Palace on Thursday and Friday next from 8.30 till 9.30, to receive the names of any more Members wishing to take part in the above tour.

Members are reminded that their new tickets must be taken up on or before March 27th. If not taken up by that date the numbers will be filled up by those candidates waiting for admission.

On Saturday next the Ramble will be to Dagenham. Tea at the "Chequers." Members are requested to meet at Plaistow Station at 4 o'clock sharp. Stewards, Messrs. H. Rout and F. W. Bullock.

For the convenience of Members who are unable to take part in the tour to Brighton, a Ramble to the "Beehive," Lambourne End, has been arranged for Easter Monday. Members meet at Woodford Station (G.E.R.) at 12 o'clock. Further particulars will be announced in next week's Journal.

Committee Meeting on Friday next at 8.30.

All communications should be left at the Bookstall.

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

NOTES ON PUGILISM.

PUGILISM may be regarded as the outcome of civilisation and man's great natural desire for strife. Civilisation in this country at least has conquered the old articles of warfare, and man is now content to settle quarrels with nature's effective and less dangerous weapons. Pugilism is a very much reviled branch of sport. When I say pugilism I refer simply to the art or science of boxing. I believe in pugilistic science equally as strongly as I believe in athletic science, football science, and natatory science. The art of swimming should, I think, be acquired by every person, because it is conducive to the safety of life, and such is also my opinion of pugilism. It may be argued that in teaching the young idea how to box you run the risk of instilling arrogance and braggadocio into his nature, thereby turning him out a bully. There is no more delusive opinion than this, and I speak from experience. The effect is the very opposite. The acquiring of the art, while it invigorates the body and improves the mental tone, opens the mind concerning the use of the fists in real fight which it was previously ignorant of. The moral depravity of professional fistic gladiators—I dare not call them pugilists—is no argument against the acquiring of the art. I could find room to praise these men, and worthily too, were they to confine themselves to the teaching of the art and harmless glove exhibitions of their powers. When they openly, and by means of the public press, challenge each other to combat—a trifle less than deadly—without quarrel, but for mere monetary considerations, they are beyond the pale of human criticism. They are brutes of the lowest creation; brutes will not fight without a cause, mentally and physically, and by act and intention. Such encounters are contrary to all sportsmanlike feeling and instinct, and it is, indeed, wonderful that newspapers professing to be high and mighty consors of sport, should not only recognise, but actually connive at such brutal encounters. Surely if the law forbids prize-fighting, it should naturally forbid the publication of any challenge or declaration likely to lead to a fight. The law, however, with glaring inconsistency, does no such thing. It gives the whip hand to rowdyism and brutality by passing over without comment anything which may tend to an ultimate breach of the peace in the shape of a prize-fight. I admire such fistic marvels as John L. Sullivan, James Smith, etc., even as I admire some football or athletic prodigy, amateur or professional, but I loathe and despise the feelings and instincts which lead such men to barter their bodies and, perhaps, lives, for money. Prize-fighting is, in my opinion, the foulest and most sickening sport on the otherwise fair sporting traditions of this country, and it is also the cancer which has almost entirely eaten up a splendid exercise and a noble art of natural defence. The present revival of pugilism may do good in one sense—it is certain to do harm in another. Good may be derived from the harmless glove exhibition—lessons I would call them—given; evil is certain to follow from the fact that there hangs about the prominent pugilists staring the country at present, the prospect of some real, earnest fighting. As I have said before, I can commend and admire the man who knows the art of self-defence, but I regard as lower than the brutes, the person who would make a living from the bruised and mangled body of a fellow-creature.

THE STROLLER.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

On Saturday last a Committee Meeting was held in the School Buildings. The Secretary read a letter from Mr. H. T. Wadkin, resigning his position as Assist. Hon. Sec. It was decided that his resignation be accepted, and that a vote of thanks be given to him for his services. Mr. W. H. Taylor was unanimously elected to fill the vacant office of Assist. Hon. Sec. (*pro tem.*)

Terms.—Playing Members 3s., payable in one sum, or in three amounts of 1s. Honorary Members not less than 2s. 6d. The same to be paid before May 1st.

The Secretaries will attend to receive subscriptions in the Technical Schools on Friday and Monday next, between 8.15 and 9.15.

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.
W. H. TAYLOR, Assist. Hon. Sec. (*pro tem.*)

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Despite the cold biting wind on Saturday last, five enthusiasts namely, E. C. Tibbs, E. J. Taylor, E. J. Crowe, H. R. Johnson and H. Owen (Pinchley H.) peeled for a spin. On leaving headquarters and getting on to the flats, we were met by a blinding snowstorm. Having reached the other side of the flats, Tibbs and Owen turned, and made tracks for home, evidently having had enough. The other three kept going, and traversing part of the five miles course, found one of the fields flooded by the overflowing of the Roding. However, having ventured so far, we decided not to be done by a little water, so went through it, Taylor choosing the deepest parts, and seeming to thoroughly enjoy it. Once again on the road, we quickened our pace and travelled as far as Chigwell Row, then turned and made for home, which we reached after having been absent about fifty minutes; the run being thoroughly enjoyed. Deeley was seen at the Station, and promised to turn up later on, but failed to do so. Too cold, eh, Dick; enthusiastic dawg? Run next Saturday at 4.15. The One Mile race is postponed, further particulars next week.

Members wishing to be in the Club Photo, kindly give their names to either of the undersigned, if they have not already done so.

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

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

Beaumont v. Rattenbury.—This match was played at Victoria Park last Saturday, and resulted in a victory for the 'Monts by three goals to love. During the first half the 'Monts had the wind at their backs, and secured two goals, these being obtained by Jesseman and Cook.

On changing over, the 'Rats, although having the advantage of the wind, were unable to score. About six minutes before the sound of the whistle was heard, a third goal was registered for the 'Monts by Moreton.

Match next Saturday at Victoria Park, when the 'Monts again meet the Havelock Rovers, and hope to make a better show than they did at their first contest with this club.

The team will be selected from the following:—Jesseman, Hart, Griffett, J. Munro, Wenn, Wainman, Douglas, Cook, Cooper, Sherrell, Butterwick, Winch, A. Munro, Cante, Moreton.

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

SWIMMING CLUB.

Ladies and gentlemen interested in the formation of the above are requested to attend at a meeting to be held on Thursday, March 28th, 1888.

Chair will be taken at 8.30 p.m., by Sir Edmund Hay Currie.

Business.—To elect Secretary, Committee, and Representatives at the Council.

J. KARET, Hon. Sec. (*pro tem.*)

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

A most successful Concert was given last Saturday, in honour of St. Patrick's day, by the Choral Society, assisted by Miss Constance Bolton, Miss Helen d'Alton, Mr. Bernard Lane, Mr. William Varian, and Mr. W. R. Cave (violin).

The Queen's Hall was filled long before 8 o'clock with the usual enthusiastic audience. The Choral Society opened the programme with "Go where Glory waits Thee," which gained great applause, followed by a well-rendered song, "The Snowy Breasted Pearl," by Mr. Bernard Lane, and in the second part, "When I rose in the Morning"; the former being encored. Miss Constance Bolton sang "Rich and rare were the Gems she wore," a pretty Irish melody, and in the second part, "Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see"—both encored. Mr. Cave gave two violin solos with his usual skill. Miss d'Alton sang "The Meeting of the Waters" and "Killarney," both being encored. Mr. Vivian also sang "The green trees whispered low and mild" and "Father O'Flynn," the latter being loudly encored. The Choral Society gave "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls" (encored), and in the second part, "The Young May Moon" and "The Minstrel Boy"; each given with great taste and skill, showing vast improvement since their last performance. Not only was the body of tone good, but the light and shade was well marked, and words well spoken, doing justice to the unaccompanied music which is always a great test to any choir; altogether giving great praise and credit to our Musical Conductor.

Mr. Orton Bradley will be pleased to see anyone wishing to join the Society any Friday evening after 9.30.

Any lady or gentleman with a knowledge of music will be welcome, but *Altos, Tenors* and *Basses* are especially wanted.

Hady's "Spring," and other works are being gone through.

For further particulars apply to

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

There is no other class of the community in which the spirit of generosity prevails to such an extent as in professional singers and musicians generally. An evidence of their generosity was displayed in a little event which took place, in the Ladies' Social-rooms of the People's Palace, on Monday evening, March 12th.

As the usual Monday Evening Concert, given by the Members, happened to fall upon the same evening as that set apart for the Dog Show, and also the Concert given in the Queen's Hall, with the band of H.M. Scots' Guards, it was found that some of the Members who had promised to sing and recite at the Amateurs' Concert absented themselves, most likely to attend the greater attractions offered to them in the Queen's Hall; and the Members' Concert consequently fell far short of what it otherwise would have done under ordinary circumstances.

The professionals who were taking part in the Queen's Hall concert—Miss Meredith Elliott, Miss Maud Holdom (accompanist), Mr. Donnell Balfe and Sergeant Lewis, hearing that they had been the cause of the diminution of talent at the Amateur Concert, nobly came forward to the rescue and volunteered their valuable services—Miss Elliott and Mr. Balfe with songs, and Sergeant Lewis with cornet solos, and thus a capital programme was gone through, which more than compensated for the disappointment occasioned by the absence of a few friends.

The following Members assisted—Misses Fisher, Nay, Larter, Connor, Cohen, Lewey, Hines, and Coker. Miss Cunyngame was unable to sing owing to sore throat, but Mr. Cunyngame kindly offered to fill her place by giving a reading, which formed a very interesting item in the evening's programme.

MAUDE COKER, Hon. Sec.

Fishing and Angling.

IN *The Palace Journal* of the 7th inst. I observe, from the notes taken by the Librarian of the class books perused at the Reading-room at the People's Palace, that books on *Fishing and Angling* are engaging the attention of readers. This proves that among the readers there are some who are interested in Angling; and it may happen before long that we shall see a *People's Palace Angling Club* added to the list of the various useful clubs of which the P.P. can already boast. Nor can we wonder if such a thing comes to pass, when we bear in mind that many ardent lovers of the gentle art live among us in East London, and many of whom no doubt frequently avail themselves of the advantages of the Reading-room. On visiting the Library of the P.P. very recently, I noticed that there is ample room on the book-shelves for the reception of any gifts of Angling books, always useful, which may be forthcoming for the benefit of these readers. In the course of a few days some books of this class will be lodged there, and which are going to be sent by a friend willing to help in that way, and it is to be hoped that other friends will soon follow a similar course. Your notice in the *Palace Journal* of such an apparently trivial subject as *Fishing and Angling* is generally thought to be, has, I am inclined to believe, awakened the curiosity of many who would be glad to learn what importance, or peculiarity, can possibly be connected with this subject, to be worthy of such notice. To enlighten those of your readers who have had no opportunities of enquiring into matters *Piscatorial*, the following particulars have been gathered together. *Fishing and Angling* have a very important commercial side as well as an entertaining sporting side to the question. These subjects have, moreover, conducted to an interesting and distinct branch of literature to a larger extent than is generally known.

Fishing forms a very important factor in the industries of civilised nations, and more especially so as regards the industries of our own country. From a Return issued a short time ago by the Board of Trade, it can readily be seen of what immense value to us are the sea fisheries of the United Kingdom. In 1886 the number of fishing-craft engaged in this industry was 32,189, giving employment to 125,794 men and boys. The fish taken in the net during that year was estimated to weigh close upon 600,000 tons; and valued at about £6,400,000 at the place of landing. From these figures an idea may be formed of the immense amount of money which must have turned over during the year by the time this large quantity of fish reached the consumer. All nations very reasonably look after their own interests and guard their rights in this harvest of the sea with a jealous care, and a violation of these rights, by the presence of an intruder, sometimes lead to serious international complications.

It is only a few days ago that one of England's ablest legislators returned home from the United States of America after adjusting one of these complications, and effecting a treaty with a view to set at rest one of these great fishery disputes. An important question like this, in the hands of a less competent representative, might possibly have led to a war between ourselves and our kinsfolk across the Atlantic. Happily that dispute is now settled. The magnitude of the fishing industry in this country may also be readily estimated from the fact that, from time to time, no fewer than eleven hundred acts, bills, reports, etc., appertaining to fisheries, etc., have engaged the attention of the British Parliament, and disposed of accordingly. *Angling* is distinct, of course, from fishing, as its commercial aspect is of much less importance. Angling is regarded chiefly as an innocent pastime, and has been classed among our English sports for hundreds of years. The sport of angling is forbidden to be abused, as may be seen from the various Acts of Parliament which are now enforced for the protection of our fresh-water fishes. The rules framed by the numerous angling clubs which exist, also tend to the same direction. Angling has had its scoffers as well as its admirers among our learned men. Fortunately the former class have not been numerous, whilst the latter class has embraced some of our greatest divines, philosophers, and poets, the latter, in their numerous effusions, alluding to the sport in complimentary terms. "*Angling songs*" are abundant, whilst one interesting treatise on angling, and published as far back as the year 1613, was written entirely in verse. I refer to "*The Secrets of Angling*," written by "J. D." Angling, on the authority of Izaak Walton, is of "*great antiquity, and an art*." Before an angler can become a master of his art, he has many things to learn and observe. Wind and weather have peculiar influences on the temper of the finny tribe. Every fish has its proper season. The proper hour of the day to angle for certain fish must be known and observed; bright days and dull days require a different manipulation of baits; depths of water in localities, and the particular kinds of fishes abounding there require to be known. All these, and many more things, have to be studied to ensure success, without mentioning the many expedients to be resorted to when the fishes, from bad humour or bad appetite, stubbornly reject the various enticing morsels which the angler offers them on his hook. An experienced angler may be sometimes seen to literally fill his little basket at the riverside, whilst his less practical companion whips the water in vain.

Now with regard to the literature of Fishing and Angling, it may not be generally known that more than two thousand Books connected with this subject in one way or another have sprung into existence; and, as many of these have gone through more than one edition, the number has thereby increased by over a thousand more.

From these facts it can readily be seen how much the subject of "Fishing and Angling" has contributed to our literature, not to mention the benefit bestowed as a consequence on literature's attendant industries. Books on *Angling* made their appearance at an early date. *The Treatise of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*, which is said to have been written by Dame Juliana Berners, a prioress of a Nunnery near St. Albans, appeared as far back as the year 1496. The book was printed in Black letter, and the printer was the renowned Wynkyn de Worde. In the year 1651, there was issued a small work entitled *The Art of Angling*, by Thomas Barker, and two years later, in 1653, there was published for the first time *The Compleat Angler*, by good old Izaak Walton. This book enters, in an agreeable and entertaining manner, into the history and elements of the art. We have instruction in Angling and a lesson on religion and morals almost on the same page. Quaint beliefs in natural history and poetry, and songs on Angling, are scattered here and there throughout the book. Walton's book, without doubt, opened up a new artery in English literature, and caused hundreds of other books on the same subject to spring into existence, notwithstanding which, it has managed to survive, and to hold an honourable place in literature to this day.

The Compleat Angler retains a firm hold on the affections of a large class of English enthusiasts, who are interested in the literature of angling. From the time of its first appearance, in 1653, the book has, in conjunction with Cotton's contribution, which was subsequently joined to it, gone through more than a hundred editions up to the present time—some editions very elaborate indeed—and ranging in price from sixpence to ten pounds. The book has also been translated into German, whilst some selected passages have also been translated into Welsh.

A beautiful fac-simile reprint of the original edition of *The Compleat Angler*, and which is sure to be of much interest to book-loving anglers, will be on the shelves of the Library in the People's Palace before this paper appears in print, as well as some editions of *Walton and Cotton*, not to mention other useful books on angling—some of which are out of print, and therefore out of reach so far as general readers, outside the pale of our best public libraries, are concerned.

In conclusion, I am inclined to think that young *Piscator*, who examines *The Compleat Angler* in his leisure at the Library, will take a keener interest in the book when he is reminded that good old Izaak Walton was sixty years of age when his delightful production was first published; also that one of Walton's favourite angling resorts was the river Lea, whose limpid waters border the East of London and reach within a mile of the People's Palace, and on the banks of which river, it may fairly be presumed, the charming pages of *The Compleat Angler* were first composed.

JAMES JONES.

Custom House, London.

The Palsied Gambler.—Hannah More used to relate that a foreign ambassador, Count Adhemar, had a stroke of palsy, and that he was to have had a great assembly on the night of the day on which it happened. It was on a Sunday! The company went—some hundreds. The man lay deprived of sense and motion; his bedchamber joined the drawing-room, where was a faro bank, held close to his bed's head. Somebody said, they thought they made too much noise. "Oh, no," answered another, "it will do him good; the worst thing he can do is to sleep." A third said, "I did not think Adhemar had been a fellow of such rare spirit; palsy and faro together is spirited indeed; this is keeping it up!"

The gentle Hannah related this to Walpole, who, in return, told her of a French gentleman at Paris, who being in the article of death, had not signed his will, when the lawyer who drew it up was invited by his wife to stay to supper. The table was laid in the dying man's apartment; the lawyer took a glass of wine, and addressing himself to the lady, drank "*à la santé de notre aimable agonisant!*" "I told Mr. Walpole," says Hannah, "he invented the story to outdo me, but he protested it was literally true."

A Reformed Gamester.—Colonel Thomas Panton was a celebrated gamester of the time of the Restoration, and who, in one night, it is said, won as many thousands as purchased him an estate of above £1,500 a-year. "After this good fortune," says Lucas, "he had such an aversion against all manner of games, that he would never handle cards or dice again; but lived very handsomely on his winnings to his dying day, which was in the year 1681." Colonel Panton was the last proprietor of the gaming-house called Piccadilly Hall, and was in possession of land on the site of the street and buildings which bear his name, as early as the year 1664. Yet we remember to have seen it stated that Panton-street was named from a particular kind of horse-shoe called a *panton*; and from its contiguity to the Haymarket, this origin was long credited.

May and December.—The Prince of Conti, the lover of Madame de Bouffleurs, was greatly attached to the sex, even when old. Perceiving that he did not succeed so well as he had formerly done, he one day said, "It is time for me to retire. Formerly, my civilities were taken for declarations of love, but now my declarations of love are taken only for civilities."

Insanity and Reason.—A poor man in Bedlam was ill-used by an apprentice because he would not tell him why he was confined there. The unhappy creature said at last, "Because God has deprived me of a blessing which you never enjoyed." There never was anything finer or more affecting.

In the Carquinez Woods.

By BRET HARTE.

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. LONGMAN, GREEN & CO.

CHAPTER V.—(continued.)



HE had saved a quarrel between them at the sacrifice of herself, for her vanity was still keen enough to feel that this exhibition of her old weakness had degraded her in their eyes, and—worse—had lost the respect her late restraint had won from Low. They had treated her like a child or a crazy woman, perhaps even now were exchanging criticism upon her—perhaps pitying her! Yet she had prevented a quarrel, a fight—possibly the death of either one or the other of these men who despised her, for none better knew than she the trivial beginning and desperate end of these encounters. Would they—would Low ever realise it, and forgive her? Her small dark hands went up to her eyes and she sank upon the ground. She looked through tear-veiled lashes upon the mute and giant witnesses of her deceit and passion, and tried to draw, from their immovable calm, strength and consolation as before. But even they seemed to stand apart—reserved and forbidding.

When Low returned she hoped to gather from his eyes and manner what had passed between him and her former lover. But beyond a mere gentle abstraction at times, he retained his usual calm. She was at last forced to allude to it herself with stimulated recklessness.

"I suppose I didn't get a very good character from my last place?" she said with a laugh.

"I don't understand you," he replied, in evident sincerity.

She bit her lip and was silent. But as they were returning home, she said gently, "I hope you were not angry with me for the lie I told when I spoke of 'your plan.' I could not give the real reason for not returning with—with that man. But it's not all a lie. I have a plan—it you haven't. When you are ready to go to Sacramento to take your place, dress me as an Indian boy, paint my face, and let me go with you. You can leave me—there—you know."

"It's not a bad idea," he responded gravely. "We will see."

On the next day and the next the *rencontre* seemed to be forgotten. The herbarium was already filled with rare specimens. Teresa had even overcome her feminine repugnance to "bugs" and creeping things so far as to assist in his entomological collection. He had drawn from a sacred *cache* in the hollow of a tree the few worn text-books from which he had studied.

"They seem very precious," she said, with a smile.

"Very," he replied gravely. "There was one with plates that the ants ate up, and it will be six months before I can afford to buy another."

Teresa glanced hurriedly over his well-worn buckskin suit, at his calico shirt with its pattern almost obliterated by countless washings, and became thoughtful. I suppose you couldn't buy one at "Indian Spring," she said innocently.

For once Low was startled out of his phlegm. "Indian Spring," he ejaculated; "perhaps not even in San Francisco. These came from the States."

"How did you get them?" persisted Teresa.

"I bought them for skins I got over the ridge."

"I didn't mean that—but no matter. Then you mean to sell that bear-skin, don't you?" she added.

Low had in fact, already sold it, the proceeds having been invested in a gold ring for Miss Nellie,

which she scrupulously did not wear except in his presence. In his singular truthfulness he would have frankly confessed it to Teresa, but the secret was not his own. He contented himself with saying that he had disposed of it at Indian Spring. Teresa started and communicated unconsciously some of her nervousness to her companion. They gazed in each other's eyes with a troubled expression.

"Do you think it was wise to sell that particular skin, which might be identified?" she asked timidly.

Low knitted his arched brows, but felt a strange sense of relief. "Perhaps not," he said carelessly; "but it's too late now to mend matters."

That afternoon she wrote several letters and tore them up. One, however, she retained, and handed it to Low to post at Indian Spring, whither he was going. She called his attention to the superscription being the same as the previous letter, and added, with affected gaiety, "But if the answer isn't as prompt, perhaps it will be pleasanter than the last." Her quick feminine eye noticed a little excitement in his manner and a more studious attention to his dress. Only a few days before she would not have allowed this to pass without some mischievous allusion to his mysterious sweet-heart; it troubled her greatly now to find that she could not bring herself to this household pleasantry, and that her lip trembled, and her eye grew moist as he parted from her.

The afternoon passed slowly; he had said he might not return to supper until late, nevertheless a strange restlessness took possession of her as the day wore on; she put aside her work, the darning of his stockings, and rambled aimlessly through the woods. She had wandered, she knew not how far, when she was suddenly seized with the same vague sense of a foreign presence which she had felt before. Could it be Curson again—with a word of warning? No! she knew it was not he; so subtle had her sense become that she even fancied that she detected in the invisible aura projected by the unknown, no significance or relation to herself or Low, and felt no fear. Nevertheless she deemed it wisest to seek the protection of her sylvan bower, and hurried swiftly thither.

But not so quickly nor directly that she did not once or twice pause in her flight to examine the newcomer from behind a friendly trunk. He was a stranger—a young fellow with a brown moustache, wearing heavy Mexican spurs in his riding-boots, whose tinkling he apparently did not care to conceal. He had perceived her, and was evidently pursuing her, but so awkwardly and timidly that she eluded him with ease. When she had reached the security of the hollow tree and pulled the curtain of bark before the narrow opening, with her eye to the interstices, she waited his coming. He arrived breathlessly in the open space before the tree where the bear once lay; the dazed, bewildered, and half-awed expression of his face as he glanced around him and through the openings of the forest aisles, brought a faint smile to her saddened face. At last he called in a half-embarrassed voice,

"Miss Nellie!"

The smile faded from Teresa's cheek. Who was "Miss Nellie?" She pressed her ear to the opening. "Miss Wynne!" the voice again called, but was lost in the echoless woods. Devoured with a new and gratuitous curiosity, in another moment Teresa felt she would have disclosed herself at any risk, but the stranger rose and began to retrace his steps. Long after his tinkling spurs were lost in the distance, Teresa remained like a statue staring at the place where he had stood. Then she suddenly turned like a mad woman, glanced down at the gown she was wearing, tore it from her back as if it had been a polluted garment, and stamped upon it in a convulsion of rage. And then, with her beautiful bare arms clasped together over her head, she threw herself upon her couch in a tempest of tears.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Miss Nellie reached the first mining extension of Indian Spring, which surrounded it like a fosse, she descended for one instant into one of its trenches, opened her parasol, removed her duster, hid it under a boulder, and with a few shivers and cat-like strokes of her soft hands, not only obliterated all material traces of the stolen cream of Carquinez Woods, but assumed a feline demureness quite inconsistent with any moral dereliction. Unfortunately she forgot to remove at the same time a certain ring from her third finger which she had put on with her duster and had worn at no other time. With this slight exception, the benignant fate which always protected that young person brought her in contact with the Burnham girls at one end of the main street as the returning coach to Excelsior entered the other and enabled her to take leave of them before the coach-office with a certain ostentation of parting which struck Mr. Jack Brace, who was lingering at the doorway, into a state of utter bewilderment.

Here was Miss Nellie Wynne, the belle of Excelsior calm, quiet, self-possessed, her chaste cambric skirts and dainty shoes as fresh as when she had left her father's house; but where was the woman of the brown duster? and where the yellow-dressed apparition of the woods? He was feebly repeating to himself his mental adoration of a few hours before when he caught her eye, and was taken with a blush and a fit of coughing. Could he have been such an egregious fool—and was it not plainly written on his embarrassed face for her to read?

"Are we going down together?" asked Miss Nellie with an exceptionally gracious smile.

There was neither affectation nor coquetry in this advance. The girl had no idea of Brace's suspicion of her, nor did any uneasy desire to placate or deceive a possible rival of Low's prompt her graciousness. She simply wished to shake off in this encounter the already stale excitement of the past two hours, as she had shaken the dust of the woods from her clothes. It was characteristic of her irresponsible nature and transient susceptibilities that she actually enjoyed the relief of change; more than that, I fear, she looked upon this infidelity to a past dubious pleasure as a moral principle. A mild open flirtation with a recognised man like Brace, after her secret passionate tryst with a nameless nomad like Low, was an ethical equipoise that seemed proper to one of her religious education.

Brace was only too happy to profit by Miss Nellie's condescension; he at once secured the seat by her side, and spent the four hours and a half of their return journey to Excelsior in blissful but timid communion with her. If he did not dare to confess his past suspicions, he was equally afraid to venture upon the boldness he had premeditated a few hours before. He was therefore obliged to take a middle course of slightly egotistical narration of his own personal adventures, with which he beguiled the young girl's ear. This he only departed from once, to describe to her a valuable grizzly bear-skin which he had seen that day for sale at Indian Spring, with a view to divining her possible acceptance of it for a "buggy robe;" and once to comment upon a ring which she had inadvertently disclosed in pulling off her glove.

"It's only an old family keepsake," she added with easy mendacity. And affecting to recognise in Mr. Brace's curiosity a not unnatural excuse for toying with her charming fingers, she hid them in chaste and virginial seclusion in her lap, until she could recover the ring and resume her gloves.

A week passed; a week of peculiar and desiccating heat for even those dry Sierra table-lands. The long days were filled with impalpable dust and acrid haze suspended in the motionless air; the nights were breathless and dewless—the cold wind which usually swept down from the snow line was laid to sleep over

a dark monotonous level, whose horizon was pricked with the eating fires of burning forest-crests. The lagging coach of Indian Spring drove up at Excelsior and precipitated its passengers with an accompanying cloud of dust before the Excelsior Hotel. As they emerged from the coach, Mr. Brace, standing in the doorway, closely scanned their begrimed and almost unrecognisable faces. They were the usual type of travellers; a single professional man in dusty black, a few traders in tweeds and flannels, a sprinkling of miners in red and grey shirts, a Chinaman, a negro, and a Mexican packer or muleteer. This latter for a moment mingled with the crowd in the bar-room, and even penetrated the corridor and dining-room of the hotel, as if impelled by a certain semi-civilised curiosity, and then strolled with a lazy dragging step—half-impeded by the enormous leather leggings, chains, and spurs peculiar to his class—down the main street. The darkness was gathering, but the muleteer indulged in the same childish scrutiny of the dimly lighted shops, magazines, and saloons, and even of the occasional groups of citizens at the street corners. Apparently young, as far as the outlines of his figure could be seen, he seemed to show even more than the usual concern of masculine Excelsior in the charms of womankind. The few female figures about at that hour, or visible at window or verandah, received his marked attention; he respectfully followed the two auburn-haired daughters of Deacon Johnson on their way to choir meeting to the door of the church. Not content with that act of discreet gallantry, after they had entered he managed to slip in unperceived behind them.

The memorial of the Excelsior gamblers' generosity was a modern building, large and pretentious for even Mr. Wynne's popularity, and had been good-humouredly known in the characteristic language of the generous donors as one of the "biggest religious bluffs" on record. Its groined rafters, which were so new and spicy that they still suggested their native forest aisles, seldom covered more than a hundred devotees, and in the rambling choir, with its bare space for the future organ, the few choristers gathered round a small harmonium were lost in the deepening shadow of that summer evening. The muleteer remained hidden in the obscurity of the vestibule. After a few moments' desultory conversation, in which it appeared that the unexpected absence of Miss Nellie Wynne, their leader, would prevent their practising, the choristers withdrew. The stranger, who had listened eagerly, drew back in the darkness as they passed out, and remained for a few moments a vague and motionless figure in the silent church. Then coming cautiously to the window the flapping broad-brimmed hat was put aside, and the faint light of the dying day shone in the black eyes of Teresa! Despite her face, darkened with dye and disfigured with dust, the matted hair piled and twisted around her head, the strange dress and boyish figure, one swift glance from under her raised lashes betrayed her identity.

She turned aside mechanically into the first pew, picked up and opened a hymn-book. Her eyes became riveted on a name written on the title-page, "Nellie Wynne." Her name, and her book. The instinct that had guided her here was right; the slight gossip of her fellow-passengers was right; this was the clergyman's daughter whose praise filled all mouths. This was the unknown girl the stranger was seeking, but who in her turn perhaps had been seeking Low—the girl who absorbed his fancy—the secret of his absences, his pre-occupation—his coldness! This was the girl whom to see—perhaps in his arms, she was now perilling her liberty and her life unknown to him! A slight odour, some faint perfume of its owner, came from the book; it was the same she had noticed in the dress Low had given her. She flung the volume to the ground, and, throwing her arms over the back of the pew before her, buried her face in her hands.

In that light and attitude she might have seemed some rapt acolyte abandoned to self-communion. But whatever yearning her soul might have had for higher sympathy or deeper consolation, I fear that the spiritual Tabernacle of Excelsior and the Reverend Mr. Wynne did not meet that requirement. She only felt the dry oven-like heat of that vast shell, empty of sentiment and beauty, hollow in its pretence, and dreary in its desolation. She only saw in it a chief altar for the glorification of this girl who had absorbed even the pure worship of her companion and converted and degraded his sublime paganism to her petty creed. With a woman's withering contempt for her own art displayed in another woman, she thought how she herself could have touched him with the peace that the majesty of their woodland aisles—so unlike this pillared sham—had taught her own passionate heart, had she but dared. Mingling with this imperfect theology, she felt she could have proved to him also that a brunette and a woman of her experience was better than an immature blonde. She began to loathe herself for coming hither, and dreaded to meet his face. Here a sudden thought struck her. What if he had not come here? What if she had been mistaken? What if her rash interpretation of his absence from the wood that night was simple madness? What if he should return—if he had already returned? She rose to her feet, whitening, yet joyful with the thought. She would return at once—what was the girl to her now? Yet there was time to satisfy herself if he were at her house. She had been told where it was; she could find it in the dark; an open door or window would betray some sign or sound of the occupants. She rose, replaced her hat over her eyes, knotted her flaunting scarf around her throat, groped her way to the door, and glided into the outer darkness.

CHAPTER VII.

It was quite dark when Mr. Jack Brace stopped before Father Wynne's open door. The windows were also invitingly open to the wayfarer as were the pastoral counsels of Father Wynne, delivered to some favoured guest within, in a tone of voice loud enough for a pulpit. Jack Brace paused. The visitor was the convalescent sheriff, Jim Dunn, who had publicly commemorated his recovery by making his first call upon the father of his inamorata. The Reverend Mr. Wynne had been expatiating upon the unremitting heat as a possible precursor of forest fires, and exhibiting some catholic knowledge of the designs of a Deity in that regard, and what should be the policy of the Legislature, when Mr. Brace concluded to enter. Mr. Wynne and the wounded man, who occupied an arm-chair by the window, were the only occupants of the room. But in spite of the former's ostentatious greeting, Brace could see that his visit was inopportune and unwelcome. The Sheriff nodded a quick impatient recognition, which, had it not been accompanied by an anathema on the heat, might have been taken as a personal insult. Neither spoke of Miss Nellie, although it was patent to Brace that they were momentarily expecting her. All of which went far to strengthen a certain wavering purpose in his mind.

"Ah, ha! strong language, Mr. Dunn," said Father Wynne, referring to the Sheriff's adjuration, "but 'out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Job, sir, cursed, we are told, and even expressed himself in vigorous Hebrew regarding his birthday. Ha, ha! I'm not opposed to that. When I have often wrestled with the spirit I confess I have sometimes said, 'D—m you.' Yes, sir, 'D—m you.'"

There was something so unutterably vile in the reverend gentleman's utterance and emphasis of his oath that the two men, albeit both easy and facile blasphemers, felt shocked; as the purest of actresses is apt to overdo the rakishness of a gay Lothario, Father Wynne's immaculate conception of an imprecation was something terrible. But he added, "The law

ought to interfere with the reckless use of camp fires in the woods in such weather by packers and prospectors."

"It isn't so much the work of white men," broke in Brace, "as it is of Greasers,* Chinamen and Diggers,† especially Diggers. There's that blasted Low ranges the whole Carquinez Woods as if they were his. I reckon he ain't particular just where he throws his matches."

"But he's not a Digger; he's a Cherokee, and only a halfbreed at that," interpolated Wynne. "Unless," he added, with the artful suggestion of the betrayed trust of a too credulous Christian, "he deceived me in this as in other things."

In what other things Low had deceived him he did not say; but, to the astonishment of both men, Dunn growled a dissent to Brace's proposition. Either from some secret irritation with that possible rival, or impatience at the prolonged absence of Nellie, he had "had enough of that sort of hog-wash ladled out to him for genuine liquor." As to the Carquinez Woods, he (Dunn) "didn't know why Low hadn't as much right as if he'd grabbed it under a pre-emption law and didn't live there." With this hit at certain speculations of Father Wynne in public lands for a homestead, he added that "if they (Brace and Wynne) could bring him along any older American settler than an Indian, they might rake down his (Dunn's) pile." Unprepared for this turn in the conversation, Wynne hastened to explain that he did not refer to the pure aborigine, whose gradual extinction no one regretted more than himself, but to the mongrel, who inherited only the vices of civilization. "There should be a law, sir, against the mingling of races. There are men, sir, who violate the laws of the Most High by living with Indian women—squaw men, sir, as they are called."

Dunn rose with a face livid with weakness and passion. "Who dares say that? They are a d—d sight better than sneaking Northern Abolitionists, who married their daughters to buck niggers like —." But a spasm of pain withheld this Parthian shot at the politics of his two companions, and he sank back helplessly in his chair.

An awkward silence ensued. The three men looked at each other in embarrassment and confusion. Dunn felt that he had given way to a gratuitous passion, Wynne had a vague presentiment that he had said something that imperilled his daughter's prospects, and Brace was divided between an angry retort and the secret purpose already alluded to.

"It's all the blasted heat," said Dunn with a forced smile, pushing away the whisky which Wynne had ostentatiously placed before him.

"Of course," said Wynne hastily; "only it's a pity Nellie ain't here to give you her smelling-salts. She ought to be back now," he added, no longer mindful of Brace's presence; "the coach is over-due now, though I reckon the heat made Yuba Bill take it easy at the up grade."

"If you mean the coach from Indian Spring," said Brace quietly, "it's in already; but Miss Nellie didn't come on it."

"Maybe she got out at the Crossing," said Wynne cheerfully; "she sometimes does."

"She didn't take the coach at Indian Spring," returned Brace, "because I saw it leave, and passed it on Buckskin ten minutes ago coming up the hills."

"She's stopped over at Burnham's," said Wynne reflectively. Then, in response to the significant silence of his guests, he added, in a tone of chagrin which his forced heartiness could not disguise: "Well, boys, it's a disappointment all round; but we must take the lesson as it comes. I'll go over to the coach-office and see if she's sent any word. Make yourselves at home until I return."

(To be continued).

* Greasers—Californian slang for a mixed race of Mexicans and Indians.

† Diggers—a local name for a peaceful tribe of Indians inhabiting Northern California, who live on roots and herbs.

A Terrible Duel.

In the reign of James I., when duelling rose to a fearful height, the following conflict occurred between the Duke of B. and Lord B., concerning a certain beautiful Countess of E. The Duke challenged the Lord, and, contrary to usage, gave him the choice of weapons, the challenger's privilege. They met the next morning—a cold, rainy, miserable morning; time five o'clock; place, the first tree behind the lodge in Hyde Park. They stripped off their fine scarlet coats trimmed with gold and silver lace—the Duke excessively indignant that they should examine his vest, so as to be certain there was no unlawful protection underneath, but the Lord, more accustomed to the formalities, submitting to the search coolly enough—and then they took their pistols, before taking to their swords, according to the fashion of the times. At the first fire the Duke missed, but Lord B. hit his Grace near the thumb; at the second fire, the Duke hit the Lord. They then drew their swords and rushed on each other. After the first or second thrust Lord B. entangled his foot in a tuft of grass, and fell; but, supporting himself with his sword hand, he sprang back, and thus avoided a thrust made at his heart. The seconds then interfered, and attempted to bring about a reconciliation; but the Duke—who seems to have been the most fiery throughout—angrily ordered them back, threatening to stab the first who again interfered. After much good play and fine parrying, they came to a "close lock, which nothing but the key of the body could open." Thus they stood, unable to strike a blow, each afraid to give the other the smallest advantage, yet each struggling to free himself from his entanglement. At last, by one wrench stronger than the others, they tore themselves away; and at the same time both their swords sprang out of their hands—Lord B.'s six or seven yards in the air. This accident, however, did not retard them long; they seized their weapons again and fought on. The Lord was then wounded in the sword arm; but, bearing back, and before the Duke had quite recovered from his lunge, he ran him through the body. The blow left the Lord unguarded; and, with the sword through him, the Duke cut and thrust at his antagonist, who had only his naked hand wherewith to guard himself. After his hand had been fearfully mangled with putting aside his enemy's sword, the Lord was in his turn run through—one rib below the heart. Again the seconds interfered; again without success; when the Lord, faint from loss of blood, fell backward, and, in falling, drew his sword out of the Duke's wound. "Recovering himself a little before he was quite down, he faltered forward, and falling with his thigh across his sword, snapped it in the midst." The Duke then took his own sword, broke it, and, sinking on the dead body of his antagonist, sighed deeply, turned once, and died: the cold, drizzling rain falling chill on the stiffening bodies and the dank grass.*

Chalk Stones and Gout.—Walpole was a martyr to gout, with deposits of chalk in his fingers; yet, says Hannah More, "neither years nor sufferings can abate the entertaining powers of the pleasant Horace, which rather improve than decay; though he himself says, he is only fit to be a milkwoman, as the chalk-stones on his fingers' ends qualify him for nothing but scoring; but he declares he will not be a Bristol milkwoman"—the Anne Yearsley, who so grossly imposed upon the good Hannah. What exquisite humour is there in his description of his sufferings: "A finger of each hand has been pouring out a hail of chalk-stones and liquid chalk; and the first finger, which I hoped exhausted, last week opened again, and threw out a cascade of the latter, exactly with the effort of a pipe that bursts in the streets; the gout followed, and has swelled both hand and arm; and this codicil will cost me at least three weeks. I must persuade myself, if I can, that these explosions will give me some repose; but there are too many chalk-eggs in the other fingers not to be hatched in succession."

* Abridged from Chamber's "Book of Days."

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).

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—It gives me great pleasure to see that a member of our Palace has originated the idea of starting a Photographic Club. I am an amateur who has long looked for a club of that description to start in the East End of London, as I do not think that there is such a club near us.

Should such a club start, and I trust that some enterprising member will start one, there is not the slightest doubt that it will be supported also by your humble servant,

J. MAIDMENT.

SIR,—The suggestion of "One Who Would Like It" seems to me to be excellent. A Photographic Club in connection with the People's Palace would, I think, be the means of continuing the instruction received in the Photographic Class to a point not contemplated when Mr. Farmer's class was first formed.

In such a subject as Photography, students are continually meeting with difficulties, easily overcome if only a hint is given as to the causes.

From a class of 40 students now meeting at the Palace, I doubt not many would be glad to meet with others who are experiencing, or have overcome, such difficulties as must beset the amateur Photographer, and by mutual assistance render their work creditable.

The Club, if formed, would, I take it, be continually adding to its numbers, not only from the outside, but also from classes which may be formed in years to come.—I am, Yours faithfully,

ANOTHER WHO WOULD LIKE IT.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—I was greatly surprised at reading the account of the Abbey 2nd v. Beaumont Football Club Match, which appeared in an issue of the Journal. I disagree with some of the minor details of the account—such as the 'Monts having the advantage in the first half, but I write to emphatically deny the truth of the statement that the Abbey were "playing several first eleven men." Of the Abbey men, only one had played for the first team during the present season. The reason that he played on this occasion was that, rather than keep the Beaumonts waiting, he took the place of one of the 2nd Eleven half-backs, who was rather late in turning up, and this, added to the fact that he played in an unusual position, and in ordinary clothes, more than counter-balanced any advantage which we might have gained.

I do not know how your correspondent obtained his information—whether he judged if they were first or second team men by their play, or if he took upon himself the duties of a committee, and elected some of our men to be members of the first team on the spot; but, if the former be the case, I take the opportunity of thanking him for the unintentional compliment which he paid to "several of our players."

Thanking you in anticipation for inserting the foregoing correction, Believe me to be, yours faithfully,

GEORGE EICKHOFF, Captain, Abbey 2nd.

CLUB MONOPOLY.

SIR,—I could not help thinking that "A Reader's" letter is unfair—not in the way explained by her—but because she has attributed to some lady Member the act of monopolising the committee-ship of more than one club. A monopoly in this respect is quite out of the question. I would remind "A Reader" that a Member of the Committee of any club is elected by her fellow Members. Supposing that the lady under discussion does only represent one committee. Has "A Reader" any better chance for that? Certainly not! The election is open to all, and thereby only the most popular are chosen, so I fail to see how anyone can feel offended if he or she is not the chosen candidate.

ANOTHER READER.

DEAR SIR,—I do not know why "A Reader" should consider it unfair for a Member to represent more than one club. Nearly all the ladies on our Committee, with one or two exceptions, are not only on two but several Committees. If I may be allowed to venture an opinion, I think it only proves how worthy they are to represent the Members, as for each representation there is a fresh election, and the same ladies are unanimously chosen. Doubtless, "A Reader" offered herself for election, and the fact that she has not been chosen for any club speak volumes. Trusting that this will be sufficient explanation to "A Reader" why she has not a chance.—I am,

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

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

THE OFFICE, PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END ROAD, E.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

All Competitors who have been announced as winners of Weekly Prizes in the numbers of the Journal issued on Feb. 15th, 22nd, 29th, and March 7th and 14th respectively, will receive the amounts to which they are entitled on application to the Sub-Editor at the East Lodge between the hours of five and nine p.m. on Saturday next, March 24th.

COMPETITIONS SET MARCH 7.

CLASS A.

Over a hundred different books were named as being suitable companions in life on a desert island, and there was no unanimity as to even one book so that the number of votes obtained by the six books first on the list is comparatively small. Here is the list:

Shakespeare	38
Robinson Crusoe	34
The Pickwick Papers	21
The Swiss Family Robinson	12
Ivanhoe	10
The Arabian Nights	9

No Competitor named all of these or even five; but seven, viz.—G. Hampsheir, K. Tanner, Amy Lishawa, B. H. MacKelcken, E. Sherrell, and one, unsigned, named four correctly, and all of them the first four. It was therefore necessary to take into consideration the other books on these lists, and it was then found that one gave Tennyson's poems, which obtained seven votes, and that being more than was got by any of the other books on these seven lists, the prize is won by that Competitor. His name is

GEORGE HAMPSHEIR, 28, Ocean Road, Stepney.

CLASSES B, C & D.

By an unfortunate misprint the date for sending in answers to these Competitions was announced as March 8th instead of March 15th. Thus only one day was given, and since it is probable that many who would otherwise have competed were deterred from so doing, it has been deemed advisable to repeat the same as Competitions for this week. Those who have already sent in answers need not repeat their efforts as they have been preserved, and will be judged together with those which may come in next week.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A.

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for a list of the six best English dramatic authors or playwrights. To be decided in the usual manner by a majority of votes. Lists must be received not later than noon on Thursday, March 29th.

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-

DEBATING SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR,—The Members of the Debating Society, as a body, being desirous of increasing their number of Members, as well as of adding to the dignity of their already august assemblies (hem!) have resolved the "Debating Society" into "The People's Palace Parliament," hoping by such means, to ensure greater attractions to the general and unattached Members of the Institute. It is fervently hoped by all Palace Hampdens, Sydneys, Russells, etc., that in the course of time, the Parliament will occupy a spacious hall, with its visitors' gallery, ministerial and opposition benches, wool-sack, and all the paraphernalia of the House of Commons: become in fact, another "Polytechnic Parliament."

Responsible, honourable, and at the same time, lucrative offices, with retiring pensions and other privileges, are thus within the reach of all who adopt the Government Policy and help by speech and action to support the Ministers of State.

Early application for eligible situations is necessary. The able-bodied, halt, lame, blind, and even the dumb will, under the above conditions, be welcomed with open arms.

Rush to the Poll, and support the original PROTEUS.

DEAR SIR,—Having read the report of my paper before the People's Palace Debating Society in your Journal, the 7th March, which is so inaccurate that I beg leave to make a few observations thereon:—

(a.) "Mr. Watson would have been rather hard on Royalty had he been able to prove his statements."

(b.) "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."

(a.) This seems to imply that I made reckless assertions without giving any authority: instead of this being true Mr. Hawkins will surely admit that my paper was replete with many quotations and references to such writers as Macaulay and Thackeray. The cost of Royalty obtained from the *Financial Reform Almanack*, which figures, so far as I am aware, have never been refuted. I can only add that if I err, I am at least in good company.

(b.) I fail to understand the meaning of this, unless by "new" Mr. Hawkins means that he was ignorant of any mode of reading history; then the passage becomes complimentary to myself as having at least by a necessarily simple paper made him wiser than he was before.

The quibble about the small amount of £540,000 per annum (should be £800,000), is truly so insignificant an assertion that I do no more than notice it. I would also ask Mr. Hawkins why he has been so unfair as to omit my resolution from his report while inserting the amendment?

Hoping I have not trespassed too much upon your space. I remain, yours truly, J. F. WATSON.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

SIR,—With the suggestions made by "W." for a Dramatic Club many readers of the Journal will agree. For my part I look forward with pleasure to the time when such good comedies as those named by "W." will be able to be performed with some amount of efficiency by a People's Palace Dramatic Club. But that time is not yet. No one who has heard a recitation in the Queen's Hall can possibly think it a place suited for dramatic representations. It is precisely for the reason that it is such a fine concert-room that it would make such a bad theatre, and it has been painful to notice that when a recitation has been delivered on one of the concert nights, not half the audience have been able to grasp the subject of the recital. Therefore it seems to me there is nothing for it but to wait till further progress is made with the People's Palace before a dramatic scheme can be put into anything like a practical form.

Trusting you will be able to find space for this letter.—I am, your obedient servant, X. Y. Z.

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.)

KRAMER.—(1.) You can have the Journal sent regularly. Eighteenpence will cover cost and postage for three months. (2.) Many thanks for your offer re space; have handed your communication to the proper quarter.

J. ZOWERAKER.—There are entrance fees for the Cat Show. You will get every information on application at the office, East Lodge. We are afraid that certificates will not be granted for the purposes you name.

ALFRED CRACKNALL.—We are afraid you cannot do so; but look in at the temporary office any time you are in the Palace, and you will probably get a definite answer there.

POLIXENES.—We never answer such questions as you have sent. How much easier would it be to call upon and consult a doctor, who could see you and fathom your ailments. It's quite impossible for us to tell by letter. We may mention, however, that cod-liver oil is very beneficial in some cases; but does not, of course, apply to all.

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 29th.

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 29th.

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 29th.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.

RULES.

Puzzles are set every week, and marks are given for correct answers. Those Competitors who give most correct solutions, and who have thus won most marks in a quarter (thirteen weeks), will be winners of the Quarterly Prizes.

Only one set of Puzzles is given each week, but the distinction between the four classes is observed.

A.—Thus a prize of One Pound, and a second prize of Ten Shillings, will be given to those members of the general public who gain most marks for correct solutions to the puzzles in the quarter.

B.—A prize of One Pound, and a second prize of Ten Shillings, will be given to the Members of the Palace who win most marks.

C.—A prize of Ten Shillings, and a second prize of Five Shillings, will be given to the Girls (being Members) who win most marks in the quarter.

D.—A prize of Five Shillings, and a second prize of Five Shillings, will be given to the Boys under fifteen years of age (being educated at the Technical Schools) who win most marks in the quarter.

N.B.—The value of the prizes in Classes C and D has been reduced because the Competition during the past quarter has not been so keen as it should have been. It only lies with the girls and boys to raise it again.

Do not get tired of sending in answers. Several Competitors began well in the past quarter but dropped off, and thus threw away excellent chances of prizes. This was foolish. Begin and stick to it.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET MARCH 7.

(1.) DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

WHITE ROSES.

W e a R
H o r a t i O
I s i S
T e m p l e
E r e b u S

(2.) PROVERBS.

1. Faint heart never won fair lady.
2. Be just before you are generous. (Two e's were omitted in this proverb.)
3. Penny wise, pound foolish.

(3.) ENGLISH WRITERS.

1. Peele (peel, eel, ell).
2. Carey (race, ace, c).
3. White (whit, hit, hi, I).
4. Gay (ay, y).

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

(THE SIXTH WEEK OF QUARTER.)

1. (1.) A shepherd finds he can get just 100 sheep within a pen enclosed by fifty hurdles; he wishes to enlarge it, so as to get in another hundred sheep, and to use as few hurdles as possible. How many more hurdles will he require?

(2.) A man has 4 3/4 hours at his disposal, and wishes to travel by train a certain distance and return on foot. The train goes at the rate of 20 miles an hour; he walks at the rate of 3 3/4 miles an hour. How far can he travel by train so as to get back at the end of his time, starting to walk back directly he gets out of the train?

2. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

Three brothers find here born high in the sky;
You saw them all three last week:
Of the first, English earth is seldom in dearth;
Of winter the second a token is reckoned:
The third is more rare, but hits hard when he's here
Of none is it easy with kindness to speak,
That is, till the clouds have rolled by.

1. To gain these the efforts of most men are bent.
2. A name for a scrape on a limb.
3. A word for a gem which the Italians have lent.
4. Transpose a Christmas hymn.

(NOTE.—The letters forming the centre word are not in every case the middle letter of the lights.)

3. Six Buried English writers.

It was all in vain that I, fancying the cob, bet ten to one on him, for the race was won by Ronaldson on a horse called the Eel, who cantered in an easy winner by six lengths—the artfullest eel ever seen I thought. But I have yet another misfortune to add. I so nearly lost my temper at losing my money that to cool it I went (to quote the poet) for a "stroll in gardens fair," but without a "maiden fair at my side;" and was walking abstractedly along when a remarkably lynx-eyed dog sprang out on me unawares and bit a piece out of my calf.

4. CHARADES.

1. My first and last are numerous; my second is a brute; my third is a very common article; my whole is decidedly wooden, and is to be found in most houses.

2. My first is a useful animal; my second is a letter; my third is wooden; and I have a fourth, which is of no more use to me than it is to a rogue; my whole is useful in a picture gallery.

Answers not later than noon on Thursday, March 29th.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—Very nearly all of them.

FLORENCE SWITMAN.—I am sorry for your understanding if you cannot conceive how your name was misprinted when I carefully explained that it was because of your very bad writing. Your letter is not much better, and if the name is not right yet it is entirely your own fault.

PANSY BLOSSOM.—Thanks for your festive letter. I greatly regret that the poem cannot be printed, but why not try again when the family has been put to bed? You will have plenty more opportunities. As to the list competitions, why not win them if you can, and thus lay in a stock of boots? I don't see where the gambling would come in.

The Art of Borrowing.—Bubb Dodington was one day walking down Bow Street, at the time it was well inhabited, and "resorted to by gentry for lodgings," when a borrowing acquaintance rushed from the opposite side of the way, and expressed great delight at meeting him; "for," said he, "I am wonderfully in want of a guinea." Dodington winced, and taking out his purse, showed that he had no more than half a guinea. "A thousand thanks," exclaimed the persecutor, half forcing the coin from between the owner's fingers, "that will do very well for the present;" and cleverly changed the subject to a good story. When they had parted, the brazen borrower returned to Dodington, saying: "By-the-bye, when will you pay me that half-guinea?"—"Pay you! what do you mean?" "Why, I intended to borrow a guinea of you, and have only got half; but I am not in a hurry for t'other; name your own time—only pray keep it."

How to Escape an Old Story.—Lord Cobham would tell stories, though he had few to tell, and those he told prosily. One day he was dining at Sir Richard Temple's. Bubb Dodington was present, and after dinner fell asleep, and had a pretty long nap. Temple rallied him, when Dodington tried to deny the fact, and offered to bet ten guineas that he would repeat all Cobham had been saying. His lordship accepted the wager, and dared Dodington to the proof. To his surprise, however, Bubb went through a story Cobham had been telling, nearly word for word. "Surely," said Temple, "you must possess the extraordinary faculty of sleeping with your eyes open." "Far from it," replied Dodington; when I dozed off I knew that the period of the evening had arrived when Cobham would tell that story; so I went to sleep accordingly."

Royal Flattery.—When Admiral Keppel, the friend and legatee of Admiral Saunders, carried the latter's red ribbon to George III., His Majesty, as great a flatterer as any of his own flatterers, kept Keppel, though in opposition, long in the closet, yet said not a word of so meritorious an officer as Saunders, who had died in opposition. Keppel, provoked, said at last, "Your Majesty has lost a most brave and loyal subject." The King, with great quickness, answered, "I do not miss him while I have a Keppel."

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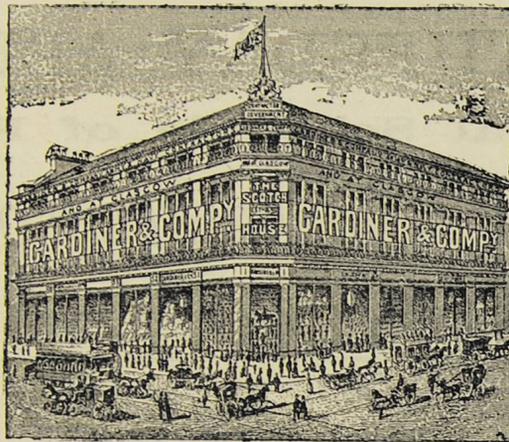
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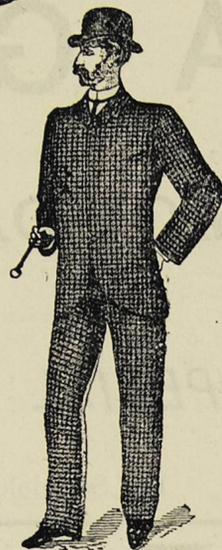
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