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[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—LIBRARY closed at 5.
SWIMMING CLUB,—General Meeting.
- GOOD FRIDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL, 12.30.
LIBRARY closed all day.
HANDEL'S MESSIAH, 7.30. Admission 2d.
RAMBLERS.—Depart for Brighton from London Bridge.
- SATURDAY.—LIBRARY closed all day.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall) at 8.
CRICKET CLUB.—Practice, Victoria Park.
FOOTBALL CLUB.—Match, Victoria Park.
- SUNDAY.—PALACE entirely closed.
- EASTER MONDAY.—PALACE open from 11 a.m. till 10.30 p.m.
GREAT CAT, RABBIT AND GUINEA PIG SHOW.
CONCERTS (Grand Vocal and Instrumental), at 3 and 8. Band of H.M. Scots Guards.
Admission, 3d.; Children, 2d.
RAMBLERS.—Ramble to Lambourne End.
- TUESDAY.—PALACE open from 11 a.m. till 10 p.m.
GRAND CAT, RABBIT AND GUINEA PIG SHOW.
CONCERTS (Grand Vocal and Instrumental), at 3 and 8. Band of H.M. Scots Guards.
Admission, 2d.
- WEDNESDAY.—PALACE open from 1 till 10 p.m.
CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT in the Queen's Hall from 2 till 5.
Admission, Children, 1d.
GYMNASTIC DISPLAY in the Gymnasium by the Boys of the People's Palace Technical Schools, at 7.30.
CONCERT (Grand Vocal and Instrumental), at 8. Band of H.M. Scots Guards.
Admission, 2d.

Notes of the Week.

THE Library Committee have to thank Sir Charles Lowther, Baronet, himself a blind man, for his generosity in presenting to the Palace a "complete Library" as it is called: that is, a collection of all the embossed books published for the use of the blind. Will every reader make a note of the fact that he may now bring any blind friend or relative to the Library in confidence that he will be well cared for and provided with the means of amusement. This may be found especially useful on Sundays when the others are going out to walk or to church.

A RUN upon a bank is one of the old-fashioned things which one does not expect to see in these days. Yet it happened the other day at Westminster and at the local branch of the National Penny Bank. It is the oddest story in the world. Somebody started the idea that the Duke of Westminster had been ruined because a horse of his had lost a race. Now the Duke never bets; it would be impossible to ruin the Duke if he were to bet and were to lose a hundred races. The Duke has nothing whatever to do with the National Penny Bank. Yet this stupid report made the people rush in multitudes and demand their money. As for the sudden panics and scares to which people are liable there seems to be no preventive possible. We live in an age of newspapers which throw light on everything, but nothing will prevent a scare.

HISTORY is full of popular frenzies. At one time the whole of Germany and France began to massacre Jews. Why? No one could say except that it was meritorious from a religious point of view. At other times the people began to swarm like bees and to move away to some other place, fighting as they went, and generally settling down or getting killed. The most curious of all frenzies is the story of the Children's Crusade. Suddenly, and without any apparent cause, bands of children began to collect in Germany and in France, and to run southwards crying out that they were going to Palestine to recover the Holy Places. The Lord, they said, would open a passage through the sea so that they would walk dry-footed all the way. When they arrived the Saracens would be seized with panic and would fly before them. Many thousands joined this remarkable army. The German children got into Italy, and there were dispersed and lost, and what became of them no one knows. The French children got to Marseilles, and there fell into the hands of two excellent merchants called Gulielmus Ferreus—Guillaume de Fer—Iron William (on account of his relentless nature), and Hugo Porcus—Hugues le Porc—Pig Hugo, because no other word could express the nature of the man. Pig Hugo and Iron William persuaded the innocents to go on board ship with them. They embarked, therefore, filling seven ships, and all sailed merrily—but to Alexandria, where the two merchants sold the poor children as slaves. Two ships,

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

however—it is sad to think of the hole thus made in the profits—were wrecked on a little island near Corsica, and the children were drowned. The Pope had a memorial church erected on the spot. Pig Hugo and Iron William afterwards got into trouble over some other equally honourable transaction, and were hanged in Sicily.

ANOTHER terrible fire at a theatre! How long is the danger of being burned alive to continue? No gas anywhere, and the electric light *behind* as well as in front, would make all safe. Why not enforce the electric light? It is not much more expensive than gas, and it simply means absolute safety with freedom from heat and the escape of bad gas and explosions. One trembles inside the theatre, to think of what would happen in case of an alarm of fire. Look at the sea of faces in the pit and gallery, and ask how those poor people could possibly escape in case of an alarm, and yet nothing is done; that is, nothing is done in earnest. The managers advertise the extra exits, and promise a man or two in nightly attendance. Then the alarm dies away, and the manager sees his way to saving a pound a week and dismisses his guard.

THERE is only one thing which will remedy this state of things. It is to be in earnest; and in order to show that we are in earnest and do not mean to be burned alive if we can help it, we must insist on the law being obeyed to the letter, on penalty of imprisonment on infringement. How safe would every theatre instantly become if a single manager was sent to "do" his six months! Imagine Mr. Toole led weeping from the dock, or Mr. Henry Irving forced to break a long run because some of his people had neglected to keep open exits! We cannot imagine anything so truly terrible and tragic.

It is curious to remark the satisfaction and even the consolation felt by the use of a new word. We have lately had some very beastly weather, with an Arctic wind, driving snow, slushy streets, and everything calculated to make us profoundly miserable. But the Americans have sent us a word, the use of which consoles us. People in towns use it and rub their hands. Men, when they meet, use it and laugh. The word is "blizzard." We have had, we say, a blizzard. We have had no such thing. A blizzard is an awful and terrible storm, which suddenly rises and sweeps across the great elevated plateau of America, blows down houses, kills cattle, destroys forests and buries hapless travellers in piles of snow. We have had horrid weather, but it is not a blizzard.

This is what *The Daily News* says of our Sundays:—"The unkindly March winds that are beating around the bleak-looking brick walls of the People's Palace are hardly more bitter than are the stormy gusts of controversy just now raging about the East End over the action of the Beaumont Trustees in opening the Palace on Sunday. Within the Palace there appears to be no controversy at all. The Trustees, I am told, are unanimous upon the course they have adopted, and are going quietly on regardless of what is being done outside by the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association on the one hand, and the National Sunday League on the other.

"Since the Queen opened the great central hall, they have built a very fine organ, and yesterday at half-past twelve the doors were thrown open, and rather more than 900 people flocked in to an organ recital of sacred music by Mr. G. J. Rayner, the organist of Victoria Park Congregational Tabernacle. There were nine items in the programme, including two from Mozart's 12th Mass, one from the 'Creation,' and another from the 'Messiah.' The time adopted for this organ recital struck me as rather an

odd one. I am told in explanation that the good wives in the East End, many of them quite regardless of wind and weather, have a practice of driving out of doors their lords and masters while they get the Sunday dinner. As the public-houses do not open till one, this expulsion often comes a little rough on the lords and masters. They have to find their entertainment at the street corners till one o'clock. Half past twelve was selected as a time at which none of them would be drawn from places of worship, while it might catch a few who would otherwise be sucked into the public-houses when they opened, and thus be the means of giving some working-men a little good music instead of a good deal of bad beer. The intention at least seems praiseworthy. As to how far the intention is fulfilled is one of the points around which the storm of controversy rages pretty briskly. Sir Edmund Currie the other Sunday morning posted an intelligent working-man, well acquainted with his class and neighbourhood, at the door of the hall with instructions to count as nearly as he could the number of working-men who came in. Very few women, I may observe, attend these Sunday morning gatherings. The enumerator found that out of 900 men, over 800—I think it was 840—belonged undoubtedly to the working-class.

"At two o'clock the doors were opened again, and by this time the hall had been converted into a reading room. Near the door the floor was occupied by stands, on which were spread all the London daily papers, some weekly, and some Irish publications. This portion of the ground floor of the hall was roped off, and beyond tables were distributed about the larger space. On most of these there were pictorial papers, technical magazines, or piles of books. Over the various tables were tablets—'Technical,' 'Geography,' 'Novels,' 'Religious works,' 'Emigration,' 'Contemporary Magazines,' 'Trade Journals,' 'Poetry,' 'History,' and so forth. One table was set apart for 'Ladies only.' At all or nearly all the tables there were when I reached the place just after three, a fair sprinkling of readers—perhaps 150 of them, men and youths for the most part and a few young women, all of them intent on their books and all of them as mute as mice. About half-past four or five o'clock I was informed that they would most of them go out—home to tea presumably. The Trustees do nothing in the way of providing any kind of refreshment on Sunday, though on week days they have a flourishing refreshment-room. As it has been made generally known, the Beaumont Trustees definitely decided some time ago that they would not apply for a licence for the place, and as they got into unmerited disgrace in consequence of drink having been brought on to their premises at a dinner for which they let their hall, they have since gone further and have resolved that under no circumstances will they allow intoxicants on the premises. But as I have said, they provide tea and coffee, etc., during the week, but all who attend there on Sunday, if they want a cup of tea, must turn out to get it. After six o'clock a steady stream of people sets in for the Palace doors, and as the evening goes on the vast floor of the hall becomes thronged; fifteen hundred chairs are all occupied by readers, many of whom settle down to books of the most thoughtful and advanced character, and, notwithstanding the numbers, order is never in the slightest degree broken, and the quietude of the place is preserved in the most remarkable way. People, of course, select their own books, which are kept at the various tables by volunteer superintendents. At the end of each of the tables, on which volumes of the various classes are kept, sits a gentleman or lady to deal them out or to take them back, and if need be to advise in the selection. All these assistants, however, are quite honorary labourers; and beyond a doorkeeper and a policeman, the opening of the hall entails no paid labour of any kind."

EDITOR.

A Famous Miser.

(Continued.)

Such was his attention to parsimony in everything that could in the smallest degree contribute to his advantage, that when obliged to relieve the wants of nature, he would rather walk two miles than not assist in manuring *his own* lands. He gathered in his rambles all the bones he met with, and rather than return home empty-handed, he would load himself with the dung of the cattle on the common. The bones he first picked himself, and then broke in pieces for his dog Bob. His conduct to this favorite, whom he always called, "Bob my child," affords a striking instance of human inconsistency; for while he himself would swill the pot-liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen, to save the expense of a penny, Bob was allowed a pint of milk daily. His affection for this domestic was nevertheless, overpowered by a consideration which, with him, carried irresistible weight. Complaints were made to him that Bob had worried some sheep: on this, he took the dog to a blacksmith's shop, where he ordered all his teeth to be broken off short, to prevent a repetition of the mischief, for which he might probably have been compelled to make compensation.

Snuff was a luxury in which it is natural to suppose that he never indulged; yet he always begged a pinch from those who did. In this manner he used in about a month to fill a snuff-box, which he always carried in his pocket. He then exchanged its contents at a chandler's shop for a farthing candle, which was made to last till he had again filled his box, as he never suffered any light in his house, except when he was going to bed.—A horse which he kept for some time was never allowed more than two shoes, for his fore-feet; to shoe the hind-feet being, in his opinion, an unnecessary expense.

The report of his wealth, and the idea of its concealment about the house, once brought a troop of house-breakers, who very easily entered, but could find little property. This man concealed his treasure, where no one could think of looking for it. Bank notes usually lay with spiders amongst the cobwebs in the cow-house; guineas were concealed in holes in the chimney and about the fire-place, covered with soot and ashes. Soon after the robbery, the thieves were apprehended, and as Mr. Dancer's presence at their trial became necessary, Lady Tempest begged his acceptance of a clean shirt, that he might make a decent appearance; but he declined the generous offer, assuring her that he had a new one on, which he had bought only three weeks before, when it was *quite clean*.

This accident probably made some impression, and rendered him desirous of placing his money in a more secure situation than his own wretched hut. Repairing not long after to London, to invest two thousand pounds in the funds, a gentleman who met him near the Exchange, mistaking him for a beggar, put a penny into his hand. Though somewhat surprised at first, yet recollecting that every little helps, he put the money into his pocket, and continued his walk.

Lady Tempest, who was the only person that had any influence on the mind of this unhappy man, employed every possible persuasion and device to induce him to partake of those conveniences and comforts which are so gratifying to others, but without effect. One day she, however, prevailed on him to purchase a hat of a Jew for a shilling, that which he wore having been in constant use for thirteen years. She called upon him the next day, and to her surprise found that he still continued to wear the old one. On enquiring the reason, he, after much solicitation, informed her that his old servant Griffiths, had given him sixpence profit for his bargain.

The same lady, knowing that he was fond of trout

stewed in claret, once sent him some as a present. The stew had become congealed during the night, and though he durst not eat till it was warmed for fear of the tooth-ache, to which he was subject, yet he could not on any account afford the expense of a fire. The ingenious method by which he contrived to relieve himself from this embarrassment, is certainly worthy of admiration. The weather was frosty, and at such times he always lay in bed to keep himself warm, and he conceived that a similar mode of proceeding would produce the same effect on the fish. He accordingly directed it to be put, with the sauce, into a pewter plate, and covering it with another, placed them under his body, and sat upon them till the contents were sufficiently warmed!

During the illness which terminated his misspent life, Lady Tempest accidentally calling upon him, found him lying in an old sack, which came up to his neck. To her remonstrances against the impropriety of such a situation, he replied, that having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out of it in the same manner. She then requested him to have a pillow to raise his head, when he immediately ordered his old servant Griffith to bring him a truss of hay for that purpose. Thus expired this miserable man, in October, 1794, in the 78th year of his age.

His house, which at his death devolved to Captain Holmes, was a most miserable building, not having been repaired for half a century: though poor in external appearance, it was, however, discovered to be very rich within; at different times, Captain Holmes found large bowls filled with guineas and half-guineas, and parcels of bank-notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs. Large jugs of dollars and shillings were found in the stable. At the dead of night Mr. Dancer was known to go to this place, but for what purpose no one could tell. It afterwards appeared that he used to rob one jug, to add to a bowl which was found buried in the kitchen.

It took many weeks to explore the contents of his dwelling. One of his richest escrutoirs was the dung-heap in the cow-house, which contained near £2,500 and in an old jacket, carefully tied, and strongly nailed down to the manger, was the sum of £500 in gold and bank-notes. In the chimney was about £200 and an old teapot contained bank-notes to the value of £600; it was covered with a piece of paper, whimsically inscribed, "Not to be hastily looked over."

He left landed property to the amount of £500 per annum to Lady Tempest, and after her death to her only son, Sir Henry Tempest, of Stoke-End, Hereford: in short, the whole property which he left to Lady Tempest and her brother Captain Holmes, was about £3,000 per annum. Lady Tempest did not long enjoy the accession of wealth which she acquired by this miser's death; for she contracted an illness during her attendance upon Mr. Dancer in his last hours, that in a few months terminated her own life, in January, 1795.

Notwithstanding his great penury, Mr. Dancer possessed some praiseworthy qualities. He observed the most rigid integrity in every transaction, and was never averse to assist those of whom he entertained a good opinion, and whose embarrassments required a temporary aid; but at the same time, it must be confessed, he did not lend his money without expecting the usual interest. His servant, Griffiths, always fared much better than his master, having been indulged with whatever he chose to eat and drink, besides a good and comfortable bed to sleep on. The latter Mr. Dancer deemed an unnecessary luxury, yet his allowing his servant that which he denied himself, renders his character still more wonderful and unaccountable.

Errors.—Errors look so very ugly in persons of small means—one feels they are taking quite a liberty in going astray; whereas people of fortune may naturally indulge in a few delinquencies. "They've got the money for it," as the girl said of her mistress who had made herself ill with pickled salmon.

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

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

THE Reception Tea, given to the in-coming Members on Thursday last, was hugely successful. The Queen's Hall, that happy hunting-ground of the M.P.'s, was again utilised for this purpose; and with its vast area nicely fitted with damask-covered tables, English china, and with innumerable good things of this life, presented a scene that would have made glad the heart of that inestimable lady, Mrs. Todgers. The modern Bailey juniors, in the shape of Pearce's slaves, rendered good service to the silent guests, who, notwithstanding their reserve, managed to punish with great severity, the nice things provided for their comfort. The vicar of Stepney having said grace, the clatter of silver spoons sounded like music to mine hungry self; and then, to the organ accompaniment of Mr. Hill, the banquet began. With Carter on my right hand and Morris on my left, the work of destruction commenced, and our particular table soon presented an alarming emptiness. Miss Levene and the fairest of the Cokers tendered unto the sub-Ed.'s wants: brought the fatted calf unto him for his consumption; and so plied the ambrosia that he has since assured me that good digestion did *not* wait on appetite, nor health on either. Then, as an agreeable sandwich, came a contingent from the Gymnasium, which under Sergeant Burdett and Lieutenant Wright, thrilled to their marrow the 'stonished stagers.

UNFORTUNATELY, however, the gymnasts' efforts met with a premature decease, for it suddenly dawned on the burly sergeant that the performing bar was not quite safe; so, deeming discretion the better part of valour, the white-robed youths beat a prudent retreat—greatly to the regret of their many admirers. Then, Sir Edmund Currie, mounting the platform, spake unto those whom he saw before him. As Chairman of the Beaumont Trustees, he gave them the heartiest possible welcome to the Palace Institute; told them that the future of the Palace depended, in a great measure indeed, upon their good behaviour, and advised them to join the Palace with some fixed purpose. There were, he added, many clubs for their recreation, plenty of classes for their improvement; and it should be the aim of every one there to join the Palace with a view to ultimately excelling in *something*.

HE was followed by the Rev. Mr. Hoskyns (vicar of Stepney and a Beaumont Trustee), who, in seconding Sir Edmund's remarks, dwelt upon the benefit of education, and urged his hearers to use to the full the many advantages they had before them. He told them a very happy story of his Cambridge days, which put every Cantab admirer into a good humour at once; and in again welcoming them, he sat him down. Mr. Dellow (another Trustee), who, although he came last, was decidedly not least, spoke a few earnest words of welcome, and dwelt especially upon the benefits to be derived from a technical education, which, he hoped, Palace Members would avail themselves of, and so, in the future, help to keep our English island the premier workshop of the world.

WHEN the speaking was o'er, the warbling of the evening commenced. Miss Marshall, Miss Terence Sinclair, and Miss Queen-of-my-Heart Bready vocalized; Mr. Lishawa sweetly fluted; and Mr. Solo Sandford gave "The Lost Chord" on the cornet with good effect: the time, methought, being somewhat too quick. Miss Gymnasia Connor (piano) and Mr. Recital Hill (organist) also contributed their respective mites to the evening's performance, which were, you may be sure, greatly appreciated.

BUT the success of the evening must be claimed by the Hon. Secs. of the various Palace clubs. The business they did was simply enormous. Wadkin, who had made a great sacrifice to be present, was like a will-o'-the-wisp—all over the place at once; and the satisfactory smile that gleamed from his eyes was most amusing. Taylor (the cricketing man) having recovered his voice, made good use of it, for in tones that might have put Captain Cuttle to the blush he yelled unceasingly, "This way, gentleman, this way for the Cricket Club." Mears, the choral man, was the more meersful, for he didn't shout at all—but enlisted his recruits on the silent system: Deeley (no longer a pirate but a reg'lar, down-right able-bodied 'un) looked most elated—at a distance, for as he had glared at me I didn't dare approach him. The others also did remarkably well, for all or nearly all the club representatives were present: even unto the merrie Moreton—who like Deeley had also cut me dead. (Et tu, Brute!) A move was made to the sanctum after all was o'er: and the Irrepressible and the bayonet caused much diversion therein; but we soon separated, for the wind was high and there was a nipping, eager air about—that smacked suspiciously of more blizzards.

So the Palace Parliament is likely to be wonderfully successful! At least, that is what I hear; and the seriousness of the senators is not to be doubted. Groups of Parleists meet in my sanctum and cluster in corners of twos and threes plotting and

conspiring against their Premier's peace; wordy warfare runs high and frightens those strangers who occasionally drop in for Journals. To see the leaders of the Opposition holding forth to their myrmidons—I beg pardon, colleagues—is very funny; but after a while one has enough even of such wisdom, and I am sometimes tempted to exclaim, with the National Anthem, "Confound their politics"! But for mine own sake I refrain from so doing, and the merrie, merrie Parleists have it all their own way. Sir Edmund dropped in the other night when the warfare was at its height, and he possibly imagined that he'd made a mistake and had entered Westminster. Oh, we have our own Grandolphs, our own Windbags, and our own Gadflies, you may be sure; and its astonishing to note how proudly some of them look upon their newly-acquired reputations! But they do: and its positively refreshing to see the importance of these Parleists even at this early stage of their proceedings. Wait till there are "scenes" in the House: and one Hon. Member refusing to take the oath is forcibly ejected by his (only too eager) colleagues; and fancy that same Hon. Member waiting for seven years after until he—! Methinks, I scent the morning air—brief let me be!

AFROPOS of the coming Cat Show, some merry jokist has sent me, per post, a little article representing, I assume, a member of the feline tribe: yet it requires rather a stretch of the imagination to believe it to represent such an animal. It is accompanied by these lines:—"Dear Sir,—I hear you are the one that receives exhibits for the cats—or disturbers of the (K)night; if this is so, kindly take and put this one in the 'bald division,' and oblige, yours very truly, KATTERWAUL." This is evidently a little jokelet from some person who, knowing my fondness for harmless, necessary felines, thinks of scattering my affection to the winds. Not tabbyt of it!

THE many friends and students of our accomplished teacher of chemistry, Mr. Laurie, will be pleased to learn that he has been elected a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. This gentleman has had, I believe, a particularly brilliant career as a student of science, both at Edinburgh and Cambridge Universities; being a B.Sc. of the former and a B.A. of the latter. Fortunately for us Mr. Laurie's election to the fellowship does not necessitate his leaving the People's Palace Technical Schools, which it is to be hoped will long enjoy his presence.

SEVERAL young ladies and gentlemen connected with the Choral Society having been exercised in their minds respecting the propriety of their Hon. Sec. (Mears) wearing evening dress, I should like to observe that I don't think our Chairman would quite approve of their views. An interesting discussion on the platform the other evening shows, however, that several interesting choral students would greatly prefer their idol being thus adorned. I wonder if Frederic—who, like his namesake in the "Pirates of Penzance," is a "slave of duty"—will take the hint and bedeck his person in dazzling habiliments? Possibly he believes with the pote, that, "when unadorned adorned the most!" Who knows?

ON Friday next (being Good Friday) a special Organ Recital from 12.30 to 1.30, by Mr. Geo. Rayner, of the Victoria Park Tabernacle, will be given in the morning; and in the evening Handel's "Messiah" will be performed by the Popular Musical Union. Concert, as usual, on Saturday. Then the sensation of the East on Monday: the Cat, Rabbit, and Guinea-Pig Show; with, if possible, a Grand "Fine Art" Exhibition—the latter, it is expected, to carry off the palm. During next week there is, I am informed, to be "a constant round of amusement," suitable alike for juveniles and grown-ups. For further particulars see the "Shadows Before" column and the usual small bills.

THE Brighton trippists, of the Ramblers' Club, leave London on Friday morning *en route* for the southern Queen of English watering-places. I shall expect a full, true, and particular account of their adventures; so I hope that Cap'n Bullock will fill in his log with the smallest details carefully prepared. I should like to accompany the Ramblers very much, and I may yet—just to act in the capacity of a Stroller, you know; and see with mine eyes and hear with mine ears.

FIRST match of our own particular Cricket Club on Easter Monday at ye Tidal Basin (wherever that may be). Taylor, the new-born Assistant Sec., will not, unfortunately, be present; for, like the Irrepressible, he'll be far away—volunteering.

THERE is a movement on foot amongst the Parleists for the organisation of a summer excursion exclusively for the well-deserving pillars of their club. It's a good idea, and I hope will be well and faithfully carried out; 'cos Subby hopes to be present on that auspicious and happy occasion.

IN a few week's time a lovely wrapper will, I hope, be placed around *The Palace Journal*, which will help to keep it clean and comfortable, you know. Then, when Bret Harte's tale is finished, we shall follow with a story from the pen of—! But I am anticipating. A little patience, mesdames et messieurs, and ye shall be gratified.

OUR One Guinea Dramatic Competition ends on the 10th of next month; so hurry up. Particulars to be found in Journal No. 18. (Just a reminder; that's all).

THE new Library, now being roofed, is expected to be ready by the end of May. The Swimming-bath (still "rising"), will also be opened amid May-day and other (high) jinks. Rejoice, therefore, O Karet!—chief of the ardent natatists—rejoice, for the time approaches, and the hour is near at hand!

THE proposed Literary Society, which I was ready to receive with open arms, seems to have gone the way of flesh, for I can gather nothing definite concerning its whereabouts. Wherefore this thyness, my Premier Wadkin? Cannot you get support, or are you supporters merely divided? (United, you know, we stand, but divided we—share the fate of le garçon Jeannot with sa petite sœur, Mees Jill.)

THE Irrepressible did *not* attend the University Boat Race on Saturday last. Although he says he's a True Cerulean yet he Can't ab me.

MUNRO, the sanguine, expects a very happy issue out of his dramatic affliction, and intends to do his utmost to uphold the Thespian art. (To which endeavour I wildly but respectfully re-echo "Hear, hear!") A General Meeting was held last night (Tuesday), but whatever transpired will have to be chronicled next week. Wait till that glorious epoch shall arise when we shall be able to give them a taste of the real legitimate, and put on "Hamlet"—with, say, Munro as the Dane; Arthur Reeve as Horatio; John Ramsay as the King; Hunt as Polonius; the Irrepressible as Laertes; myself—'cos I must be in it—as the First Gravedigger; and Miss Nathan as Ophelia, with Miss Levene as the mobled Queen. Only the Ghost is wanting to complete the principals, and Moody (being majestic) should play that. There's a cast for you! Why, it's enough to make my old friend Irving positively pine with a green and yellow melancholy.

ON Sunday, March 25th, 674 persons attended the Organ Recital; and 1713 afterwards used the Library, making a total of 2387.

To those interested in Telegraphy, and things telegraphic, the following items may possibly be of interest. The date of the Female Telegraph Learners' exams, is fixed for the 29th of May and the 28th of December. The date of the Sorters' exams has been postponed from the 5th of May to the 18th December, owing to non-vacancies at present writing. These dates, of course, are still subject to alteration; and, should I hear of any further postponement, shall let you know.

WHILST the reception tea was in progress on Thursday last, a meeting of the Swimming Clubbists was being held, at which Sir Edmund had taken the chair. An election for officers was on the tapis, but the Chairman suggested that, as the majority of the Council and Club representatives were at that moment engaged in receiving the new Members in the Queen's Hall, it would be best, under the circumstances, not to proceed with the election of such officers. Sir Edmund then gladly welcomed the idea of the bath being set apart on certain nights for the exclusive use of lady Members—a move, indeed, in the right direction; and, at his suggestion, a secretary was elected *pro tem.* in the shape and person of the stalwart Karet.

I AM informed, and verily believe, that at the Parleist's meeting on Tuesday last, a rule to the effect that the Prime Minister do hold a reception in the Ladies' Social-room, was discussed and adopted. How nice! Premier Wadkin should make a genial host, and will, I doubt not, be the observed of all observers. This is a very excellent idea, and should be deservedly supported.

WHILST on the subject of the Premier I should like to inform those Members of the Cricket Club who met last Saturday, that a telegram was sent from Hoxton by the busy Wadkin, apologising for his unavoidable absence. The terra-cotta-coloured missive, however, by some mischance, was allowed to remain in the office till the following morning—which was unfortunate, for it cast an undue reflection on the popular W. Palace matters being of great moment with the above-named gentleman, all murmurers will please accept this as the explanation: because its the truth—the whole truth, and nothing *but* the truth!

I SHOULD like to advise all picture-loving Members to pay a visit to the Fine Art Loan Exhibition, held in St. Jude's School-house, Commercial Street, Whitechapel. It is a capital little show, and will, you may take my word for it, more than repay any trouble bestowed on reaching the place. When I tell you that among the gems may be found Dicksee's "Harmony," Sant's "Whittington," that lovely, well-known picture of "Portia," by Sir John Millais, you will know at once that the collection is genuine and interesting. Should you go, don't fail to notice Eddis's portrait of the jovial Tom Moore, and Mack's "Dogberry and the Watch" group—which doesn't need an inscription, for the picture is so wonderfully telling. Admission free; open daily (including Sundays) from ten to ten; and closes on the 8th of April.

THE Lytton Rowing Club banquet, given on Saturday last at the Holborn Restaurant, was, I am assured, a thorough success. Sir Edmund Currie is, you know, President of this Club—hence the reference in this Journal; and many of our M.P.'s are also supporters of the Club in question. Sir Edmund, who was in the chair, arrived about a quarter past eight (after, I presume, the feast was o'er), and in giving the toast of the "L.R.C.," he heartily congratulated all and sundry, and spoke at some length on his own boating days, when he used to canoe on the Thames, "not only at daylight, but at night-time as well." Soon after the speaking the party broke up, singing—as my deponeth hath it—"For he's a jolly," etc., with "true Lyttonian spirit."

THE People's Palace Orchestral Society, under the popular leader, Mr. Cave, came out exceptionally strong on Saturday last, when a most important performance was given in the Queen's Hall. The Members, one and all, acquitted themselves "like men" and were strong, which speaks well for the Palace, the conductorship, and the Members themselves. May the P.P.O.S. long continue to flourish!

I SHOULD like to mention that during the Easter festivities at the Palace, the Queen's Hall will be closed, as a Library, from tomorrow night (Thursday) until Sunday week. Special amusement programme, for children only, will be given on Wednesday and Thursday next, from 2 till 5, when the admission fee will be one penny.

VICTORIA PARK was the scene of a mad revel on Saturday last, when our 'Monts—as the fellows delight in curtailing themselves—waged a merrie game against the Rovers, and fought their battles o'er again. Sir Edmund, I hear, was present, and I should much like to know his private opinion respecting our football fellows. Our own particular Styles—correctly spelt this time—was present, and, indeed, championed the 'Monts; and I should also like to know his views (being something of an expert) on the play of gentle Beaumonts. "The Stroller"—that much-mysterious gentleman—was, unfortunately, not able to be present; which the genial Moreton will doubtless be sorry to hear. Had he been there we might have had his practised pencil faithfully describing the "game."

ALMOST at the moment of going to press I hear that the Palace Cricketists will not, after all, journey to the Tidal Basin on Easter Monday, as I mentioned above. This engagement, like that of Tom Dossiter's in the "Harbour Lights," is "broke off," and, therefore, an impromptu play will have to be arranged. This is but Wednesday, so there is plenty of time 'twixt now and Monday for other arrangements. Let Carter and Marshall wax loud in their merriment, for their plan of campaign will soon be developed. The other night the cricketing implements were on view, and were, you may be sure, subjected to much criticism. The crimson caps are simply lovely.

Musical Notes.

CONCERTS.—The best, and therefore the most successful Orchestral Concert that we have yet had in the Queen's Hall was given us last Wednesday by the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society. The programme was most carefully selected, and while it was full of the best possible music, was at the same time bright and attractive from beginning to end. It would be impossible to give too high praise, either to the excellent rendering given by the orchestra of the beautiful music which they played, or to the very energetic and careful conducting of Mr. George Kitchin, to whose abilities we owe our most enjoyable evening. The tasteful singing of the Stock Exchange Male Voice Choir gave variety to the programme, and prevented our feeling too keenly the absence of Miss Gomes, who failed to fulfil her promise of appearing.

The Stock Exchange Male Voice Choir is the first male voice choir which has yet visited us, and gave us the greatest possible pleasure by the excellence and vigour of their singing. Our readers will be glad to hear that so pleased were the members of the Choir and Orchestra with their reception that some of them propose to pay us a second visit at no very distant date.

Saturday's Concert was rendered attractive by the appearance of our own Orchestra, who were very successful indeed, and did the highest credit to their conductor, Mr. W. R. Cave. We noticed especially a marked improvement in their "ensemble," and a much more finished style of playing than before. Mr. Cave is always ready to welcome new Members to his orchestra on Tuesdays from 8 till 10, or on Saturdays from 5 till 7.

The vocalists were Miss Adelaide Mullen, Madame Osborne Williams, Mr. Henry Beaumont and Mr. George Cullen Pearson, who all gave the audience great pleasure. Miss Mullen was suffering from a cold and Mr. Orton Bradley had to apologize for her inability to accept the encore which her beautiful singing so richly merited. Madame Williams and Mr. Beaumont were, however, fully able to answer to the calls made upon their good nature by our appreciative house.

This week we are promised a Sacred Evening, to-night with a very interesting and varied programme, and the "Messiah" on Friday by the Popular Musical Union, and on Saturday the West London Choral Association, with other attractive items, including Miss Damian's exquisite singing and a very good clarinet soloist.

Society and Club Notes.

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

GYMNASIUM NOTES.

THE Gymnasium is open from 6 p.m. till 10 p.m. every evening to all Members of the Palace.

Tuesday and Friday evenings are reserved for Female Members only.

MEN'S NIGHTS.

The Classes are formed as follows:—

- 7.15 till 8. Gymnastics in Classes.
8. " 8.30. Musical Drill with Bar-Bells, and Figure Marching.
8.30 " 9. Musical Drill with Dumb-Bells.
9. " " Musical Running Maze.
9.45. " " When the Dress Bell rings all Members must immediately leave the Gymnasium and dress.
6.30. " " Every Wednesday and Saturday a Class will be formed for Lessons in Single Sticks and Sword Exercise.

* * * During instruction in Musical Drill and Gymnastics no Fencing, Boxing, or free practice will be allowed in the Gymnasium. Those wishing to Fence or Box must retire into the Locker Room.

Free or voluntary practice for all Members from 6 till 7.15 p.m., and from 9 till 9.45 p.m.

LADIES' NIGHTS.

The Classes are formed as follows:—

- 7 till 7.20. A Learner's Class for instruction in Bar-Bells or Dumb-Bells is formed.
7.30 " 8. Gymnastics in Classes.
8 " 9. Musical Drill with Bar-Bells, Dumb-Bells, and Figure Marching.
9 " 9.10. Musical Running Maze.
9.10 " 9.45. Free or Voluntary practice.

The above Classes are open to all Members of the People's Palace FREE.

Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children (whether Members or not) can receive Private Lessons in Gymnastics, Boxing, Fencing, Single Sticks, Swedish Drill, etc., etc., at any time between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. Terms: £1 1s. for Twelve Lessons.

Staff-Sergt. H. H. BURDETT, Director of Gymnasium.
Mr. C. WRIGHT, Assistant Director.
Miss N. CONNOR, Pianist.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The third Monthly Exhibition of Sketches representing Landscape, Figure, Still Life, and Design subjects, by Members of the above Club, took place in the Art School Room, on Monday, the 19th inst. There were several contributions in each, Design predominating.

The Head Master of the School again favoured the Club by judging the work sent in, and it was gratifying in the extreme to hear that it was, in his opinion, the most successful of the series of Exhibitions which had been held.

He commenced by criticising the Still Life, passing to the Landscape, Figure, and eventually to the Design, giving hints to those present how to remedy the defects, which he pointed out, and which were apparent to few (if any) besides himself as a professional.

There are two things to which the Committee desire to call the attention of Members, viz.: That copies are not allowed by the Rules, and that all sketches on paper must be mounted. With regard to the former, it is almost painful to notice the suspicious resemblance to copies of other artists' work which one or two of the sketches bear. Of course a critic is not exactly in a position to say definitely this or that is a copy, but on the other hand, sketches which are the original work of an amateur seem to bear the stamp of originality; and the Committee trust that Members will not betray the confidence which is reposed in them by taking advantage of the inability to prove that such sketches are copies. Again, by copying from prints or oleographs the objects of the Club (to encourage drawing from nature, and benefit each individual artist by pointing out his errors) are circumvented, and the Member sending such copy is the real loser. Regarding the latter, I may say that it is a regulation of the Club that all sketches, other than oil, should be mounted in or upon stiff cardboard, which not only improves the appearance of the work, but renders it handier for the purposes of Exhibition.

It is hoped that the above will be borne in mind, with respect to the meeting in April, of which due notice will be given.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A Committee Meeting was held on Wednesday night, 21st inst., in the School-room, when the rules were again brought up for consideration.

These rules were placed before a General Meeting held last night (Tuesday), in the large room underneath the Queen's Hall, when other statements were made, and an election of Members arranged.

JOHN MUNRO, Sec.
ARTHUR REEVE, Assist. Sec.

PEOPLES' PALACE PARLIAMENT.

The first sitting of the above was held on March 20th, Mr. W. Marshall (Speaker) in the chair.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Wadkin, called the attention of the House to the reports of the meeting, and moved "That reports and minutes be recorded, by an authorised Member of the society, in *The Palace Journal*, and not unofficially as before."

The discussion which followed was taken part in by Messrs. Hawkins, Masters, Taylor and Karet, but as it was understood that this duty was provided for in the Bye-Laws of the House, a division was not taken.

It was further resolved "That the Prime Minister be authorised to hold a reception in the Ladies' Social Room at the earliest opportunity."

Proposed and carried "That the Committee of the Society meet for arranging programme, etc., for the next literary evening."

Mr. Karet proposed "That the Speaker leave the chair and the House go into committee for passing the Rules and Bye-Laws of the Parliament," seconded by Mr. Hawkins and carried.

The Speaker left the chair, and Mr. Clews was elected Chairman of Committee for the evening on the proposition of Mr. Masters, seconded by Mr. Rhodes.

The Rules and Bye-Laws, as proposed by the Select Committee (elected for the purpose of drawing up such rules) were then read by Mr. Hawkins, the House adopting them with some slight alterations and additions.

The next business was the election of officers. Mr. Wadkin (Premier) proposed, Mr. Masters (Leader of the Opposition) seconded, that Mr. Norton act as Clerk of the House—carried. Mr. Moses was elected Deputy Clerk. Mr. Spratley was unanimously elected Chairman of Committee.

Progress having been moved and carried, the Chairman left the chair and the Speaker resumed his seat.

The adjournment of the House was then moved by Mr. Karet, seconded by Mr. Goldhill and carried.

J. W. NORTON, Clerk of the House.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

1st SESSION, 1888-9.

QUEEN'S SPEECH, March 27th, 1888.

GENTLEMEN,

It is with great satisfaction that I am able to have recourse to your counsel and advice upon Imperial and domestic affairs.

Despite the threatening aspect of Continental questions—due partly to the uncertain health of the present Emperor, and the lamentable death of the Kaiser, his father, together with the unsettled state of affairs in the East—my relations with Foreign Powers continue friendly.

The Fisheries dispute between Canada and the United States having been amicably arranged, I am happy to say there exists the greatest cordiality between the United States President and myself.

The measures which are being taken to strengthen my Indian frontier, the increasing tokens of loyalty and respect from my subjects in India, and the careful consideration I intend giving to the subject of Indian Finance, will, I trust, bring about that tranquility and confidence so necessary for prosperity.

Owing to the firm administration of the law in Ireland, I am happy to state that that country is now on a fair road to peace and prosperity. Provisions are in progress for those improvements in Industry and Agriculture, which together with the development of the resources, will do so much for the Irish people; and I am prepared, should circumstances warrant, to give larger local self-government to our sister-isle.

The questions of Trade Depression, Educational Reform, Improvement of the Surroundings of the Working Classes, and the Immigration of Foreign Paupers, are receiving my most careful consideration.

You will be invited to consider, as time may permit, the following measures of domestic importance:—

- To extend Local Government;
- To reform the Educational System;
- To improve the trade and develop the resources of Ireland;
- To amend the laws of copy-right;
- To revise the system of granting pensions.

You will be asked to provide liberally for the efficiency of the Army and Navy, due regard being had to the prevention of wasteful expenditure.

I commend to your earnest attention, these and all other matters which may be submitted to you, trusting that your deliberations will be directed towards securing the happiness and prosperity of my people.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

A meeting for the formation of the above was held on Thursday last, Sir E. H. Currie in the chair.

On the suggestion of Sir Edmund Currie the election of permanent officers was postponed until Thursday, April 5th, and a Secretary (*pro tem.*) was appointed.

Mr. Clews proposed, and Mr. Claridge seconded, that a temporary Committee of six Members be appointed to draw up a scheme to be submitted to the Members at the next meeting.

The following were appointed to act as the Committee (*pro tem.*): Messrs. Claridge, Albu, Bishop, Spratley, Barker and Thomas, with J. Karet as Secretary.

After a short discussion with regard to the charges of the Swimming-bath, the Meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

A General Meeting of the above will be held on Thursday, April 5th, 1888, for the election of officers and representatives, and to receive the report of the Committee (*pro tem.*), when all the Members of the Palace (ladies or gentlemen) are invited to attend. All intending Members are requested to leave their names at the Bookstall, addressed to

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

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Owing to various causes the Club was but poorly represented on Saturday last, five Members only turning up, namely—E. J. Taylor, J. Hawkes, W. Hawkes, G. Kitchener, and E. J. Crowe. These were joined by our regular visitor, W. Owen (Finchley H.), and the weather being beautifully fine, all enjoyed a most pleasant run of about 4½ miles. The first to arrive home being Taylor, after a good tussle with J. Hawkes in the last half mile; the others contenting themselves with an easy run right up to the kennels.

Members are requested to note that the closing "cross country" run will be held on the 7th April. Tea and Smoking-concert to follow, when visitors will receive a hearty welcome.

The date for the Mile Handicap is not definitely fixed; due notice will be given through the Journal; also the date for the Club photo.

There will be no run on Saturday next, March 31st. "Remember the 7th."

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

All Members are requested to turn up to practice next Friday, at 11 a.m., and on Saturday at 2 p.m., at Victoria Park—Parnell Road entrance.

Last Thursday evening the Rev. E. Hoskyns made the Club a present of £1 1s., which, coming at a time when we are purchasing the things for the ensuing season, is very acceptable, and, on behalf of the Members, we take this opportunity of tendering him our heartiest thanks.

Intending Members are invited to enrol themselves as soon as possible. All information can be obtained of the Honorary Secretaries. Letters and communications to be addressed c/o the Bookstall.

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

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

On Monday, March 19th, the usual Members' Concert was varied, through the kindness of Mr. Cunynghame, who gave a Magic Lantern Entertainment in the Ladies' Social rooms, which was highly appreciated by those present, although there were not so many in attendance as were expected, owing to the inclemency of the weather; nevertheless, a goodly number mustered together, and thoroughly enjoyed the splendid views shown them; so very ably described by Mr. Cunynghame.

The views embraced all the places of interest on the banks of the Thames, such as Taplow, Chertsey, Hampton, Kingston, Richmond, Kew, Battersea Bridge, St. Thomas's Hospital, and the Houses of Parliament. Besides these were several views of places of interest in Italy and other parts of the Continent, including the Rialto of Venice, Ruins of Pompeii, Tower of Pisa—the whole forming a capital hour's enjoyment.

A very cordial vote of thanks was tendered by the Hon. Sec. to Mr. Cunynghame on behalf of the ladies, for his most able and interesting lecture, and kindness in coming down so far on such a bad night; and thus ended the first part of the programme.

Sir Edmund Currie, who was present, seemed to thoroughly enjoy the entertainment, and from his remarks it could easily be seen that he had visited many of the places of interest shown by the magic lantern.

The second part of the programme included songs by the Misses Fisher, Rogers, Baskerville, and M. Coker; recitations by Miss K. Simons; pianoforte solos by Misses E. Larter, Wray, and M. Coker.

All new Members willing to assist at these entertainments are kindly requested to give in their names to the sub-committee, or to the Hon. Sec.

MAUDE COKER.

P.S.—There will be no Members' Concert in the Ladies' Social-rooms on Easter Monday. Ladies of the committee are reminded that the usual monthly meeting will be held on Saturday, April 7th, at 5.30 p.m. Members will kindly accept this intimation in lieu of the usual notices sent through the post.

BOXING CLUB.

The Member who inscribed a letter to this Journal a short time ago re the formation of a Boxing Club, will no doubt be gratified to know that in a few weeks the Club will be an established fact.

Last Saturday a meeting was held by Sergeant Burdett in the Locker-room of the Gymnasium, when a captain, vice-captain, secretary, and six Members for the committee were selected. There were fully 200 fellows present, and the following were elected officers of the Club:—

Captain, A. Bowman; Vice-Captain, G. Josephs; Secretary, J. Hawkes; Committee, C. Pugh, W. Chapman, W. Bailey, G. Bowman, A. Bowman, — Coleman.

Any Member desirous of enrolling himself in this useful section of the Gymnasium may do so, either on application to Sergeant Burdett, or to the Assistant, Mr. Wright. It is desirable that intending Members should join at once. A Meeting will be held this (Wednesday) evening, at 8.30 p.m., and it is hoped that all those interested will be present.

PALACE SCHOOLS' FOOTBALL CLUB.

Played at Victoria Park on Saturday, March 17th. Our boys continued their victorious career by beating Hale Street Schools by one goal; they played an exceedingly good game, their combination being all that could be desired, and great credit is due to them for their victory.

Palace School Team:—Robb (goal); Phillips, Billington (backs); Blackwell, Langdon, Atkinson (half-backs); Oughton, White, Elstob, English, Bosworth (forwards).

The Paper-chase.—Having secured "Bane's Coffee and Dining Rooms," opposite "Green Man," Leytonstone, for our headquarters, twenty-six of our boys turned up to take part in the paper-chase. In a keen nor-easter with snow falling, the hares were started at 25 minutes to four, and, making the best of their start, were soon lost to view. Ten minutes elapsed, when the slow pack got away, pacemaker, J. Gurr. Sir Edmund Currie arriving just as they were starting. The fast pack were quickly got ready and all the jolly "dawgs" were on the scent, going at a rattling pace along Snaresbrook-road, round the Eagle Pond, and on to Forest Rise, where the slow pack were caught. Continuing in fine style close upon the track of the hares, on to the high road to Chingford, some of the younger members gave in, having run remarkably well. Leaving most of them in the rear, the fast pack went in hot pursuit; going some considerable distance along the road we turned sharply into the Forest, over ditches, through swamps—running being very difficult—but struggling on bravely, were at length rewarded. Putting on the spurt half a mile from home two of the hares were run down, but Wright, Lloyd and Baines ran home grandly, 20 yards in front of A. Hunt and McCardle; Griffiths and Westlake being close up, the remainder some distance behind.

Having donned our clothes we adjourned down-stairs, where Sir Edmund had been awaiting our return. There a grand sight met our gaze, for, under the direction of Sir Edmund, the tables had been loaded, and the plates were piled high with every good thing. No second telling was required to set to, and right well it was done. It was astonishing to see with what rapidity plate after plate was emptied—only to be refilled again and again by the ever-watchful Mrs. Banes, to whom the greatest credit is due for such a splendid spread. Having appeased the inner man, the thoughtful Griffiths arose and in a neat little speech proposed a vote of thanks to Sir Edmund Currie for his kindness and presence; McCardle ably seconded this resolution, which, of course, was carried. Sir Edmund, who seemed highly pleased with his reception, thanked the boys and congratulated the Club on its progress, and also gave some very excellent advice as to its future management. He left, amid loud cheers, for the Palace; the boys following soon after, having had a most enjoyable day.

On Saturday last, March 24th, forty-six boys turned up at head-quarters. A good run was indulged in, going as far as Chigwell, and, needless to say, all enjoyed it immensely.

On Easter Tuesday there will be a three-mile race, starting from the green opposite our headquarters, Bane's Coffee and Dining Rooms. All Members who intend taking part are requested to give their names at once to either of the Committee, or to the undersigned.

A. HUNT, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

There will be no practice of the above Society this week, owing to the practice night falling on Good Friday. All Members are requested to attend on Friday week, April 6th, for special rehearsal, and bring Macfarren's "May Day," with them.

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.

Haydn's "Spring," and other works are being rehearsed.

For further particulars apply to

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' GYMNASTIC DISPLAY.

On Tuesday, March 20th, a Gymnastic Display, under the direction of Staff-Sergeant H. H. Burdett and Instructor C. Wright, was given by lady Members to their friends, of whom there was a good muster. The programme arranged by the Sergeant was greatly enjoyed, judging from the continued and hearty applause. Miss N. Connor was at the piano. The following was the programme:—

(1). The first item (though not on the programme) was a Running Maze, led by Sergeant Burdett and Mr. Wright. The figures were excellently finished, and proved the proficiency of the Members.

(2). Musical Drill with Dumb-Bells. Eight exercises in musical time were gone through with precision, being well received by the audience.

(3). A class of Members led by the Misses F. Reynolds and E. Newport showed what exercises could be done by ladies on the Parallel Bars and Vaulting Horse. The exercises were eagerly watched by those ladies present, who unanimously approved, and Miss Reynolds finished with a somersault from the end of the Parallel Bars.

(4). Musical Drill with Bar-Bells and Figure Marching. This, no doubt, was the finest item of the evening; the Members going through fourteen exercises in a most graceful manner. Before the close of the exercises, Sir Edmund Currie said that on behalf of the Trustees and those ladies who had come to see the display, he wished to thank the lady gymnasts for the pleasant evening they had afforded the spectators by showing in such a pleasing manner what they could do in the Gymnasium in such a remarkably short space of time. The Gymnasium had been open but a few months, and that such a display could be given with such proficiency reflected great credit upon Sergeant Burdett and his assistant, Mr. Wright, as well as upon the Members themselves. He was, he added, a great believer in gymnastics for ladies; and if what they had shown them this evening could be performed in such a short time, what may we not expect in the time to come. Once more on behalf of the Trustees and the audience present he thanked them for what they had that evening seen.

The programme was then brought to a conclusion with Figure Marching, which was loudly applauded.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

BEAUMONT v. HAVELOCK ROVERS.—On Saturday last the 'Monts played the return match with the Havelock Rovers at Victoria Park, and were defeated by two goals to one. It was a fast game from start to finish. It may be remembered that at the first contest with this club, the Palace fellows were beaten by eight goals to love, and considering that, through unavoidable circumstances, four of their best men were unable to play, were perfectly satisfied with the result.

Among the spectators the 'Monts felt highly honoured at seeing their President, Sir Edmund Currie, and E. Flower, Esq., who take such a warm interest in the Club. The ground was slightly affected by Friday's rain, though not sufficiently to materially interfere with the game.

The choice of positions fell to the Rovers, who elected to have whatever advantage accrued from having the wind at their backs.

Griffett set the leather rolling for the 'Monts, and after a few minutes, through a good combined game on the part of their forwards, the fray was carried into the Rover's territory, until the Rover's steady backs stopped their onward career. For a short time the Rovers had the best of the game, but their efforts were frustrated by the capital play of the 'Mont's backs, Styles and Hart. Soon after this, Douglas capturing the sphere, after some good dribbling, managed to carry the ball to the other end of the field, and made a splendid shot for goal. The Rovers again secured the ball, and, through a good passing game by their forwards, registered the first point in their favour.

Play again commencing, the Rover's forwards were very heavily pressed, the leather being played very dangerously near their sticks, being, however, successfully repelled by their backs. About ten minutes before half time, after some all round play, a second goal was obtained by them.

On changing over, for the first five minutes play was very even. Cook, Douglas, Griffett (forwards) played up well, several times forcing the fighting in close proximity to their opponents' citadel. From a fine passing kick by Griffett, Cook registered the first goal for the Beaumonts by sending in a remarkably good shot. Nothing more was obtained by either teams, although the Rovers strove most strenuously to increase their score, as also the 'Monts to equalize matters.

The following represented the Beaumonts:—Cantle (goal); Styles, Hart (backs); J. Munro, Winch, Wenn (half-backs); Douglas, A. Munro, Griffett, Morgan and Cook (forwards).

Match next Saturday, at Victoria Park, against the Trinity F. C. The team will be selected from the following:—Hart, Jesseman, A. Munro, Cook, Douglas, Wainman, Wenn, Winch, Butterwick, Griffett, Morgan, Cooper, J. Cox, Moreton.

Members of the Institute cordially invited. Kick off 3.30 sharp.

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

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

I am sorry that only a few Members took part in the run to Abridge on Saturday last, notwithstanding the afternoon being fine, but perhaps it was as well they did not turn up as they would have been treated to a good soaking, consisting of a compound of mud, rain and snow. Nine Members started from the Palace, but after several break-downs only five were enabled to reach the destination. After a good tea which was relished by some music, we made a start for home, but you should have heard the yell that was sent up when we found it was raining hard. But nothing daunted we mounted our muddy steeds, and commenced plugging for home. On arriving at Chigwell Hill we fell in with two of our Members, who, when we made a start, set the pace at a cracker, fully intent on knocking each other out of time. On arriving at Bow Bridge, when there were only three of us left, we were surprised to hear a yell from some one asking us to stop and get off, but on looking we espied a bobby, who was no doubt hard up for a job, but instead of doing as we were bid we piled on the agony and said good night to him; and in the excitement of the moment one of our fellows had a narrow squeak of colliding with a tram-car, which had it happened would I have no doubt ended in a serious accident.

Several of our fellows had a run to Woodford, and I have no doubt they enjoyed themselves.

A General Meeting was held on Friday last, when it was arranged to have a run to Hand Cross on Good Friday: those Members wishing to take part in the run please meet outside the Palace at 9 o'clock sharp. Any Member who has not yet received a route card for the race, if he will apply to me I shall be pleased to forward one, together with all particulars. I might mention that the Members have decided to run off the race no matter if the weather be wet or fine, and that the limit man will be despatched at 9 o'clock sharp; competitors please to bear this in mind, as, if they are not there, they will have to put up with the consequences. Messrs. Burley, Kilbride, Slater, and Maidment have kindly consented to act as starters and timekeepers.

I have made arrangements for the storing of machines at Brighton, so Members will have no trouble on this score. The address is Mr. H. G. Phelps, 105, North Road, Brighton. This is situated at the back of the Theatre Royal.

Arrangements have also been made for accommodation of friends, belonging to Members, at the William the Fourth Inn, Church Street, Brighton. Any Members of the Palace who think of going down on Easter, and have not yet made any arrangements, if they will communicate to me I shall be pleased to do all in my power for their convenience.

Competitors for the Road Race please to meet at London Bridge Station at 7.45, so as to catch the 8.13 train for Croydon. The start will be made from the "Windsor Castle."

Terms.—Honorary Members.—Ladies, not less than 2s. 6d. per annum; gentlemen, not less than 5s. per annum. Active Members.—Entrance fee, 1s.; subscription 2s. 6d., payable half-yearly.

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

PALACE RAMBLERS.

Saturday, March 31st.—No Ramble.

Easter Monday.—Ramble to "The Beehive," Lambourne End. Members meet at Woodford Station (not George Lane) at 12 o'clock. Stewards: Messrs. W. Marshall and F. Dunnell.

April 7th.—Buckhurst Hill; tea at "Roebuck." Members meet at Leytonstone Station at 4 o'clock. Last train from Coborn Road, 3.40.

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

Local Fame.—"I remember," says Walpole, "how, long ago, I estimated local renown at its just value by a little sort of adventure that I will tell you: and since that there is an admirable chapter somewhere in Voltaire, which shows that more extended fame is but local on a little larger scale; it is the chapter of the Chinese who goes into a European bookseller's shop, and is amazed at finding none of the works of his most celebrated countrymen; while the bookseller finds the stranger equally ignorant of western classics." Horace then tells us how he went once with Mr. Rigby to see a window of painted glass at Messing, in Essex, and dined at a better sort of alehouse. The landlady waited on them, and was notably loquacious, entertaining them with the *bon-mots* and funny exploits of Mr. Charles. Mr. Charles said this, Mr. Charles played such a trick; oh! nothing was so pleasant as Mr. Charles. But, how astonished the poor soul was when they asked *who Mr. Charles was*; and how much more astonished when she found they had never heard of Mr. Charles Luchyn, who, it seems, was a relation of Lord Grimston, had lived in their village, and had been the George Selwyn of half a dozen cottages. "If I had," adds Walpole, "a grain of ambitious pride left, it is what, in other respects, has been the thread that has run through my life, that of being forgotten; so true, except the folly of being an author, has been what I said last year to the Prince of Wales (George IV.) when he asked me if I was a Freemason, I replied, No, sir; I never was anything." Lady Charleville, Walpole's neighbour, told him, that having some company with her, one had been to see Strawberry. "Pray," said another, "who is that Mr. Walpole?" "Lord!" cried a third, "don't you know the great epicure, Mr. Walpole?" "Pho," said the fourth, "great epicure! you mean the antiquarian. When Horace bought a large parcel of bugles at a little shop in the city, and bade the proprietor send them to Sir Robert Walpole's, the shopkeeper coolly asked, 'who is Sir Robert Walpole?'"

In the Carquinez Woods.

By BRET HARTE.

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. LONGMAN, GREEN & CO.

CHAPTER VII.—(continued.)



WHEN the door had closed behind him, Brace arose and took his hat as if to go. With his hand on the lock, he turned to his rival, who, half-hidden in the gathering darkness, still seemed unable to comprehend his ill-luck.

"If you're waiting for that bald-headed fraud to come back with the truth about his daughter," said Brace coolly, "you'd better send for your things and take up your lodgings here."

"What do you mean?" said Dunn sternly.

"I mean that she's not at the Burnham's; I mean that he either does or does not know *where* she is, and that in either case he is not likely to give you information. But I can."

"You can?"

"Yes."

"Then where is she?"

"In the Carquinez Woods, in the arms of the man you were just defending—Low, the half-breed."

The room had become so dark that from the road nothing could be distinguished. Only the momentary sound of struggling feet was heard.

"Sit down," said Brace's voice, "and don't be a fool. You're too weak, and it ain't a fair fight. Let go your hold. I'm not lying—I wish to God I was!"

There was a silence, and Brace resumed, "We've been rivals, I know. Maybe I thought my chance as good as yours. If what I say ain't truth, we'll stand as we stood before—and if you're on the shoot, I'm your man when you like, where you like, or on sight if you choose. But I can't bear to see another man played upon as I've been played upon—given dead away as I've been. It ain't on the square."

"There," he continued after a pause, "that's right, now steady. Listen. A week ago that girl went down just like this to Indian Spring. It was given out, like this, that she went to the Burnham's. I don't mind saying, Dunn, that I went down myself, all on the square, thinking I might get a show to talk to her, just as *you* might have done, you know, if you had my chance. I didn't come across her anywhere. But two men that I met thought they recognised her in a disguise going into the Woods. Not suspecting anything, I went after her; saw her at a distance in the middle of the Woods in another dress that I can swear to, and was just coming up to her when she vanished—went like a squirrel up a tree or down like a gopher in the ground, but vanished."

"Is that all?" said Dunn's voice. "And just because you were a d—d fool, or had taken a little too much whisky you thought—"

"Steady. That's just what I said to myself," interrupted Brace coolly, "particularly when I saw her that same afternoon in another dress saying 'Good-bye' to the Burnhams, as fresh as a rose and as cold as those snow-peaks. Only one thing—she had a ring on her finger she never wore before, and didn't expect me to see."

"What if she did? She might have bought it. I reckon she hasn't to consult you," broke in Dunn's voice sternly.

"She didn't buy it," continued Brace quietly. "Low gave that Jew trader a bear-skin in exchange for it, and presented it to her. I found that out two days afterwards. I found out that out of the whole

afternoon she spent less than an hour with the Burnhams; I found out that she bought a duster like the disguise the two men saw her in; I found the yellow dress she wore that day, hanging up in Low's cabin—the place where I saw her go—the *rendezvous where she meets him*. Oh, you're listenin', are you? Stop! SIT DOWN!"

"I discovered it by accident," continued the voice of Brace when all was again quiet; "it was hidden as only a squirrel or an Injin can hide when they improve upon nature. When I was satisfied that the girl had been in the Woods, I was determined to find out where she vanished, and went there again. Prospecting around, I picked up at the foot of one of the biggest trees this yer old memorandum-book with grasses and herbs stuck in it. I remembered that I'd heard old Wynne say that Low, like the d—d Digger that he was, collected these herbs, only he pretended it was for science. I reckoned the book was his and that he mightn't be far away. I lay low and waited. Bimeby, I saw a lizard running down the root. When he got sight of me he stopped."

"D—n the lizard. What's that got to do with where she is now?"

"Everything. The lizard had a piece of sugar in his mouth. Where did it come from? I made him drop it, and calculated he'd go back for more. He did. He scooted up that tree and slipped in under some hanging strips of bark. I shoved 'em aside and found an opening to the hollow where they do their housekeeping."

"But you didn't see her there—and how do you know she is there now?"

"I determined to make it sure. When she left to-day, I started an hour ahead of her, and hid myself at the edge of the Woods. An hour after the coach arrived at Indian Spring, she came there in a brown duster and was joined by him. I'd have followed them, but the d—d hound has the ears of a squirrel, and though I was five hundred yards from him he was on his guard."

"Guard be blessed! Wasn't you armed? Why didn't you go for him?" said Dunn furiously.

"I reckoned I'd leave that for you," said Brace coolly. "If he'd killed me—and if he'd only covered me with his rifle, he'd been sure to let daylight through me at double the distance—I shouldn't have been any better off, nor you either. If I'd killed *him*, it would have been your duty as Sheriff to put me in jail, and I reckon it wouldn't have broken your heart, Jim Dunn, to have got rid of *two* rivals instead of one. Hullo! Where are you going?"

"Going?" said Dunn hoarsely. "Going to the Carquinez Woods, by God!—to kill him before her. I'll risk it if you daren't. Let me succeed, and you can hang *me* and take the girl yourself."

"Sit down, sit down. Don't be a fool, Jim Dunn. You wouldn't keep the saddle a hundred yards. Did I say I wouldn't help you? No. If you're willing, we'll run the risk together, but it must be in my way. Hear me. I'll drive you down there in a buggy before daylight, and we'll surprise them in the cabin or as they leave the wood. But you must come as if to arrest him for some offence—say, as an escaped Digger from the Reservation, a dangerous tramp, a destroyer of public property in the forests, a suspected road-agent—or anything to give you the right to hunt him. The exposure of him and Nellie, don't you see, must be accidental. If he resists, kill him on the spot, and nobody'll blame you; if he goes peaceably with you, and you once get him in Excelsior jail, when the story gets out that he's taken the belle of Excelsior for his squaw, if you'd the angels for your *posse* you couldn't keep the boys from hanging him to the first tree. What's that?"

He walked to the window and looked out cautiously. "If it was the old man coming back and listening," he said, after a pause; "it can't be helped. He'll hear it soon enough, if he don't suspect something already."

"Look yer, Brace," broke in Dunn hoarseiy. "D—d if I understand you or you me. That dog Low has got to answer to me, not to the law! I'll take my risk of killing him—on sight and on the square. I don't reckon to handicap myself with a warrant, and I am not going to draw him out with a lie. You hear me? That's me all the time!"

"Then you calkilate to go down thar," said Brace contemptuously, "yell out for him and Nellie, and let him line you on a rest from the first tree as if you were a grizzly."

There was a pause. "What's that you were saying just now about a bear-skin he sold?" asked Dunn slowly, as if reflecting.

"He exchanged a bear-skin," replied Brace, "with a single hole right over the heart. He's a dead shot, I tell you."

"D—m his shooting," said Dunn. "I'm not thinking of that. How long ago did he bring in that bear-skin?"

"About two weeks, I reckon. Why?"

"Nothing! Look yer, Brace, you mean well—thar's my hand. I'll go down with you there—but not as the Sheriff. I'm going there as Jim Dunn—and you can come along as a white man to see things fixed on the square—Come!"

Brace hesitated. "You'll think better of my plan before you get there—but I've said I'd stand by you, and I will. Come, then. There's no time to lose."

They passed out into the darkness together.

"What are you waiting for?" said Dunn impatiently, as Brace, who was supporting him by the arm, suddenly halted at the corner of the house.

"Some one was listening—did you not see him? Was it the old man?" asked Brace hurriedly.

"Blast the old man! It was only one of them Mexican packers chock-full of whisky, and trying to hold up the house. What are you thinking of?—we shall be late."

In spite of his weakness, the wounded man hurriedly urged Brace forward, until they reached the latter's lodgings. To his surprise the horse and buggy were already before the door.

"Then you reckoned to go, anyway?" said Dunn, with a searching look at his companion.

"I calkilated *somebody* would go," returned Brace evasively, patting the impatient buckskin, "but come in and take a drink before we leave."

Dunn, started out of a momentary abstraction, put his hand on his hip and mechanically entered the house. They had scarcely raised the glasses to their lips when a sudden rattle of wheels was heard in the street. Brace set down his glass and ran to the window.

"It's the mare bolted," he said with an oath. "We've kept her too long standing. Follow me." And he dashed down the staircase into the street. Dunn followed with difficulty; when he reached the door he was already confronted by his breathless companion. "She's gone off on a run, and I'll swear there was a man in the buggy!" He stopped and examined the halter-strap still fastened to the fence. "Cut! by God!"

Dunn turned pale with passion. "Who's got another horse and buggy?" he demanded.

"The new blacksmith in Main Street, but we won't get it by borrowing," said Brace.

"How then?" asked Dunn savagely.

"Seize it, as the Sheriff of Yuba and his deputy, pursuing a confederate of the Ingin Low—THE HORSE THIEF!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The brief hour of darkness that preceded the dawn was that night intensified by a dense smoke, which, after blotting out horizon and sky, dropped a thick veil on the high road and the silent streets of Indian Spring. As the buggy containing Sheriff Dunn and Brace dashed through the obscurity, Brace suddenly turned to his companion.

"Some one ahead!"

The two men bent forward over the dashboard. Above the steady plunging of their own horse-hoofs they could hear the quicker irregular beat of other hoofs in the darkness before them.

"It's that horse-thief!" said Dunn in a savage whisper. "Bear to the right, and hand me the whip."

A dozen cuts of the cruel lash, and their maddened horse, bounding at each stroke, broke into a wild canter. The frail vehicle swayed from side to side at each spring of the elastic shafts. Steadying himself by one hand on the low rail, Dunn drew his revolver with the other. "Sing out to him to pull up, or we'll fire. My voice is clean gone," he added in a husky whisper.

They were so near that they could distinguish the bulk of a vehicle careering from side to side in the blackness ahead. Dunn deliberately raised his weapon. "Sing out!" he repeated impatiently. But Brace who was still keeping in the shadow, suddenly grasped his companion's arm.

"Hush! It's *not* Buckskin," he whispered hurriedly.

"Are you sure?"

"*Don't you see we're gaining on him?*" replied the other, contemptuously. Dunn grasped his companion's hand and pressed it silently. Even in that supreme moment this horseman's tribute to the fugitive Buckskin forestalled all baser considerations of pursuit and capture!

In twenty seconds they were abreast of the stranger, crowding his horse and buggy nearly into the ditch; Brace keenly watchful, Dunn suppressed and pale. In half a minute they were leading him a length; and when their horse again settled down to his steady work, the stranger was already lost in the circling dust that followed them. But the victors seemed disappointed. The obscurity had completely hidden all but the vague outlines of the mysterious driver.

"He's not our game, anyway," whispered Dunn. "Drive on."

"But if it was some friend of his," suggested Brace uneasily, "what would you do?"

"What I *said* I'd do," responded Dunn savagely. "I don't want five minutes to do it in either; we'll be half an hour ahead of that d—d fool, whoever he is. Look here, all you've got to do is to put me in the trail to that cabin. Stand back of me out of gun-shot, alone if you like as my deputy, or with any number you can pick up as my *posse*. If he gets by me as Nellie's lover, you may shoot him or take him as a horse-thief if you like."

"Then you won't shoot him on sight?"

"Not till I've had a word with him."

"But—"

"I've chirped," said the Sheriff gravely. "Drive on."

For a few moments only the plunging hoofs and rattling wheels were heard. A dull lurid glow began to define the horizon. They were silent until an abatement of the smoke, the vanishing of the gloomy horizon line, and a certain impenetrability in the darkness ahead, showed them they were nearing the Carquinez Woods. But they were surprised on entering them to find the dim aisles alight with a faint mystic Aurora. The tops of the towering spires above them had caught the gleam of the distant forest-fires, and reflected it as a gilded dome.

"It would be hot work if the Carquinez Woods should conclude to take a hand in this yer little game that's going on over on the Divide yonder," said Brace, securing his horse and glancing at the spires overhead. "I reckon I'd rather take a back seat at Injin Spring when the show commences."

Dunn did not reply, but buttoning his coat placed one hand on his companion's shoulder and sullenly bade him "lead the way." Advancing slowly and with difficulty, the desperate man might have been taken for a peaceful invalid returning from an early morning stroll. His right hand was buried thoughtfully in the side pocket of his coat. Only Brace knew that it rested on the handle of his pistol.

From time to time the latter stopped and consulted the faint trail with a minuteness that showed recent careful study. Suddenly he paused. "I made a blaze* hereabouts to show where to leave the trail. There it is," he added, pointing to a slight notch cut in the trunk of an adjoining tree.

"But we've just passed one," said Dunn, "if that's what you are looking after, a hundred yards back."

Brace uttered an oath and ran back in the direction signified by his companion. Presently he returned with a smile of triumph.

"They've suspected something. It's a clever trick, but it won't hold water. That blaze which was done to muddle you was cut with an axe; this which I made was done with a bowie knife. It's the real one. We're not far off now. Come on."

They proceeded cautiously at right angles with the "blazed" tree for ten minutes more. The heat was oppressive; drops of perspiration rolled from the forehead of the Sheriff, and at times, when he attempted to steady his uncertain limbs, his hands shrank from the heated, blistering bark he touched with ungloved palms.

"Here we are," said Brace, pausing at last. "Do you see that biggest tree with the root stretching out half-way across to the opposite one?"

"No, it's further to the right and abreast of the dead brush," interrupted Dunn quickly with a sudden revelation that this was the spot where he had found the dead bear in the night Teresa escaped.

"That's so," responded Brace in astonishment.

"And the opening is on the other side, opposite the dead brush," said Dunn.

"Then you know it?" said Brace suspiciously.

"I reckon!" responded Dunn, grimly. "That's enough! Fall back!"

To the surprise of his companion he lifted his head erect, and with a strong firm step walked directly to the tree. Reaching it, he planted himself squarely before the opening.

"Halloo!" he said.

There was no reply. A squirrel scampered away close to his feet. Brace, far in the distance, after an ineffectual attempt to distinguish his companion through the intervening trunks, took off his coat, leaned against a tree, and lit a cigar.

"Come out of that cabin," continued Dunn, in a clear resonant voice. "Come out before I drag you out!"

"All right 'Captain Scott.' Don't shoot and I'll come down," said a voice as clear and as high as his own. The hanging strips of bark were dashed aside and a woman leaped lightly to the ground.

Dunn staggered back: "Teresa! by the Eternal!"

It was Teresa! The old Teresa! Teresa a hundred times more vicious, reckless, hysterical, extravagant and outrageous than before. Teresa, staring with tooth and eye, sunburnt and embrowned, her hair hanging down her shoulders, and her shawl drawn tightly around her neck.

"Teresa it is! the same old gal! Here we are

* A notch cut in the bark of a tree by western hunters or explorers as a guide in the wilderness.

again! Return of the favourite in her original character! For two weeks only! Houp la! Tshk!" and, catching her yellow skirt with her fingers, she pirouetted before the astounded man, and ended in a pose. Recovering himself with an effort, Dunn dashed forward and seized her by the wrist.

"Answer me, woman! Is that Low's cabin?"

"It is."

"Who occupies it besides?"

"I do."

"And who else?"

"Well," drawled Teresa slowly, with an extravagant affectation of modesty, "nobody else but us, I reckon. Two's company, you know, and three's none."

"Stop! Will you swear that there isn't a young girl, his—his sweetheart—concealed there with you?"

The fire in Teresa's eye was genuine as she answered steadily: "Well, it ain't my style to put up with that sort of thing; at least, it wasn't over at Yolo, and you know it, Jim Dunn, or I wouldn't be here."

"Yes, yes," said Dunn hurriedly. "But I'm a d—d fool, or worse, the fool of a fool. Tell me, Teresa, is this man Low your lover?"

Teresa lowered her eyes as if in maidenly confusion: "Well, if I'd known that *you* had any feeling of your own about it—if you'd spoken sooner—"

"Answer me—you devil!"

"He is."

"And he has been with you here—yesterday—to-night?"

"He has."

"Enough." He laughed a weak foolish laugh, and turning pale suddenly lapsed against a tree. He would have fallen, but with a quick instinct Teresa sprang to his side and supported him gently to a root. The action over, they both looked astounded.

"I reckon that wasn't much like either you or me," said Dunn slowly, "was it? But if you'd let me drop, then you'd have stretched out the biggest fool in the Sierras." He paused and looked at her curiously. "What's come over you? blessed if I seem to know you now."

She was very pale again, and quiet; that was all.

"Teresa! D—n it—look here! When I was laid up yonder in Excelsior I said I wanted to get well for only two things. One was to hunt you down, the other to marry Nellie Wynne. When I came here, I thought that last thing could never be. I came here expecting to find her here with Low, and kill him—perhaps kill her too. I never even thought of you; not once. You might have risen up before me—between me and him—and I'd have passed you by. And now that I find it's all a mistake, and it was you, not her I was looking for—why—"

"Why," she interrupted bitterly, "you'll just take me, of course, to save your time and earn your salary. I'm ready."

"But *I'm* not, just yet," he said faintly. "Help me up."

She mechanically assisted him to his feet.

"Now stand where you are," he added; "and don't move beyond this tree till I return."

He straightened himself with an effort, clenched his fists until the nails were nearly buried in his palms, and strode with a firm, steady step in the direction he had come. In a few moments he returned and stood before her.

"I've sent away my deputy—the man who brought me here, the fool who thought you were Nellie. He knows now he made a mistake. But who it was he mistook for Nellie he does not know, nor shall ever know, nor shall any living being know, other than myself. And when I leave the wood to-day I shall know it no longer. You are safe here as far as I am concerned, but I cannot screen you from others prying. Let Low take you away from here as soon as he can."

(To be continued.)

Sensational Thrillers.

THIS is a class of literature which has sprung into existence owing to the morbid tastes of a large section of the reading public. So long as people will buy "blood-curdling stories" and "shilling shockers," writers will be found willing to write down to their level. But few authors, indeed, attempt to draw the people up to the level of themselves. This is, to anyone who cares for literature, a most deplorable state of things. It surely cannot indicate a healthy state of society, when people patronise such a class of writing, which, instead of imbuing the reader with high and noble sentiments, only panders to the worst dictates of his nature. Just now there is quite a rage for "my series" and the like. Novelists indulge in high flights of imagination, which sometimes make them appear ridiculous, but they do not mind, for it brings money into their pockets. What can be said of the writer who describes his heroine as being "dowered with beauty," and who has a "deer-like neck, with sapphire-hued eyes, darkened with agony and despair. Her delicate white hands, upon which were the most beautiful fingers and thumbs ever seen, were like snow-drops, and her whole bearing only to be compared to that of some ethereal angelic nymph?" I recently asked a bookseller whether this class of literature had a good sale. His answer was, "I make most of my profit from it." It therefore seems that a few hints on how to write a novel or tale of this description should be appreciated by unknown authors. Something startling must be on the title-page. "The blood-red story of Maria Wainright," might not be inappropriate. Love episodes (innumerable); marriages (about a dozen); divorces (half that number); a few graphic descriptions, and the work would be nearly finished. Many young writers are often at a difficulty as to how to conclude. It is necessary to bring every character to an end. Here is a useful suggestion. Let the heroine murder the hero, and then be hung. Her executioner should commit suicide, and all her family meet with violent deaths. Such a tale would be advertised in a very few days as "selling by thousands."

Should, however, anyone wish to write for posterity, he must act entirely in opposition to the suggestions made above. Imaginative faculties should be kept within bounds and a clear English style cultivated. Read the best authors, and avoid the light scurrilous dregs of our literary market. As St. Paul says, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things." W. H. B.

The Beautiful Duchess of Devonshire.—The personal exertions made by the Duchess of Devonshire in favour of Charles Fox, during the contested election for Westminster, in 1784, are well known. Accompanied by her sister, Lady Duncannon, she visited the abodes of the humblest amongst the electors; she dazzled and enslaved them by the fascination of her manners, the power of her beauty, and the influence of her high rank; and is known, on more than one occasion, to have carried with her the meanest one drunk to the hustings in her carriage. The fact of her having purchased the vote of a stubborn butcher by a kiss, is we believe, undoubted. It was during these scenes that the Irish mechanic paid Her Grace the well-known compliment: gazing with admiration at her beautiful countenance, he said, "I could light my pipe at her eyes." This beautiful woman died in 1786, at the age of forty-nine. Sir N. Wraxall relates: "During the month of July, 1811, I visited the vault in the principal church of Derby, where repose the remains of the Cavendish family. As I stood contemplating the coffin which contained the ashes of that admired female (the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire), the woman who accompanied me pointed out the relics of a *bouquet*, which lay upon the lid, nearly collapsed into dust. 'That nosegay,' said she, 'was brought here by the Countess of Bessborough, who had designed to place it with her own hands on her sister's coffin; but, overcome by her emotions on approaching the spot, she found herself unable to descend the steps conducting to the vault. In an agony of grief she knelt down on the stones, as nearly over the place occupied by the corpse as I could direct, and there deposited the flowers, enjoying me the performance of an office to which she was unequal. I fulfilled her wishes.'"

Treasure Seeking in the Tower.

PEPYS, in various entries in his *Diary*, describes this very strange secret:—"October 30, 1662. To my Lord Sandwich, who was in his chamber all alone, and did inform me, that our old acquaintance, Mr. Wade, hath discovered to him £7000 hid in the Tower, of which he was to have two for the discovery, my Lord two, and the King the other three, when it was found; and that the King's warrant to search, runs for me and one Mr. Lee. So we went, and the guard at the Tower-gate making me leave my sword, I was forced to stay so long at the alehouse close by, till my boy run home for my cloak. Then walked to Minchen Lane, and got from Sir H. Bennet, the King's warrant, for the paying of £2000 to my Lord, and other two of the discoverers. (This does not agree with the first statement as to sharing the money.) After dinner we broke the matter to the Lord Mayor, who did not, and durst not, appear the least averse to it. So Lee and I and Mr. Wade were joined by Evett, the guide, W. Griffin, and a porter with pickaxes. Coming to the Tower, our guide demands a candle, and down into the cellars he goes. He went into several little cellars and then out of doors to view, but none did answer so well to the marks as one arched vault, where, after much talk, to digging we went, till almost eight o'clock at night, but could find nothing; yet the guides were not discouraged. Locking the door, we left for the night, and up to the Deputy-Governor, and he do undertake to keep the key, that none shall go down without his privy. November 1st.—To the Tower to make one trial more, where we staid several hours, and dug a great deal under the arches, but we missed of all, and so went away the second time like fools. To the Dolphin Tavern. Met Wade and Evett, who do say they had it from Barkestead's own mouth. He did much to convince me that there is good ground for what he goes about. November 4th. Mr. Lee and I to the Tower to make our third attempt upon the cellar. A woman, Barkestead's confidante, was privately brought, who do positively say that this is the place where the said money was hid, and where he and she did put up the £7000 in butter-firkins. We, full of hope, did resolve to dig all over the cellar, which, by seven o'clock at night, we performed. At noon we sent for a dinner, dined merrily on the head of a barrel, and to work again. But, at last, having dug the cellar quite through, removing the barrels from one side to the other, we were forced to pay our porters, and give over our expectations, though, I do believe, there must be money hid somewhere." Under December 17th, we read:—"This morning come Lee, Wade, and Evett, intending to have gone upon our new design upon the Tower, but, it raining, and the work being to be done in the open garden, we put it off to Friday next." Such is the last we hear of this odd affair.

Who wrote Shakespeare's Plays?—Hamlet overheard Julius Cæsar tell King Lear on the Twelfth Night after The Tempest, that Antony and Cleopatra had told Coriolanus that Two Gentlemen of Verona were the author of Shakespeare's plays. Lear said, you may take it As You Like It, but I don't believe it, for I heard Romeo and Juliet say Love's Labour was Lost when Troilus and Cressida stole The Comedy of Errors and sold it to The Merchant of Venice for a cup of sack and a dish of carraways. Timon of Athens and Cymbeline were parties to the theft, and, after drinking Measure for Measure for the Merry Wives of Windsor, told King John all about it. Richard III. (a competent critic) said Bacon could not write even A Winter's Tale, and Henry VIII. said that settles it, so why make so Much Ado About Nothing. Othello was busy discussing a point of honour with Henrys IV., V., VI., and, as Richard II. was absent Taming the Shrew, I could get no further evidence as to who wrote Shakespeare, but All's Well that Ends Well.

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,—I shall be glad to assist any Member in forming a Photographic Club, if he will communicate with me. Faithfully yours,

THOMAS S. FARNES.

I am pleased to see that the suggestion of "One who would like it" has already been taken up, and that there are Members desirous of forming such a club. I quite agree with the remarks made in last week's Journal by "Another who would like it," namely, that mutual assistance renders amateurs' work more creditable. Should such a club be formed I shall be most happy to become a subscriber.—Faithfully yours,

A. J. LEAPER.

PALACE PARLIAMENT.

SIR,—I should like to call the attention of the Members of the People's Palace Institute to the success which attended the People's Palace Parliament at the reception of new Members on Thursday last, when, with the assistance of an able body of canvassers (not forgetting the services of a Member who acted very ably as town crier for this and other Societies), I had the pleasure of enrolling 34 new Members.

Notwithstanding this increase there are many vacant seats (constituencies I should say), and Members are invited to come and join us as soon as possible. Yours truly,

J. W. NORTON.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of last week (March 21st), I find the report of the debates opened by Mr. Watson on "Royalty, its Cost and Uses," called in question by that gentleman.

I will, with your permission, deal categorically with his objections:—

(a.) If Mr. Watson gave many quotations from Macaulay and Thackeray, I, who listened carefully to the reading of his paper, was unable to hear him quote any passage from either of those historians which would support the views taken by Mr. Watson.

(b.) I must confess myself somewhat surprised at the egotism which would assert that by Mr. Watson's showing me how he read history he had made me any the wiser.

I may also state for that gentleman's satisfaction that by the passage to which he objects regarding the "new historical standpoint," I intended to convey that whether Mr. Watson's view of Royalty was correct or not, he stood alone, unsupported by any eminent and impartial historians.

With regard to the question asked me "why" I "have been so unfair as to omit" Mr. Watson's "resolution while inserting the amendment," I may inform that gentleman for his especial delectation that his resolution was considered—and I think, sir, that in this you will bear me out—so violent and seditious, that the Editor of this journal or his substitute, and not your humble servant, excluded, very wisely, as I and many others think, a resolution which should never have been proposed in a society attached to an institute which has benefited as largely as has the People's Palace from the patronage of Royalty.

Thanking you for your anticipated kindness in inserting this, and hoping that Mr. Watson is satisfied.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

HORACE J. HAWKINS.

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.)

J. ZOWERAKER.—Why not ask Sergeant Burdett, who may always be found in the Gymnasium.

CHORLEY.—Many thanks for your letter, which we cannot print. An effort to crush the annoyance will, however, be shortly made.

D.Z.—Much obliged; write again.

TOM HURST.—Hope you haven't quite forgotten our existence. Please write again; we shall be glad to hear from you.

P.P.S.—Thanks; but we are afraid we cannot oblige you. Please remember us kindly to your immediate *confères*.

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.

COMPETITIONS SET MARCH 14.

CLASS A.

The names of the six foreigners who have made their influence most strongly felt in England were decided by the majority of votes to be:

William the Conqueror	46
Martin Luther	38
Julius Cæsar	34
Prince Albert	28
Napoleon I.	26
William III.	18

The next two being:

St. Augustine	17
Columbus	16

Three Competitors named five of the first six, giving as their sixth respectively Augustine, Columbus and Calvin, and as Augustine obtained more votes than either of the others, the prize goes to the former Competitor, whose name and address are

R. T. BEAVIS,
13, Baggally Street, Burdett Road, E.

CLASS B.

The "proverb" Competition proved interesting, and showed that several Members of the Palace are in the habit of observing their fellow-creatures and generalising from the result. Whether the inference drawn is always correct, I should be sorry to say; but in some cases one must trust that it is not so. For instance, one Competitor's experience has taught him that "Wit wins a woman's heart, and wealth a woman's hand," which, it may be hoped, is not true for everybody. The best proverb received is, I consider, the following:—

"Bargains are very good, but nothing is cheap which isn't wanted."

Which was sent by

H. T. WADKIN,
3, Rockmead Road, South Hackney.

to whom the prize is awarded. I regret that I have no space in which to print further specimens, and must content myself with especially commending the proverbs sent by A. J. Parsons, A. Hyman, Alice Wadkin, Frank Owers and W. Hart.

CLASS C.

Some very pretty letter-cases were received in this Competition, and if a fault must be found it is that, for the most part, they were too magnificent. It should be understood that when Competitors are asked to make things, it is by no means wished that they should be put to any expense for materials; on the contrary, the intention is that Competitors should display their ingenuity in utilising odds and ends of stuff, etc., and in making an effective result from simple material. The prize this week will be divided, half being awarded for a gorgeous combination of green plush and pink satin, very nicely made by

BEATRICE ORCHART,
24, St. Stephen's Road, Bow, E.,

and the other half for a letter-case very cleverly constructed entirely out of paper, which was sent by

ELIZABETH HALE,
174, Bow Common Lane, E.

I would also commend the cases sent by Alice Palmer and Clara Partridge respectively.

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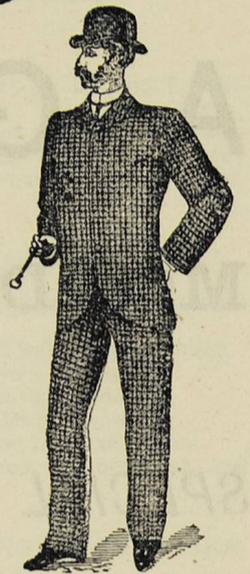
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