

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY.]

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## Notes of the Week.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to an evening paper, gives an amusing account of the art criticism he heard at the recent Art Exhibition held in Whitechapel. "Two men examining 'Portia,' by Millais: 'Now, I wonder what she's got up like that for, just like a female Mephistopheles,' one exclaims. 'Why, she pretended to be a lawyer, and took the judges and the court in. They thought she was a man.' 'Well, she wouldn't take me in, I know; and I'd like her all the better if she didn't squint.' But the smartest remark of all was made by a boy, of a very precocious turn, before a picture named 'Cornered without a License.' His companion commented disparagingly upon the direction of the sportsman's glance. 'Why is he looking at the sky instead of at the other fellow?' 'Of course, he's trying to think of a false address,' answered the small boy promptly."

THE Bismarck crisis is apparently over for the present, although the result of the long interview between him and the Empress Victoria has not been made known. One would like to have heard the dramatic dialogue between the two able diplomatists, each bent on having his and her own way. It is highly probable, however, that the marriage between Prince Alexander and Princess Victoria is only postponed—as the very likely event which will make this latter princess a sister instead of a daughter of the Emperor of Germany, would alter the significance of the marriage. Those who want to know something more about the "Iron Chancellor" should read the capital "Life of Prince Bismarck" that has lately been purchased for the Library.

YOUNG men of humble means, who aspire to go into Parliament some day, will have noted with satisfaction that the Northumberland miners last week unanimously resolved to continue paying their two representatives, Messrs. Burt and Fenwick. A contrary decision would certainly have discouraged working men from entering Parliamentary life.

IN his evidence before the Lords' Committee on the Sweating System, Mr. Arnold White gives a terrible picture of the waste of life and labour that is going on in the midst of us in East London. The sweater himself is invariably a foreigner without capital or skill; and sweating prevails mainly in the boot trade, but also in tailoring and shirt-making, and in a lesser degree in cabinet-making and upholstery. The sweating system in the boot trade was introduced in consequence of the use of machinery and the immense influx of foreign paupers in 1880. The victims work eighteen hours a day for four-and-a-half days in the

## Shadows Before THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.  
CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run to Woodford.
- FRIDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.  
DRAMATIC CLUB.—General Meeting at 8 o'clock.  
LITERARY SOCIETY.—General Meeting at 7.45.  
CYCLING CLUB.—General Meeting at 8 o'clock.
- SATURDAY.—LIBRARY closed at 12 o'clock.  
CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT in Queen's Hall at 2.30 o'clock.  
RAMBLERS.—Ramble to Barking-side from Leyton.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL at 12.30. LIBRARY open from 3 till 10.
- MONDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.  
SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Meeting at 8 o'clock.
- TUESDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
- WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5.  
USUAL CONCERT (Queen's Hall) at 8 o'clock.

## Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, APRIL 22nd, at 12.30 p.m.

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST ... .. MR. GEORGE J. RAYNER  
(Victoria Park Congregational Tabernacle.)

1. Roman March .. .. . *Scotson Clark.*
2. Aria "He shall feed His Flock" (Messiah) .. .. . *Handel.*
3. March of the Jewish Warriors .. .. . *Geo. Shinn.*
4. Aria "O Rest in the Lord" (Elijah) .. .. . *Mendelssohn.*
5. Offertoire in F .. .. . *H. Parker.*
6. Andante in C (for soft stops) .. .. . *Leiderwitz.*
7. Solo and Chorus "To Thee, Great Lord" .. .. . *Rossini.*
8. Aria "Cujus Animam" (Stabat Mater) .. .. . *Rossini.*
9. March of the Priests (Athalie) .. .. . *Mendelssohn.*

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

week as long as the work lasts. They could not make a living on twelve hours work a day. The work is atrociously bad, and is sent chiefly to the colonies; and Mr. White produced a pair of women's half-cloth elastic-side boots, made by the sweaters, with paper inserted between the soles and uppers.

SWEATERS' boots sent out to the Kaffirs melted with the first shower of rain, and after once wearing them the Kaffirs never went near the boots again. The men, said Mr. White, knew no amusement, had no pleasure in the past, no hope in the future; they were old men at forty. He strongly recommended that pauper immigration should be stopped; and if it is true that these wretched creatures are induced to come to London in the idea that the streets are paved with gold there would only be mercy in the prohibition.

A NEW invention is reported from America, which is believed will entirely supersede the telephone. By means of this instrument, called a telautograph, a person may sit down in his office, take a pencil in his hand, write a message, and as the pencil moves a pencil in his correspondent's office will move simultaneously, and form the same letters and words in the same way. What is written in one place is instantly reproduced elsewhere. Any language may be employed: the writer may use shorthand, and in every case a fac-simile is reproduced. The two pencils move synchronously, and it is stated to be just as easy to work a circuit of 500 miles as one of 10 miles. Its advantage over the telephone is that it is noiseless, less affected by induction, and that no misunderstanding can result. The mode of working the instrument is as follows: when one person wishes to communicate with another by the telautograph he pushes a button which rings an annunciator at the exchange, or in the office of the person with whom he wishes to hold intercourse. Then the first party takes his pencil from its holder and writes his message upon a roll of paper. As he writes so writes the pencil at the other end of the wire.

ONE of the most dangerous snakes of South Africa, writes a correspondent to the *Field*, is the *spung-slang*, or the spitting-snake, which has the power of ejecting its poison as through a squirt. Its length is about 6 feet, and when angry it is extremely ferocious. He then continues: "a colonist whom I knew, a man of keen observation, told me that, having heard many marvellous tales in connection with this peculiar power, he resolved to avail himself at the first opportunity of proving their correctness or otherwise. When riding along the public road one day, he was challenged by one of these reptiles, which raised its head several inches in a defiant manner above the low bush that it occupied. The narrator at once seized the opportunity, and having a companion with him, it was arranged that one should look the creature full in the face, whilst the other irritated it by throwing stones into the bush wherein it lay. This so exasperated the creature, that the moment it caught sight of my informant it let fly a charge of poison, evidently aiming at the eye of its human antagonist, with the liquid of which the poison is said to infuse itself, causing death. In this instance, however, the poison, happily, did not enter the eye owing, perhaps, to the distance (eight or ten yards); it only lodged upon the cheek bone and being immediately wiped off, did no injury. It is indolent in its habits and may be often heard to snore loudly at noon-day."

THE London Hospital is this week making its quinquennial appeal for funds; and the following interesting facts are taken from the *Hospital*:—During the single year, 1887, over one hundred and four thousand patients attended—more than two thousand a week, or excluding Sundays, over three hundred a day. The working men of East London themselves

contribute more than £2,000 a year by one fund alone, "The People's Fund." A feature worthy of special notice is the existence within its walls of a separate department for members of the Jewish faith. Although the Hospital appears to be most economically managed the necessary outlay is over £50,000 per annum—the assured income being £16,480. It is to be hoped that before long there will be a "People's Palace Box," into which every Member will feel it his duty to put something; meanwhile every East Londoner should aid, no matter in how small a degree, this Hospital which has such strong claims on him.

CRICKETERS will be interested in hearing the views of Mr. Spofforth, the great Australian bowler, who has been interviewed, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, by a Melbourne reporter on the subject of the new Australian eleven: "The eleven is a fair one and good enough for the counties, but when they come to meet an English eleven they will not be in it. We are better bowlers. They are better batsmen. I can tell you we have learned a lot from them. They play with a finish and a style that we do not see much of in Australia, unless, indeed, Murdoch is an example. If they get set you have got to bowl them out. They never get themselves out or give a chance, but go on for hours with as fine an exhibition of cricket as you could ever wish to see."

LITERATURE and education have sustained a severe loss in the death of Matthew Arnold this week. As a scholar, critic, poet and essayist he held a unique place among men of letters of his day. In his prose writings Mr. Arnold assiduously preached the gospel of "Sweetness and Light." Above all, to hard money-getting Englishmen, he insisted on the necessity of culture—that is, sweetness and grace and calmness; and a high ideal in art, morals and letters. Whether his prose writings will live or not is a question of time; but it is certain that the world will not willingly let die his poetry, much of which is exquisitely beautiful. Many of his sonnets are masterpieces of faultless form, and his fine poem, "Empedocles on Etna," contains some of the loveliest lyrics to be found in the English language. It is instructive to remember that nearly all his life Mr. Arnold was a Government official; and that, side by side with his literary work, he has rendered great service to the cause of popular education.

**Incurable Gamblers.**—The Salon des Etrangers in Paris was, after the Restoration, a rendezvous for confirmed gamblers. It was conducted by the Marquis de Livry; he presented an extraordinary likeness to the Prince Regent of England, "who," says Captain Gronow, "actually sent Lord Fife over to Paris to ascertain this momentous fact." The play in these saloons was frequently of the most reckless character. The Captain tells us that "The Hon. George T—, who used to arrive from London with a considerable letter of credit expressly to try his luck at the Salon des Etrangers, at length contrived to lose his last shilling at *rouge et noir*. When he had lost everything he possessed in the world, he got up and exclaimed in an excited manner, 'If I had Canova's Venus and Adonis from Alton Towers, my uncle's country-seat, it should be placed on the *rouge*, for black has won fourteen times running.' But, perhaps, the most incurable gambler amongst the English was Lord Thanet, whose income was not less than £50,000 a year, every farthing of which he lost at play. When the gaming-tables were closed, he invited those who remained to play at chicken-hazard and *écarté*; the consequence was that, one night, he left off a loser of £120,000. When told of his folly and the probability of his having been cheated, he exclaimed, 'Then I consider myself lucky in not having lost twice that sum.' Fox, the secretary of the Embassy, came nightly to the Salon; and if he possessed a Napoleon, it was sure to be thrown away at hazard, or *rouge et noir*. The late Henry Baring, however, one night recommended him to take to the dice-box. Fox replied, 'I will do so for the last time, for all my money is thrown away upon this infernal table.' Fox staked all he had in his pockets; he threw in *eleven* times, breaking the bank, and taking home for his share 60,000 francs. Marshal Blucher was another daily visitor, and played the highest stakes at *rouge et noir*; it is said that the Bank of France was called upon to furnish him with several thousand pounds, to reimburse him for the money lost at play.

## The Value of Colonies.

By JAMES STANLEY LITTLE, F.R. COL. INST.

Author of "A World Empire," "The United States of Britain," "South Africa," "What is Art?" etc.

(CONTINUED.)

I PUT it in this way because in writing of the value of colonies, I am unable to lose sight of the converse of that question, the value of England to her colonies; in fact, my mind, like that of every true patriot in thinking of England, thinks of the Empire. New South Wales, Natal, Nova Scotia, are as much a part of England as Rutland, Kent or Midlothian. Surely this feeling is of value and should be fostered and taught in our schools until it has possessed the general mind. It gives us a wider range of vision, and thus reacts beneficially upon every part of our national life. It is surely a great thing that our sons and daughters can leave our over-crowded cities and fields upon which labour yields no return, and find themselves at home in lands which, save for the seas which lie between, are in every vital way but detached portions of England itself. The laws in all essentials the same; the religions the same; language the same; and still the subjects of the same Queen. The special commissioner of a daily paper has recently given instances of the almost phenomenal prosperity, which has attended a great number of emigrants to Canada, men who left England almost, and sometimes quite, penniless, and who are now the possessors of prosperous farms in Manitoba and elsewhere. Take too the oft-quoted case of the Eastern province of the Cape Colony. In 1820, Parliament voted £50,000 to assist 5,000 English men and women to emigrate to Algoa Bay. These immigrants are the grand parents of the men who people the rich and prosperous Eastern Province of the Cape of Good Hope; they formed themselves into a compact and for the most part wealthy community; their country has become one of the most important sheep-producing countries in the world; and yet these men landed in South Africa ignorant, almost to a man, of pastoral pursuits. It seems almost criminal that the Government does not repeat and go on repeating an experiment so successful. There ought to be a sum set aside annually for this purpose, for the direct and indirect benefits to this country would be incalculably great. This, however, is not the time to enter into the polemics of a question so debatable; but whether the Government assist or not, there can be no question that crowds of industrious and capable men, who are starving in England, because there are two men everywhere to do the work of one, would find bread and to spare and employment too, if their going out and coming in were arranged on some system of which the confines were reason, prudence and forethought.

To turn to the question of trade. Every colonist who leaves our shores becomes England's customer. At the present moment the value of English goods consumed in Canada is 40/- per head of the entire population, in Australia it is £8 per head, while in the United States it is only 8/-. The trade of England with foreign countries is falling off year by year, but that with our colonies steadily increases and now reaches the magnificent total of £186,000,000 annually. That of France with her colonies is only £21,000,000; Holland's is £8,000,000; Spain's £5,000,000, and Portugal's £317,000. In the twelve years between 1872 and 1884, our trade with foreign nations has decreased 23 per cent., while our trade with the colonies has increased 20 per cent. We must not forget, moreover, the great and growing inter-colonial trade. Thus—I am quoting from Capt. Colomb—thirty-five years ago the annual trade between Australia and India was only £150,000, it is now over three millions, while the total Australasian trade at this moment is equal to that of the empire of Russia.

Those who wish to form an adequate idea of what the trade of this empire is, should study Sir Rawson Rawson's recent work on the subject. To the lay mind the figures there set forth are little short of appalling, pregnant as they are with suggestions as to real and potential value of our colonies. To give some idea of the growth of the colonies it may be well to mention that in 1851, the annual revenue of the United Kingdom was nearly double the aggregate revenue of the Empire beyond the seas, while now the latter revenue exceeds the former by £22,000,000 sterling. In colonial securities alone considerably over £100,000,000 of English capital is invested, and indirectly in colonial mines, agriculture and industries, the total sum of English investments must be an enormous one.

Here then we have what in all civilized communities constitutes a first-bond of union—common money interests. England is bound to her colonies and her colonies to England by chains forged in gold. The enormous wealth of the British Empire renders its policy and interests pacific. We of all peoples have the most to lose by war. Disunited we offer a tempting lure to the foreigner. With closed front, standing firm and as one before the world, we could and should be so powerful that no nation or combination of nations would care to attack us. Our own policy being pacific, our power constantly growing from the reception into our midst of the most staid and staple elements from all other nations, we should in time, and a time not so remote either, be able to force a pacific policy and indeed the blessing of undisturbed peace itself upon the world. Under the ægis of our beneficent rule, in the crucible of our free institutions, the races of the world would gradually blend into one huge nation, diversified in its union, but united in its diversity.

It is no mere desire for paltry national aggrandisement that prompts my plea for Imperial unity, it is not merely for the glory of the thing I contend. I firmly believe that the permanent union and continued peaceful growth of this Empire will make for the greatest happiness of the greatest number; that it will solve the seemingly eternal problem of race jealousies, will render the dreams of the socialist possible, of the Christian a reality.

This blending of races will, can we doubt, evolve yet higher and nobler types of humanity and perhaps, who can tell, it is destined to be the means by which nature, whose latest expression is now to be found in man, will take one more leap forward.

**Precedence.**—Two ladies contended for precedence in the court of Charles V. They appealed to the monarch, who, like Solomon, awarded: "Let the elder go first." Such a dispute was never known afterwards. When King William landed, he said to Sir Edward Seymour, the Speaker, "Sir Edward, I think you are of the Duke of Somerset's family." "No, sir; he is of mine," was the Speaker's reply. "Precedence of rank," says Furetiere, "has its charms, certainly; though I cannot go so far as a lady of my acquaintance, who wished to die before her husband. I inquired of her the reason of wishing so extraordinary a thing. 'Because,' said her ladyship, 'if my husband dies before me, I cannot put his arms on his tomb, because he is not a man of family; though, should I die first, he can claim a right of placing my arms on my tomb, because I am a woman of quality by birth.'"

**A Vain Old Countess.**—When the Countess of Pomfret gave her lord's collection of statues to the University of Oxford, she went there at the public cost to receive adoration. "A box," says Walpole, "was built for her near the Vice Chancellor, where she sat three days together for four hours at a time, to hear verses and speeches, to hear herself called Minerva; nay, the public orator had prepared an encomium on her beauty, but being struck with her appearance, had enough presence of mind to whisk his compliments to the beauties of her mind. It is amazing that she did not mash a few words of Latin, as she used to fricassee French and Italian! or that she did not torture some learned simile, like her comparing the tour of Sicily, the surrounding the triangle, to squaring the circle; or as when she said it was as difficult to get into an Italian coach, as for Cæsar to take Attica, which she meant for Utica."

\* Synopsis of the Tariffs and Trade of the British Empire, by Sir Rawson W. Rawson, K.C.M.G., C.B., offices of the Imperial Federation League, 43, St. Margaret's Offices, Westminster, S.W.

## Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

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

THOROUGHLY successful Social-Concert was given on Thursday last in the ladies' social-rooms, when, as perhaps some of you are aware, our Palace nymphs had the privilege of inviting—for the first time—their respective particular masculine friends to attend the "flow of soul" in question. Attended by a goodly company, I deserted the sanctum, and made for the (hitherto) Adamless Eden in a state of trepidation and doubt; for I may tell you, in parenthesis, that *ma belle mère* had "threatened" a bad quarter-of-an-hour did I become at all gallant. Taylor, the Admirable and bold, led the way; but on arriving at the door of the seraglio even *his* courage deserted him, and he fled in bachelor horror from the spot. We might have stayed debating outside that door till Doomsday, had not a choice spirit—who really *did* Cayzer, I should say, *cause* a commotion—brusquely burst through the sacred portals, and so prostrated himself like another Dagon. However, we went, we entered, and we (apparently) conquered; for though the sterner sex ranged themselves in the background—*à la* wallflower—they were even then rather in evidence. The usually-killing Moodie and the merrie, merrie McK. behaved with the most becoming decorum: and from their particular quarter you might have heard—for a time at least—the proverbial pin resound upon the floor. Our old friend Diggins—whom we don't see very often at the Palace—was also there; the comfortable Claridge—fully recovered from his Brighton rambles and belfry climbings—was solemnly seated, sedately staring at the sanctum Sub.—who, by the way, had been dubbed the King of the Revels, *alias* chairman;—and the retiring Ring and many other fellows were seated round about watching, with gentle modesty, the Palace pharises. When everyone was seated the harmony commenced with a pianoforte solo from Mrs. Mellish—the ladies' worthy Hon. Sec., you know; then Miss Sinclair sweetly warbled a soothing ditty; the Miss Marshall vocalized in her usual finished way; the gentle Bready Minnie-Palmerized "Peek-a-Boo" in a charming manner; and Miss Fisher—I think it was Miss Fisher—gave a peculiarly weird, yet wonderfully fascinating air entitled "An Old Garden"—which still rings plaintively in mine auricular; then we had a very delightful rendering of "Cherry Ripe" by that sweet songster, Miss Vandyke. Sir Edmund Currie, accompanied by Lady Jennings, then made his appearance, and after having introduced the lady to those present, asked that the concert might proceed. I don't quite remember the order of the songs, but I may tell you that the ladies above mentioned "obliged" again: Miss Sinclair charming me with the Convent Song from my favourite "Falka." Mr. Ford gave a very fine but a rather too-boisterous rendering of the Laureate's "Revenge"; Mr. Newport willingly warbled a couple of ditties; and McKenzie—who is quite the ladies' man—touchingly baritone'd the "Anchor's Weighed," and almost made the damsels present shed sympathetic tears. Good old Mac! The stalwart but youthful Cayzer tremblingly trilled an oceanic "stirrer"; Walter Marshall bluffly "breezed" the perennial "Midshipmite"—which *always* goes down well; and then the aforesaid bold and Admirable Taylor was called upon to distinguish himself, which he did in a most amazing manner: giving an excellent rendering of "The Shy Young Man." Finally, Subby, the chairman—who is always extremely anxious to distinguish himself on such occasions—inflicted the "Powder Monkey" and "Kerry Dancing" upon a wonderfully patient audience—but perhaps the least said of *his* performances would be the most merciful. The whole entertainment concluded with a general vocalized homage to our Empire's Queen; and then the never-forgetful Clews mounted the "rostrum" and delivered himself in praises of the Sub's chairmanship. Somebody else also spoke in highly eulogistic terms of the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Mellish; and in conclusion Another who shall be Nameless got up in an extremely gallant manner and thanked those ladies who had so delightfully entertained that evening.

DRAMATIC COMPETITION.—RESULT.—I have received several interesting communications for the Guinea Dramatic Competition which ended last week. Owing to pressure of space, I can only remark that it has again been thought fit to divide the sum offered between

R. STEPHEN MILLER,  
(Who hasn't sent his address),

and

WM. H. BROWN,  
126, Campbell Road, Bow, E.,

who will therefore, each receive half-a-guinea from me at a stated time. The number of entries for this Competition have been, I again regret to say, of a very small figure. I have no space to criticise the plays sent in—which will be treasured up in the Journal archives—but I may mention that the plays sent by Miss Marks, Horace J. Hawkins and R. T. Lockwood ran the others remarkably close for favour. H. Callard's farce arrived too late for competition.

THE next Palace sensation will be the Workmen's Exhibition due on the 18th of May. More presently.

I DROPPED in, promiscuous-like, to the Parliament the other evening, and had a particularly happy five minutes. The room was crowded—healthy sign!—with yearning orators, many of whom, I could perceive, were extremely anxious to secure the Speaker's optic. It was decidedly funny to observe the airy corkiness with which one Irrepressible Member would insist upon rising every half-minute with his "Mr. Speaker, Sir," in exactly the same stereotyped fashion, time after time. The grave demeanour of the Premier, Wadkin, was an excellent foil to the volatile hon. member just mentioned; and the Admirable and Goschen-like "financing" of another hon. gentleman was the cause of no little envy in the respective bosoms of his parleying *confères*. I should rather fancy that Mr. Speaker, Sir, had often a lively time in keeping such a particularly boisterous House in order. Like Mr. Gilbert's peers, our P.M.P.'s—Palace Members of Parliament—apparently do "nothing in particular" yet do "it very well." Shall go again very first opportunity. The sub-Ed.—who is, you know, the hon. member for Gad's Hill—tells me that he is likely to be "called over the coals" when he takes his seat in the "House"—merely for standing for a constituency that never existed!

OUR energetic Dramatic Hon. Sec. Munro tells me that on the invitation of Karet and others, he and the other Elocutionists who so recently distinguished themselves in "Money" at the Palace, are going to repeat the performance at the Jewish Schools, somewhere in distant Spitalfields, to-night (Wednesday). Should like to be present. The fair Cohen and the sparkling Simons are, I am also informed, to repeat their excellent little comedietta "Fast Friends." The company has my very best wishes; and doubtless Spitalfields 'll Weaver—should say weave a—perfect network of applause and approbation around the Palace Hasluckian crowd. (Which is an odd way of putting it).

THE Competition Editor tells me he has received a very funny acrostic from one signing himself (or herself) Anonymous. I can't print it because he didn't send it along. He had offered a prize for the best acrostic on "Spring," and was considerably startled to find one communication running—

"Subby one day to the barber's did go,"

and so on. This, then, this is the penalty of greatness! I am to be held up to the ridicule of all and sundry; jeers and mocking laughter are to perpetually resound in mine ears, and every wretched Mile End *gamin* is to point at me with the finger of scorn, and say, "Lo, the verdant Sub!" Yet am I not a man and a brother?

I SHOULD like to remind all shorthand-writing Members that a club for practice and phonetic literature has just been organised, and promises—as, indeed, it should—to become a very useful adjunct to the Palace Institute classes. All communications should be addressed to the Hon. Sec., G. T. Stock; or to the Vice-President, at the Sanctum, P.P. Intending Members should join at once.

THE Sub's trial for libel has been, unfortunately, unavoidably postponed, but will take place in the course of the week. Subby intends to defend himself, for, says he, "What judgment should I dread—doing no wrong?" Coody, Haylor and Tawkins have each retained excellent counsels; but Meeley and Doreton have not been quite so fortunate. This trial is likely to be, in its way, quite a small sensation; of which a true and particular account shall appear in the Journal. Fact; Gossip truth.

PROOFS, the elated, is likely, I hear, to secure the buildings occasionally used for Exhibitions for the purposes of his Boxing Club. He has, I believe, received Sir Edmund's careful sanction, and intends, with the other ardent admirers of the "noble" art, to make the Club a thorough success—and one of the first of its kind.

THE Swimming-bath is now assuming truly majestic proportions, and will be opened in May. Hudibras Butler, the worthy Hon. Sec. of the Natatists, has been just a trifle exercised in his mind ament my last week's paragraph relating to the Karet objection, and the "suspicion of unfairness" that characterized the meeting. Let the worthy Hudibras take heart, for was he in no way connected with anything that could be thought unfair, but conducted himself throughout as a thorough brick. No; Karet knows—or says he thinks he knows—where and how the objection to himself arose, but I, for one, take not his view of the definition.

THIS week's issue of the Journal sees the last of Bret Harte's "Carquinez Woods," which I am afraid has been just a little too American for the majority. I had hoped we should have followed with a tale by an equally well-known author, but at the last moment this idea has had to be abandoned, and we shall open next week with "On the Frontier," also by Bret Harte, and by the kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

I HEAR that our football demi-gods are to hold a social smokah on Saturday the 21st inst., when, I suppose, all lovers of the leather and the nicotine will make an effort to be present. The rendezvous will be the "Queen's Hotel," Victoria Park—the happy hunting-ground of Moreton's myrmidons.

ON Friday evening last, at eight o'clock, a most interesting time was spent in one of the rooms beneath the Queen's Hall, when Mr. Walter Besant, as President of the newly-formed Literary Society, turned up to enlighten the intending Members as to the objects and future of the Society. After Sir Edmund had introduced the President to the assembly, Mr. Besant, who was received with applause, arose to address those who were about to become Members of what he (the speaker) thought should be the most interesting club in the Palace Institute. He did not know what rules had been framed or drawn up for this Society; but he would like to offer one or two remarks which he trusted would be of some little value to the Club. If it was the ultimate intention of the literary Members to become journalists, he would suggest that each one present should daily write *something*—a description of a field, a street, a workshop, or what not—which should have as its object accuracy of observation. One thing would lead on to another: if they began by writing short articles they might eventually succeed in gaining the distinction of leader-writing in some of our great daily papers. Write, he further urged, daily: it may be that they would have to write for weeks, months, and even years before they succeeded in attaining their object. Good journalism meant good pay, and, in fact, was one of the best paying callings of the day. Hedwelt at some length on the great value of observation—whether for the novelist, the journalist, or the playwright—and cited the case of the celebrated Robert Houdin cross-examining his son on daily observation.

THEREFORE (continued Mr. Besant), write *something*—he cared not what, a story or a poem—which need not be inflicted upon enduring friends; or if possible, a scene or a portion of a drama. There was nothing so delightful as writing plays—which, if they were only good enough, paid far better than novels. But above all stick to reading poetry. There was little so truly enjoyable as poetry, to say nothing of the great good derivable from the study of it. He could not well advise them, with their extremely limited leisure, to laboriously wade through one poet after another; but he would suggest that everyone present who really meant work should purchase and make himself master of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury"—a book which contained some of the finest writings in the English language. There was another thing also that he wanted to point out to them, and that was: that if they meant to be earnest and to succeed in their efforts they *must* learn the art of shorthand-writing. It was essential to every journalist and was indeed an incalculable boon to everyone who has to employ his pen for his daily bread. They had no conception what a vast amount of labour was saved by the use of the shorthand system. If this Literary Society should prove a success he would bring some of the best examiners of the day to the People's Palace, and all that the Society had learnt during the season should be thoroughly tested. He did not quite know what their mode of procedure would be—that he would leave to their Chairman to settle afterwards—but he would suggest that the literature of—say, the Queen Anne period, be taken up and thoroughly mastered, with a view to ultimate examinations. By-and-bye, when they had got their lecture-hall, he hoped to be able to introduce Mr. Geo. R. Sims and other well-known gentlemen to come and address this branch of the Institute.

AMID prolonged applause Mr. Besant resumed his seat, and Sir Edmund Currie arose and said that he fully felt that what they had just heard from so able a man as their President was indeed a privilege. He strongly advised them to follow Mr. Besant's advice and learn shorthand. There was an excellent phonographic society just formed within the Palace, and he sincerely hoped that every one present would seize the opportunity. He would then beg to propose a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Walter Besant, which he was sure the Chairman would gladly second. Mr. Jno. R. W. Knight, who said he had very great pleasure in seconding Sir Edmund's proposition, was sure that all present were as one in their thanks towards Mr. Besant for affording them such an interesting evening, and he was certain that Mr. Besant would be most welcome, whenever he could again spare the time to address those present, and added, that when he *did* come again it was to be hoped he would bring Mr. Geo. R. Sims with him. The proposition having been enthusiastically carried, Mr. Besant rose to bow his thanks, and to leave the Committee to draw up the proposed rules.

ON Saturday the Palace was quite *en fête*, for the Guildhall School of Music had promised to attend in the afternoon, and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, in all their civic glory, had also announced their intention of being present. The weather was gloriously and gratefully fine, and the bright sunshine, streaming through the stained-glass roof of the Queen's Hall, illuminated the picturesque and many-coloured scene below. The semi-circular platform was crowded with vocalists and instrumentalists, and on either side and partly in the galleries, the ladies of the choir, enrobed in white with bright, cherry-coloured ribbons stretching from shoulder to shoulder, were seated with an admirably-studied negligence; whilst the spring garments of the lady visitors and the dark blue silken, furred-tipped robes of the city magnificoes presented quite a remarkable mass of colour. It was not long before an unusual bustle proclaimed the approach of Lord Mayor De Keyser, who on his arrival was received by Sir Edmund Currie, and several of the Beaumont Trustees.

THE Lord Mayor, preceded by Mace and Sword-bearer, and wearing his robes of office, had a right royal reception from the multitude present, and had no sooner taken his seat, than with a perfect fanfare of trumpets, the Guildhall School arose *en masse* and sang the expressly-composed civic anthem, "Hail to the Lord Mayor." The words and music, the work of Mr. Weist Hill, were received with much favour by the spectators, and the stirring chorus will, I should think, long be remembered at the People's Palace. Then followed in quick succession the programme of the afternoon—for details of which please see "Musical Notes" in another column. When the concert was half over, his lordship had to depart to fulfil other important duties, but the entertainment proceeded right merrily even unto the very last. Our old friend, Mr. Orton Bradley, was at the organ and acquitted himself as of yore.

MR. GEORGE MURDOCH, who may always be found in our General Offices, tells me he is quite prepared—on his brother's behalf—to receive orders for cricketing and other sporting implements. The genial George particularly asks me to state that great care has been bestowed upon his brother's stock; and that all cricketing bats are manufactured by such able makers as Darks, Cobbetts, Warsops, etc. (There is just the faintest suspicion of an advt. about this par., isn't there? Well, G. M. deserves it.)

THE second "Literary Evening" given by the Members of the Palace Parliament passed off very successfully on Monday night; the sub-Ed. occupying the chair. It had been arranged that the after criticisms should devolve upon four selected Members, but as only one was present besides myself, the Chairman decided to throw (as before) the criticism open to all. I am glad to say that no marked personalities attended *this* evening's entertainment—although certain critics showed a decided leaning that way. The programme was opened by an essay on "War" by Senator White—which met with warm criticism from Whittick, Ring, Norton, and Walter Morris. This was followed by a very fine rendering of "Kissing Cup's Race" by Alfred Albu—cousin to Alexander of that ilk. Then that "Modest Young Man," London, got up and read a piece—which in its turn was also severely over-hauled—and subjected also to the fire of the caustic Irrepressible. Hurley, one of our most (elocutionary) ambitious fellows followed and gave my old friend Sims' "Actor's Story"—which, judging from the applause, went down very well. Then to the intense delight of ye bright-eyed Moodie (who anticipated some fun) the Irrepressible bobbed up, and after a few preliminary shots gave us something from Leigh Hunt. Good? "Yessir!"

LASTLY, the "Bargaining Scene" (Act I., sc. iii.) from the "Merchant of Venice," was enacted by two aspiring youths and a veteran Sub., who, notwithstanding their many disadvantages, played uncommonly well. Orator Ring was the Bassanio, Senator Little the Merchant, Antonio, whilst the gray and grizzled sub-Ed. gave a Sh(y)locking rendering of Shylock the Jew. Considering that Ring had no rehearsal whatever, he did very well; and Little's exits and entrances and elocution generally was passing fair. Subby's performance, however, was chiefly remarkable for the resemblance it bore to Mr. Irving's delineation of the part; and so, of course, was a disappointment. After a vote of thanks had been passed to the Chairman, the meeting broke up; and the majority of fellows assembled in the sanctum to discuss "the Jew that Shakespeare"—or, rather, Irving—"drew," and to generally denounce him. Alas! poor Subby!!!

THERE will be a special Children's Fête in the Queen's Hall, on Saturday afternoon next, and also the three following Saturdays. The Hall will be closed at twelve o'clock—for reading purposes—during these entertainments.

WILL the gentlemen who, on coming to the sanctum the other evening, took therefrom, by mistake, a letter addressed to Mr. Hersant, kindly return the same, as the owner is naturally anxious?

THROUGH the great kindness of the Forest Commissioners our Cricket Club, Sir Edmund tells me, is likely to be extremely fortunate in its playing-ground. A piece or parcel of ground is now undergoing "cultivation," and our fellows may soon expect to have, in the neighbourhood of Wanstead, as good a cricketing-ground as one could find in a day's journey.

ON behalf of the funds of this Cricket Club there is to be a Special Concert given on Tuesday, 1st May, when, the Trustees having granted the use of the Queen's Hall, our Choral and Orchestral Societies have promised to give their valuable aid. The financial success of this Concert depends, of course, on the number of persons attending it.

WHEN the cricketers cricket at Merton Hall, Wimbledon *versus* the Polytechnic team, it is hoped that our Rambling Society will journey thither that day—to behold the victory of their *confères*, and more particularly to make the day quite a *Palace* holiday.

## Society and Club Notes.

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

### BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

ON Monday, the 9th inst., the fourth of the series of Monthly Exhibitions of Sketches and Designs by Members of the above Club took place in Room 9 of the School-buildings.

The Members were again indebted to Mr. Cornish, the head master of the Art Class, for the criticisms of the evening.

The exhibits were not so numerous as last month, but the work generally was of a better character. The small number is, no doubt, to be attributed to the fact that light evenings are commencing, enabling Members to spend more time in the open: thus reducing the necessity for indoor amusement; whilst the weather is not conducive to outdoor sketching. The Committee, however, hope to see next month an improvement in the number, and not only in the quality, of the works.

The subjects for the exhibition to be held in May are as follows: Figure .. .. "Rest."  
Landscape .. .. A Woodland Scene.  
Design .. .. Circular Ornament for centre of ceiling.

Still Life.

All further particulars may be obtained by writing to  
T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A MEETING of Members was held in the sub-Editor's office on Tuesday night last, 10th inst., our Acting Manager, Mr. Jno. R. W. Knight, in the chair. Owing to want of space some inconvenience was felt, and it was accordingly agreed that the more weighty subjects under discussion should be left over until next Friday, 20th inst., at 8 o'clock, when it is particularly requested that all Members of the Club should attend. Notice of place of meeting will be posted up on the blackboard at Entrance Gate.

The resignation of one of our Committee, Mr. Price, was read and accepted. Mr. J. Karet was nominated as his successor. Miss Cohen moved and Miss Levene seconded, and as there was no opposition that gentleman was duly nominated. Enrolment of Members and taking of subscriptions were then proceeded with, which, we are glad to say, was responded to with great enthusiasm. Other sundry discussions took place, and the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to our chairman.

Please remember Friday night next; most important that all should turn up.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq.

THE above Society held its first meeting last Friday evening, when a most interesting address was delivered by our worthy President. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Besant said how pleased he was to find the Society resolving itself into practical shape. A good number of Palace Members were present. The secretaries invite all ladies and gentlemen to join the Society, and will be in attendance next Friday evening at 7.45 to enrol Members. Admission fee, 6d.; subscription, nil. All information to be had of

W. KING RHODES, } Hon Secs.  
W. E. MASTERS, }

### PALACE SCHOOLS' ATHLETIC CLUB.

A good number of boys turned up at Leytonstone for cricket practice on Saturday last; the weather was all that could be desired, and a first-rate practice was indulged in. It is hoped that all who can make it convenient to be present at the practices will do so, as our trial matches take place on May the 5th.

Cricket practice next Saturday, at Leytonstone, the 21st inst., at 2.30 o'clock. A. HUNT, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

The performance of Macfarren's "May Day" will take place in the Queen's Hall, on Saturday, May 5th. Mrs. Arthur Levey, we expect, will be the May Queen again—a rare treat in store.

A special rehearsal is held every Monday evening at 9 o'clock for the Choral Society.

We still have plenty of room for *Altos*, *Tenors* and *Basses*, also, of course, for *good Sopranos*.

For full particulars apply to FREDERICK W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

### BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Members of the above Club wind up the season next Saturday, April 21st, with a Tea and Smoking Concert, to be held at the Queen's Hotel, Victoria Park. All Members of the P.P. are cordially invited to the Smoker in the evening at 8 p.m. Those wishing to be at the Tea, can obtain tickets from the Members of the Club, or from either of the undersigned.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Sitting held Tuesday, April 10th, the Speaker (Mr. W. Marshall) in the chair.

Reference was made by the Prime Minister (Mr. Wadkin) to the Reception and Smoking Concert held in the Ladies' Room on the 3rd inst., congratulating the House on the success of the evening. Questions, of which notice had been given, were asked by Messrs. Masters, Maynard, and White, and answered by Messrs. Wadkin, Taylor, Whittick, and Hawkins.

Notice of Question was given by Mr. Turner to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, asking for the number of cases in which tenants had demanded greater reductions of rent than Her Majesty's Commissioners had granted; and by Mr. Masters to the Home Secretary, asking what steps would be taken with regard to the constables concerning the alleged false evidence given before Mr. Montagu Williams on April 6th.

It was proposed by Mr. Little, and seconded by Mr. Moses, that an Address be presented to Her Majesty, thanking Her for her gracious message to this House.

The adjournment of the Debate on the Queen's speech was moved by Mr. Masters, and seconded by Mr. Maynard; on the motion being put to the House the Speaker declared it lost.

The leader of the Opposition challenged a division, which resulted in a majority of five against the motion. Tellers, Mr. Albu and Mr. White.

The Debate which followed was taken part in by the following Members—Messrs. Masters, Wadkin, Maynard, Whittick, Valentine, Karet and King.

In consequence of some remarks made by the last-mentioned speaker, Mr. Karet proposed, and Mr. Hawkins seconded—that the honorable Member resume his seat. The resolution was not carried. The Debate was continued by Mr. Hawkins.

The adjournment of the Debate was moved by Mr. Turner, seconded by Mr. Watson, sen., and carried.

Notice of amendment to the Queen's Speech was given by Mr. Valentine respecting the Scotch Crofters' grievance; by Mr. Maynard to consider the Income Tax; and by Mr. Courtney to consider the taxation of foreign imports.

Mr. Karet obtained leave to introduce a Local Government Bill. Members and visitors present, eighty.

J. W. NORTON, Clerk of the House.

### BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

A Committee Meeting was held on Monday, April 9th, when Mr. Kilbride, Hon. Sec. sent in his resignation, as he found it now impossible to carry out his position as such, as he had not got that time to spare he should like to give the club matters, and after some considerable discussion, Mr. Glover proposed, and seconded by Mr. Reynolds, that the Committee should accept Mr. Kilbride's resignation, and passed a vote of thanks for his past services. Mr. Glover proposed, and seconded by Mr. Kilbride, that it be optional for the new Secretary to have an Assistant or not. The proceedings then began to vote for a new Secretary by each Member placing the name on a piece of paper, of whom he thought fit for the post, and after the papers being collected, the result was as follows:—J. Burley, 6; F. Glover, 2; H. G. Slater, E. Ransley and L. M. Nathan, 1 each.

Mr. Burley then accepted the office and thanked the Members, and said he would carry it out without the aid of an assistant.

Mr. Kilbride still remains on the Committee in the place vacant by Mr. Burley and has promised to help the Club in any way he possibly can.

Mr. Glover proposed that there should be an Annual Athletic Meeting, open to all Members of the Palace, to be known as the *People's Palace Athletic Sports*, the same to take place in an enclosed ground, under the rules of the A.A.A. and N.C.U. The framing of Handicap be placed in the hands of Committees of Harriers, Football, Cyclists, and other Clubs, and that each Club should elect two of its Members to act as the Managing Committee, and each Club interested should guarantee an equal amount of money to defray expenses, and each said Club share equally in the profit and loss.

Note.—A notice with reference to the above will be sent to each Club, it has had Sir Edmund Currie's approval.

Our run to Barking-side was very successful last Saturday, the weather was very much in our favour, and we had a jolly time of it. Our next General Meeting will take place on Friday, April 20th, at 8 p.m. sharp. Next Thursday, run to Woodford. Next Saturday, run to Theydon Bois. J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

Play will commence on Saturday afternoon next at 3.15, when all Members are invited to attend.

The Committee are requested to meet on Friday, at 6.30, to approve of the arrangements that have been made, and for a short practice. The Club will be divided into two Sections:—

(a) Practice Mondays and Thursdays.

(b) " Tuesdays and Fridays.

Both Sections, Practice Saturdays.

Subscriptions must be paid by Saturday next. Members not able to attend on that day can forward a postal order for the amount to the Secretary, stating which section they wish to join.

ARTHUR W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.,  
61, Tredegar Road, Bow.

### BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

ON the 17th inst. this Club held its closing run of the so-called legitimate season. On arriving at the Forest Gate Hotel we were surprised to find that only six "jolly dawgs," including visitors, had turned up to take part in the paper-chase, which had been announced to take place, and which, in consequence, had to be abandoned. Nevertheless, those present peeled, and went for what turned out to be a most enjoyable run. The route taken was as follows:—Starting (after a short delay) as usual, across the Flats, into the park, thence across the fields, and out by the Red House, Barking-side. Crossing the stile immediately opposite, we had gone partially across the meadow, when a very suspicious and vicious-looking old cow pricked up her ears, raised her snout to the breeze, and viewed us in anything but an enticing manner. But we continued on our way, and then the said animal came for us at a ferocious spurt. It was a treat to see the pretty style in which we moved our pedal extremities. Continuing on, we again took the fields, thence on through Cranbrook Park, where the scenery is extremely pretty, out into the village of Ilford, where our unusual appearance seemed to afford the natives great astonishment and much amusement; but we continued on down the main road, until we came to a lane leading to the Flats, up which we turned, and then made the best of our way home *via* Manor Park, Deeley being some twenty yards in the van, hotly pursued by J. Hawkes (who, by-the-bye, is a very knowing old bird). Then came Johnson and a Member of the Brunswick Harriers, Messrs. Cable and Spicer, who had lost us, arriving home much about the same time. After we had gone in for the usual splash and rub down, and made ourselves look like civilised beings, we adjourned to the festive board and made short work of its contents. Captain Tibbs, although he did not participate in the run, participated in the spread, to which, we need not say, he did good justice. After tea a short consultation was held, and it was decided not to hold a smoker as there was such a small muster, and we therefore dispersed, and went our respective ways. This ended our closing run.

The mile handicap is fixed to take place on Saturday, the 28th inst. Entries close on the 23rd.

J. R. DEELEY } Hon. Secs.  
E. J. CROWE }

### ADV. THEO. BOOK-KEEPING CLASSES.

ON Thursday Evening, the 5th inst., the Theoretical Book-keeping Class came to a conclusion, preparatory to the Society of Arts Examination to be held on the 10th inst.

At the conclusion of the ordinary business, Mr. A. H. Warren rose and said that several of the Members of the Class with himself, felt that (as in all probability they might not have another opportunity) it was a duty incumbent upon the Class to record their high appreciation of the general kindness and courtesy extended to them by A. Sarll, A.K.C., during the time they had met under his tuition, and moved "that the best thanks of this class be and are hereby accorded to Mr. Sarll for his kindness and courtesy to the Members of the Book-keeping Class." The proposition was ably seconded by Mr. Williamson, and carried with acclamation.

Mr. Sarll in a few well-chosen remarks thanked the Members for their appreciation of his services, and wished them all success in the Examination.

P.S.—The Class resumed its studies in the Practical branch of Book-keeping at 9 p.m., on Thursday, the 12th inst.

### PALACE RAMBLERS.

ON Saturday last twenty-eight Members, including ten ladies, took part in the ramble to Fairmead Lodge, High Beech. Leaving the train at Snaresbrook, a pleasant walk of about five miles brought us to our destination. Host Bartholomew was expecting us, and had tea waiting. The sight of the good things on the table had a remarkable effect on some of the Ramblers. Numerous piles of bread-and-butter and cake disappeared with astonishing rapidity, whilst the jam was attacked with a Merstham-honeyed spirit. After full satisfaction had been given to the inner man—and woman—the swings were patronised to an alarming extent; while some paid their attentions to the solitary shieing establishment, which seemed as if erected for our special benefit—judging from the number of trophies in the shape of cocoa-nuts which were brought away. Dancing under difficulties, that is to say, without music, was then indulged in, after which the party was conducted by the stewards to George Lane Railway Station. Coborn Road was reached at 10.30, after a most enjoyable outing.

There are vacancies for thirty ladies and six gentlemen. Early application should be made to the Secretaries, who will attend at the Palace on Friday evening next, 20th inst., at 8.30.

### FIXTURES.

April 21st.—Barking-side. Tea at "Red House." Members meet at Leyton Station. Last train from Coborn Road, 3.40.

April 28th.—To be arranged.

May 5th.—Wimbledon. Tea at Merton Hall.

May 12.—Pinner.

Members are informed that special rambles are being arranged, to which they can invite their friends, special notice of which will appear in the Journal.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

President—Sir Edmund Hay Currie; Chairman—Staff-Sergeant H. H. Burdett; Captain—A. Bowman; Vice-Captain—G. Josephs; Treasurer—E. Flower, Esq.; Secretary—J. H. Proops; Assistant-Secretary—P. Simons; Committee—G. Bowman, C. Coleman, C. Pugh, C. Bowman, W. Chapman, G. F. M. Laing.

A General Meeting was held on Friday, April 13th, when it was resolved that the following rules be adopted:—

1.—That this Club be called the "People's Palace Amateur Boxing Club."

2.—That the business of the Club shall be conducted by unpaid Members as a Committee, viz., Treasurer, Captain, Vice-Captain, Secretary, Assistant-Secretary, and six of the Members as Committeemen.

3.—That all gentlemen on becoming Members shall pay 2s. 6d. for the first three months, and after that time there shall be 6d. charged as an entrance fee, in addition to the subscription.

4.—That any Member being one month in arrears shall be given notice to in writing by the Secretary; and should he be two months in arrears, shall have his name erased from the Club books, and cease to be a Member.

5.—That the Members of the Club meet every Tuesday and Friday evenings for the purpose of practice. Hours to be from 8 till 10 p.m.

6.—An entrance fee shall be charged to each Competitor, the amount of which shall be fixed by the Committee.

7.—That any Member entering open competitions and desirous of his entry being paid from the funds of the Club must first hand in his name to the Secretary, who shall lay the same before the Committee, and if approved of by the Committee, the said Member shall have his entry paid, on condition that he compete in the competitions; otherwise he must pay his own entry. Such Member to belong to the Club three calendar months.

8.—That any Member wishing to box must wear india-rubber shoes.

9.—That the foregoing rules be strictly adhered to, and no alteration to take place without the consent of the Committee and a majority of the Members.

10.—Any Member wishing to rescind or alter any of the above rules must give notice of his intention on a meeting night, and will be compelled to attend on the next meeting night.

11.—Any Member joining this Club under false representations, when exposed, will be immediately expelled.

Mr. Proops will attend on Friday evening next to receive subscriptions.

All communications to be addressed to J. H. Proops, 67, Clinton Road, Mile End Road, E., or to P. Simons, 68, Stepney Green, Mile End Road, E.

J. H. PROOPS, Hon. Sec.  
P. SIMONS, Assist.-Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

At the general meeting held April 5th, the following elections took place:—

Hon. Sec.—Mr. E. C. Butler. Asst. Hon. Sec.—Mr. C. G. Rugg. Council Representatives—Miss Marshall and Mr. Butler.

COMMITTEE.—Ladies.—Misses Marshall, Bready, Symons, Pine, Misy, Levene (resigned). Gentlemen.—Messrs. J. Karet, R. Claridge, J. R. Deeley, A. Bowman, R. Dann, —Bishop.

After the meeting several Members were enrolled, so that there are now 125 on the books: 39 ladies and 86 gentlemen. Members who were not at this meeting will be pleased to know that Nathaniel Cohen, Esq., who was present, generously promised 30s. towards a prize fund.

Another general meeting will be held as soon as possible, and will be announced in the Journal. In the meantime any Members of the Palace may have their names enrolled by leaving a note at the bookstall or office addressed to the Secretary of the Swimming Club.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.  
C. G. RUGG, Assist. Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

THE first evening for practice commenced on Monday, April 16. I am glad to inform the Members that Isaac Pitman, Esq., and T. A. Reed, Esq., have kindly consented to become patrons of the Society.

We were rather disappointed at not finding the black-board we had arranged for, but hope we shall be better provided for by next Monday. Without a black-board we cannot hope to discuss the question of outlines.

It was a very successful meeting, fully 40 being present, and the few books at our disposal were soon given out.

There is a library in connection with the Society, but at present the Members greatly exceed the number of books, so some have necessarily to be disappointed.

This I hope will soon be remedied, and as every little helps, should be glad if friends who have anything phonetic at their disposal, will kindly remember our Shorthand Library.

Further information from the Society, any Monday evening, at 8 o'clock.

Entrance fee, 1/-; quarterly subscription, 6d.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL,  
(Unavoidably crowded out).

## Hallucination in St. Paul's.

DR. ARNOULD, of Camberwell, relates a singular case of a gentleman, about thirty-five years of age, of active habits and good constitution, living in the neighbourhood of London, who being subject to hallucinations, was, by Dr. Arnould's advice, sent to a private asylum, where he remained about two years. His delusions gradually subsided, and he was afterwards restored to his family. The account which he gave of himself was as follows:—

"One afternoon, in the month of May, feeling unsettled, and not inclined to business, he took a walk into the City, and having strolled into St. Paul's Churchyard, he stopped at the shop window of Bowles and Carver, and looked at the prints, one of which was a view of the Cathedral. He had not been there long before a short, grave-looking elderly gentleman, dressed in dark brown clothes, came up and began to examine the prints, and soon entered into conversation with him, praising the print of St. Paul's in the shop window, relating some anecdotes of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, and asking if he had ever been 'up St. Paul's.' He replied in the negative. The stranger then proposed they should dine together, and then ascend the Cathedral: this was agreed to, and having dined at a tavern in a court in the neighbourhood, they very soon left the table, and ascended to the ball just below the cross, which they entered alone. They had not been there many minutes, when, while he was gazing on the extensive prospect, and delighted with the splendid view below him, the grave old gentleman pulled out from an inside coat pocket something like a compass, having round the edges some curious figures; then having muttered some unintelligible words, he placed it in the centre of the ball. He felt a great trembling and a sort of horror come over him, which was increased by his companion asking him if he should like to see any friend at a distance, and to know what he was at that moment doing, for if so, the latter could show him any such person. Now his father had been for a long time in bad health, and for some weeks past he had not visited him. A sudden thought came into his mind that he should like to see his father. He had no sooner expressed his wish than the exact person of his father was immediately presented to his sight on the mirror, reclining in his arm-chair, and taking his afternoon sleep. He became overwhelmed with terror at the clearness of the vision, and entreated his mysterious companion to descend, as he felt very ill. The request was complied with, and in parting under the northern portico, the stranger said to him, 'Remember! you are the slave of the man of the mirror!'

"He returned in the evening to his house; he felt unquiet, depressed, gloomy, apprehensive, and haunted with thoughts of the stranger; for the last three months he had been conscious of the power of the latter over him. Dr. Arnould inquired of him in what way this power was exercised. He cast on the doctor a look of suspicion, mingled with confidence, took his arm, and after leading him through two or three rooms, and then into the garden, exclaimed, 'It's of no use—there is no concealment from him, for all places are alike open to him—he sees and hears us now!' The doctor says—'I asked him where the man was that heard us?' He replied, in a voice of deep agitation, 'Have I not told you that he lives in the ball below the cross on the top of St. Paul's, and that he only comes down to take a walk in the churchyard, and gets his dinner in the house in the dark alley? Since the fatal interview with the necromancer,' he continued, 'for such I believe him to be, he is continually dragging me before him on his mirror, and he not only sees me every moment of the day, but he reads all my thoughts, and I have a dreadful consciousness that no action of my life is free from

his inspection, and no place can afford me security from his power.' On my replying that the darkness of the night would afford him protection from these machinations, he said, 'I know what you mean, but you are quite mistaken. I have only told you of the mirror; but in some part of the building which he passed in coming away, he showed me what he called a great bell, and I heard sounds which came from it, and which went to it; sounds of laughter, and of anger, and of pain; there was a dreadful confusing of sounds, and as I listened with wonder and affright, he said, 'This is my organ of hearing; this great bell is in communication with all other bells within the circle of hieroglyphics, by which every word spoken by those under my control is made audible to me.' Seeing me look surprised at him, he said, 'I have not yet told you all; for he practises his spells by hieroglyphics on walls and houses, and wields his power, like a detestable tyrant as he is, over the minds of those whom he has enchanted, and who are the objects of his constant spite, within the circle of the hieroglyphics.' I asked him what these hieroglyphics were, and how he perceived them? He replied, 'Signs and symbols which you, in your ignorance of their true meaning, have taken for letters and words, and reading as you have thought, *Day and Martin* and *Warren's Blacking!* Oh, that is all nonsense! they are only the mysterious characters which he traces to mark the boundary of his dominion, and by which he prevents all escape from his tremendous power. How have I toiled and laboured to get beyond the limits of his influence! Once I walked for three days and nights, till I fell down under a wall exhausted by fatigue, and dropped asleep: but on waking I saw the dreadful signs before my eyes, and I felt myself as completely under his infernal spells at the end as at the beginning of my journey.'"

Dr. de Boismont, who, in his clever work *On Hallucinations*, gives the above, considers that there cannot be an instance of an hallucination more completely followed out in detail, or better adapted to produce a conviction in the minds of persons not acquainted with these singular phenomena, than the one which is here related by Prichard. In the Middle Ages this person would have been considered as possessed, and would doubtless have been subjected to the ceremonies of exorcism. Even in the present day, a similar tale would find many believers.

It is highly probable that this person had formerly visited St. Paul's, but, having become insane, his recollections of previous occurrences were mixed up in a very extravagant manner. As they grew more and more vivid, they became depicted by the imagination in a manner which caused the eye to mistake them for realities.

## Musical Notes.

CONCERTS.—The two usual Concerts this week have been most gratifying, and have attracted even more enthusiastic audiences than ever; but of course their glories pale before the beautiful orchestra which Mr. Weist Hill brought us on Saturday afternoon. So we can only speak of Wednesday and Saturday evenings in a diffident sort of way. At the same time we need not forget the pleasure which Miss Helen Morgan and Miss Frances Harrison gave us by their beautiful singing on Wednesday, or Mr. J. Bromley's kindness in coming to help us so effectually at the shortest possible notice, or Mr. Geo. Adams' beautiful voice. Last, but not least, we should recall the good performance of Mendelssohn's D minor Trio by Mr. W. A. Cleugh, Mr. D. Cleugh and Mr. Herman Van Dyk, whose pianoforte solo was very much appreciated and encored. And on Saturday evening we may recall Miss Emily Davies' wonderful voice, and the exquisite singing of the Unity Quartet and cello playing of M. Albert, and we shall not easily forget our great enjoyment on that evening.

The Quartet are visiting us again on Wednesday, the 25th, with some Shakespearean songs, but the event of the season is to take place on Tuesday, May 1st, in aid of the Cricket Club, when our own choir and orchestra will be once more on view.

\* A Treatise on Insanity, and other Disorders affecting the Mind, by James Cowles Prichard, p. 455. London, 1835.

## In the Carquinez Woods.

By BRET HARTE.

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. LONGMAN, GREEN & CO.

### CHAPTER X.

**I**N a few moments he had left not only his companion but the last straggling houses of the outskirts far behind him, and had struck out in a long swinging trot for the disused "cut off." Already he fancied he heard the note of clamour in Indian Spring, and thought he distinguished the sound of hurrying hoofs on the great highway. But the sunken trail hid it from his view. From the column of smoke now plainly visible in the growing morning light he tried to locate the scene of the conflagration. It was evidently not a fire advancing regularly from the outer skirt of the wood, communicated to it from the Divide; it was a local outburst near its centre. It was not in the direction of his cabin in the tree. There was no immediate danger to Teresa, unless fear drove her beyond the confines of the wood into the hands of those who might recognise her. The screaming of jays and ravens above his head quickened his speed, as it heralded the rapid advance of the flames; and the unexpected apparition of a bounding body, flattened and flying over the yellow plain, told him that even the secure retreat of the mountain wildcat had been invaded. A sudden recollection of Teresa's uncontrollable terror that first night smote him with remorse and redoubled his efforts. Alone in the track of these frantic and bewildered beasts, to what madness might she not be driven!

The sharp crack of a rifle from the high road turned his course momentarily in that direction. The smoke was curling lazily over the heads of a party of men in the road, while the huge bulk of a grizzly was disappearing in the distance. A battue of the escaping animals had commenced! In the bitterness of his heart he caught at the horrible suggestion, and resolved to save her from them or die with her there.

How fast he ran, or the time it took him to reach the Woods, has never been known. Their outlines were already hidden when he entered them. To a sense less keen, a courage less desperate, and a purpose less unaltered than Low's, the wood would have been impenetrable. The central fire was still confined to the lofty tree-tops, but the downward rush of wind from time to time drove the smoke into the aisles in blinding and suffocating volumes. To stimulate the creeping animals, and fall to the ground on hands and knees, feel his way through the underbush when the smoke was densest, or take advantage of its momentary lifting, and without uncertainty, mistake or hesitation glide from tree to tree in one undeviating course, was possible only to an experienced woodsman. To keep his reason and insight so clear as to be able, in the midst of this bewildering confusion, to shape that course so as to intersect the wild and unknown tract of an inexperienced, frightened wanderer, belonged to Low, and Low alone. He was making his way against the wind towards the fire. He had reasoned that she was either in comparative safety to windward of it, or he should meet her being driven towards him by it, or find her succumbed and fainting at its feet. To do this he must penetrate the burning belt, and then pass under the blazing dome. He was already upon it; he could see the falling fire dropping like rain or blown like gorgeous blossoms of the conflagration across his path. The space was lit up brilliantly. The vast shafts of dull copper cast no shadow below, but there was no sign or token of any human being. For a moment the young man was at fault. It was true this hidden heart

of the forest bore no undergrowth; the cool matted carpet of the aisles seemed to quench the glowing fragments as they fell. Escape might be difficult, but not impossible, yet every moment was precious. He leaned against a tree and sent his voice like a clarion before him: "Teresa!" There was no reply. He called again. A faint cry at his back from the trail he had just traversed made him turn. Only a few paces behind him, blinded and staggering, but following like a beaten and wounded animal, Teresa halted, knelt, clasped her hands, and dumbly held them out before her. "Teresa!" he cried again, and sprang to her side.

She caught him by the knees, and lifted her face imploringly to his.

"Say that again!" she cried, passionately. "Tell me it was Teresa you called, and no other! You have come back for me! You would not let me die here alone!"

He lifted her tenderly in his arms and cast a rapid glance around him. It might have been his fancy, but there seemed a dull glow in the direction he had come.

"You do not speak!" she said. "Tell me! You did not come here to seek her?"

"Whom?" he said quickly.

"Nellie!"

With a sharp cry he let her slip to the ground. All the pent-up agony, rage, and mortification of the last hour broke from him in that inarticulate outburst. Then catching her hands again, he dragged her to his level.

"Hear me," he cried, disregarding the whirling smoke and the fiery baptism that sprinkled them—"Hear me! If you value your life, if you value your soul, and if you do not want me to cast you to the beasts like Jezebel of old, never—never take that accursed name again upon your lips. Seek her—her? Yes! seek her to tie her like a witch's daughter of hell to that blazing tree!" He stopped. "Forgive me," he said in a changed voice, "I'm mad, and forgetting myself and you. Come."

Without noticing the expression of half-savage delight that had passed across her face, he lifted her in his arms.

"Which way are you going?" she asked, passing her hands vaguely across his breast, as if to reassure herself of his identity.

"To our camp by the scarred tree," he replied.

"Not there, not there," she said hurriedly; "I was driven from there just now. I thought the fire began there until I came here."

Then it was as he feared. Obeying the same mysterious law that had launched this fatal fire like a thunderbolt from the burning mountain-crest five miles away into the heart of the Carquinez Woods, it had again leaped a mile beyond, and was hemming them between two narrowing lines of fire. But Low was not daunted. Retracing his steps through the blinding smoke, he strode off at right angles to the trail near the point where he had entered the wood. It was the spot where he had first lifted Nellie in his arms to carry her to the hidden spring. If any recollection of it crossed his mind at that moment, it was only shown in his redoubled energy. He did not glide through the thick underbrush as on that day, but seemed to take a savage pleasure in breaking through it with sheer brute force. Once Teresa insisted upon relieving him of the burden of her weight, but after a few steps she staggered blindly against him, and would fain have recourse once more to his strong arms. And so alternately staggering, bending, crouching, or bounding and crashing on, but always in one direction, they burst through the jealous rampart and came upon the sylvan haunt of the hidden spring. The great angle of the half-fallen tree acted as a barrier to the wind and drifting smoke, and the cool spring sparkled and bubbled in the almost translucent air. He laid her down beside the water and bathed her face and hands. As he did so his quick eye caught sight of a woman's

handkerchief lying at the foot of the disrupted root. Dropping Teresa's hand, he walked towards it, and with the toe of his moccasin gave it one vigorous kick into the ooze at the overflow of the spring. He turned to Teresa, but she evidently had not noticed the act.

"Where are you?" she asked with a smile.

Something in her movement struck him! He came towards her, and bending down looked into her face. "Teresa! Good God!—look at me. What has happened?"

She raised her eyes to his. There was a slight film across them; the lids were blackened; the beautiful lashes gone for ever!

"I see you a little now, I think," she said with a smile, passing her hands vaguely over his face. "It must have happened when he fainted and I had to drag him through the blazing brush; both my hands were full, and I could not cover my eyes."

"Drag whom?" said Low quickly.

"Why, Dunn."

"Dunn! He here?" said Low hoarsely.

"Yes; didn't you read the note I left on the herbarium? Didn't you come to the camp-fire?" she asked hurriedly, clasping his hands. "Tell me quickly!"

"No!"

"Then you were not there—then you didn't leave me to die?"

"No! I swear it, Teresa!"—the stoicism that had upheld his own agony breaking down before her strong emotion.

"Thank God!" She threw her arms around him, and hid her aching eyes in his troubled breast.

"Tell me all, Teresa," he whispered in her listening ear. "Don't move; stay there and tell me all."

With her face buried in his bosom, as if speaking to his heart alone, she told him part, but not all. With her eyes filled with tears, but a smile on her lips, radiant with new-found happiness, she told him how she had overheard the plans of Dunn and Brace, how she had stolen their conveyance to warn him in time. But here she stopped, dreading to say a word that would shatter the hope she was building upon his sudden revulsion of feeling for Nellie. She could not bring herself to repeat their interview—that would come later, when they were safe and out of danger; now, not even the secret of his birth must come between them with its distraction, to mar their perfect communion. She faltered that Dunn had fainted from weakness, and that she had dragged him out of danger. "He will never interfere with us—I mean," she said softly, "with me again. I can promise you that as well as if he had sworn it."

"Let him pass now," said Low; "that will come later on," he added, unconsciously repeating her thought in a tone that made her heart sick. "But tell me, Teresa, why did you go to Excelsior?"

She buried her head still deeper, as if to hide it. He felt her broken heart beat against his own; he was conscious of a depth of feeling her rival had never awakened in him. The possibility of Teresa loving him had never occurred to his simple nature. He bent his head and kissed her. She was frightened, and unloosed her clinging arms; but he retained her hand, and said, "We will leave this accursed place, and you shall go with me as you said you would; nor need you ever leave me, unless you wish it."

She could hear the beating of her own heart through his words, she longed to look at the eyes and lips that told her this, and read the meaning his voice alone could not entirely convey. For the first time she felt the loss of her sight. She did not know that it was, in this moment of happiness, the last blessing vouchsafed to her miserable life.

A few moments of silence followed, broken only by the distant rumour of the conflagration and the crash of falling boughs. "It may be an hour yet," he whispered, "before the fire has swept a path for us to the road below. We are safe here, unless some sudden

current should draw the fire down upon us. You are not frightened?" She pressed his hand; she was thinking of the pale face of Dunn, lying in the secure retreat she had purchased for him at such a sacrifice. Yet the possibility of danger to him now for a moment marred her present happiness and security. "You think the fire will not go north, of where you found me?" she asked softly.

"I think not," he said, "but I will reconnoitre. Stay where you are."

They pressed hands and parted. He leaped upon the slanting trunk and ascended it rapidly. She waited in mute expectation.

There was a sudden movement of the root on which she sat, a deafening crash, and she was thrown forward on her face.

The vast bulk of the leaning tree dislodged from its aerial support by the gradual sapping of the spring at its roots, or by the crumbling of the bark from the heat, had slipped, made a half revolution, and falling, overbore the lesser trees in its path, and tore, in its resistless momentum, a broad opening to the underbrush.

With a cry to Low, Teresa staggered to her feet. There was an interval of hideous silence, but no reply. She called again. There was a sudden deepening roar, the blast of a fiery furnace swept through the opening, a thousand luminous points around her burst into fire, and in an instant she was lost in a whirlwind of smoke and flame! From the onset of its fury to its culmination twenty minutes did not elapse; but in that interval a radius of two hundred yards around the hidden spring was swept of life and light and motion.

For the rest of that day and part of the night a pall of smoke hung above the scene of desolation. It lifted only towards the morning, when the moon, riding high, picked out in black and silver the shrunken and silent columns of those roofless vaults, shorn of base and capital. It flickered on the still, overflowing pool of the hidden spring, and shone upon the white face of Low, who with a rootlet of the fallen tree holding him down like an arm across his breast, seemed to be sleeping peacefully in the sleeping water.

Contemporaneous history touched him as briefly, but not as gently. "It is now definitely ascertained," said *The Slungullion Mirror*, "that Sheriff Dunn met his fate in the Carquinez Woods in the performance of his duty; that fearless man having received information of the concealment of a band of horse-thieves in their recesses. The desperadoes are presumed to have escaped; as the only remains found are those of two wretched tramps, one of whom is said to have been a Digger, who supported himself upon roots and herbs, and the other a degraded half-white woman. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the fire originated through their carelessness, although Father Wynne of the First Baptist Church, in his powerful discourse of last Sunday, pointed at the warning and lesson of such catastrophes. It may not be out of place here to say that the rumours regarding an engagement between the pastor's accomplished daughter and the late lamented Sheriff are utterly without foundation, as it has been an *ou dit* for some time in all well-informed circles that the indefatigable Mr. Brace, of Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s Express, will shortly lead the lady to the hymeneal altar."

THE END.

**Spanish Grandees.**—In Spain, it is the ambition of grandees to unite in themselves as many grandeeships as possible by the marriage of heiresses, whose names and titles are assumed by their husbands; whence the old story of a benighted grandee, who knocked at a lonely inn, and when asked, as usual, "Quien es?" ("Who is there?") replied, "Don Diego de Mendoza Silva Ribero Guzman Pimental Osario Ponce de Leon Gumaga, Accrora Tellez y Giron, Sandoval y Boxas, Velasco Man——" "In that case," interrupted the landlord, shutting his window, "Go with God. There is not room for half of you."

## A Stepney Legend.

THIS old tale is commemorated in a marble monument on the outer east wall of the chancel of the church of St. Dunstan, at Stepney. It is to the memory of Dane Rebecca Berry, wife of Sir Thomas Elton, of Stratford Bow, and relict of Sir John Berry, 1696. The inscription is as follows:—

Come, ladies, ye that would appear  
Like angels fine, come dress you here;  
Come, dress you at this marble stone,  
And make this humble grave your own,  
Which once adorn'd as fair a mind  
As e'er yet lodged in womankind.  
So she was dress'd whose humble life  
Was free from pride, was free from strife;  
Free from all envious brawls and jars,  
Of human life, the civil wars:  
These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind,  
Which still was gentle, still was kind.  
Her very looks, her garbs, her mein,  
Disclosed the humble soul within.  
Trace through her every scene of life,  
View her as widow, virgin, wife;  
Still the same humble she appears,  
The same in youth, the same in years;  
The same in low and high estate,  
Ne'er vex'd with this, or moved with that.  
Go, ladies, now, and if you'd be,  
As fair, as great, as good as she,  
Go learn of her Humility.

The arms on this monument are—Paly of six on a bend three mullets (Elton) impaling a fish; and in the dexter chief point an annulet between two bends wavy. This coat of arms has given rise to the tradition that Lady Berry was the heroine of a popular ballad called, "The Cruel Knight, or Fortunate Farmer's Daughter," the story of which is briefly this:—A knight, passing by a cottage, hears the cries of a woman in labour, and his knowledge in the occult sciences informs him that the child then born is destined to be his wife; he endeavours to elude the decrees of fate, and avoid so ignoble an alliance, by various attempts to destroy the child, which are defeated. At length, when grown to woman's state, he takes her to the sea-side, intending to drown her, but relents; at the same time, throwing a ring into the sea, he commands her never to see his face again, on pain of instant death, unless she can produce that ring. She afterwards becomes a cook, and finds the ring in a cod-fish as she is dressing it for dinner. The marriage takes place, of course. The ballad, it must be observed, lays the scene of the story in Yorkshire.

**Wilberforce's early Life.**—"When I left the University," writes Mr. Wilberforce, "so little did I know of general society, that I came up to London stored with arguments to prove the authenticity of Rowley's Poems; and now I was at once immersed in politics and fashion. The very first time I went to Boodle's I won twenty-five guineas of the Duke of Norfolk. I belonged at this time to five clubs—Miles and Evans's, Brookes's, Boodle's, White's, Goostree's. The first time I was at Brooke's, scarcely knowing any one, I joined, in mere shyness, in play at the faro-table, where George Selwyn kept bank. A friend, who knew my inexperience, and regarded me as a victim decked out for sacrifice, called to me, 'What, Wilberforce, is that you?' Selwyn quite resented the interference; and, turning to him, said, in his most expressive tone, 'Oh, sir, don't interrupt Mr. Wilberforce; he could not be better employed!' Nothing could be more luxurious than the style of these clubs. Fox, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, and all your leading men frequented them, and associated upon the easiest terms; you chatted, played at cards, or gambled, as you pleased. I was one of those who met to spend an evening in memory of Shakespeare, at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap. Many professed wits were present, but Pitt was the most amusing of the party. We played a good deal at Goostree's; and I well remember the intense earnestness which he displayed when joining in those games of chance. He perceived their increasing fascination, and soon after suddenly abandoned them for ever."

**Public Speaking.**—The Duchess of Gordon, "one of the Empresses of Fashion," coming out of an assembly, said to Dundas, "Mr. Dundas, you are used to speak in public; will you call my servant?" This Duchess had more wit than any of Walpole's old sayers of good things; but she was also coarser than they ventured to be.

## Flogging at Bridewell.

ONE of the sights of London formerly was to go to Bridewell Hospital, in Blackfriars, and there see the unfortunate prisoners flogged for offences committed without the prison. Both men and women, it appears, were whipped on their naked backs, before the Court of Governors. The President sat with his hammer in his hand, and the culprit was taken from the post when the hammer fell. The calls to knock when women were flogged were loud and incessant—"Oh, good Sir Robert, knock! Pray, good Sir Robert, knock," which became at length a common cry of reproach among the lower orders, to denote that a woman of bad character had been whipped in Bridewell:

"This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,

As morning prayers and flagellations end."—POPE'S *Dunciad*.

Ned Ward, in his *London Spy*, gives this account of the Bridewell Whippings in 1699:—"We turned into the gate of a stately edifice my friend told me was Bridewell, which to me seemed rather a prince's palace than a house of correction; till gazing around me, I saw in a room a parcel of ill-looking mortals, stripped to their shirts like haymakers pounding a pernicious weed, which I thought, from their unlucky aspects, seemed to threaten their destruction. From thence we turned into another court, the buildings being, like the former, magnificently noble; where straight before us was another gate, which proved the women's apartment. We followed our noses, and walked up to take a view of the ladies, who we found were shut up as close as nuns; but, like so many slaves, were under the care and direction of an overseer, who walked about with a very flexible weapon of offence, to correct such hempen-journey women as were unhappily troubled with the spirit of idleness. My friend now re-conducted me into the first quadrangle, and led me up a pair of stairs into a spacious chamber, where the court was sat in great grandeur and order. A grave gentleman was mounted in the judgment-seat, armed with a hammer, like a change-broker at Lloyd's Coffee-house, and a woman under the lash in the next room, where folding-doors were opened, that the whole court might view the punishment. At last down went the hammer, and scourging ceased; so that, I protest, till I was undeceived I thought they had sold their lashes by auction. The honourable court, I observed, was chiefly attended by fellows in blue coats and women in blue aprons. Another accusation being then delivered by a flat cap against a poor wench, who having no friend to speak in her behalf, proclamation was made, viz., 'All you who are willing E—th T—ll should have present punishment, pray hold up your hands;' which was done accordingly, and she was ordered the civility of the house."

Madam Creswell, the celebrated woman of King Charles the Second's reign, died a prisoner in Bridewell. She desired by will to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have £10; but upon this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was well of her. After a sermon on the general subject of morality, the preacher concluded with saying, "By the will of the deceased, it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what was WELL of her. All that I shall say of her, therefore, is this: She was born well, she lived well, and she died well; for she was born with the name of Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell."

In the precincts of Bridewell lived John Rose, who is said by Stow to have invented a lute early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth: he is also thought to have been "Rose, the old Viol-maker;" concerts of viols being the musical entertainments after the practice of singing madrigals grew into disuse. To this John Rose's son is traced the "Old Rose," immortalised in the song mentioned by Izaak Walton, and known to us by "Sing Old Rose, and burn the bellows."

## Big Game.

From "THE TROPICAL WORLD."

By DR. G. HARTWIG.

### No. 3.—THE GIRAFFE.

WHICH of all four-footed animals raises its head to the most towering heights? Is it the colossal elephant, or the "ship of the desert"? No doubt the former reaches many a lofty branch with its flexible proboscis, and the eye of the long-necked camel sweeps over a vast extent of desert; but the giraffe embraces a still wider horizon, and plucks the leaves of the *mokaala* at a still greater height. A strange and most surprising animal, almost all neck and leg, seventeen feet high against a length of only seven from the breast to the beginning of the tail, its comparatively small and slanting body resting on long stilts, its diminutive head fixed at the summit of a column; and yet, in spite of these disproportions, of so elegant and pleasing an appearance, that it owes its Arabic name, *Xirapha*, to the graceful ease of its movements.

The beauty of the giraffe is enhanced by its magnificently spotted skin, and by its soft and gentle eyes; which eclipse even those of the gazelle, and, by their lateral projection, take in a wider range of the horizon than is subject to the vision of any other quadruped, so as even to be able to anticipate a threatened attack in the rear from the stealthy lion or any other foe of the desert.

The long tail, adorned with a bushy tuft of flowing black hair, no doubt renders it good service against many a stinging insect; and the straight horns, or rather excrescences of the frontal bone, small as they are, and muffled with skin and hair, are by no means the insignificant weapons they have been supposed to be. "We have seen them wielded by the males against each other with fearful and reckless force," says Maunder, in his excellent "Dictionary of Animated Nature," "and we know that they are the natural arms of the giraffe most dreaded by the keeper of the present living giraffes in the Zoological Gardens, because they are most commonly and suddenly put in use. The giraffe does not butt by depressing and suddenly elevating the head, like the deer, ox, or sheep, but strikes the callous obtuse extremity of the horns against the object of his attack with a sidelong sweep of the neck. One blow thus directed at full swing against the head of an unlucky attendant would be fatal."

Captain Harris, in his "Wild Sports of Africa," gives us an animated picture of a giraffe hunt, breathing the full life and excitement of the chase.

"Many days had now elapsed since we had even seen the camelopard, and then only in small numbers, and under the most unfavourable circumstances. The blood coursed through my veins like quick-silver, therefore, as, on the morning of the 19th, from the back of Breslar, my most trusty steed, with a firm-wooded plain before me, I counted thirty-two of these animals industriously stretching their peacock necks to crop the tiny leaves which fluttered above their heads in a mimosa grove that beautified the scenery. They were within a hundred yards of me; but having previously determined to try the *boarding* system, I reserved my fire.

"Although I had taken the field expressly to look for giraffes, and had put four of the Hottentots on horseback, all excepting Piet had as usual slipped off unperceived in pursuit of a troop of *hoodoos*. Our stealthy approach was soon opposed by an ill-tempered rhinoceros, which, with her ugly calf, stood directly in the path, and the twinkling of her bright little eyes, accompanied by a restless rolling of the body, giving earnest of her intention to charge. I directed Piet to salute her with a broadside, at the same moment putting spurs to my horse. At the report of the gun, and the

sudden clattering of hoofs, away bounded the giraffes in grotesque confusion, clearing the ground by a succession of frog-like hops, and soon leaving me far in the rear. Twice were their towering forms concealed from view by a park of trees, which we entered almost at the same instant, and twice, in emerging from the labyrinth, did I perceive them tilting over an eminence immeasurably in advance. A white turban that I wore round my hunting-cap, being dragged off by a projecting bough, was instantly charged by three rhinoceroses, and, looking over my shoulder, I could see them long afterwards, fagging themselves to overtake me. In the course of five minutes the fugitives arrived at a small river, the treacherous sands of which receiving their long legs, their flight was greatly retarded; and after floundering to the opposite side, and scrambling to the top of the bank, I perceived that their race was run. Patting the steaming neck of my good steed, I urged him again to his utmost, and instantly found myself by the side of the herd. The stately bull being readily distinguishable from the rest by his dark chestnut robe and superior stature, I applied the muzzle of my rifle behind his dappled shoulder with the right hand, and drew both triggers; but he still continued to shuffle along, and being afraid of losing him, should I dismount, among the extensive mimosa groves with which the landscape was now obscured, I sat in my saddle, loading and firing behind the elbow, and then, placing myself across his path, until the tears trickling from his full brilliant eye, his lofty frame began to totter, and at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly-groove bore, like a falling minaret bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust. Never shall I forget the tingling excitement of that moment. At last then, the summit of my hunting ambition was actually attained, and the towering giraffe laid low. Tossing my turbanless cap into the air, alone in the wild wood, I hurrahed with bursting exultation, and unsaddling my steed, sank exhausted beside the noble prize I had won."

**The Discoveries of Posterity.**—When Walpole began to plant the grounds at Strawberry Hill, he used to talk very learnedly with the nurseryman, except that now and then a lettuce run to seed overturned all his botany, as he more than once took it for a curious West Indian flowering shrub. "Then," he says, "the deliberation with which trees grow is extremely inconvenient to my natural impatience. I lament living in so barbarous an age when we are come to see so little perfection in gardening. I am persuaded a hundred and fifty years hence it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant tulip-roots. I have even begun a treatise or panegyric on the great discoveries made by posterity in all arts and sciences, wherein I shall particularly descant on the great and cheap convenience of making trout-rivers. I shall talk of a secret of roasting a wild boar and a whole pack of hounds alive, without hurting them, so that the whole chase may be brought up to table. Then the delightfulness of having whole groves of humming-birds, tame tigers taught to fetch and carry, pocket spying-glasses to see all that is doing in China, with a thousand other toys, which we now look upon as impracticable; and which pert posterity would laugh in one's face for staring at, while they are offering rewards for perfecting discoveries of the principles of which we have not the least conception! If ever this book should come forth, I must expect to have all the learned in arms against me, who measure all knowledge backward: some of them have discovered symptoms of all arts in Homer; and Pineda (the Spanish Jesuit) had so much faith in the accomplishments of his ancestors, that he believed Adam understood all sciences but politics. But as these great champions for our forefathers are dead, and Boileau not alive to pitch me into a verse with Herrault, I am determined to admire the learning of posterity, especially being convinced that half our present knowledge sprung from discovering the errors of what had formerly been called so. I don't think I shall ever make any great discoveries myself, and therefore shall be content to propose them to my descendants, like my Lord Bacon, who as Dr. Shaw says very prettily, in his Preface to Boyle, 'had the art of inventing arts;' or rather, like a Marquis of Worcester, of whom I have seen a little book which he calls 'A Century of Inventions,' where he has set down a hundred machines to do impossibilities with, and not a single direction how to make the machines themselves."

**Pure Diction.**—The poet, Malherbe, the founder of the purity of the French language, was very sensitive on the score of diction. When, during his last moments, his confessor, by way of encouraging him, began to enlarge on the joys of Paradise, "Stop," cried Malherbe, "your ungrammatical style is giving me a distaste for them."

## 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.)

### ITALIAN MUSIC.

DEAR SIR,—It would be a pity if the letter on the above subject, which appeared in your last issue, were to pass unnoticed. I therefore ask the indulgence of a few lines.

"Pro Bono Publico" is of opinion that if the German and Italian schools of music are compared, it will be greatly to the advantage of the latter, on the ground that it possesses a greater amount of melody and is more full of feeling. From that view I beg entirely to differ. Italian music no doubt possesses a considerable amount of melody, but compared with plenty of other music, it is sadly deficient in "soul." We have now arrived at a time when something more is wanted in music than mere pleasant sound; we must have something which both appeals to the heart and the understanding as well as the ear of the listener. Italian music does not do this. It pleases us for a time, but is not very satisfying; and it would in consequence be a mistake to give it too prominent a position, although I have of course no wish to see it altogether excluded from the concert room. Then, as to melody, does "Pro Bono Publico" venture to say that the compositions of such men as Mendelssohn and Mozart lack melody? Mendelssohn's music especially is full of melody, and moreover its beautiful and touching expressive power is looked for in vain amongst Italian composers. But after all, German composers have by no means enjoyed a monopoly at the concerts in the Queen's Hall. English composers constantly take a prominent place in the programme; and surely it is a matter for congratulation that we are not entirely dependent on foreigners for the enjoyment of beautiful music.

To conclude. By all means let us hear the great masters of all countries, but I fail to see that it is incumbent on Mr. Orton Bradley, Mr. Cave, or anybody else to try to save a sinking ship, which, if it was intended to last, should have been more strongly built.—I am, yours faithfully,

A LOVER OF MUSIC.

### LADIES' SOCIAL.

DEAR EDITOR,—On behalf of myself and several others that accompanied me to the Ladies' Social-rooms on Thursday evening, I beg to thank Mrs. Mellish (our Hon. Sec.) and also your worthy Sub. for taking the post as chairman, and hope that on some future occasion he will do so again. I think we all had a very enjoyable evening. I was delighted to see Mr. Clews appear, although rather late in the evening, and congratulate him on his recovery to health. Thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly helped us to make the evening so pleasant to all.

Hoping you will spare room in your Journal for these few lines to one who is deeply interested in its welfare.

E. A. BREADY.

## Answers to Correspondents.

(Correspondents are informed that under no circumstances can replies be sent to them through the post. The name and address of the sender must always accompany communications—not necessarily for publication.)

A. W. T.—Your letter has been handed to the Chairman of the Beaumont Trustees.

TOPICAL TIMES.—Written by the late H. J. Byron, who played in it himself with great success.

ARTHUR.—(1) John Munro is the Hon. Sec. and the sub-Editor Acting Manager. (2) Thanks for your good wishes.

STENO.—Yes; a Shorthand Society has been formed. Why not join? it is just what you require, evidently.

C. L. CLUB.—A letter addressed to the Hon. Sec. will find him.

INCOGITO.—Much obliged; hardly up to the mark. Try again.

LILLIE.—(1) 2,500 comfortably. (2) For surest information write to the publisher of the book in question. The address can always be found on the front page.

PHŒTAS.—(1) "Endymion." (2) Possibly "Last Days of Pompeii." (3) "Notre Dame." (4) If you turn to the Prayer Book you will find tables, which, if properly worked out, will give the information.

## Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

### RULES AND CONDITIONS.

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

### PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

All Competitors who have been announced as winners of weekly prizes in the numbers of the Journal issued on March 21st and 28th, and April 4th, 11th, and 18th respectively, may receive the amounts to which they are entitled on application to the Sub-Editor, at the East Lodge, between the hours of 5 and 9 p.m. on Saturday week, April 28th.

## COMPETITIONS SET APRIL 4.

### CLASS A.

No one, I suppose, would deny the claim of any of those whose names appear in the subjoined list to the title of Irishman. Perhaps the most obvious reflection, on reading the list of names, is that Ireland has not contributed her fair share to the literature of the United Kingdom. There are three statesmen and two warriors, and the sixth is a poet; but probably no serious critic would dream of placing Tom Moore in the first rank. Goldsmith and Swift, it will be observed, do not appear, though each of them received a certain number of votes. The voting resulted as follows:

The Duke of Wellington	..	..	66
Daniel O'Connell	..	..	47
Edmund Burke	..	..	45
Tom Moore	..	..	38
Mr. Parnell	..	..	29
Lord Wolseley	..	..	24

Two Competitors sent in lists corresponding with the above, and the prize will therefore be divided between them, their names and addresses being

ADAM D. WAUGH,

and 8, King John Street, Stepney, E.,

B. H. MACKELCKEN,

13, Baggally Street, Burdett Road, E.

### CLASS B.

I must confess to being disappointed with the result of this Competition. I had hoped for a vast variety of suggestions which would provide Competitions for a long period. But though the suggestions received are fairly numerous, very few of them indeed can lay much claim to originality. The majority of Competitors suggested essays on various subjects, and none of them, to my mind, particularly good ones. Several, again, suggested Competitions which have already been given in these columns, while others made suggestions which cannot be considered desirable at all. However, I hope to be able to profit by some of the ideas I have received. The prize I have decided to divide between

H. T. WADKIN,

Oak Villa, Rockmead Road,

South Hackney.

J. CLARK,

226, Rhodeswell Road,

Victoria Park

The suggestion of the former Competitor is the subject for this week's Competition in Class B. The other I hope to make use of on some future occasion, which is sufficient reason why it should not be published at present.

CLASS C.

In this class there was, I regret to say, no Competition.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A. (OPEN TO EVERYBODY.)

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for a list of the six best poets who have died in the present century. To be decided by a majority of votes. Answers to be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, April 26th.

CLASS B. (FOR MEMBERS ONLY.)

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered for the best suggestion of an invention which would most benefit mankind, reasons for its desirability being given. Answers to be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, April 26th.

CLASS C. (FOR GIRLS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best short essay on the sentiment contained in the line "Man never is but always to be blest." Answers by noon on Thursday, April 26th.

CLASS D. (FOR BOYS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best model of a wheelbarrow received by noon on Thursday, April 26th.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.

RULES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET APRIL 4.

- (1.)  
1. Forty-eight of each kind.  
2. £10. James Smith had 31 half-crowns, 16 shillings, and 13 sixpences; Mrs. Smith had 29 half-crowns, 24 shillings, and 7 sixpences.

- (2.) PROVERBS TRANSPOSED.  
1. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.  
2. Still waters run deep.  
3. It never rains but it pours.  
4. The early bird finds the worm.

(Nos. 1 and 3 were misprinted. In No. 1, "w" should have been "with"; in No. 3, "you" should have been "u.")

- (3.) DISTRICTS OF LONDON.  
1. Ken-sing-ton.  
2. Step-ney.  
3. Bays-water.  
4. Poplar.

- (4.) SQUARE WORDS.  
1. CHOSE HIVES OVENS SENNA ESSAY.  
2. FEAST ENTER ATONE SENSE TREES.  
3. EDWIN DIANA WAVES INERT NASTY.

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

(1.) DOUBLE ACROSTIC.  
My initials give a district of ancient Italy, the name of which is still preserved in an English village where my fragile second is largely manufactured, just as it was two thousand years ago in the Italian place of the same name.

1. Necessaries to supply.
2. A novice inexperienced.
3. Bright as sun in sky.
4. To totally invert.
5. A show to strike the eye.
6. To partially hurt.
7. What M.P.'s often cry.

(2.)  
1. I am formed of nine letters, and may therefore be described as odd. My 1, 8, 6, 4, 3 signifies relish; my 2, 8, 6, 5, is a trick; my 9, 2, 3, 6 is the god of love.  
2. I am formed of ten letters, and am a functionary of the Church. If I were my 7, 5, 8, 6 I should be more exalted; and if I were my 1, 3, 5, 9 my rank would be higher still; my 4, 8, 6, 7 is musical; and my 2, 8, 9, 3 is very uncommon.

(3.) SOME GREAT MEN ANALYSED. WHO ARE THEY?  
1. Recent and a weight—a philosopher.  
2. Sleep, a vowel and a town in Spain—an emperor.  
3. An adverb, a liquid and a preposition—a dramatist and poet.  
4. Drapery and a vegetable substance—an English hero.  
5. A Spaniard, a preposition and a pronoun—an astronomer.  
6. To vibrate and a weapon—a dramatist.

(4.) Make Squares on the following three words, using only recognised English words, and no proper names: Oust, Drop, Sabre.  
All answers to puzzles must be received not later than noon on Thursday, April 26th.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DISPIRITED.—(1) No; Edgehill and "co-ordinate" did not count because they did not answer the puzzles equally well as the solutions published. If a puzzle does admit of two equally good answers, either is counted as correct. (2) I don't remember in what puzzle "Rollin" occurred. (3) The black lead is all right, though ink is preferable. (4) Your change of address makes no difference; why should it?

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

Palmer's Claret.—Captain Gronow relates that General Palmer having received from Parliament £100,000 for his father's introduction of the mail-coach system, was induced to invest a large portion of his fortune in the purchase of a fine estate for the production of claret, in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux. The management of the property he confided to a very plausible agent, under whose auspices Palmer's Claret began to be talked of in the clubs, and to be highly prized. The patronage of the Regent was solicited, and the Prince, from a kindly feeling for Palmer, who had before been introduced at Carlton House, gave a dinner, when his claret was to be tried. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, Sir William Knighton, and Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt were of the party, with Lord Yarmouth, known as "Red-herrings," from his rubicund whiskers, hair, and face, and from the town of Yarmouth largely importing that fish from Holland. The wine was produced, and was found excellent. The Prince was delighted, told some of his best stories, quoted Shakespeare, and felicitously declared the bouquet of the wine as suited "to the holy Palmer's kiss." Lord Yarmouth alone sat in moody silence; on being asked the cause, he said that he had drunk a claret which he much preferred at His Royal Highness' table. The Prince ordered a bottle of this wine to be served with anchovy sandwiches; and His Royal Highness declared his own wine superior to Palmer's, adding that he should try to obtain a better wine from his estate. Palmer came from Carlton House much mortified. On Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt attempting to console him, saying that it was the anchovies that had spoiled the taste of the connoisseurs, the General said, loudly enough to be heard by Lord Yarmouth, "No; it was the confounded red-herrings." Palmer took the advice of the Prince, rooted out his old vines, and planted new ones, at an immense cost, but with little or no result. He and his agent got into difficulties, mortgaged the property, and were eventually ruined; the General sold his commission, passed through the Insolvent Court, and was at last seen begging in the streets of London, so strongly had the tide of misfortune set in against him.

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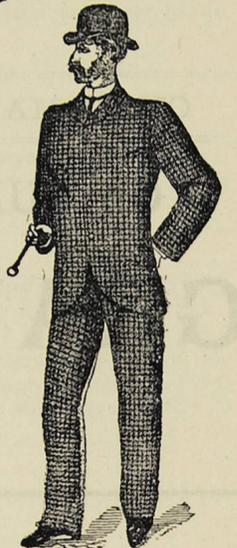
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