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[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—Open from 1 till 10.
 CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT in the Queen's Hall at 2 o'clock.
 GRAND GYMNASTIC DISPLAY in the Gymnasium (at 8 o'clock) by the Members of the People's Palace Gymnasium.
 GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT in the Queen's Hall at 8 o'clock. BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS.
 SWIMMING CLUB.—General Meeting at 8.30.
 ELOCUTION CLASS.—Mr. Hasluck's Second "Open Night."
 LAWN TENNIS.—General Meeting at 8.30.
 CYCLING.—Usual Thursday run.
- FRIDAY.—GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT in the Queen's Hall at 8 o'clock. BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS.
- SATURDAY.—GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT in the Queen's Hall at 8 o'clock. BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS.
 FOOTBALL.—Match at Victoria Park.
 LADIES' SOCIAL.—Committee Meeting at 5.30.
 LITERARY SOCIETY.—General Meeting at 8.30.
- MONDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
 SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Meeting at 8 o'clock.
 BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.—Monthly Exhibition at 9 o'clock (School-buildings).
- TUESDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
 PARLIAMENT.—Usual Meeting at 8 o'clock.
 BILLIARD ROOM.—Committee Meeting.
 DRAMATIC CLUB.—Meeting of intending Members.
- WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5.
 CONCERT in the Queen's Hall at 8 o'clock.

Notes of the Week.

THOSE whose minds are troubled with social questions and the great industrial problems, should read a book called "Prosperity or Pauperism." It is edited by the Earl of Meath, better known as Lord Brabazon, and contains papers and essays by Professor Huxley, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, Mr. Charles Leland and others. It deals especially with the great and pressing difficulties of our insufficient technical training. We turn out every year children by thousands carefully educated as to reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling, but completely ignorant of the use of their hands. These poor little scholars know nothing and can do nothing. Their parents are too poor to apprentice them; they are doomed for life to have nothing but their ignorant hands by which to make a living. And all the time the foreign workmen are being trained carefully from the outset. It is true that the country is slowly waking up to a sense of its needs in this respect—our own technical classes; those at the Polytechnic; those at the Finsbury Schools, and elsewhere are witness that the needs are recognized. But more than this is wanted. Technical education must be taught everywhere and in every school.

IN Sweden they teach manual work—by the method called *slojd*—in all the elementary schools side by side with reading and writing. Girls and boys all learn it alike, with results that are truly admirable. In the State of Pennsylvania, owing to the efforts of Mr. Charles Leland, industrial art has been introduced into all the schools, so that boys and girls learn design, wood-carving, carpentry, and all kinds of useful and pretty things.

IF we are going to imitate this admirable example we must begin by making sweeping changes in our system. In the first place, we must abolish the teaching of spelling. This is, indeed, the most foolish waste of time ever devised. It has been shown by Dr. Gladstone (not W. E. G., but his cousin) that spelling takes a thousand hours from the school life of each child. Now, spelling is learned by reading, so that those who read much spell correctly; those who do not read much never learn to spell; those who never write never want to spell; nay, they soon forget how to write. I knew a man, for instance (he died the other day at sixty) who had never had occasion to write since he left school as teacher. That man had utterly forgotten how to write, and how to spell. Yet he could read as much as he wanted. Let us clear off teaching of spelling altogether and devote the spare time to design and carpentry.

ANOTHER improvement is urgently needed, but no one heedeth. It is that our boys, in whom is vested the whole power of the country, are taught nothing at all of their duties as citizens: they are not taught the constitution of the country, nor the machinery of govern-

ment, nor the municipal system, nor the action of the poor law, nor the incidence of taxes, nor the power of vestries, nor the criminal and civil law—nothing. It is not too much to say that the average Englishman is profoundly ignorant on all these things, in which he ought to be instructed from the first. Again, at the bottom of all social order is force; we may have to fight for our country, for our freedom, for our existence. Not a single school "Reader" that I have ever seen inculcates the sacred duty of fighting for the country, if needs be.

ANOTHER reform that one ardently desires is the abolition of the payment by results system. It is impossible to conceive a more mischievous plan. It forces teachers to lay stress only on the things which can be examined, especially spelling: it makes them do their work in the worst of ways, that is to say, always thinking of the money. Thus they have to regard the children as so many machines, or as so many receptacles for facts. Teaching, however, is not a mechanical trade: it is a great and wonderful art, for which some have special aptitude. Like all other arts, too, it has rules, which can be laid down. Now the most important point about every art is its adaptability to various conditions. The painter employs his skill not in drawing one tree or one flower of one shape, but all kinds of trees and all kinds of flowers. The teacher has children of every kind, as various as the flowers of the field. And he is told to treat them all in one way. We make him a hard-worked machine. Again, why should one system be adopted for the rich and another for the working classes? We do not have inspectors for Eton and Harrow: why should we have them for the Board schools? A system of general examination would quite sufficiently bring to the front the best teachers, and parents would be free to send their children to any school they preferred. Let us abolish all the inspectors and all the standards and payment by results and examine only in subjects which are useful: such as the duties of citizens, the history and constitution of the country, the extent of the empire, the meaning and value of colonies, geography, emigration, design, carpentry and so forth, with prizes and scholarships. In a word, let us give our teachers a free hand.

Now that we have a Palace Parliament, I hope that every Member, before he presumes to utter an opinion on any subject at all, will first make himself master of the History of the English Constitution. For this purpose he will find Green's *Short History of the English People* a most valuable assistance. Walter Bagehot's book on the Constitution will be found invaluable, and I hope that the Members of this Parliament will studiously avoid the more glaring faults of their brethren at Westminster, which I take to be deliberate falsehood, suppression of the truth, perversion of the truth, and false insinuation. These, I say, are the worst faults of politicians. Wordiness, ignorance of facts, obstruction, and continual talk, are minor faults—they should be punished by enforced silence.

WHAT is to be done when a man has pretended to be a clergyman and, in that pretence, has married and baptised, administered the Communion and done all these things which are supposed by some to be invalid unless done by a clergyman? First of all, a man who would so pretend is, of course, a monster of wickedness. That goes without saying. But the case has been already met by an Act of Parliament, which allows the validity of marriage under such circumstances. As for baptism, everybody knows that the captain of a ship in the Royal Navy is allowed to baptise in case the ship touches at a port where there is no clergyman. I believe he can also marry as well. The crime is very rare; partly because clergymen acquire a kind of manner and talk and a freemasonry among themselves which laymen cannot imitate, and partly, because to any person with a

grain of religion left in him, it is so great a wickedness. No one, however, could possibly pretend to be a Roman Catholic Priest, because the intricacy of the Ritual is such that it requires to be learned from very boyhood. I believe it is true that a certain very eminent English convert has never been able to learn the proper manner of conducting the Mass.

A NOTE for the Ramblers. Here is a walk that can be confidently recommended. Taking the train to Palace Gates, walk along Lordship Lane (which it is a pity to see is being built on) to Tottenham. Go and look at the good old church—alas! they have pulled the ivy from the tower, so that it now looks bare and ashamed of itself; they have fenced round the tombs with spikes, so that no one can walk among them and read the epitaphs and find out who lies buried in that parish of Quakers; and, worst of all—unpardonable sin! they keep the door of the church closed. Do not forget, O Ramblers, to get the keys and examine the interior of the beautiful church. The country people, when Tottenham was in the country, used to say that the church was built by King David. It was David, king of Scotland, not the monarch of Israel, who gave this church of Tottenham—not this building, but an older—to the Priory of the Holy Trinity, London. The room (called the Parvis) over the porch used to be the residence of some poor parishioner. The last who lived here was one Elizabeth Fleming, who died in 1794, aged 100 years. There are many fine monuments in the church. Next, walk up the High Road as far as Water Lane—why do they now call it Angel Road?—Forget not to notice on the way, the dear little almshouses by the road side, built by the bequest of Queen Elizabeth's confectioner Balthazar Sanchez. For two hundred and eighty-eight years, five poor men and five poor women have enjoyed the bounty of this good Spaniard, who came over with King Philip. If to each is assigned an average residence of ten years, there have been two hundred and forty-four in all. Why do not all rich men found almshouses?

TURNING off at Water Lane you will have a mile and a half or two miles across the broad valley of the Lea—it is just now knee-deep in mud. You strike the high road just below the old church of Chingford—what a beautiful ruin it is, and how the vicar must ecclesiastically curse those who built the hideous church higher up the road, instead of repairing the picturesque old place! Go on past the railway station, and walk right across the Forest to the High Beeches. In summer and winter alike this spot is always delightful, with its grand old trees and the look across the north-west part of the Forest, which is as truly wild and forest-like as any part of England. Strike the road to the west and follow a winding lane, which, in early summer should be full of flowers, till you come to Waltham Abbey. If you have not already seen that splendid church—or fragment of a church—you will have a treat. It is Norman, with massive pillars, a double clerestory and a very lofty roof. Only the nave remains, and there is nothing finer anywhere around London. The chancel, transepts and central tower have been destroyed. The body of King Harold lies somewhere in the churchyard. As for the story of Waltham Abbey I will tell that another time. Then cross the Lea again, go on a little beyond the station to see the beautiful old cross, now being repaired, and so back by railway. The distance of the whole walk is about sixteen miles. If it is too long take the train to Chingford and so cut off about half. I should recommend, however, that Epping and Hainault Forest should be kept until the time of the hawthorn and the wild rose. Remark, please, that there is no place in England where the wisteria flourishes more beautifully than upon the wooden houses round the north of the Forest.

EDITOR.

The Cat Show.

ON Monday last (Easter Monday) a grand Cat, Rabbit and Guinea Pig Show, held under the auspices of the Beaumont Trustees at the People's Palace, was opened to the general public, and continued open till the following Tuesday night. Much time and attention had been bestowed upon the arrangement, etc., of the living exhibits, and on the opening day a very satisfactory completeness was the result. Some very competent gentlemen had been reserved for the judging which took place in the presence of the spectators on Monday, W. J. Nicholls, Esq., pronouncing judgment upon the Short-haired Cats; P. H. Jones, Esq., on the Long-haired ditto; and W. Lumb, Esq., undertaking the Rabbit and Guinea Pig Section. For a result of their careful labours a glance at the published catalogue will suffice to content all those interested in the Show. Much of the success of this Show is due to the skill and ability of Mr. W. C. Styles and Mr. James Eley, who carried out their work in a most efficient manner.

It may be mentioned that over three hundred exhibits were sent in—some of the animals being very fine indeed. In addition to others the Beaumont Trustees offered ten special prizes of varying sums to be divided among the three classes of animals. The disinfecting arrangements were most completely carried out under the management of the Sanitas Disinfectant Company. Many thousands of persons testified to the popularity of this latest Palace exhibition.

At one end of the building an amusing, so-called "Fine Art Exhibition," admirably arranged and conducted by Mr. Arthur Were, interested a constant stream of visitors all the day, and proved indeed a thoroughly-entertaining "pennyworth." In addition to this, at three o'clock, a capital Concert was given each day in the Queen's Hall, where the band of the Scots Guards, under Mr. Edward Holland, and such favourite vocalists as Madame Reichelmann, Mr. Joseph Hay, and Signor Luige Meo, entertained a crowded audience. Another Concert was also given with, if possible, still greater success in the evening at eight o'clock.

A Tiresome Critic.—Walpole one day met Mr. Villiers at Lord Granville's, where, on the subject of Thomson's new play, he began to give the ear an account of Coriolanus, with reflections on his history. Lord Granville at last grew impatient, and said, "Well! well! it is an old story; it may not be true," and so got rid of the bore.

Kings and Princes.—The following dialogue is related of Mr. Pope and the Prince of Wales:—"Mr. Pope, you don't love princes." "Sir, I beg your pardon." "Well, you don't love kings, then!" "Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown." Was it possible to make a better answer to such simple questions?

Poor as Job.—Lady Margaret Compton said she was as poor as Job. "I wonder," said Lady Barrymore, "why people say as poor as Job, and never as rich, for in one part of his life he had great riches." "Yes," said Walpole, "Madam, but then they pronounce his name differently, and call him *Jobb*."

A Long Dinner.—Of Mr. Hay, afterwards Lord Newton, one of the judges of the Court of Session, equally remarkable as a gourmand and a lawyer, it is told that a client calling on him one day at four o'clock, and being surprised to find him at dinner, and saying to the servant that he understood five to be Mr. Hay's dinner hour, "Oh, but sir," said the man, "it is his yesterday's dinner."

Sleeping and Waking.—Lady Beaulieu was complaining of being waked by a noise in the night: her lord (an Irishman) replied: "Oh! for my part, there's no disturbing me; if they don't wake me before I go to sleep, there is no waking me afterwards."

A Feu-de-Joie.—During foggy weather, with a gleam of sunshine, on the cannon firing for George III. going to the House, somebody asked what it was for? Madame de Choiseul replied, "Apparement, c'est qu'on voit le soleil."

Good Workmanship.—A foreman, if he's got a conscience, and delights in his work, will do his business as well as if he were a partner. I wouldn't give a penny for a man as 'ud drive a nail in slack because he didn't get extra pay for it.

Charles Mathews.

LEIGH HUNT, in the quarto volume which he wrote upon *Lord Byron, and some of his Contemporaries*, gives the following sketch of Mathews, the comedian:—

"I had the pleasure of seeing him and his wife at their table; and I thought that while Time, with unusual courtesy, had spared the sweet countenance of the one, he had given more force and interest to that of the other in the very ploughing of it up. Strong lines have been cut, and the face has stood him well. I have seldom been more surprised than in coming close to Mr. Mathews on this occasion, and in seeing the bust that he has in his gallery of his friend, Mr. Liston. Some of these comic actors, like comic writers, are as unfarcial as can be imagined in their interior. The taste for humour comes to them by the force of contrast. The last time I had seen Mr. Mathews, his face appeared to me insignificant to what it was then. On the former occasion he looked like an irritable in-door pet; on the latter, he seemed to have been grappling with the world, and to have got vigour by it. His face had looked out upon the Atlantic, and said to the old waves, 'Buffet on; I have seen trouble as well as you.' The paralytic affection, or whatever it was, that twisted his mouth when young, had formerly appeared to be master of his face, and given it a character of indecision and alarm. It now seemed a minor thing; a twist in a piece of old oak.

"The reasons why Mr. Mathews' imitations are still better in private than in public are, that he is more at his ease personally, more secure of his audience ('fit though few'), and able to interest them with traits of private character, which could not be introduced on the stage. Thus, he gives to persons who he thinks will take it rightly, a picture of the manners and conversation of Sir Walter Scott, highly creditable to that celebrated person, and calculated to add regard to admiration. At Sydenham he used to give us a dialogue among the actors, each of whom found fault with another for some defect or excess of his own—Kemble objecting to stiffness, Munden to grimace, and so on. His representation of Inledon was extraordinary; his nose seemed actually to become aquiline. It is a pity I cannot put upon paper, as represented by Mr. Mathews, the singular gabblings of that actor, the lax and sailor-like twist of mind, with which everything hung upon him; and his profane pieties in quoting the Bible; for which, and swearing, he seemed to have an equal reverence.

"One morning, after stopping all night, I was getting up to breakfast, when I heard the noise of a little boy having his face washed. Our host was a merry bachelor, and to the rosiness of a priest might, for aught I knew, have added the paternity; but I had never heard of it, and still less expected to find a child in his house. More obvious and obstreperous proofs, however, of a boy with a dirty face could not have been met with. You heard the child crying and objecting; then the woman remonstrating; then the cries of the child were snubbed and swallowed up in the hard towel; and, at intervals, out came his voice bubbling and deploring, and was again swallowed up. At breakfast, the child being pitied, I ventured to speak about it, and was laughing and sympathising in perfect good faith, when Mr. Mathews came in, and I found that the little urchin was he."

A Reprieve.—After the execution of eighteen malefactors, in 1787, a woman was hawking an account of them, but called them *nineteen*. A gentleman said to her, "Why do you say *nineteen*? there were but *eighteen* hanged." She replied, "Sir, I did not know you had been reprieved."

A Dram-drinker's Motto.—Mr. Chute, a friend of Walpole's, passing by the door of Mrs. Edwards, who died of drams, he saw the motto which the undertakers had placed to her escutcheon, *Mors janua vite*; he said it ought to have been *Mors aqua vite*.

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

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

MR. ORTON BRADLEY'S Smoking Concert, held in the Ladies' Social-rooms on the 27th inst. more than exceeded the expectations of its sanguine promoter. Although it was, I believe, the original intention of Mr. Bradley to give this concert to the Choral and Orchestral Members exclusively, yet it got noised abroad that a smoker was to take place, and the result was an over-crowded room filled to obscurity with dense clouds from the fragrant weed. As I was chafed at the Dramatic Club Meeting I could not, of course, attend this gathering; but although I was not actually present I was near enough to hear the frantic but not inharmonious outbursts—being in fact, exactly beneath the room of the revels. Soft was the laughter from the nicotinic Apollos: soft and sweet was the general harmony, but softer still was the sound of the multitudinous pedal extremities as they gently came in contact with the floor. I heard all this, I say, as I sat in the room beneath—surrounded by a solemn Thespian conclave;—and I'm somewhat afraid that the hearts of the males thereof were with the merry revellers in the room above, although their voices, tongues and "business" were decidedly below.

AFTER the Meeting I ascended the stairs, but the concert had just terminated and giddy youth was streaming forth to breathe the less smoky atmosphere of Mile End. Dimly through the fragrant air could faintly be discerned the cheerful features of the jovial Mears: as their owner sat at the pianoforte plaintively pouring forth a last pot-pourri. From him I learnt that the concert had been more than successful; and that harmony, tabak, concord and café au lait had been the prevailing passions of the night. Of course, I was delighted to hear it, and expressed my regrets at my inability to attend the festive scene—at which (the aforesaid jovial) Frederic commiserated. Thus ended our Musical Director's first Smoking Concert—an occasion which will be pleasantly remembered by many: and which has afforded me at least a couple of pars.

MR. HASLUCK will hold, I believe, his Second Elocution "Open Night" to-morrow (Thursday) night. Admission, I suppose, as heretofore—by ticket. Some really good things are promised: and I hope to have a really enjoyable evening.

BEYOND mentioning the fact that the Palace Cat, Rabbit and Guinea Pig Show opened on Monday and was attended with great success, I shall reserve all particulars for our next issue; when I hope also to be able to recount the adventures of some of our Volunteering M.P.'s—the Irrepressible among others.

I AM sorry to learn that Arthur Clews, through ill-health, will have to resign all his connexions at the Palace. I hope it's not so bad as that. He says in his letter to me that he will see the Tennis Club well started before he resigns; but that he must hand over all such matters to "the other good fellows in the P." He has gone away for a short rest, I am told; and I really hope that he may gain much benefit from his recess; for we can't quite spare Clews just yet awhile.

ONE of our best known lady Members last week became ensnared in the delightful bonds of holy matrimony, and much joy reigned in the Ladies Social in consequence. I am very glad to learn that the late Miss Coker's important step in life was fully recognised by the Ladies of the Committee who, I am told, kindly presented a handsome dinner-service to their much respected Hon. Sec. Mrs. Mellish asks me to thank, in her name, those ladies who have given this practical proof of their feelings towards her. The lady and her lord have my sincerest congratulations for a long, prosperous, and happy life. Bless you, my children! [N.B.—Cake duly received; many thanks. "Sweets to the sweet—!"]

THE proposed Literary Society is after all like to become an established fact, for a meeting, with Subby in the chair, was held on Saturday last in the sanctum, and the result will be known on Saturday next, when, with Sir Edmund's permission, a general meeting will be held in the Palace. The senatorial Masters and King Rhodes have been elected as Secs. (*pro tem.*), and will, I hope, prove themselves towers of strength. Rhodes, you know, is a veritable Colossus and promises muchly.

THE careful Karet is agitating still for that Swimming Club and I hope he will succeed in the matter. Opposition Deeley, again to the front, threatens to make matters warm for the k. K. at the next Council meeting. D. will have justice e'en though the heavens fall.

PREMIER WADKIN'S reception, held last night (Tuesday), passed off with great *éclat*. I intend to devote the next issue to the details of this "at home"; and to the Cat Show, and the other Easter festivities which have disturbed the accustomed equanimity of the P.P.

VILLAINY VANQUISHED!!!

SCENE.—Outside the Sanctum. TIME.—Midnight.

HAYLOR, TAWKINS, DORETON & MEELEY, Conspirators, discovered.

Enter COODY, Chief of the Gang.

COODY. Where hast thou been, Meeley?
MEELEY. Killing time.
COODY. Haylor, where thou?
HAYLOR. That villain Sub. had "Haylor" in his notes—
And chaffed satiric'ly:
"Give o'er," quoth I;
"Aroint thee, H." the rump-fed Subby cries—!
See where he burns the foul and midnight oil
Concocting Gossip! But like a rat without a tail
I'll—have revenge ere dew!!!

[Thunder heard, off.

DORETON. I'll lend thee a hand.
HAYLOR. Thou art kind.
TAWKINS. And I another.
MEELEY. And should you ever want another—!

[They form a circle with crossed hands.

ALL. We five brothers hand in hand,
Members of the Palace band,
Thus do go about and shout.
Too severe is GOSSIP lore
Flesh and blood can't stand it more:
Cry we for the sub-Ed.'s gore—!
DORETON. Peace!—There's police about!

[They listen intently, and peer through sanctum window.

COODY. Now, might we do it pat,—now, as he's yawning,
And now we'll do't,—and so he'll go to—Hades:
And so are we r-e-v-e-n-g-e-d!
TAWKINS. My thirst for blood is Irrepressible—
I'll bayonet him! Are you all
Prepared?
ALL (in a stage whisper). We are!

[They burst through the sanctum door and stand threaten-
ingly before the SUB who regards them with scorn.

SUBBY. What want ye, varlets?
[Fixing them with his dread eye.

DORETON (melodramatically). Ber-lud, caitiff!
MEELEY (faintly). Let's Banquo him.
HAYLOR (ventriloquially). Hear, hear!
COODY (menacingly). Down with the Sub!
SUBBY (sorrowfully). And thou too, O Coody!

[The conspirators surround the SUB; but just as they
are about to assassinate him he holds up a page of
the previous week's GOSSIP—at sight of which they
become as paralysed.

SUBBY. Would ye dare attack me, villains—protected as I am with
this sacred page. [Goes to tapestry and calls.] What
ho! my guardian Archers! What ho, I say!

Enter the phistic Brothers BOWMAN, at sight of whom the would-be
assassins fall upon their knees in supplication.

SUBBY. Spare them, my Bowmen.
LES FRERES. Thy word, mon brave—!
SUBBY. And for their offence,
Immediately We do exile them hence:
We will be deaf to pleading and excuse,
Nor tears, nor prayers shall purchase Our abuse
Therefore use none. Thou, Coody, hasten hence:
There is a world beyond the Palace walls—
Go, seek it then, and hearken to Our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill!

Curtain.

ON Good Friday morning a party of nine Ramblers, under the paternal guidance of Bullock and Rout, left London Bridge station en route for a part walk to breezy Brighton. We—I say "we" because, as you shall hear, I was with them—were a most sociable party, and were, before we had journeyed ten minutes' distance, as jolly as the proverbial sandboys. We left that most conflicting and puzzling of stations amid a welcome blaze from a rather weak but friendly Sol, and when Caterham Junction was reached the weather was bright and fulsome. We were met at the station by Mr. Thomas Fisher and Sir George Leeds, and then through fresh—very fresh—fields and pastures decidedly new proceeded rightly merrily in the direction of Merstham. Mr. Fisher, an inhabitant of M., seemed to know every inch of the ground hereabouts, and being quite familiar with things bucolic, opened our Cockney eyes to many unthought-of beauties which would probably have escaped our observation. Ascending the hill like so many Excelsiors—as the facetious Bullock put it—we were immensely rewarded by a most gratifying view of the surrounding country, and then skirting a field we—having wandered (thank goodness!) from the beaten track—gained the high road again, and soon came in sight of the picturesque church of Chaldon which forcibly suggested Gray's "Elegy"—for here indeed the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

By the luckiest of chances we were enabled to inspect the interior of the peaceful edifice; pausing in some complexity before a somewhat recently discovered fresco—many centuries old—representing all sorts of grotesque and fantastic hellish tortures, with a strong moral lesson derivable therefrom. Uphill, down dale, over fence, through lane, cross mead, and by road went the Ramblers, and, on reaching another eminence, had a splendid view of the distant south downs. There lay our first resting-place, Merstham, immediately in front; to the right, the ancient village church peeping out most encouragingly from its surroundings; and to this church we made our way. Fortunately for us, Mr. Fisher is a churchwarden, and so was enabled to tell us of the many claims of his church; pointing out the simple beauties of the place in a way that showed how thoroughly he had the matter at heart. A recumbent stone figure, a fragment of the oldest London Bridge, the quaint and curious inscriptions; the beautifully-painted windows; the records of the departed kin of Lord Hylton, were severally pointed out and commented upon, and then, through the narrowest of passages and up the steepest of steps, ascended we to the antient belfry tower.

To see Bullock and De Ritter—who are both "fat and scant of breath"—ascending the narrow way, was a very curious sight to observant I; but the nimble Rout (who, like the Sub., is of the thin kind) managed to get over such difficulties with an easy and a breezy determination. We were a strange group to be in such an old-world place, standing nearly upon the heavy metallic monsters with their melodious tongues as silent as the graves in the churchyard far below; and I wish the Palace fellows could have seen us there. The calmly-collected Claridge inspecting the bells with a critical eye; the mild Mackenzie thoughtfully regarding the tenor of his position (literally so—being perched up on the bell-beam), and the hungry Sub. anxiously wondering when the long-expected lunch would be reached—and still more anxiously wondering if the old and half-rotten beams would only hold out until he had reached the loved but distant terra firma once again.

THE wish was father to the thought for the lunch was soon forthcoming, for having left the belfry far above and the edifice far behind, we made straight for Merstham proper: inspecting on our way the blacksmith's shop, and regarding Miles, the only constable (happy Merstham!) with much awe and no little curiosity.

THIS representative of Astræa (who, at that moment was, with a true catholic spirit, strictly observing Good Friday) is the joke of the village, for it is said that if a policeman is ever wanted one "has to go for Miles" before he can be discovered. (Merstham is not the only place where this phenomenal fact has been noticed, for even in London, the constable, as you know, is sometimes far, far away.) But to get to the lunch. Well, the land of promise, in the shape of Mr. Fisher's residence, was at last reached, and we were most graciously received by his good lady, who must have been greatly amused by our travel-stained and belfry-begrimed appearance. Then sat we down, and the lunch disappeared in a truly awful manner—all previous Palace-feeding records being left far away in the background. The way the sub-Editor distinguished himself in this respect was simply marvellous; but never shall I forget the manner in which Mr. Fisher's honey evaporated before the merest glance of the before-mentioned mild Mackenzie; and, indeed, the other "single gentlemen" then present. It was, as Bullock afterwards remarked, a land, indeed, o'erflowing with milk and honey.

BUT everything has an end (and so soon must this description) and everyone's respective inner man having been at last satisfied, the worthy B. arose to thank Mr. Fisher for the kindly interest he had taken in the Palace fellows, and for the true British hospitality with which, that day, he had entertained them. Subby rose to second, and, after bursting forth in his usual firework-fashion, spluttered like a damp squib and sat him down. Thanks, after all, are but words, and it would be exceedingly ungrateful on our part if we did not feel those sentiments of gratitude which we so profusely expressed. But we did feel them, and to our host and hostess went forth a cry of grateful satisfaction. *Verb. sap.* Did I go on thus enumerating every incident of this ever-memorable ramble, I should fill to overflowing the columns of the Journal. Suffice it to say, then, that, having at last quitted Merstham, our host took us to Gatton Church, remarkable for its ancient windows and rich carvings; to Gatton Hall, the seat of Lord Monson, where we had the greatest surprise of all, for we were shown a replica of the Roman Corsini Chapel, done in the richest and most extravagant fashion—impossible to describe. Bullock, like the Bohemian Girl, wanted to dream that these marble halls were his own especial dwelling-places—but it was of no use indulging in such chimeras. The place is simply magnificent, and has, I suppose, no equal in England. It would have made glad the heart of our Beaumont Sketching Halfpenny, could he have but seen the gems of Rubens, Rembrandt and Reynolds that adorned the walls.

AFTER leaving Gatton—this is my last par. on the Ramble—we made again across the fields, and then the gentle rain from heaven dropped upon the place beneath—which happened to be our im-

mediate vicinity. It did rain; and as it showed no signs of ceasing we thought it prudent to strike for a friendly railway station; and so made tracks for Redhill. Having reached this place our fidus Achates, Mr. Fisher, bade us adieu and returned to Merstham; whilst we, after refreshing and waiting for an hour or so took train to Three Bridges, where we arrived just as it was nicely dark. Striking through an unknown and "difficult county"—to quote "Ruddigore"—we at length hailed Crawley, where we put up for the night. I haven't space to tell you of the nocturnal rambles that Claridge, Rout and Patterson experienced; or of the lively hunts after that strange animal which its name harmonises with lea that they enjoyed; but I must add that this terminated (for me) one of the best and most enjoyable rambles I have ever had, and I should like to add a word in praise of the happy organisation of Bullock and Rout. I left at half-past eight the next morning for London, the rest of the party proceeding on foot to Brighton, which they safely reached, for I had a telegram at the Palace announcing their arrival. For an account of the remainder of the journey I must refer you to the Club Reports; adding, in conclusion, that Bullock might with advantage arrange a similar trip (to Brighton) when the tide of Whitsun rolls towards us.

THE Trustees of the People's Palace beg to intimate that the whole of the advertising arrangements for this Journal have been entrusted to A. P. WATT, 2, Paternoster Square, E.C., to whom all communications should be addressed.

DON'T forget the Guinea Dramatic Competition which closes on the 16th inst. No entries yet received.

THE Dramatic Club is progressing apace, and the hopeful Munro is more sanguine than ever. More anon.

A LETTER from Walter Marshall tells me that a mistake was made in a last week's GOSSIP par. which eulogized divers singists and performers at the reception tea. It appears it was Mr. Sandford who warbled "In Sheltered Vale," and Mr. Pye who obliged with the cornet solo, and not as was stated in our last issue. Am very sorry, Walter, that such a mistake should arise; but I had evidently been wrongly informed.

BILLIARD ROOM COMMITTEE.—Notice is given that those Members who have not played their third rounds in the handicap must do so on or before Saturday next, the 7th inst., and in case where only one competitor has been in attendance in the billiard room it will be a walk over for him. A committee meeting will be held on Tuesday next, the 10th inst.

AT this eleventh hour I am glad indeed to learn that the Short-hand Society is likely to be; for Stock writes me to say that at last Saturday's meeting (with Mr. J. Horton in the chair), it was decided to organize this much-needed society with Messrs. Stock, Solomons, Simpson, Swain, Skinner and Gold for various posts as officers. The Society is to meet weekly on Monday evenings, at 8 o'clock, when practice will commence from thirty words per minute. No room for more details, please, therefore, see various notice-boards.

Musical Notes.

CONCERTS.—Three very successful Concerts have to be recorded this week. On Friday and Saturday we had two of the most crowded houses that have ever been seen in the Queen's Hall. On Wednesday last the audience was somewhat fewer in number but no less appreciative of the very beautiful programme which Miss Margaret Hoare provided for us. The artistes whom she brought with her were Miss Jeanie Rosse, Mr. W. Humphreys, and Mr. John Bridson, who assisted Miss Hoare in the vocal part of the programme. The instrumentalists were Miss Kate Chaplin, violin; Miss Nellie Chaplin and Mr. Orton Bradley, pianoforte; and Mr. G. B. Gilbert, F.C.O., organ.

Good Friday's Concert was a performance of the "Messiah" by the chorus and orchestra of the Popular Musical Union, under the very accomplished guidance of Mr. W. Henry Thomas. The soloists were Madame Wilson Osman, Miss Josephine Cravino, Mr. George Cox (who by a most unfortunate mistake was called Fox on the programme), and Mr. T. Kempton. The enormous audience that assembled were most attentive, and their enthusiastic applause completely testified to the great success of the performance.

On Saturday we were visited by the West London Choral Association, who were conducted by Mr. W. Holmes, and gave us some really beautiful choral singing. They promise us another visit during the season. The soloists were Miss Damian whose lovely contralto voice created even greater enthusiasm than on the occasion of her first visit; Mr. Alfred J. Maple, baritone; and Senor Manuel Gomez, clarinet.

Society and Club Notes.

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

LADIES' SOCIAL.

The Members of the Committee are reminded that a meeting will be held on Saturday, April 7th, at 5.30 p.m. No written notices will be sent.

Concert in Social-room as usual on Monday, April 9th, at 8 o'clock.

MAUDE MELLISH, Hon. Sec.

GYMNASIUM.

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:—

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|--------------|---|
| 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.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A General Meeting in furtherance of this Club was held last Tuesday, 27th ult., in large room under Queen's Hall.

Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A., occupied the chair during the earlier part of the evening, but owing to a prior engagement, vacated it, when our worthy sub-Editor took possession of the chair.

BUSINESS.—

(1.) The names of those Members who had applied either verbally or in writing were read out, and there and then they were elected.

(2.) Rules were submitted and discussed, and duly passed.

(3.) The election of acting and stage manager were then considered. The names of Mr. Orton Bradley and Mr. Jno. R. Knight were submitted, proposed and—there being no amendment—elected, for these respective offices.

(4.) That notice of all business, etc., be inserted in *The Palace Journal* for publication.

(5.) That a meeting of Members of the club be held on Tuesday, 10th inst.—but due notice of this will be posted to Members—at which it is proposed to take subscriptions.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman, who, we may mention, *en passant*, performed his duties in a most efficient manner.

JOHN MUNRO, Sec. & Treas.,
104, Chobham Road, Stratford, E.
ARTHUR REEVE, Assist. Sec.,
252, High Street, Stratford, E.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

SITTING HELD MARCH 27TH.

Mr. W. Marshall (Speaker) in the chair.

Mr. Taylor moved and Mr. Maynard seconded "That the Premier's reception be held on April 3rd," carried unanimously.

Mr. Wadkins moved and Mr. Masters seconded "That the Trustees be asked to set aside one of the new rooms for the Meetings of the Parliament, on Tuesday evenings."

The Queen's Speech was read by the Prime Minister, Mr. Wadkin, but the Debate on it was adjourned till April 10th, in order to give Members an opportunity of reading it as published in *The Palace Journal*.

Leave was granted to Mr. Masters to introduce his Bill on the first evening set aside for Private Members' Bills.

Notices of Questions were given by Mr. Currie to the Secretary of State for War, respecting the National Defences, by Mr. Maynard to the Chief Secretary for Ireland with regard to Arrears of Rent, and by Mr. White asking for a return of the number of persons and children arrested in Ireland since the passing of the Coercion Act, and by Mr. Masters to the Chancellor of the Exchequer asking for the amount of the National Debt, and the average increase during the past five years.

Mr. Ring called attention to the proposed Summer Excursion of the Parliament, and the matter was referred to the Committee.

The adjournment of the House till April 10th was moved by Mr. Masters and carried.

J. W. NORTON, Clerk of the House.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

A General Meeting of the above will be held on Thursday evening next, in the basement of the Queen's Hall, for the purpose of electing officers, etc.

Sir Edmund Hay Currie will take the chair at 8.30 p.m. precisely. By order.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

A General Meeting will be held next Saturday evening, April 7th, at 8.30, Sir Edmund Hay Currie in the chair. Business: Formation of society, election of officers, committee, etc.

All information can be obtained of

W. KING RHODES, } Hon. Secs. (*pro. tem.*)
W. E. MASTERS, }

LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

THERE will be a General Meeting of the above club on Thursday, April 5th, at 8.30 p.m., which all Members are urgently requested to attend. The Secretary will then receive the subscriptions which should be paid on or before April 12th, by those who have given in their names, otherwise their applications will be cancelled.

A. W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec. (*pro. tem.*)

61, Tredegar Road, Bow.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

THE fourth monthly Exhibition of Sketches and Designs by Members of the above club will be held on Monday the 9th inst., in Room No. 9 of School Buildings.

All works for Exhibition must be handed in to the Secretary in the Art Class Room early in the evening and must bear the number of the Member's card in right hand top corner.

Sketches not coming under one of the heads given below will be rejected.

Figure	Wanderers.
Landscape	A Muddy Road.
Design	A Wooden Balustrade.

Still Life.

The criticism will commence at 9 p.m. It is hoped that Members will bear in mind the remarks made in the last issue of the Journal with regard to the mounting of their contributions on stiff cardboard, as much trouble and annoyance is thereby saved.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

PALACE SCHOOLS' FOOTBALL CLUB.

ON Saturday last, our return match with the Grove Hotspur came off at Wells Street Common, and resulted in a win for the School team by one goal to nil after a game of one hour and twenty minutes' duration. The "Spurs" winning the toss chose to play down the hill, and with a light wind in their favour; Griffiths started the ball which was taken quickly up the field, but badly kicked behind; the ball having been kicked off, was kept well in the "Spurs" goal, but the erratic shooting of the School forwards was painful to witness, many good chances being thrown away.

The "Spurs" now rallying, brought the ball well into our quarters and looked very dangerous, but Phillips relieved by kicking well into mid field; some good work was put in by Clement, McCardle, and Courtney, the ball just going over the tape; the game now was exceedingly slow, the ground being very heavy and running difficult. At half time the game stood no goals either side. The "Spurs" re-started the game and made an ugly rush, Baines just getting it away in time. The "Spurs" continued to press, and almost scored, the ball grazing the post, after this the Palace team played up and taking the ball into the "Spurs" quarters, scored the only goal in the match. Nothing of importance was witnessed afterwards, the game being a ding dong one, and time being called the School team were declared victors as above.

Two of our regular team failed to put in an appearance; it is very discouraging to the other members of the team, who turn up

at the appointed time and find the whole team disorganized through this neglect. It is to be hoped the culprits will bear in mind that in future, should such occur again, rule 5 will be strictly enforced.

Baines (goal); Phillips and Billington (backs); Clement, Courtney and substitute (half-backs); Wright, Elstob, Griffiths, McCardle and Burton (forwards).

Palace Schools 2nd XI. v. Rutland Street School.—Was to have been played on Saturday last at Victoria Park; seven only of our team putting in an appearance, a scratch match was played and good practice indulged in, no doubt the previous day's "bun-eating" was the cause of many of our absentees.

A. HUNT, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

At the last moment a *scratch* match was arranged for Easter Monday with the Reliance (a well-known Victoria Park Club), and resulted after a very keen game in a *tie*, each team scoring 80 runs. Our captain having won the "spin" took the advantage of putting the Palace team in first, and succeeded in knocking up a respectable score, viz., 80 runs. A Bowman and T. G. Carter showed some good batting, scoring 31 and 18 respectively, while Everston scored a useful 10; the bowling was entrusted to A. Bowman, J. Cowlin, L. M. Nathan, and Carter; the fielding was on the whole good, and, taking the play all round, the result was very creditable to the Palace men in their first match.

The play of the Reliance was very good all round. Wheatley played well for his 31 runs, though he gave one or two chances which were not accepted, the fielding was very close, and the bowling of Godwin and Wheatley was not without a little *sting*.

Intending Members are requested to send in their names as soon as possible as the trial matches come off shortly.

The secretaries will meet in the School-rooms on Friday and Monday next, at 8.30 p.m., to receive subscriptions.

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

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

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

A Committee meeting of the B.F.C. will be held this evening at 8, in the schools.

BEAUMONT v. MINERVA.—Last Friday a most pleasant game was played between these two clubs at Lea Bridge Road, when the Beaumonts were defeated by four goals to love.

BEAUMONT v. TRINITY.—Played at Victoria Park last Saturday, and resulted in a victory for the 'Monts. by three goals to nil.

During the first half, play was very even, although several good tries for goal were made by Griffett, Douglas and Cook.

On changing over, through the steady play and splendid combination on the part of the 'Mont's forwards, the ball was frequently carried near the Trinity's post. The goals were obtained by Griffett (2) and Cook (1).

The following represented the Beaumonts:—Jesseman (goal); Hart, Wenn (backs); J. Munro, Winch, Wainman (half-backs); Cook, Cooper, Griffett, Douglas, Cox (forwards).

Match next Saturday at Victoria Park (match ground 3) against the Upton Rovers. Kick off 3.30 sharp. Members of the Palace cordially invited. The team will be selected from the following:—Jesseman, Winch, Butterwick, Wainman, Wenn, Sherrell, Cooper, Cook, A. Munro, J. Munro, Griffett, Hart, Cantle, Wand.

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

W. A. CANTLE, Hon. Match Sec.

PALACE RAMBLERS.

The first tour of the above club was a decided success. Punctually at 10 o'clock on the morning of Good Friday nine Ramblers assembled at London Bridge station and proceeded by train to Caterham Junction where, according to arrangement, our party was met by J. Fisher, Esq. Little introduction was needed for us to feel thoroughly at home with this gentleman, under whose able guidance the first stage of our ramble was accomplished. From Caterham to Redhill every object of interest was pointed out to us.

The high road was soon abandoned for Farthingdown, the famous Surrey training quarters for race-horses. Two miles further through lanes and fields brought us to Chaldon, where we stayed awhile to inspect the little church, the like of which the majority of Ramblers had never before seen. A few years ago a large fresco painting was accidentally discovered on one of its walls descriptive of the torments of a place which shall be nameless. A handsome carved oak pulpit bears the inscription "Patience Lambert. 1657."

From Chaldon we were conducted to Merstham Church, of which Mr. Fisher is churchwarden, and a pleasant and instructive time was spent among the monuments to the departed and the bells in the old spire. Trooping through the model village we paid a passing visit to the excellent little Workmen's Institute. A halt was then made at the residence of Mr. Fisher, where we rambled into the quaint chimney-cornered dining room, the table of which was ornamented in a way that brought smiles to the faces of all—some in particular. Ample justice was done to the good and substantial things provided for us by our host and hostess, Mrs. Fisher, grand-daughter of the founder of the Beaumont Trust, and a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded them for their kindness and hospitality.

Leaving Merstham we crossed the fields to Gatton Church, distant about two miles, a visit full of historical interest. Almost adjoining is Gatton, the country seat of Lord Monson. After writing our names in the visitors' book we inspected the marble hall, which is circular in shape, and composed, from the floor to the dome, of polished marble, the different colours of which have a grand effect; it is, without doubt, one of the most beautiful structures in England. The picture galleries and library were next visited and proved very interesting, especially the furniture and desk of the great Napoleon.

Resuming our walk, which was somewhat marred by the rain, which had now commenced to fall, we hurried to Redhill, where our kind friend and conductor, Mr. Fisher, left us with the hope that before long we may again have the pleasure of his company. After a light repast of cold hot-cross buns we trained to Three Bridges and walked to Crawley, where lodgings were arranged for the night. The next morning, after breakfast, we bade farewell to our sub-Ed., whose duties called him back to the sanctum, and started again on what proved to be the hardest portion of our tour, although it was not without its pleasures. The long walk from Crawley to Brighton was accomplished in seven hours, including stoppages.

Needless to state a very pleasant time was spent at the Queen of watering-places, and it was voted by all a very successful outing.

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

NOTES ON CYCLING.

I have had a lovely description of budding trees, fine dry roads, genial spring weather, March dust, and another dozen or so of et ceteras bottled up for about a year. I have faithfully preserved it, with the intention of springing it upon my unsuspecting readers some time this month; but thanks to the Yankee weather purveyor, it is of no use. Here we are beyond the middle of March, yet there is nothing but snow, snow, snow. I am seriously thinking of giving up riding altogether, as "butterfly" cycling is out of the question and simply impossible just now; so unless the weather clerk can learn to behave a little better he will cause cyclodrom to lose one of its "canny-gaun" six-miles-an-hour jog-trotters.

The Post Office intends to confer a boon upon cyclists which, I am sure, they will appreciate. When on tour, or even when out for an afternoon's spin, the rider has often arrived at a place the name of which he has some difficulty in ascertaining. Village after village is passed, and the cyclist has not the slightest knowledge of his location. The usual notice, "Postal and Telegraph Office," which is hung up outside every Post Office, has no meaning for him. The name of the town is all that he requires, and that is now supplied. The cyclist travels by the chart, and is often, in his search for fresh fields and pastures new, very much out of his reckoning. He does not at times think it worth his while to dismount and ask the name of a village, labouring under the belief he is on the right road until he begins to suspect he has gone over more ground than he calculated would bring him to his destination. The Cycling Touring Club has been in correspondence with the Postmaster General, and the result is that a much-needed reform has been conceded. The general public benefit quite as much as the wheelmen, especially those who are fond of walking, and our poorer brethren whose unfortunate lot it is to travel wearily from town to town in search of employment. Even the much-reviled tramp will appreciate the change. Every cyclist has experienced great pleasure on a road where the milestones are carefully and distinctly marked, as he rubs off mile after mile towards his destination: this feeling is simply changed into delight if he is on the homeward journey after a day's hard riding. The pleasure will in future be even greater. The names of the towns and villages, and even the hamlets that boast of a Post Office, will be known to him. The names of many small villages outside London are not known to the cyclists who have frequently passed through them, especially if they are situated off the main roads. The thanks of the cycling world are due to the Postmaster-General for this the latest boon conferred on the public. It is to be hoped, however, the names of the places will be printed in bold letters, so that he that runs or rides may read.

Safeties are in very great demand. Indeed the safety seems to be all the rage just now. Ordinaries are quite out of fashion, and are a drug in the market, except racing machines.

I have often been asked what is my opinion of spoon brakes for tricycles. An expert and practised rider can ride without any brake at all, even downhill, being able to keep the machine under control by back-peddalling. To the average rider—and under this category I include the vast majority of club men, and the great unattached—a brake is a necessity, and the stronger the better. A spoon brake on hilly roads is dangerous, especially in wet or frosty weather. Then it will not grip, no matter how severe the pressure. No lady's machine should be fitted with anything but a band brake. On hills of any length the prolonged grasp of the brake handle—and the steeper the hill the harder must be the pressure—tires the hand, and dismounting has to be resorted to for relief. With well-set band brakes a slight pressure on the brake lever brings the band into action. Some band brakes lock the wheel dead if too sharply applied. Therefore, I say to the average rider, have nothing to say to tricycles with spoon brakes. Leave such to the expert and the daring, who look upon a *coup* as one of the joys of cycling.

THE STROLLER.

Stories of the Bank of England.

THE traditions of the Bank of England present rackings of human cunning, all which a little honesty might have saved. Several narratives of this class are related in Mr. Francis's popular *History of the Bank*. Such are his stories of Stolen Notes. For example, a Jew having purchased £20,000 worth of notes of a felon banker's clerk, the Jew, in six months, presented them at the Bank, and demanded payment; this was refused, as the bills had been stolen. The Jew, who was a wealthy and energetic man, then deliberately went to the Exchange, and asserted publicly that the Bank had refused to honour their own bills for £20,000; that their credit was gone; their affairs in confusion; that they had stopped payment. The Exchange wore every appearance of alarm; the Hebrew showed the notes to corroborate his assertion; he declared they had been remitted to him from Holland: his statement was believed. He then declared he would advertise the refusal of the Bank: information reached the directors, and a messenger was sent to inform the holder that he might receive the cash in exchange for the notes. The fact is, the law could not hinder the holder of the notes from interpreting the refusal that was made of payment as he pleased—for instance, as a pretext to gain time, and belief in this would have created great alarm; all which the directors foresaw—though this was at an early period, when the reputation of the company was not so firmly established as at the present time.

Of Lost Notes there are some entertaining narratives. Thus, in 1740, a bank director lost a £30,000 bank-note, which he was persuaded had fallen from the chimney-piece of his room into the fire. The Bank directors gave the loser a second bill, upon his agreement to restore the first bill should it ever be found, or to pay the money itself should it be presented by any stranger. About thirty years after this had occurred, the director having been long dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune, an unknown person presented the lost bill at the Bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which the bill was annulled; he would not listen to it; he maintained that it had come to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer; and the £30,000 were paid him. The heirs of the director would not listen to any demands of restitution, and the Bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect, having purchased the director's house, had taken it down in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the Bank.

The day on which a Forged Note was first presented at the Bank of England forms a memorable event in its history. For sixty-four years the establishment had circulated its paper with freedom; and, during this period, no attempt had been made to imitate it. He who takes the initiative in a new line of wrong-doing, has more than the simple act to answer for; and to Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linen-draper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed, and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes, the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty, and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how

much longer bank-notes might have been free from imitation, had this man not shown with what ease they might be counterfeited. Thenceforth forged notes became common.

In the latter part of the last century, and the earlier portion of the present, the cashier of the Bank was Abraham Newland, by whom all prosecutions for forgery of the notes of that establishment were instituted. Strange to say, the largest loss ever perhaps sustained by the Bank, through the dishonesty of a servant, was through Newland's nephew, Robert Astlett, a clerk in the establishment. It amounted to £320,000, which consisted in plundered Exchequer Bills, and was equal to the entire half-yearly dividend of 1803, the year in which the fraud was perpetrated. Astlett escaped through the bungling of the Bank counsel in framing the indictment against him. He was tried under the Bank Act, to make his conviction the more certain; had he been tried under the ordinary law applicable to common cases of embezzlement, he would have been convicted.

The Story of Curtius.

One of the noblest stories from ancient Roman history is that of Curtius. According to the legend, a broad gap (afterwards known as *Curtius lacus*) in the year 360 B.C. suddenly opened in the centre of the Forum. Consternation and fear seized the populace, and as was customary when anything supernatural or unusual took place, the oracles were consulted. The Romans learnt that not until the noblest or most precious thing in Rome was hurled into the yawning gulf would it be closed, and the usual serenity of the city be restored. Earthly treasures were thrown into the chasm; and still it yawned, like an open grave, in the centre of Roman life. Every day, people would go to see whether the awful abyss had closed. One morning, as turbulent as ever, the wind still howling about the awful depth below, a great crowd had assembled as usual. Unexpectedly a horseman was noticed riding at full speed towards the edge of the Forum. At length he halted and exclaimed, "Not alms, not wealth, O citizens of Rome, does Heaven claim of you this day. Not priestly treasures, nor love's gifts are the most precious things in Rome. Not valour, soldiers; nor wisdom, conscript fathers. Hear me! and let the lesson sink deep in your hearts, and become the parent of true deeds in the future. Self-sacrifice, my countrymen, is the most precious thing in Rome. To my country, and to the immortal gods, I, Mettus Curtius, offer my life this day." He wheeled his horse and rode back a short distance. Then turning, he urged his charger to its utmost speed, and, in the presence of the wondering spectators, reached the gulf, and with one last mad bound plunged to death below. The Romans stood appalled at the sight, and whilst held spell-bound, could discern that the gap was slowly closing. At length no sign of it remained, and the citizens returned to their homes, having learnt a lesson, such as would inspire them with noble thoughts.

This story from classical history should teach a lesson to modern Englishmen. It is self-sacrifice which is still needed amongst us. Thought of self-interest should be less predominant, and men should work more in harmony with, and for, others. To do our duty manfully and well may cost some sacrifices of time, money, or labour, but these should not be thought of so much as the desire to better the world, and benefit mankind.

W. H. B.

The Health of Europe.—Madame de Sevigné had a German friend, the Princess of Tarente, who was always in mourning for some sovereign prince or princess. One day, Madame de Sevigné happening to meet her in colours, made a low curtsey, and said, "Madame, je me réjouis de la santé de l'Europe."

In the Carquinez Woods.

By BRET HARTE.

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. LONGMAN, GREEN & CO.

CHAPTER VIII.—(continued.)

LET him take me away? Ah, yes. For what?"

"To save you," said Dunn. "Look here, Teresa! Without knowing it, you lifted me out of hell just now and because of the wrong I might have done her—for her sake I spare you and shirk my duty."

"For her sake!" gasped the woman, "for her sake! Oh, yes! Go on."

"Well," said Dunn gloomily, "I reckon perhaps you'd as lieve left me in hell for all the love you bear me. And maybe you've grudge enough agin me still to wish I'd found her and him together."

"You think so," she said, turning her head away.

"There, d—n it! I didn't mean to make you cry. Maybe you wouldn't then. Only tell that fellow to take you out of this, and not run away the next time he sees a man coming."

"He didn't run," said Teresa with flashing eyes. "I—I sent him away," she stammered. Then suddenly turning with fury upon him, she broke out, "Run! Run from you! Ha, ha! You said just now that I'd a grudge against you. Well, listen, Jim Dunn. I'd only to bring you in range of that young man's rifle and you'd have dropped in your tracks like—"

"Like that bar the other night," said Dunn with a short laugh. "So that was your little game?" He checked his laugh suddenly—a cloud passed over his face. "Look here, Teresa," he said with an assumption of carelessness that was as transparent as it was utterly incompatible with his frank, open selfishness, "what became of that bar? The skin—eh? that was worth something?"

"Yes," said Teresa quietly. "Low exchanged it and got a ring for me from that trader Isaacs. It was worth more, you bet. And the ring didn't fit either—"

"Yes," interrupted Dunn with an almost childish eagerness.

"And I made him take it back, and get the value in money. I hear that Isaacs sold it again and made another profit; but that's like those traders." The disingenuous candour of Teresa's manner was in exquisite contrast to Dunn. He rose and grasped her hand so heartily she was forced to turn her eyes away.

"Good-bye!" he said.

"You look tired," she murmured with a sudden gentleness that surprised him, "let me go with you a part of the way."

"It isn't safe for you just now," he said, thinking of the possible consequences of the alarm Brace had raised.

"Not the way you came," she replied; "but one known only to myself."

He hesitated only a moment. "All right, then," he said finally, "let us go at once. It's suffocating here, and I seem to feel this dead bark crinkle under my feet."

She cast a rapid glance around her, and then seemed to sound with her eyes the far-off depths of the aisles beginning to grow pale with the advancing day, but still holding a strange quiver of heat in the air. When she had finished her half-abstracted scrutiny of the distance, she cast one backward glance at her own cabin and stopped.

"Will you wait a moment for me?" she asked gently.

"Yes—but—no tricks, Teresa! It isn't worth the time."

She looked him squarely in the eyes without a word.

"Enough," he said, "go!"

She was absent for some moments. He was beginning to become uneasy when she made her appearance again, clad in her old faded black dress. Her face was very pale, and her eyes were swollen, but she placed his hand on her shoulder, and bidding him not to fear to lean upon her, for she was quite strong, led the way.

"You look more like yourself now, and yet—blast it all!—you don't neither," said Dunn, looking down upon her. "You've changed in some way. What is it? Is it on account of that Injin? Couldn't you have found a white man in his place?"

"I reckon he's neither worse nor better for that," she replied bitterly, "and perhaps he wasn't as particular in his taste as a white man might have been. But," she added with a sudden spasm of her old rage, "it's a lie; he's not an Indian; no more than I am. Not unless being born of a mother who scarcely knew him, of a father who never even saw him, and being brought up among white men, and wild beasts—less cruel then they were—could make him one!"

Dunn looked at her in surprise not unmixed with admiration. "If Nellie," he thought, "could but love me like that." But he only said:

"For all that he's an Injin. Why, look at his name, It ain't Low. It's *L'Eau Dormante*, Sleeping Water, an Injin name."

"And what does that prove?" returned Teresa. "Only that Indians clap a nickname on any stranger, white or red, who may camp with them. Why, even his own father—a white man—the wretch who begot him and abandoned him, he had an Indian name—*Loup Noir*."

"What name did you say?"

"*Le Loup Noir*, the Black Wolf. I suppose you'd call him an Indian too? Eh! What's the matter? We're walking too fast. Stop a moment and rest. There—there lean on me!"

She was none too soon; for, after holding him upright a moment, his limbs failed, and stooping gently she was obliged to support him half reclining against a tree.

"It's the heat!" he said. "Give me some whisky from my flask, never mind the water," he added faintly, with a forced laugh, after he had taken a draught at the strong spirit; "tell me more about the other water—the Sleeping Water—you know. How do you know all this about him and his—father?"

"Partly from him and partly from Curson, who wrote me about him," she answered with some hesitation.

But Dunn did not seem to notice this incongruity of correspondence with a former lover. "And he told you?"

"Yes, and I saw the name on an old memorandum-book he has, which he says belonged to his father. It's full of old accounts of some trading post on the frontier. It's been missing for a day or two, but it will turn up. But I can swear I saw it."

Dunn attempted to rise to his feet. "Put your hand in my pocket," he said in a hurried whisper. "No, there!—bring out a book. There, I haven't looked at it yet. Is that it?" he added, handing her the book Brace had given him a few hours before.

"Yes," said Teresa in surprise. "Where did you find it?"

"Never mind! now let me see it, quick. Open it for my sight is failing. There—thank you—that's all!"

"Take more whisky," said Teresa with a strange anxiety creeping over her. "You are faint again."

"Wait! Listen, Teresa—lower—put your ear lower. Listen! I came near killing that chap Low to-day. Wouldn't it have been ridiculous?"

He tried to smile, but his head fell back. He had fainted.

CHAPTER IX.

FOR the first time in her life Teresa lost her presence of mind in an emergency. She could only sit staring at the helpless man, scarcely conscious of his condition, her mind filled with a sudden prophetic intuition of the significance of his last words. In the light of that new revelation she looked into his pale haggard face for some resemblance to Low, but in vain. Yet her swift feminine instinct met the objection. "It's the mother's blood that would show," she murmured, "not this man's."

Recovering herself, she began to chafe his hands and temples and moistened his lips with the spirit. When his respiration returned with a faint colour to his cheeks, she pressed his hand eagerly and leaned over him.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Of what?" he whispered faintly.

"That Low is really your son?"

"Who said so?" he asked, opening his round eyes upon her.

"You did yourself a moment ago," she said quickly.

"Don't you remember?"

"Did I?"

"You did. Is it not so?"

He smiled faintly. "I reckon."

She held her breath in expectation. But only the ludicrousness of the discovery seemed paramount to his weakened faculties. "Isn't it just about the ridiculousness of this thing all round?" he said with a feeble chuckle. "First you nearly kill me before you know I am Low's father. Then I'm just spoilin' to kill him before I know he's my son; then that god-forsaken fool Jack Brace mistakes you for Nellie, and Nellie for you. Ain't it just the biggest thing for the boys to get hold of? But we must keep it dark until after I marry Nellie, don't you see. Then we'll have a good time all round, and I'll stand the drinks. Think of it, Teresa! You don't no me, I do' no you, nobody knowsh anybody elsh. I try kill Lo'. Lo' wants kill Nellie. No thash no ri'," but the potent liquor, overtaking his exhausted senses, thickened, impeded, and at last stopped his speech. His head slipped to her shoulder and he became once more unconscious.

Teresa breathed again. In that brief moment she had abandoned herself to a wild inspiration of hope which she could scarcely define. Not that it was entirely a wild inspiration; she tried to reason calmly. What if she revealed the truth to him? What if she told the wretched man before her that she had deceived him—that she had overheard his conversation with Brace—that she had stolen Brace's horse to bring Low warning—that, failing to find Low in his accustomed haunts or at the camp-fire, she had left a note for him pinned to the herbarium, imploring him to fly with his companion from the danger that was coming, and that remaining on watch she had seen them both—Brace and Dunn—approaching, and had prepared to meet them at the cabin? Would this miserable and maddened man understand her self-abnegation? would he forgive Low and Nellie?—she did not ask for herself. Or would the revelation turn his brain, if it did not kill him outright? She looked at the sunken orbits of his eyes and hectic flush on his cheek, and shuddered.

Why was this added to the agony she already suffered? She had been willing to stand between them with her life, her liberty, and even—the hot blood dyed her cheek at the thought—with the added shame of being thought the cast-off mistress of that man's son. Yet all this she had taken upon herself in expiation of something—she knew not clearly what; no, for nothing—only for *him*. And yet this very situation offered her

that gleam of hope which had thrilled her; a hope so wild in its improbability, so degrading in its possibility, that at first she knew not whether despair was not preferable to its shame. And yet was it unreasonable? She was no longer passionate; she would be calm and think it out fairly.

She would go to Low at once. She would find him somewhere; and even if with that girl, what mattered? and she would tell him all. When he knew that the life and death of his father lay in the scale, would he let his brief foolish passion for Nellie stand in the way? Even if he were not influenced by filial affection or mere compassion, would his pride let him stoop to a rivalry with the man who had deserted his youth? Could he take Dunn's promised bride, who must have coquetted with him to have brought him to this miserable plight? Was this like the calm proud young god she knew? Yet she had an uneasy instinct that calm proud young gods and goddesses did things like this, and felt the weakness of her reasoning flush her own conscious cheek.

"Teresa!"

She started. Dunn was awake, and was gazing at her curiously.

"I was reckoning it was the only square thing for Low to stop this promiscuous pic-nickering here and marry you out and out."

"Marry me!" said Teresa in a voice that with all her efforts she could not make cynical.

"Yes," he repeated, "after I've married Nellie; tote you down to San Angeles, and there take my name like a man, and give it to you. Nobody'll ask after Teresa, sure—you bet your life. And if they do, and he can't stop their jaw, just you call on the old man. It's mighty queer, ain't it, Teresa, to think of your being my daughter-in-law?"

It seemed here as if he was about to lapse again into unconsciousness over the purely ludicrous aspect of the subject, but he haply recovered his seriousness. "He'll have as much money from me as he wants to go into business with. What's his line of business, Teresa?" asked this prospective father-in-law in a large liberal way.

"He is a botanist!" said Teresa with a sudden childish animation that seemed to keep up the grim humour of the paternal suggestion, "and oh! he is too poor to buy books. I sent for one or two for him myself the other day"—she hesitated—"it was all the money I had, but it wasn't enough for him to go on with his studies."

Dunn looked at her sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, and became thoughtful. "Curson must have been a d—d fool," he said finally.

Teresa remained silent. She was beginning to be impatient and uneasy, fearing some mischance that might delay her dreaded yet longed-for meeting with Low. Yet she could not leave this sick and exhausted man, *his father*, now bound to her by more than mere humanity.

"Couldn't you manage," she said gently, "to lean on me a few steps further until I could bring you to a cooler spot and nearer assistance?"

He nodded. She lifted him almost like a child to his feet. A spasm of pain passed over his face. "How far is it?" he asked.

"Not more than ten minutes," she replied.

"I can make a spurt for that time," he said coolly, and began to walk slowly but steadily on. Only his face, which was white and set, and the convulsive grip of his hand on her arm betrayed the effort. At the end of ten minutes she stopped. They stood before the splintered, lightning-scarred shaft in the opening of the woods where Low had built her first camp-fire. She carefully picked up the herbarium, but her quick eye had already detected in the distance, before she had allowed Dunn to enter the opening with her, that her note was gone. Low had been there before them; he

had been warned, as his absence from the cabin showed; he would not return there. They were free from interruption—but where had he gone?

The sick man drew a long breath of relief as she seated him in the clover-grown hollow where she had slept the second night of her stay. "It's cooler than those cursed woods," he said. "I suppose it's because it's a little like a grave. What are you going to do now?" he added, as she brought a cup of water and placed it at his side.

"I am going to leave you here for a little while," she said cheerfully, but with a pale face and nervous hands. "I'm going to leave you while I seek Low."

The sick man raised his head. "I'm good for a spurt, Teresa, like that I've just got through, but I don't think I'm up to a family party. Couldn't you issue cards later on?"

"You don't understand," she said. "I'm going to get Low to send some one of your friends to you here. I don't think he'll begrudge leaving *her* a moment for that," she added to herself bitterly.

"What's that your saying?" he queried with the nervous quickness of an invalid.

"Nothing—but that I'm going now." She turned her face aside to hide her moistened eyes. "Wish me good luck, won't you?" she asked half sadly, half pettishly.

"Come here!"

She came and bent over him. He suddenly raised his hands, and, drawing her face down to his own, kissed her forehead.

"Give that to *him*," he whispered, "from *me*."

She turned and fled, happily for her sentiment, not hearing the feeble laugh that followed, as Dunn, in sheer imbecility, again referred to the extravagant ludicrousness of the situation. "It is about the biggest thing in the way of a sell all round," he repeated, lying on his back, confidentially to the speck of smoke-obscured sky above him. He pictured himself repeating it, not to Nellie—her severe propriety might at last overlook the fact, but not tolerate the joke—but to her father! It would be just one of those characteristic Californian jokes Father Wynne would admire.

To his exhaustion fever presently succeeded, and he began to grow restless. The heat too seemed to invade his retreat, and from time to time the little patch of blue sky was totally obscured by clouds of smoke. He amused himself with watching a lizard who was investigating a folded piece of paper whose elasticity gave the little creature lively apprehensions of its vitality. At last he could stand the stillness of his retreat and his supine position no longer, and rolled himself out of the bed of leaves that Teresa had so carefully prepared for him. He rose to his feet stiff and sore, and supporting himself by the nearest tree, moved a few steps from the dead ashes of the camp-fire. The movements frightened the lizard, who abandoned the paper and fled. With a satirical recollection of Brace and his "ridiculous" discovery through the medium of this animal, he stooped and picked up the paper. "Like as not," he said to himself with grim irony, "these yer lizards are in the discovery business. P'raps this may lead to another mystery," and he began to unfold the paper with a smile. But the smile ceased as his eye suddenly caught his own name.

A dozen lines were written in pencil on what seemed to be a blank leaf originally torn from some book. He trembled so that he was obliged to sit down to read these words:

"When you get this keep away from the woods. Dunn and another man are in deadly pursuit of you and your companion. I overheard their plans to surprise you in our cabin. *Don't go there*, and I will delay them and put them off the scent. Don't mind me. God bless you, and if you never see me again, think sometimes of . . .

"TERESA."

His trembling ceased; he did not start, but rose in an abstracted way, and made a few deliberate steps in the direction Teresa had gone. Even then he was so confused that he was obliged to refer to the paper again, but with so little effect that he could only repeat the last words, "think sometimes of Teresa." He was conscious that this was not all; he had a full conviction of being deceived, and knew that he held the proof in his hand, but he could not formulate it beyond that sentence. "Teresa"—yes, he would think of her. She would explain it. And here she was returning.

In that brief interval her face and manner had again changed. She was pale and quite breathless. She cast a swift glance at Dunn and the paper mechanically held out, walked up to him and tore it from his hand.

"Well," she said hoarsely, "what are you going to do about it?"

He attempted to speak, but his voice failed him. Even then he was conscious that if he had spoken he would have only repeated, "think sometimes of Teresa." He looked longingly but helplessly at the spot where she had thrown the paper, as if it had contained his unuttered words.

"Yes," she went on to herself, as if he was a mute, indifferent spectator; "yes, they're gone. That ends it all. The game's played out. Well!" suddenly turning round upon him, "now you know it all. Your Nellie was here with him, and is with him now. Do you hear? Make the most of it; you've lost them—but here I am."

"Yes," he said eagerly, "yes, Teresa."

She stopped, stared at him, then taking him by the hand led him like a child back to his couch. "Well," she said, in half-savage explanation, "I told you the truth when I said the girl wasn't at the cabin last night, and that I didn't know her. What are you glowerin' at? No! I haven't lied to you, I swear to God, except in one thing. Do you know what that was? To save him I took upon me a shame I don't deserve. I let you think I was his mistress. You think so now, don't you? Well, before God to-day—and He may take me when He likes—I'm no more to him than a sister! I reckon your Nellie can't say as much."

She turned away, and with the quick, impatient stride of some caged animal, made the narrow circuit of the opening, stopping a moment mechanically before the sick man, and again, without looking at him, continuing her monotonous round. The heat had become excessive, but she held her shawl with both hands drawn tightly over her shoulders. Suddenly a wood-duck darted out of the covert blindly into the opening, struck against the blasted trunk, fell half-stunned near her feet, and then recovering fluttered away. She had scarcely completed another circuit before the irruption was followed by a whirring bevy of quail, a flight of jays, and a sudden tumult of wings swept through the wood like a tornado. She turned inquiringly to Dunn who had risen to his feet, but the next moment she caught convulsively at his wrist; a wolf had just dashed through the underbrush not a dozen yards away, and on either side of them they could hear the scamper and rustle of hurrying feet like the outburst of a summer shower. A cold wind arose from the opposite direction as if to contest this wild exodus, but it was followed by a blast of sickening heat. Teresa sank at Dunn's feet in an agony of terror.

"Don't let them touch me!" she gasped; "keep them off! Tell me for God's sake, what has happened!"

He laid his hand firmly on her arm and lifted her in his turn to her feet like a child. In that supreme moment of physical danger, his strength, reason, and manhood returned in their plenitude of power. He pointed coolly to the trail she had quitted, and said:

"The Carquinez Woods are on fire!"

(To be continued.)

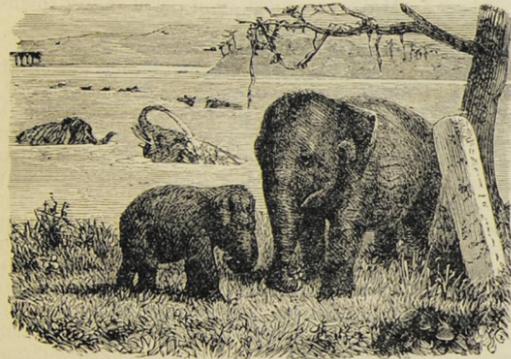
Big Game.

From "THE TROPICAL WORLD."

By DR. G. HARTWIG.

No. I.—THE ELEPHANT.

OF a mild and peaceful disposition, the image of strength tempered by good nature, the Elephant loves the shady forest and the secluded lake. Disliking the glare of the midday sun, he spends the day in the thickest woods, devoting the night to excursions and to the luxury of the bath, his great and innocent delight. Though the earth trembles under his strides, yet, like the whale, he is timid; but this timidity is accounted for by his small range of vision. Anything unusual strikes him with terror, and the most trivial objects and incidents, from being imperfectly discerned, excite his suspicions. To this peculiarity an English officer, chased and seized by an elephant which he had slightly wounded, owed his almost miraculous escape. The animal had already raised its fore-foot to trample him to death, when, its forehead being caught at the instant by the tendrils of a climbing plant which had suspended itself from the branches above, it suddenly turned and fled.* An instinctive consciousness that his superior bulk exposes him to danger from sources



that might be harmless in the case of lighter animals, is probably the reason why the elephant displays a remarkable reluctance to face the slightest artificial obstruction on his passage. Even when enraged by a wound, he will hesitate to charge his assailant across an intervening hedge, suspecting it may conceal a snare. Unlike the horse, he never gets accustomed to the report of fire-arms, and thus no longer plays an active part in battle as in the times of Pyrrhus and Hannibal, but serves in a modern campaign merely as a common beast of burden, or for the transport of heavy artillery.

Dr. Livingstone gives us many interesting accounts of South African elephant-hunting. The Banijai on the south bank of the Zambesi erect stages on high trees overhanging the paths by which the elephants come, and then use a heavy spear four or five feet long. When the unfortunate animal comes beneath, they throw this formidable weapon, and if it enters between the ribs above, as the blade is at least twenty inches long by two broad, the motion of the handle, as it is aided by knocking against the trees, makes frightful gashes within, and soon causes death. They kill them also by means of a spear inserted in a beam of wood, which being suspended on the branch of a tree by a cord attached to a latch, fastened in the path and intended to be struck by the animal's foot, leads to the fall of the beam, and the spear being poisoned, causes death in a few hours.

* Sir James Emerson Tennent: "Ceylon," vol. ii. p. 288. Fourth edition.

On the sloping banks of the Zouga the Bayeiye dig deep pitfalls to entrap the animals as they come to drink, but though these traps are constructed with the greatest ingenuity, old elephants have been known to precede the herd and whisk off their coverings all the way down to the water, or, giving proof of a still more astonishing sagacity, to have actually lifted the young out of the pits into which they had stumbled.

The Bushmen select full-moon nights for the chase, on account of the coolness, and choose the moment succeeding a charge, when the elephant is out of breath, to run in and give him a stab with their long-bladed spears. The huge creature is often bristling with missile weapons like a porcupine, and though singly none of the wounds may be mortal, yet their number overpowers him by loss of blood.

In the Lake districts discovered by Captain Burton the elephant is hunted in a somewhat similar manner. A tusker having been artfully separated from the herd without exciting suspicion, the hunting party, consisting of from fifteen to twenty individuals, close in a deadly circle round the victim. The headman, then rising with a shout, hurls the first spear, and his example is followed by the rest. The weapons are not poisoned—they are fatal by a succession of small wounds. The baited beast rarely breaks, as might be expected, through the frail circle of assailants; its proverbial obstinacy is excited, it charges one man, who slips away, when another with a scream thrusts the long stiff spear into its hind-quarters, which makes it change its intention and turn fiercely from the fugitive to the fresh assailant. This continues till the elephant, losing breath and heart, attempts to escape; its enemies then redouble their efforts, and at length the huge prey, overpowered by pain and loss of blood, trickling from a hundred wounds, bites the dust. The victors, after certain preliminaries of singing and dancing, carefully cut out the tusks, and devour the rich marrow upon the spot. The chase concludes with a grand feast of fat and garbage, and the hunters return home in triumph, laden with ivory, with ovals of hide for shields, and with festoons of raw meat spitted upon long poles.

Even the most experienced hunters have many dangers to encounter while facing their gigantic adversary. Thus, on the banks of the Zouga, Mr. Oswell had one of the most extraordinary escapes from a wounded elephant perhaps ever recorded in the annals of the chase. Pursuing the brute into the dense thorny bushes met with on the margin of that river, and to which the elephant usually flees for safety, he followed it through a narrow pathway by lifting up some of the branches and forcing his way through the rest; but when he had just got over this difficulty, he saw the elephant, whose tail he had but got glimpses of before, now rushing full speed towards him. There was then no time to lift up branches, so he tried to force his horse through them. He could not effect a passage, and as there was but an instant between the attempt and failure, the hunter tried to dismount, but in doing this one foot was caught by a branch, and the spur drawn along the animal's flank; this made him spring away, and throw the rider on the ground with his face to the elephant, which, being in full chase, still went on. Mr. Oswell saw the huge fore-foot about to descend on his legs, parted them, and drew in his breath, as if to resist the pressure of the other foot, which he expected would next descend on his body. His relief may be imagined, when he saw the whole length of the under part of the enormous brute pass over him, leaving him perfectly unhurt.

A Chairman's Impudence.—Mrs. Herbert, the bed-chamber-woman in the household of Queen Charlotte, going in a hackney-chair, the chairmen were excessively drunk, and after tossing her and jolting her about for some minutes, set the chair down; and the foreman, lifting up the top, said, "Madam, you are so drunk, that if you do not sit still it will be impossible to carry you."

The Penalties of Avarice.

POSSESSION naturally brings apprehension as to the power of retaining it. There were periods in the career of Rothschild, the millionaire, when his gigantic capital seemed likely to be scattered to the four quarters of the globe. He had also other sources of apprehension. Threats of murder were not unfrequent. On one occasion he was waited on by a stranger, who informed him that a plot had been formed to take his life; that the loans which he had made Austria, and his connection with Governments adverse to the liberties of Europe, marked him for assassination; and that the mode by which he was to lose his life was arranged. But though Rothschild smiled outwardly at those and similar threats, they said, who knew him best, that his mind was always troubled by these remembrances, and that they haunted him at moments when he would willingly have forgotten them. Occasionally his fears took a ludicrous form. Two tall moustachioed men were once shown into his counting-house. Mr. Rothschild bowed; the visitors bowed; and their hands wandered first in one pocket and then in another. To the anxious eye of the millionaire, they assumed the form of persons searching for deadly weapons. No time seemed allowed for thought; a ledger, without a moment's warning, was hurled at the intruders; and in a paroxysm of fear he called for assistance to drive out two customers, who were only feeling in their pockets for letters of introduction. There is no doubt that he dreaded assassination greatly.

"You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild," said a gentleman who was sharing the hospitality of his splendid home, as he glanced at the superb apartments of the mansion.

"Happy—I happy!" was the reply. "What, happy, when just as you are going to dine, you have a letter placed in your hand, saying, 'If you do not send £500, I will blow your brains out'?" Happy—I happy!"

And the fact that he frequently slept with loaded pistols by his side is an indirect evidence of a constant excitement on the subject.*

The late Nathan Meyer Rothschild was the most famous foreign exchange broker in London. "He never hesitated for a moment in fixing a rate, either as a drawer or purchaser of a foreign bill of exchange on any part of the world; and his memory was so retentive that, notwithstanding the multifarious transactions in which he was engaged on every foreign post-day on the Royal Exchange, he never took a note of them; but on his return to his office could dictate to his clerks the whole of the bargains he had made, with the various rates of exchange, and the names of the several parties with whom he had dealt, with the most perfect exactness." Nevertheless, this Hebrew Mammon could scarcely write his own name; and was, moreover, a man of the coarsest habits in general society.

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).

SKETCHING CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me, through the medium of the Journal, to offer a suggestion for the consideration of the Sketching Club, as I have heard that the male Members' social rooms are to have pictures, etc., in them. I thought that it would be nice if the Members of the above Club would each contribute a sketch, framed or otherwise, so as to try and help decorate the rooms ourselves, and make the Palace as essentially ours as possible. Of course we know that the M.P.'s (Members of the Palace) would not expect Turners or Raphaels, but the sketches thus contributed would be most undoubtedly an acquisition, and we should be, in a certain degree, independent of outside help.

Hoping you will insert this letter in your next issue, I remain, yours truly,

SUGGESTITIO.

* Characters of the Stock Exchange.

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 21.

CLASS A.

The mighty dead have not come in for so much recognition as might have been expected in the Dramatic Authors' Competition. Three of the first six, it is true, have joined the majority, but one of these belongs essentially to our own day, and between Shakespeare and Sheridan, the other two, there elapsed a sufficiently long interval. It was a little disappointing to find how rarely on the lists sent in there occurred the names of any of the other Elizabethan giants. Without particularising, I venture to submit that some of the playwrights in the first six are not worthy to black the boots of some of those who were barely mentioned. Possibly Competitors are not acquainted with the works of the dramatists referred to, and in that case, of course, they were right in preferring those whose plays they know; but it is worth noting that, under the title of the "Mermaid Series," there is now appearing in monthly volumes a very excellent and cheap series of the most representative works of the Elizabethan and Restoration dramatists. They are all capital reading, and probably no one who loves our English literature would regret the money spent in acquiring them. And now for the list, which came out as follows:—

Shakespeare	64
G. R. Sims	58
R. B. Sheridan	57
H. J. Byron	32
A. W. Pinero	26
S. Grundy	24

Others who were close up were

O. Goldsmith	23
Bulwer Lytton	22
H. Pettitt	20
Ben Jonson	20
W. S. Gilbert	20

One Competitor only sent in a list corresponding to that of the first six, and he therefore wins the prize, his name and address being

A. T. PARSONS,
44, Exmouth Street, E.

CLASS B.

The task of transposing four lines from Gray's Elegy so as to make a sense totally different from that of the original, proved, I regret to say, too much for Competitors. Out of not one of the fifteen versions received could I make the slightest shadow of meaning, and in the circumstances I am most reluctantly compelled to withhold the prize.

CLASS C.

All the essays received in this Competition were good, and the writers are to be congratulated on their treatment of the subject. I have decided to divide the prize between two essays written from very different points of view, the authors being

KATE TRANTER,
2, Waterloo Road, Bishop's Road,
Victoria Park,

and

MARY TANNER,
School House, Park Street,
Globe Road, E.

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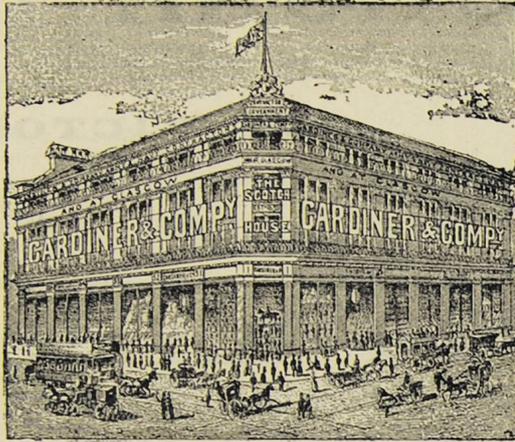
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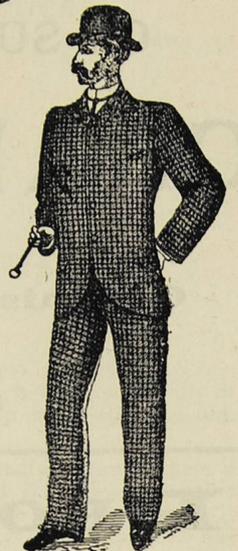
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