

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY.]

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## Shadows Before THE COMING EVENTS.

THURSDAY.—LIBRARY closed.  
 ART SOCIETY (PROPOSED).—General Meeting, at 8 o'clock.  
 SWISS HOLIDAY.—Meeting at 8.30.  
 CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run to Woodford.  
 LADIES' SOCIAL.—Usual Thursday Concert.

FRIDAY.—LIBRARY closed.  
 LITERARY SOCIETY.—"Productive" Evening, at 8 o'clock.  
 CYCLING CLUB.—General Meeting, School-buildings.  
 LAWN TENNIS.—Committee Meeting, 7.30; General Meeting at 8.  
 CHORAL SOCIETY.—Usual Practice in Queen's Hall.

SATURDAY.—LIBRARY closed.  
 WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—Opening by the Duke of Westminster at 4 o'clock.  
 CRICKET CLUB.—Match at Wanstead (First XI).  
 CYCLING CLUB.—Run to Richmond.  
 RAMBLERS.—No Ramble.  
 CONCERT (Queen's Hall) at 8 o'clock.

SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL at 12.30. LIBRARY closed.

WHIT MONDAY.—WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—Special All-Day Programme. Scots Guards Band, etc. (For particulars see bills.)  
 SWIMMING BATH.—Open to Public.  
 RAMBLERS.—Ramble to Merstham.  
 SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—No Meeting.

TUESDAY.—WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.  
 LIBRARY closed.  
 PARLIAMENT.—Assembles as usual.  
 DRAMATIC CLUB.—Meeting of Section C, at 8 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY.—WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.  
 LIBRARY closed.  
 CONCERT (Queen's Hall) at 8 o'clock.

## Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MAY 20th, at 12.30 p.m.  
 IN THE QUEEN'S HALL,

- ORGANIST .. .. . MR. F. J. CHAFFER.  
 (Pupil of Mr. W. de Manby Sergison.)
1. Chorus, "But as for His people" (Israel in Egypt) .. .. . Handel.
  2. Aria, "If with all your hearts" (Elijah) .. .. . Mendelssohn.
  3. Fugue in G minor .. .. . Bach.
  4. Cantilène .. .. . Salomé.
  5. March, from the "Occasional" Oratorio .. .. . Handel.
  6. Air, "O rest in the Lord" (Elijah) .. .. . Mendelssohn.
  7. { Air in G } .. .. . Smart.  
 { Con Moto }
  8. Pastorale from 1st Organ Sonata .. .. . Guilmant.
  9. Triumphal March .. .. . Lemmens.

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

## Notes of the Week.

ON Wednesday last Mr. Edward Stanhope received an influential deputation at the War Office, on the subject of the National Defences, and particularly the protection of London. The Right Hon. gentleman stated that the Administration were taking the necessary steps to improve the organization of the army in conformity with the extended requirements of the Empire. In all the military ports, and at all the coaling stations, active measures of defence were in hand. One of their primary objects was to render any attack upon London, by way of the Thames, absolutely impossible, and to this end it was requisite that they should have not only forts, but a powerful field army. They were accordingly preparing for the organisation of a third Army Corps to be composed partly of Regulars and partly of Militia, and to be supported by the Volunteers, on whose patriotism and intelligence they largely relied. It is to be hoped that England will not allow herself to get panic-stricken on the subject of National Defence; but at the same time in the present state of Europe, the question of adequate defence is a matter of great importance.

It is not only in the country (says the Duchess of Rutland in the *Selborne Magazine*) that a close study of Nature adds much to the enjoyment of life. In London those who are fortunate enough to live near the parks may watch the first blossoms of spring and hear the song of many birds. About a fortnight ago in an interval of warm weather, the dwellers near the Regent's Park were delighted with the notes of thrushes and blackbirds. I read with great interest a correspondence in the newspapers on the subject of birds, supposed usually to love solitary woods finding their way to London and making their nests in the parks. The wood-pigeon was mentioned as having been heard, and I can add my testimony to having often listened to the coo of wood-pigeons in the Regent's Park during one summer, but they do not habitually frequent it. I have also seen numbers of starlings in the plantations bordering the Zoological Gardens and the broad open space of the Park.

CRICKETERS will be interested in the following particulars about the Australian team given by the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"There is not one professional cricketer in the Australian team, and nearly all follow some other calling for a livelihood. When engaged in an English tour, they invariably receive twelve months' leave of absence without salary, their *status quo* being retained for them. As they are occupied here in a somewhat patriotic vocation, the Government ever readily give their employes the necessary furlough. That popular fellow, McDonnell, the handsome captain of the eleven, together with Ferris, and the so-called 'Terror,' C. T. B. Turner, are engaged in the Australian Joint Stock Bank at Sydney. Blackham, the 'prince of wicket-

keepers,' is said to be independent: little Bannerman, the 'stonewaller,' wiles away his existence when not stubbornly defending a wicket, in the printing office of the Civil Service in Sydney; whilst Worrall, the 'plucky field' of the party, is a journalist on the staff of the *Age*."

THERE is an interesting article in this month's *Gentleman's Magazine*, on the "Longevity of Brain-workers." After instancing a number of literary men who have attained a great age, the writer says:—"In some professions, notably the bar, to which might be added the stage, the early training is said in a half serious banter to kill off the weaklings. To some extent this is true of all professions. Men without self-control die as a rule young whatever their occupations. The two things that most readily kill men who attain middle age are anxiety or loss of interest. The man who goes to bed not knowing whether a turn in the market may not elevate him to wealth or steep him in ruin, dies of softening of the brain; he who has made his fortune and retired feels, unless he has cultivated a hobby, that he has no place in the world, and dies of inaction. The writer then goes on to insist on the advantages of every man having a hobby, remarking that all inoffensive hobbies are beneficial. There is no doubt that if every man were induced to take up a hobby, no matter what—gardening, boating, running, carpentering, banjo playing, or what not—there would be a good deal less mischief and discontent in the world."

AN instructive and entertaining paper on the Tiger was read by Mr. J. D. Inverarity at a recent meeting of the Bombay Natural History Society. Mr. Inverarity is a shikari, a tiger-slayer of considerable renown, and has keenly observed the habits of the animal. One very curious point is the method in which the tigress teaches her cubs to kill. This she does by disabling the animal attacked, so that it cannot make its escape from the cubs, who then complete the work. Mr. Inverarity himself witnessed a scene of this kind, or at least came on the spot just after it had been enacted, and when the marks were so fresh as to admit of the whole story being read at a glance. An old bull nilgai had been the victim, and the tigress had disabled him by breaking one of his fore-legs just below the knee. She never touched his throat, the usual place of seizing, but allowed the cubs to mangle the disabled brute. Mr. Inverarity has timed tigers when at their meals and has found that a full grown tiger takes two hours' steady eating to finish the fore-quarters of a bullock. He dissipates the myth about the "sledge-hammer stroke of the fore-paw of the tiger," showing that the tiger simply clutches with his claws exactly as a man might clutch another's arm with his fingers. He also gives a variety of curious information about the immense distances tigers wander during the night; how they keep the jungle roads and foot-paths, avoiding the more difficult tangled undergrowth; how they are partial to a dust-bath on the roads rolling about in it with evident satisfaction; how they do not like moving about in the heat of the day, as the hot ground burns the pads of their feet and makes them quite raw; and how they are sometimes discovered sitting in pools of water in the heat of the day.

THE following paragraph, which claims to be the truth *re* the calling of Sir Morell Mackenzie to attend the German Kaiser, or, as he then was, the Crown Prince, is given by the special correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"It is true that it was Dr. Mackenzie's intervention that saved the Emperor from being done to death last May, but Sir Morell modestly ascribes to Prince Bismarck the credit of averting the operation. It came about in this way. Last May the doctors at Berlin, having decided that the growth in the Crown Prince's throat looked like cancer, decided to make the operation known as splitting. This operation, as they

describe it, consists in making a longitudinal incision in the windpipe, and then, turning back each side of the larynx as the leaves of a book, they would remove the alleged cancerous growth. They had decided to do this, not because they were certain it was cancer, but because they suspected that it was cancer, and they made their preparations, knowing that in the only three cases in which Dr. Hahn had performed the operation the patient had succumbed, sometimes within four hours. There is no reason to believe that the Crown Prince had the slightest idea of the risk to which he was being subjected, when fortunately Prince Bismarck, hearing of what was going on, intervened. He reminded the doctors that the patient on whom they proposed to operate was the heir to the throne of Germany, and he asked them whether they were reasonably certain that the operation would be successful, and that it would not endanger the life of the Crown Prince. They replied that they could not undertake to say that the operation would be successful, and that it was often very dangerous. 'Then,' said the Chancellor, 'don't you think that it would be well before conducting so dangerous an operation that some eminent specialist in diseases of the throat should be consulted?' Dr. Bergmann replied that his hand would be steadier if he conducted the operation under the eye of such a person. Prince Bismarck then suggested that they should select a specialist, who should examine and report upon the patient. It was the German doctors themselves who decided that Sir Morell Mackenzie should be called in. They first named three physicians, and ultimately their choice fell upon him, partly, no doubt, because his book on the diseases of the throat had been translated into German and used as a text book throughout the Empire. It is therefore, certain that, so far from Sir Morell Mackenzie being imposed upon the Crown Prince by his wife, or by Her Majesty the Queen, he was called in by the German doctors, whose action was due to the initiative of Prince Bismarck. The origin of the absurd story of English intervention was very simple. When the doctors decided that Dr. Mackenzie should be called in, it was suggested by a high official in the Palace that if a foreign doctor were suddenly to appear upon the scene, without any other reason than the conviction of the German doctors as to the seriousness of the malady, it would greatly alarm the Crown Prince. It was therefore suggested that the Crown Prince should telegraph to Her Majesty the Queen, asking her to send him to Berlin. The Queen had mislaid the cipher, and the message having been repeated and having to be sent *en clair*, its contents became known. Her Majesty sent Dr. Reid to ask Dr. Mackenzie to go to Berlin. He started at once, not knowing in the least the nature of the case he was called in to consult on, except that it was a throat disease. Hence the story of his being thrust upon the German Emperor by the Queen of England, which in turn led to strange fabrications about his professional relations with the Queen and the Royal Family, who, according to some of the German Papers, are suffering greatly from the prolonged absence of one who, these journalists appear to imagine, is body-physician to the whole Royal household."

**A Distinction.**—A gentleman discharged his coachman for overturning him in his carriage, on his road home from a dinner-party. The man the next morning, craving pardon, by acknowledging his fault: "I had certainly drunk too much, sir," said he; "but I was not very drunk, and gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk." "Why," replied the master (the Hon. B. C., renowned for the smartness of his answers), "I don't say you were very drunk for a gentleman, but you were too drunk for a coachman. So get about your business."

**Talking Politics.**—As politics spoil conversation, Walpole once proposed that everybody should forfeit half-a-crown who said anything tending to introduce the idea either of Ministers or Opposition. Upon this Hannah More, who was present, added that whoever mentioned *pit-coal* or *fox-skin* muff, should be considered as guilty; and it was accordingly voted.

## Opening of the Swimming Bath.

CONTRARY to expectation, yet true to his original promise, the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery came to the Palace on Monday night to witness the inauguration of his noble gift, the Swimming-bath. When it became known that the Earl was really coming, notwithstanding the telegram announced last week cancelling his intention, the enthusiasm knew no bounds, and, in consequence, every ticket (a limited number) was sold, and those who could not obtain a place in the bath had to resort to the gymnasium.

The Earl and Countess of Rosebery were received in the Queen's Hall by Sir Edmund Currie and a number of the Beaumont Trustees. Among the assembly were Lady Currie, Sir John and Lady Jennings, Sir Fredk. Young, Rev. Harry Jones, Rev. E. Hoskyns, Mr. Nathaniel Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. Dyer Edwardes, and the Hon. C. Fremantle. After a brief glance at the unfinished library, the distinguished visitors were conducted through the Exhibition buildings into the bath—their entry being the signal for loud and prolonged applause. As soon as the company were seated the entertainment was commenced by illustrations of fancy swimming, kindly given by the Members of the Polytechnic, under Professor Bibbero (the Palace Instructor) and Mr. W. S. Hankins (Hon. Sec. Poly. S. C.). The series included how to save persons from drowning, and how to avoid the death-grip of drowning persons when attempting their rescue, etc., etc. This was followed by an exhibition, and also a blindfold race. At the termination of the most amusing polo match, the noble Earl arose to depart, and as he left the building the cheering was redoubled.

Re-passing through the Exhibition buildings, the distinguished visitors were conducted to the Gymnasium, where a special programme, in honour of the Earl's visit, had been arranged by Sergeant Burdett. The varied performances were greatly admired, and the Earl apparently was greatly interested in all he saw. During an interval, Sir Edmund Currie rose to move a hearty vote of thanks to the Earl and Countess of Rosebery for their presence among them that evening—a visit that was by no means the first by which they had shown their interest in the Institute. As Chairman of the Beaumont Trustees he particularly desired to observe that the idea of building the bath, and presenting it as a gift to the People's Palace had been solely the idea of his lordship without any prompting or suggestions from anyone; and he was proud to assure the noble Earl that East London was immensely indebted to him for such a generous benefaction. Sir John Jennings (ex-Master of the Drapers' Company) seconded the motion, and begged to remind his hearers that this memorable event had fallen most happily upon the anniversary of the opening of the Palace by Her Majesty the Queen. He wished most sincerely to thank the visitors for their presence there on such an anniversary.

In replying, Lord Rosebery said they heard much of the differences between the East End and the West End of London. He had always thought that one of the better and more refreshing differences which distinguished the East from the West End, was that they were less addicted there to the vice of public speaking, and that night he had promised himself, by agreement with Sir Edmund Currie, a pleasant evening without the taint and alloy which spoiled every entertainment in Great Britain—speech making. Sir John Jennings had alluded to the fact that this was the anniversary of the opening of the People's Palace by her Majesty. In days of old there were two classes of

knights, the ordinary and the knights banneret, who were knighted on the field of battle on which they had earned distinction. Sir John was the knight banneret of the People's Hall. As to the vote of thanks with which they had honoured him, he was not at all sure it was his due. There was really a great pleasure in giving, however small the gift might be. True, there was no great difficulty in finding opportunities of giving, as the post showed him every morning, but it was an extremely difficult thing to arrive at the knowledge of what was a wise and prudent and beneficent gift. It was in pursuit of such gymnastics as a person in middle age may engage in, that Sir Edmund Currie found him one day, when he came with the project of the People's Palace, and then permitted him to have the proud monopoly of giving a bath to this Institution. They had spent some time in the bath, and had seen that it could be put to good uses; how persons could learn to swim, and learn to save those who could not swim: and it struck him that, next to being actually drowned, the next most disagreeable thing that could happen to a person would be to be saved from drowning. As to the part of the entertainment they had just witnessed, he could not speak with professional knowledge. He belonged to the class of politicians, who had very little time to carry on gymnastics, and would cut, he feared, a very ridiculous figure if they tried it. He had just listened to a speech of Lord Wolseley's in the House of Lords, in which he thanked Heaven he was not a politician, and hoped he never should be. That might not be quite complimentary to the audience he was addressing; but he (Lord Rosebery) was bound to say that in the view of the general public who knew nothing of the inner mysteries of politics, the only gymnastics of which politicians were supposed to be capable were turning somersaults. For the purposes of health these athletic exercises are much more agreeable and useful than any political gymnastics. One of the great questions that agitate politicians is the differences between capital and labour; but there is one capital—the precious capital of good health, a vigorous body, sound muscles, and sound nerves, and this, the best of all, the gymnasium and the swimming-bath would help them to acquire and to retain. When her Majesty looked back on the events of her Jubilee nothing would bring greater gratification than that she had opened to the people of East London the priceless boon of this noble institution, which was not merely valuable in itself but gave a new spirit, a new life and joy to this metropolis, and would become the pattern and example of many such institutions. If such a feeling could be felt by one who ruled the greatest empire the world has ever seen, it might be permitted to him to rejoice that he had been associated even in a small way with the People's Palace.

This concluded the evening's entertainment, and as the company left the building hearty cheers were raised for "Lord and Lady Rosebery," who failed not to acknowledge such expressions of good-will.

The Swimming-bath, which runs parallel to the buildings occasionally used for exhibitions, is the gift wholly of Lord Rosebery to the People's Palace Institute. It is a well-constructed building, with a sloping, glassed roof; the floor of the bath being made of white-glazed bricks, which gives an air of cleanliness to the whole. The dressing-boxes, of which there are some sixty, are fitted in the usual way, and concealed by red and white striped curtains hanging from brass rods, which has a pretty effect. Above this range of boxes is situate a railed gallery to accommodate spectators at swimming-matches, displays, etc. The length of the bath is at present 90 feet long, the width being some 30 feet. It is hoped that eventually the bath will be extended to 200 feet in length, and, with that object in view, one end of the building is temporarily fitted with a plain brick wall.

## Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

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

MR. HASLUCK'S third elocution "open night" passed off in a most successful manner on Thursday last. A large audience, naturally attracted by a more than promising programme, attentively applauded the efforts of the young performers; and a general joy, in consequence, characterized the proceedings. The entertainment was given, as heretofore, in the largest room in the School-buildings—which, though commodious enough in all conscience, is, as I have said before, quite inadequate for dramatic or elocutionary purposes. However, there was the room, there the audience, and there the players fumed upon the stage—or more strictly speaking, upon a three-inch-high platform. Punctuality not being one of my virtues, I was, of course, late in arriving, and so missed, it appeared, two of the finest recitations of the evening, given respectively by Mr. Olley and Miss Levey. Just as I entered, wondering in my artless way what the noise was about, Miss P. Simons, as if in reply to my mental query, mounted the platform and murmured "Ask Mama." This, of course, was but the title of the recitation, which the lady very ably delivered. Miss Elstob followed with a fairly-good rendering of "The Curfew," which in its turn was succeeded by Snow's "Santa Claus," given very prettily by Miss Risley—whom you will remember tickled the last "open night" audience with her old maid's confessions. Then Mr. Leeding gave my friend "Dagonet's" finest effort—"The Lifeboat"—and, like Mr. Gilbert's "Iolanthe" peers—he "did it very well."

In quick succession came what proved to be the best in the programme, a dramatic sketch entitled "Incompatibility of Temper," played by three of Mr. Elocution Hasluck's most promising pupils. The performers were Mr. Morgan, who, apparently, was suffering from an intense nervousness (which covers a multitude of sins); Miss Larter, who enacted her rôle with much spirit and force, and Miss Levene—the last-named lady making, I believe, "her first appearance on any stage," and acquitting herself admirably for a *débutante*. The characters were nicely costumed; in fact, Mrs. Larter Worrith looked—as "her husband" suggested—exactly like "an angel." Miss K. Simons then satisfactorily recited "Ned"; Miss Napper gave Whittier's sweet "Maud Müller,"—unfortunately pitching her voice much too low; and Miss Marks, to whom an injustice had been made on the programme by printing her name in smaller letters, gave what seemed to me to be the best delivery of the evening, and that, strangely enough, was Sims' hackneyed and much-criticised "Ostler Joe." Then for a space we breathed; and Mr. Elocution Hasluck came forward with a fund of information about his class, and ended by paying a neat and well-deserved compliment to stage-manager Munro, who, I may remark, had done his utmost to ensure the success of the evening.

THE Elocution proper was a disappointment, and certainly did not come up to the standard of the preceding "open night"—but what the recitations lacked was amply made up by the excellent dramatic selections. When Mr. H. had finished orating, the "stage" was cleared for the last scene of all that was to end this strange, eventful history—and this time we were treated to the *second act* of Bulwer Lytton's "Money." With, I think, but one exception, the caste remained as complete as when, on the last occasion, we witnessed the first act. Mr. Hunt again greatly impressed me with his impersonation of Lord Glossmore—why didn't he play the part of Mr. Worrith in "Incomp. of Temper"? Mr. Havard (Sir John Vesey), Arthur Reeve (Sir Fwed'wick Blount), Mr. Hargrave (Stout), and Mr. Olley (Sharp) all repeated their respective characters in the most praiseworthy manner; but I confess that I felt much disappointed with Munro, who was too tempestuous, too tragic for such a character as he was supposed to represent. But to the newcomer, Mr. Howard, must certainly be awarded the success of the evening: because, as Graves, he was (for an amateur) simply inevitable. Nature has given this gentleman a decidedly low-comedy face—a cross between Willie Edouin and Harry Paulton: especially the latter. He played with a quaint, quiet humour that served as an excellent foil to the perriwig-pated robustness of one of his *confères*; and with a very simple "make-up," looked the character to perfection. He is not, I believe, of our Palace, but it is to be hoped that we shall see him again. Mr. Gray, the energetic Hon. Sec., contented himself with a servant's part; and to the admiration of his Parliamentary friends, the Right Hon. J. Karet smirked in as Captain Dudley Smooth. If Karet will allow me to say so, I don't quite think he is built that way. We shall see; possibly he may "develope." Of the ladies I have nought to say that is not eulogistic. Miss C. Forrow (Lady Franklin) was as delightful as of yore; Miss L. Forrow had decidedly improved since I saw her last; whilst Miss Leyton, as Clara Douglas, was again bewitching, and fainted quite naturally. This capital selection went almost without a hitch; but there were one or two things that struck me as being extremely ludicrous—notably so, where a

stuttering nobleman, making love to a lady in a drawing-room, was rude enough to ignite his cigarette and to playfully puff the smoke across the fair one's countenance. Also the easy air of *nonchalance* with which another dangerous, and awfully "killing" character wandered about, cigarette in hand, apparently catching flies. Likewise the Irvingesque method adopted by another gentleman when sending therilling gerlances to his adored one, etc., etc. More could I say, but methinks me that I hear my Editor: brief let me be!

A MEETING of representative Hon. Secs. was held on Wednesday last, in one of the new basement rooms, to consider the possibility of organising a fortnight's tour in the land of William Tell. Walter Marshall in the chair. During the evening Sir Edmund dropped in, and gave us some very pleasant reminiscences of his Swiss rambles—conjuring up to our untutor'd minds all sorts of lovely prospects. The party, if formed, is to number just two score; and, of course, economy and organisation are to go hand in hand. The difficulty, apparently, is the date of the trip—much conflict ensuing when the times were suggested. After threshing the matter out without deciding anything, the meeting was adjourned till the following Saturday, when it was hoped a larger number might gather together. On Saturday evening the adjourned meeting was held, but owing to the small number attending nothing was done; and it was thought fit to further postpone the Swiss discussion till to-morrow, Thursday.

QUESTION.—Should not our newly-formed Swimming Club—just out of compliment to the bath donor—be known by the style and title of "The Rosebery"? What do you say, Hudibras?

As if in reply to my query respecting the Parliamentary summer excursion, the Grand Old Masters tells me that the matter was laid before the hon. members on Tuesday last, when it was unanimously agreed that a Parliamentary ramble, with Parliamentary behaviour, *should be arranged for the summer*, and that a Committee was there and then appointed to draw up, organise, and generally settle the matter. East-end, daily, and Colonial papers please note. The Committee appointed to carry out the desires of the Parliament in this matter met for discussion on Saturday evening, at which discussion, being one of the chosen persons, the sub-Ed. put in an appearance. After much chow-chow, Walter Marshall, ex-Premier Wadkin, Senator Ring and Gad's Hill finally agreed to journey to romantic Richmond on the day following (Sunday), with a view of ascertaining what arrangements could be made for the outing.

ACCORDINGLY at Aldgate we met; or rather, did Ring and I—the others not being visible, and after a bad quarter of an hour's underground fumigation, we alighted at the famous and beautiful town of Richmond. The day was simply glorious, and the view from the "Star and Garter" Hill was voted incomparable. After negotiating with several caterers we again sauntered to the station in the hope of finding the absentees, but with no effect; so, after a good lunch at the Station Hotel, Senator Ring suggested "the river," and I—weak and erring mortal that I am—yielded before his graceless insinuation. So hied we to a stately craft that lay floating on the limpid stream; and Ring, seizing the sculls, soon proved himself a veritable Hanlan. Subby steered. Occasionally changes were made, and then Subby—who certainly *wasn't* built that way—would handle the oars, and a graceful display of crab-catching would ensue, much to the diversion of the unsophisticated landlubbers, who intensified the fun (!) of the scene by their extremely Arcadian remarks. But, after nearing Kingston, the sun, to whom in *one sense* I am a near neighbour, began to wane, and with a sigh we turned Richmondwards. Thus, you see, we most gracefully combined duty with pleasure; and arrived home feeling quite exhilarated. Subsequent enquiry showed that the missing committee-men had managed to lose the train—thus depriving themselves of an undeniably pleasant excursion. The result of our pilgrimage was laid before the potent, grave and reverend senators last night (Tuesday), but the decision arrived at will have to be chronicled next week.

"CHANGE here for Merstham!" will be the war-cry of the Palace Ramblers on Monday next. So that was the wary Bullock's move, was it; no wonder he wouldn't let me know the Whitsuntide rendezvous! But, of course, he hasn't forgotten the Easter excursion yet, and quite naturally turns to such a land of promise as the above-named village. Rout, the rover, smiled sardonically at my astonishment and mortification as he softly bared the name of Merstham, for he well knew that I, in my usual anticipatory way, had prophesied a Whitsun ramble that would certainly *not* be in the direction of M. For a long time I was kept in ignorance—but no matter, a time will come when I shall have a chance to retaliate, and then—! [N.B.—From a well authenticated source I have just learnt that the village in question is apparently preparing to withstand a siege. All the bakers thereabouts are verging on a state of distraction; every honey-comb for leagues around has been forwarded, regardless of expense, to the village; and every cow within a radius of twelve miles has been brought to Merstham. The inhabitants have evidently not forgotten the last Palace ramble; and mean, like Antonio, to be "arm'd and well prepared."]

To Cyclists and others.—Our ex-Premier Wadkin, who intends starting at the end of the week for a three days' trip on his "bike," would be glad to hear from any brother Member who purposes doing likewise. The sunny south preferred for a destination. Will anyone—being masculine—have mercy on this "lone, lorn, creetur"?

THE specially-arranged First Eleven cricket match for Whitsun Monday is, the Captain informs me, unfortunately "off." Through no fault of our own fellows. This being so, it is not improbable that the team will journey to Merstham—with the Ramblers, but not of them: finding their own food, etc., quite independent-like. Those interested, please note.

A GENERAL MEETING will be held to-morrow (Thursday) evening to discuss the formation of a Palace Art Society. The suggestions set forth in *The Palace Journal* letter column a fortnight ago will be discussed and considered, and I hope that as many as possible will make an effort to attend. A meeting was to have been held on Thursday last, but owing to a stupid mistake on the part of our Sub. no notice was put in the Journal, and consequently nobody turned up. Please note—to-morrow night; Sir Edmund in the chair.

THE Photo. Club had its first outing on Saturday last, when it journeyed to the heights of Hampstead. High jinks ensued, and the camerists much enjoyed themselves. I don't know whether they wandered as far as the memorable "Spaniards"—the scene of Mrs. Bardell's neat arrest; but, at any rate, none who sojourned can *negative* the pleasure of the trip. [Tis such a feeble attempt, Albu, that you really *must* forgive me.]

ANY Palace Club or Society wanting a room for meeting purposes, must, through their Hon. Secs., give *two clear days'* notice to the Chairman, at the General Offices. As this rule is to be strictly enforced, the Hon. Secs. will please "make a note of it."

THE usual Thursday Ladies' gentlemen-social passed off very satisfactorily last week, with Mr. Mellish in the chair. Should much like to have been present; but couldn't. Deeley turned up, and *peeh'd-a-bootiful* song to pieces. (No "ongcore" this time.)

MR. ORTON BRADLEY'S Smoking (Choral) Concert was held last night (Tuesday) the popular Director in the chair. Some capital songs were given—greatly to the delight of those that nicotine, and the sounds of revelry waxed loud and frequent. Mears, whom I have again restored to my bosom, was very much present, and, at the pianah, conducted himself with his accustomed skill. The sweet Spicer was thereabouts.

A SPECIAL COMMISSION appointed to enquire into the whereabouts of a curly-haired rambler left behind last Saturday in a local dairy at wild and windy Wimbledon, has revealed the fact that the gentleman in question left the neighbourhood on the day following, returned to his home, and has since been *slightly* "indisposed." We can now breathe again. So great was the anxiety felt at the Palace that it was at one time feared that the forlorn Coody would succumb through such a fearful strain; but just as a crisis approached the wanderer appeared in the sanctuary, and although he cut the Sub. dead upon the spot, his very presence enabled the forlorn C. to immediately recover. For which the gods be thanked!

THE Swimming-bath inauguration on Monday night was a huge success. Punctually to the time appointed, the well-known features of Lord Rosebery presented themselves, and his genial self was soon heartily recognised. As we have two columns elsewhere, I am not now going to repeat what is already printed; but must rest content with a few general remarks. As you probably know, we had a goodly muster in the bath; and everyone seemed particularly glad to be present on such a memorable occasion. Of course, everything was greatly admired, but the lovely hangings or curtains before each dressing-box puzzled a good few not a little. The Polytechnic natatists naturally created a favourable impression, for though not possessing—as a body—a remarkably brilliant appearance, they are very excellent swimmers and failed not to entertain the multitude most admirably. Probably the polo match proved the most interesting: the tactics and skill of the renowned Jack Sullivan when "fixing" the ball proving admirable food for the risibilities. The game was entered into with much spirit; consequently much larfter ensued. Professor Bibbero, who had the inaugural dip, is our appointed instructor of natatism. Make his acquaintance—and become a water-Bibbero, oh!

AFTER witnessing the splashing, the distinguished visitors sought refuge in the Gymnasium—receiving a right royal welcome. His lordship, who, to the joy of our Parliamentists, was wearing *that flower "he loved so well,"* seemed thoroughly entertained by the capably-executed programme which our Sergeant Burdett had provided. Once, when Master Fish fell very heavily from the horizontal bar, the Earl arose and went to enquire if he was really hurt—which he fortunately was not. My! how the Sergeant and

Assistant Wright worked! Some very neatly-executed individual performances were given: especially so from one Member, whose name I know not. Then, after an unaccountably lengthy interval, the orating commenced, and the Earl, as you will see printed elsewhere, made several good points. But at length the visitors rose to leave; not, however, before "three times three" had been vocally rendered by the full strength of the Palace Gymnasium.

THE Workmen's Exhibition opens on Saturday next, at four o'clock, the Duke of Westminster presiding. I may tell you in confidence that some of the exhibits already received are marvels of skill and beauty; and without individualizing any exhibit—which would anticipate your pleasure—I can assure everyone that for genuine workmanship and ingenuity this show will probably rank as one of the first—if not *the* first. One of the features which I *must* mention is the lovely tombstone standing out so conspicuously from its fellow-exhibits. It was so frightfully suggestive of the sketch sent me a fortnight since, that my aged frame tottered with a strong emotion, and as I Grayzed—I should say, gazed—I thought I saw engraved on the whitened slab—"Here the rude Subby of the Journal sleeps." Methinks I see it still.

IN the forthcoming Workmen's Show I hear that the Executive of the Exhibition have granted space for an exhibit of Waterbury watches. It is intended to show several hundred of these famous half-guinea timekeepers, which will be kept running to Greenwich time during the whole course of the Exhibition—a practical "proof of the pudding" which should appeal strongly to all working-men desirous of buying something reliable.

THE Artful Were is, I also learn, preparing his select Academy of Fine Arts.

THERE is also something in the Exhibition likely to interest our Shorthandists, and that is as clear a specimen of Pitman, written on a post-card, that it has ever been my lot to behold. Our Shorthand Club, by the way, is prospering, and seems likely to be a great success; the average weekly attendance is thirty-four—which is not so bad, is it, for the Institute's youngest scion? I have not yet visited the Pitmanites in my capacity as Vice-President, owing to my almost multitudinous engagements, but I shall yet hope so to do. The energetic Stock tells me that the phonographic library is sadly in need of literature; and adds that any contribution in this direction will be most gladly received. Any person having by him superfluous (shorthand) literature would greatly oblige by forwarding same to the Shorthand Club's Hon. Sec.

THE Grand Old Masters (Premier of the House) tells me that after mature deliberation he has decided *not* to hold the much-talked of official "reception" during the present Session, but rather to wait until Parliament re-assembles in September. Whereat the hon. member for Gad's Hill uttered a classicism; and was ready to arise in his wrath and smite the Premier hip and thigh. (But he refrained from so doing.)

### THE SUSPENSION OF KARET.

(Subby on the Situation.)

These be our Parliamentists!  
("Dignified" wind-bags);  
Would ev'ry of this stock Irr'pressible  
Had been in Hades, rather than the Palace!

THE Swimming-bath will be opened to the public on Monday next. I should like to mention that the Rules of the bath will be strictly enforced; and that no person will be allowed in the water without a swimming garb.

EXCURSIONS, apparently, are now all the rage, for at this late hour I learn that the next probable trippists will come from the Dramatic Club, which it seems is anxious to have a notable day's outing. I was talking with Munro about the matter only last night, and he suggested that perhaps it would be better to take "the company" to that charming and romantic spot in——! But no; St. George's dragon sha'n't drag it from me; and, besides, 'tis cruel to anticipate!

DON'T forget Sergeant Burdett's "complimentary" on the coming 28th. In my opinion, the best way to ensure the better sale of the tickets would be to hand a certain number to the Hon. Sec. of each Institute Club and to ask him to do his best and dispose of them. This should be an easy matter; for the Gymnasium is largely recruited from the different Palace Clubs.

THE sketching Halfpenny tells me that the monthly exhibition of the Beaumont Sketching Club passed off in a most satisfactory manner on Monday last. It was hoped that Lady Jennings would attend the display, and the lady really did so, arriving, unfortunately, much too soon. Never mind, Halfpenny, better luck next time.

## Society and Club Notes.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

SITTING HELD MAY 8TH.

The Speaker in the chair. After the reading of the Minutes of the previous meeting, the Prime Minister, Mr. Masters, read the Ministerial Statement.

Notices of questions to the Home Secretary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the First Lord of the Treasury.

A discussion on the Ministerial Statement followed, and was taken part in by Messrs. Wadkin, Masters, London, Maynard, Marchant, Whittick, Currie and Ring.

The Closure was moved by Mr. Spratley.

The House then went into Committee on the proposition of Mr. Wadkin, seconded by Mr. Masters, to consider the desirability of holding an Excursion in the summer.

The Chairman of Committee, Mr. Spratley, took the chair.

On the proposition of Mr. Wadkin, seconded by Mr. Clenshaw, it was decided that the Members of the Parliament and friends have a day's excursion into the country in the summer.

After some further discussion, Mr. Harry proposed that the arrangement of the excursion be referred to a Sub-Committee. This was seconded by Mr. London and carried.

It was decided that the Committee consisted of seven Members, and the following were elected:—

Messrs. W. Marshall, Wadkin, Knight, Masters, Ring, Taylor and Norton.

The House further decided that the excursion take place on the 1st Saturday in June, the journey to be by rail, and arrangements be made to include dancing and a smoking-concert in the evening.

The Chairman having reported progress, the Speaker resumed the chair and the House adjourned.

J. W. NORTON, Clerk of the House.

### LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

There was no Concert in the Ladies' Social-rooms on Monday, as so many of our friends were present at the opening of the Swimming-bath by the Earl of Rosebery. On Monday, May the 7th, the Misses M. Larter, Simpkins, Horton, Rogers, Musto, Riley, Millot and Webster sang; Misses Wray and E. Larter played the piano.

Among the distinguished visitors present were Miss Ellice (one of our most popular lady patrons), Mrs. Hoskyns and Sir Edmund Currie.

On Thursday the Concert was well attended, and was a success throughout, thanks to the kindness of Sir Edmund Currie, who gave orders that no gentlemen be admitted without a lady, the result being a most orderly and pleasant evening's entertainment.

Mr. Orton Bradley kindly gave his services, and rendered very efficient help during the evening by singing two well-chosen songs, which were highly appreciated, besides presiding at the pianoforte, contributing both solos and accompaniments.

Songs were also given by Misses Simpkins, Rogers, Musto, Biner, Ward, and Messrs. C. H. Dean, Deeley, Spicer, Ashford and Mellish. Miss Auerbach and Mr. Clenshaw recited; Miss Connor gave a solo on the pianoforte, and altogether a very good programme was gone through.

Mr. Mellish took the chair.

Several ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by our worthy friend, Sir Edmund Currie, visited the rooms.

M. MELLISH, Hon. Sec.

### PALACE RAMBLERS.

On Saturday last the Members of the above had a most enjoyable outing at Pinner. Tea was served in a very creditable manner at the "Cocoa Tree." There will be no ramble on Saturday next. On Whit-Monday the Club will start by early train from London Bridge for Merstham. Full particulars can be obtained on Friday evening next, at the Palace.

A Committee Meeting on Friday next, at 8.30.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Society will not repeat the "May Day" programme on the 19th, as proposed. The next Concert will be held on the 16th June, when Haydn's "Spring" will be given before the Duchess of Albany.

Next Friday's rehearsal will again be held in the Queen's Hall. All Members are requested to attend regularly as it is most important.

There are no vacancies for Sopranos, but good Altos, Tenors, and ESPECIALLY Basses are wanted.

For full particulars apply to

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

### BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

Tuesday, May 8th, will be noted as a red-letter day in the annals of the Beaumont Cycling Club, the occasion being the Presentation of Prizes by Lady Jennings to the successful Competitors in the first Handicap of the Club. Sir John Jennings (the ex-Master of the Drapers' Company), Sir Edmund Currie and Nathaniel Cohen, Esq., also graced the ceremony with their presence.

Sir Edmund Currie, our worthy President, introduced Lady Jennings to the assembled company. In an excellent speech, in which Lady Jennings did us the honour of alluding to the Club as "her" Club, she pointed out the advantages of cycling, especially the benefits derived from inhaling the fresh country breezes. She hoped that the Club was not formed solely with the idea of racing, but for the improvement of the mind as well as the body. By means of the bicycle and tricycle country lanes away from the high roads and railroads can be explored, and if the Members only use their eyes, they will be able to find plenty of instruction from that greatest of all instructors, Nature. After a few words to the Lady Members, advising them not to make tricycling a labour, the presentation took place.

Mr. Glover was the recipient of the Silver Cup, presented by Nathaniel Cohen, Esq. Lady Jennings congratulated him on his success, and hoped he would be as successful through life. Mr. Glover returned thanks, and, in a neat little speech, thanked Lady Jennings for the kindness shown by her to the Club, for her presence on this occasion, and he hoped it would not be the last time that the Club would have the honour of her presence among them. Mr. Howard was the next to receive his prize. He was placed in rather a difficult position, as already he had duplicates of the second and third prizes, and, according to the rules of the N.C.U., he could not dispose of them without becoming a "professional," so he decided on accepting the fourth prize given by the Club. This was a Gladstone dressing bag fitted with all the requisites for a gentleman's toilet.

Mr. Meason, being unable to be present, had deputed Mr. E. Ransley to receive his prize. Although he could have had the second prize, he (I suppose I ought to say his wife) had set his heart on the dear little breakfast cruet presented by Lady Jennings, that had been advertised as the third prize.

Captain Slater was the next fortunate man, and had the pleasure of taking the second prize, a splendid pair of field-glasses, given by Sir John Jennings. For the benefit of our lady Members who were absent, I must state that Lady Jennings wore a dress of amber and black, the Club colours. Sir John Jennings also had a rosette of the same colours.

After the presentation, Sir Edmund Currie addressed a few words to us. He said that the success of the People's Palace depended in a very large measure on its Clubs. There are now twenty-one Clubs connected with the Palace, and of these the Cycling is one of the most important. In each of these Clubs there is a bond of fellowship. When a Member belongs to a Club he must get to know every one in that Club, and a good feeling springs up between him and the other Members. In this way all the Members of the Palace feel that they are not solitary Members of a chaotic mass, but a brother or sister of one large family.

Sir Edmund, as President of the Club, then moved that the best thanks of the Club be rendered to Sir John and Lady Jennings for their presence there that evening, and to Lady Jennings for undertaking the Presentation. Nathaniel Cohen, Esq., seconded this, and said that he had not come with the intention of making a speech, but as an onlooker. He pointed out again the advantages of cycling—the varied scenery, the bracing air, studies of Nature, ruins of architecture, etc.—and then having thanked Lady Jennings for being such an active non-active Member, put the motion to the meeting. This was carried unanimously. Lady Jennings thanked the company, and said it was a great pleasure to herself and Sir John to attend. The visitors then left.

Mr. Glover was then voted to the chair, and the concert to celebrate the occasion was commenced by Mrs. Burley playing "Les Cascades des Roses" which she did with her accustomed ability. Mr. Brown then sang "Killaloe," putting on the real Irish brogue. Mrs. Webster then sang "Needles and Pins" which was greatly appreciated. The brothers Ransley's duet "Myosotis" (piano and violin) was the next item on the programme, and great credit is due to them for their performance. Mr. Burley then sang the "Whistling Thief," and Mrs. Burley followed with "Love hailed a little Maid." The recitation, "Betsy's Courtship" was then given by Mr. Brown, and was received with a storm of applause. (The ladies especially wish me to thank Mr. Brown for the hints given by him in the recitation.) Mrs. Webster then sang "Won by a Rose," which so greatly pleased the audience that an encore was insisted on. The last item was a song by Mr. Burley entitled "The Happy Fatherland," which brought a very enjoyable evening to a close.

On Thursday last the usual run to Woodford took place. Owing to the brazing in the hub of Captain Slater's machine giving way, it was eight o'clock before a start was made.

Owing to our late start and accidents our stay at the Wilfrid was short. On the whistle being sounded we mounted and returned home by way of Wanstead Flats and Stratford.

On Saturday last, the Club journeyed to the "Five Horse Shoes" at Hoddesdon, at which we arrived at 7.30. After ridding ourselves of the dust we sat down to a good tea; and after tea,

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

The first eleven journeyed to North Woolwich last Saturday, and played their second fixture with the North Woolwich Club. The weather was all that could be desired, but the pitch prepared for us was not one of the best, and the outfield was simply wretched and dangerous to field upon—indeed fielding on such ground was out of the question. The result of the match was a victory for the North Woolwich Club, after an exciting game, by 10 runs. It is but fair to say that the result was chiefly due to the indifferent judgment shown by the Woolwich umpire—and we were indeed surprised to think that a standing club like the North Woolwich should engage a man to act as an umpire who, apparently, knew little or nothing of the game; had they had a competent umpire, the result would have been different, as a glance of the game will show.

Captain Carter, winning the toss for the Palace, elected to field first. Morgan and Redman opened the batting for the Woolwich Club, to the bowling of Goldberg—the second ball completely beat Redman, 1 for 1. Clamp, the new comer, was clean bowled by Goldberg, the first ball he received, 2 for 4. For a time the Woolwich men could do nothing with the splendid bowling of Goldberg and Knight, 3 wickets were down for 4, 4 for 4, 5 for 16, 6 for 20, 7 for 23. After making 2, Hinds was snapped at the wicket by Carter, off Goldberg, but through the wretched umpiring of the Woolwich umpire, who gave the catch in favour of the batsman, the game undertook a different aspect for the Palace men; 8 wickets were down for 42, the other two falling for the same amount, the innings closing for 42. Goldberg and Knight bowled splendidly, very few runs were made off Goldberg; Knight kept a capital pitch. Taking into consideration the ground, the fielding was very good, Knight and Wilkins in the slips brought off one or two splendid catches: Byard made another of his splendid running catches in the long field; while C. Bowman, W. Hendry, R. Hones and Claridge saved lots of runs; Carter kept wicket very well.

After a short interval Carter and Wilkins defended the stumps for the Palace Club, but the first ball from Hinds upset Wilkins' wicket, 1 for 0. Byard followed, but in hesitating to a call from Carter for a sharp run, was run out—this brought up some ill-feeling against the Woolwich umpire; our Captain objecting to him, another man came out; 2 for 2, Goldberg joined Carter, and things looked a little better for the Palace; in playing a ball too much forward Carter was caught and bowled, he had played very carefully, 3 for 10; A. Bowman joined Goldberg, the former getting at once to work; after making 7, in attempting to place a ball to leg, he failed to get hold of it, and was caught in the slips, 4 for 15; Hendry was the next man. A Bowman still playing a plucky game, cutting very hard, and punishing every loose ball he got hold of, after making 15, he was bowled, 5 for 26. After this a "rot" set in, 6 wickets down for 27, 7, 8 and 9 for thirty, and the innings closing for 32 runs, leaving the Woolwich men victors as stated above. The Palace had the best of the game all through, but were extremely unlucky in having to put up with such bad umpiring—certainly not much credit can be bestowed upon the victors. North Woolwich scored 42; People's Palace 32.

The first eleven play the Beaumont at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, next Saturday, with the following team:—E. T. Wilkins, A. Bowman, R. Hones, F. Hunter, J. Cowlin, H. W. Byard, L. Goldberg, T. Knight, W. Hendry, C. Bowman, T. G. Carter (Captain). Match to commence at 3.30 sharp.

Unfortunately the all-day match arranged for the first eleven at Surbiton has been cancelled, as the opposing Club labour under the impression that we are too strong for them, and do not believe in one-sided games. Members of the Cricket Club, who intend going with the Ramblers and other Palace fellows to Merstham, on Whit-Monday, are requested to send in their names to the Secretaries at once.

Subscriptions are now due.

PEOPLE'S PALACE C. C. v. LAUREL C. C.—Played at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, on Saturday last, and resulted after a very pleasant and closely-contested game in a win for the Laurel. H. Angel, for the victors, played a steady game for 20 runs, ably backed up by his brother with 8, the bowling being shared by Clark and Baker with about equal success. Wenn and Philpot both batted well for the Palace team with 14 and 13 respectively, whilst Wainman and Munro both did good service with the ball; but owing to the large number of byes (20), had ultimately to put up with defeat by 8 runs.

Laurel scored 70; People's Palace 62.

The following are chosen to play next Saturday against the Whittington:—W. H. Taylor, W. Wenn, W. Gorton, W. Newman, G. Sheppard, H. Marshall, W. Everson, L. M. Nathan, E. Alvarez, A. H. Valentine, A. Wainman (Captain). Reserve:—J. Munro.

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

W. H. TAYLOR, Assist. Hon. Sec.

### BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

Members of the Institute intending to be playing Members of the above Club next season will greatly oblige by sending in their names to either of the undersigned.

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

W. A. CANTLE, Hon. Match Sec.

Messrs. Burley, Howard and Giles obliged with songs and Mrs. Burley presided at the piano.

On Thursday next the usual run to Woodford will take place.

On Saturday next the run is to Richmond. Tea at the "Greyhound." At 3.30 the contingent for the Oxford tour will leave the Palace. Nathaniel Cohen, Esq., has invited the tourists to call at his residence at Englefield Green. The tourists will be glad to meet Members whose business prevents them from starting on Saturday, on their return journey on Monday. For route see last week's Journal. Mr. Glover has kindly placed at my disposal a number of brass letters—B.C.C.—to affix to saddle-bags. Members applying first can receive the same free of charge.

On Friday next a General Meeting will be held in the School rooms.

Members of the Palace who wish to become Members of this Club please send in their names before Friday so that they may be proposed at the meeting.

Entrance fee, 1/-; subscription, 2/6 per annum.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

We are happy to state that all three sections, A, B and C, are now in active rehearsal, and no doubt intend to astonish the world—no, we mean the Palace, with their dramatic performances in a very short time. We are still open for a few more ladies to fill up the remaining sections.

Members who have not yet paid their subscription are requested to do so, otherwise they cannot be allowed to perform in any piece. Stamps or P.O. addressed to the Treasurer will be duly honoured.

Stage Managers of sections will please note that a written report must be sent to the Secretary every Saturday of what has taken place during the week, that same may be condensed for insertion in the Journal. This is most important, and will be rigorously enforced.

Another point we must call attention to is the importance of silence from those not "on" at rehearsals, and on this we must demand strict obedience. Those waiting their "call" can speak; but very low, as when loud talking is engaged in, the actor's attention is drawn from what he is saying, or at least it is impossible for him or her to give the proper emphasis to the text. At same time, cues are lost, and interest consequently flags in the piece. We must again repeat, this subject must have strict attention paid to it.

It is, of course, understood that none but those actively engaged in rehearsal are admitted to rehearsals.

A General Meeting of Members will be held at an early date, but of this due notice will appear in the Journal.

Sub-Managers will please arrange for rehearsals, so that such may not clash with any entertainment to be given, at which the Members may wish to be present.

JOHN MUNRO, Sec. & Treas.

ARTHUR REEVE, Assist. Sec.

N.B.—The Acting Manager, Mr. Knight, would be glad to meet Section C on Tuesday next, at 8 o'clock.

### BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The subjects for the exhibition of Sketches to be held in June are as follows:—

Landscape .. .. .	A Country Garden.
Figure .. .. .	Pleasure.
Design .. .. .	Subject for a China Dessert Plate.

Still Life.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

Notwithstanding the counter-attraction: the opening of the Swimming-bath, we had a fairly good attendance.

I should like to call the attention of Members to the fact that the Rules of the Society are now ready, and as from this date they will be enforced it is desirable that every Member should apply for his copy as soon as possible. Those Members who have not had their tickets please note that they are ready.

Will any of the Members who are willing to assist in the dictation kindly give in their names to the Secretary. As this is for our mutual benefit it is hoped that many readers will be forthcoming.

Next Monday being Bank Holiday the usual meeting will not take place.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

Practice every night but Wednesday as usual.

Committee Meeting Friday next at 7.30.

General Meeting Friday next at 8, to fill up vacancies on Committee and other important business.

Through the unavoidable absence of the Secretary on Saturday last some little inconvenience was caused. Arrangements will be made at Friday's meeting to avoid this difficulty in the future.

As the Secretary will be away from the 18th to the 28th inst., all communications should be forwarded to him before Friday, when they will receive due attention.

ARTHUR W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

The Bath has now been opened and will be ready for practice on Monday next. The first Swimming Club event is the Class Competition on Thursday, May 24th. We should like to see a goodly number of Members compete for 1st, 2nd and 3rd classes, and so get this business over at once. Members are of course aware that they will not have much chance in a race until they are classified. Any Member who can swim 100 yards should swim over. A full copy of the Rules will be given in next week's Journal, which Members are requested to take care of until we are able to supply other copies.

Subscription, 2/- the season, 1/- of which is now due. The Secretary will attend on Friday evening (May 18th), for the purpose of collecting subscriptions, as the first instalment must be paid before May 31st, the date of the first race.

Ladies' Section.—Subscription, 1/6 the season, payable 1/- at once and 6d. the 1st August.

The Secretary would esteem it a great favour if every lady who can swim the length of the Bath, 30 yards, would kindly communicate the fact to him.

So much depends on the Committee knowing exactly the number of swimmers and non-swimmers, that it is to be hoped no lady swimmer will refuse this little obligation.

A note addressed to the Secretary with her name and "swimmer" written on, is all that is wanted.

If any further meeting is required, notices will be posted up in the Ladies' Social-rooms and in the Gymnasium (Ladies' nights).

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The inaugural meeting of the above was held on Saturday last, an excursion to Hampstead being arranged for. About twenty Members turned up, and about forty to sixty plates were exposed on the various tit-bits of scenery and quaint looking cottages, including a splendid avenue of trees in the vicinity. The weather being so bright it was often necessary to use a shutter, and so work instantaneously instead of the ordinary way of uncapping the lens with the hand. After the day's work a group of the Club was taken, and then an adjournment to tea was found very necessary, after which some time was spent in a social manner. Mr. Hellary occupied the chair and sang a song, after which the Secretary spoke a few words urging the Members present to feel that the responsibility of making the Club a grand success fell upon them. Other songs were sung, and the meeting broke up, the Members returning from Hampstead a little after 9 o'clock, conscious of having spent a pleasant and, I trust, a profitable day.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

A Meeting was held on Friday last, at 8 o'clock, Mr. Knight in the chair, when several interesting papers were read.

Productive Evening on Friday next.

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

## The Martyr King.

SUCH is the designation of this anniversary of English history—one of the darkest, the deepest, and most impressive of any age or time—January 30th, 1649.

Charles was taken on the first morning of his trial, January 20th, 1649, in a sedan-chair, from Whitehall to Cotton House, where he returned to sleep each day during the progress of the trial in Westminster Hall. After this, the King returned to Whitehall; but on the night before his execution he slept at St. James's. On January 30th he was "most barbarously murdered at his own door, about two o'clock in the afternoon." (*Histor. Guide*, 3rd imp. 1688.) Lord Leicester and Dugdale state that Charles was beheaded at Whitehall Gate. The scaffold was erected in front of the Banqueting-house, in the street now Whitehall. Sir Thomas Herbert states that the King was led out by "a passage broken through the wall," on to the scaffold; but Ludlow asserts that it was out of a window, according to Vertue, of a small building north of the Banqueting-house, whence the King stepped upon the scaffold. A picture of the sad scene, painted by Weesop, in the manner of Vandyke, shows the platform, extending only in length before two of the windows, to the commencement of the third casement. Weesop visited England from Holland in 1641, and quitted England in 1649, saying "he would never reside in a country where they cut off their King's head, and were not ashamed of the action."

The immediate act of the execution has thus been forcibly described:—"Men could discover in the King no indecent haste or flurry of spirits—no trembling of limbs—no disorder of speech—no start of horror. The blow was struck. An universal groan, as it were—a supernatural voice, the like never before heard, broke forth from the dense and countless multitude. All near the scaffold pressed forward to gratify their opposite feelings by some memorial of his blood—the blood of a tyrant or a martyr! The troops immediately dispersed on all sides the mournful or the agitated people."

After the execution, the body was embalmed under the orders of Sir Thomas Herbert and Bishop Juxon, and removed to St. James's. Thence the remains were conveyed to Windsor, where they were silently interred, without the burial service, on the 7th of February, in a vault about the middle of the choir of St. George's Chapel. One hundred and sixty-five years after the interment—in 1813—the remains of King Charles were found accidentally, in breaking away part of the vault of Henry VIII. On the leaden coffin being opened, the body appeared covered with cerecloth; the countenance of the King was apparently perfect as when he lived; the severed head had been carefully adjusted to the shoulders; the resemblance of the features to the Vandyke portraits was perfect, as well as the oval shape of the head, pointed beard, &c.; the fissure made by the axe was clearly discovered, and the flesh, though darkened, was tolerably perfect; the back of the head and the place where it rested in the coffin was stained with what, on being tested, was supposed to be blood. The coffin is merely inscribed "King Charles, 1648"; the whole funeral charges were but £229 5s.

Sir Robert Halford was one of the most staunch Royalists in Leicestershire, and frequently assisted the King with money in his difficulties; and it is a remarkable circumstance that a descendant of his family, the late Sir Henry Halford, should be the only person, besides the Prince Regent, who viewed the body of the decapitated King, upon its discovery at Windsor. Sir Henry cut off a lock of the King's hair, and made Sir Walter Scott a present of a part, which he had set in virgin gold; with the word "Remember" surrounding it in highly-relieved black letters.

On the morning of the execution, Charles gave to his faithful attendants these interesting memorials: to Sir Thomas Herbert the silver alarm watch, usually placed at the royal bedside; to Bishop Juxon, a Gold Medal mint-mark, a rose, probably for a £5 or £6 piece, which had been submitted to the King by Rawlins, the engraver, for approval—the likeness of the sovereign is very good; also the George (the jewel of the Order of the Garter) worn by Charles but a few moments previous to his decapitation.

These relics have been preserved, together with the pocket-handkerchief used by Charles at the time of his execution: it is of fine white cambric, and marked with the crown, and initials, "C. R."; also, the shirt and drawers worn by the King; and the holland sheet which was thrown over his remains.

**Invasion Panic.**—When, in 1756, the Duke of Newcastle expected the French every hour, one night he was terribly alarmed: on his table he found a mysterious card with only these words: "Charles is very well, and is expected in England every day." It was plainly some secret friend that advertised him of the Pretender's approaching arrival. He called upon all the servants, ransacked the whole house to know who had been in his dressing-room:—at last it came out to be an answer from the Duchess of Queensbury to the Duchess of Newcastle about Lord Charles Douglas.

**A King's Speech.**—When George the Second, in his Speech, told his Parliament his reason for dissolving it was its being so near dissolution, Lord Cornbury said it put him in mind of a gaoler in Oxfordshire who was remarkably humane to his prisoners: one day he said to one of them, "My good friend, you know you are to be hanged on Friday se'night; I want extremely to go to London; would you be so kind as to be hanged next Friday?"

## "On the Frontier."

By BRET HARTE.

## I.—AT THE MISSION OF SAN CARMEL.

## CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

**B**UT are you sure you are not pretending to love me now, as you pretended to think I was the *muchacha* you had ran away with and lost? Are you sure it is not pity for the deceit you practised upon me—upon Don Juan—upon poor Father Pedro?"

It seemed as if Cranch had tried to answer with a kiss, for the girl drew suddenly away from him with a coquettish fling of the black braids, and whipped her little brown hands behind her.

"Well, look here," said Cranch, with the same easy good-natured, practical directness which the priest remembered, and which would have passed for philosophy in a more thoughtful man, "put it squarely then. In the first place, it was Don Juan and the alcalde who first suggested you might be the child."

"But you have said you knew it was Francisco all the time," interrupted Juanita.

"I did; but when I found the priest would not assist me at first, and admit that the acolyte was a girl, I preferred to let him think I was deceived in giving a fortune to another, and leave it to his own conscience to permit it or frustrate it. I was right. I reckon it was pretty hard on the old man, at his time of life, and wrapped up as he was in the girl; but at the moment he came up to the scratch like a man."

"And to save him you have deceived me? Thank you, Senior," said the girl with a mock curtsy.

"I reckon I preferred to have you for a wife than a daughter," said Cranch, "if that's what you mean. When you know me better, Juanita," he continued gravely "you'll know that I would never have let you believe I sought in you the one if I had not hoped to find in you the other."

"Bueno! And when did you have that pretty hope?"

"When I first saw you."

"And that was—two weeks ago."

"A year ago, Juanita. When Francisco visited you at the Rancho. I followed and saw you."

Juanita looked at him a moment, and then suddenly darted at him, caught him by the lapels of his coat and shook him like a terrier.

"Are you sure that you did not love that Francisco? Speak!" (She shook him again.) "Swear that you did not follow her!"

"But—I did," said Cranch, laughing and shaking between the clenching of the little hands.

"Judas Iscariot! Swear you do not love her all this while."

"But, Juanita!"

"Swear!"

Cranch swore. Then to Father Pedro's intense astonishment she drew the American's face towards her own by the ears and kissed him.

"But you might have loved her, and married a fortune," said Juanita after a pause.

"Where would have been my reparation—my duty?" returned Cranch, with a laugh.

"Reparation enough for her to have had you," said Juanita, with that rapid disloyalty of one loving woman to another in an emergency. This provoked another kiss from Cranch, and then Juanita said demurely:

"But we are far from the trail. Let us return, or we shall miss Father Pedro. Are you sure he will come?"

"A week ago he promised to be here to see the proofs to-day."

The voices were growing fainter and fainter; they were returning to the trail.

Father Pedro remained motionless. A week ago! Was it a week ago since—since what? And what had he been doing here? Listening! He! Father Pedro, listening like an idle *peon* to the confidences of two lovers. But they had talked of him, of his crime, and the man had pitied him. Why did he not speak? Why did he not call after them? He tried to raise his voice. It sank in his throat with a horrible choking sensation. The nearest heads of oats began to nod to him, he felt himself swaying backwards and forwards. He fell—heavily, down, down, down, from the summit of the mountain to the floor of the Mission chapel, and there he lay in the dark.

"He moves."

"Blessed Saint Anthony, preserve him!"

It was Antonio's voice, it was José's arm, it was the field of wild oats, the sky above his head—all unchanged.

"What has happened?" said the priest feebly.

"A giddiness seized your Reverence just now, as we were coming to seek you."

"And you met no one?"

"No one, your Reverence."

Father Pedro passed his hand across his forehead.

"But who are these?" he said, pointing to two figures who now appeared upon the trail.

Antonio turned.

"It is the *Americano*, Senior Cranch, and his adopted daughter, the *mestiza* Juanita, seeking your Reverence, methinks."

"Ah!" said Father Pedro.

Cranch came forward and greeted the priest cordially. "It was kind of you, Father Pedro," he said meaningly, with a significant glance at José and Antonio, "to come so far to bid me and my adopted daughter farewell. We depart when the tide serves, but not before you partake of our hospitality in yonder cottage."

Father Pedro gazed at Cranch and then at Juanita.

"I see," he stammered. "But she goes not alone. She will be strange at first. She takes some friend, perhaps—some companion?" he continued tremulously.

"A very old and dear one, Father Pedro, who is waiting for us now."

He led the way to a little white cottage, so little and white, and recent, that it seemed a mere fleck of sea foam cast on the sands. Disposing of José and Antonio in the neighbouring workshop and outbuildings, he assisted the venerable Sanchicha to dismount, and, together with Father Pedro and Juanita, entered a white palisaded enclosure beside the cottage, and halted before what appeared to be a large folding trap-door, covering a slight sandy mound. It was locked with a padlock; beside it stood the American alcalde and Don Juan Briones. Father Pedro looked hastily around for another figure, but it was not there.

"Gentlemen," began Cranch, in his practical business way, "I reckon you all know we've come here to identify a young lady, who"—he hesitated—"was lately under the care of Father Pedro, with a foundling picked up on this shore fifteen years ago by an Indian woman. How this foundling came here, and how I was concerned in it, you all know. I've told everybody here how I scrambled ashore leaving that baby in the dingy, supposing it would be picked up by the boat pursuing me. I've told some of you," he looked at Father Pedro, "how I first discovered from one of the men, three years ago, that the child was not found by its father. But I have never told anyone, before now, I *knew* it was picked up here."

"I never could tell the exact locality where I came ashore, for the fog was coming on as it is now. But two years ago I came up with a party of gold-hunters

to work these sands. One day, digging near this creek, I struck something embedded deep below the surface. Well, gentlemen, it wasn't gold, but something worth more to me than gold or silver. Here it is."

At a sign the alcalde unlocked the doors and threw them open. They disclosed an irregular trench, in which, filled with sand, lay the half excavated stern of a boat.

"It was the dingy of the 'Trinidad,' gentlemen; you can still read her name. I found hidden away, tucked under the stern sheets, mouldy and water-worn, some clothes that I recognised to be the baby's. I knew then that the child had been taken away alive for some purpose, and the clothes were left so that she should carry no trace with her. I recognised the hand of an Indian. I set to work quietly. I found Sanchicha here; she confessed to finding a baby, but what she had done with it she would not at first say. But since then, she has declared before the alcalde that she gave it to Father Pedro, of San Carmel, and that here it stands—Francisco that was! Francisca that is!"

He stepped aside to make way for a tall girl, who had approached from the cottage.

Father Pedro had neither noticed the concluding words nor the movement of Cranch. His eyes were fixed upon the imbecile Sanchicha,—Sanchicha, on whom, to render his rebuke more complete, the Deity seemed to have worked a miracle, and restored intelligence to eye and lip. He passed his hand tremblingly across his forehead, and turned away, when his eye fell upon the last comer.

It was she. The moment he had longed for and dreaded had come. She stood there, animated, handsome, filled with a hurtful consciousness in her new charms, her fresh finery, and the pitiable trinkets that had supplanted her scapulary, and which played under her foolish fingers. The past had no place in her pre-occupied mind; her bright eyes were full of eager anticipation of a substantial future. The incarnation of a frivolous world—even as she extended one hand to him in half-coquettish embarrassment, she arranged the folds of her dress with the other. At the touch of her fingers, he felt himself growing old and cold. Even the penance of parting, which he had looked forward to, was denied him; there was no longer sympathy enough for sorrow. He thought of the empty chorister's robe in the little cell, but not now with regret. He only trembled to think of the flesh that he had once caused to inhabit it.

"That's all, gentlemen," broke in the practical voice of Cranch. "Whether there are proofs enough to make Francisca the heiress of her father's wealth the lawyers must say. I reckon it's enough for me that they give me the chance of repairing a wrong by taking her father's place. After all, it was a mere chance."

"It was the will of God," said Father Pedro solemnly.

They were the last words he addressed them. For when the fog had begun to creep in shore, hastening their departure, he only answered their farewells by a silent pressure of the hand, mute lips, and far-off eyes.

When the sound of their labouring oars grew fainter, he told Antonio to lead him and Sanchicha again to the buried boat. There he bade her kneel beside him. "We will do penance here, thee and I, daughter," he said gravely. When the fog had drawn its curtain gently around the strange pair, and sea and shore were blotted out, he whispered, "Tell me, it was even so, was it not, daughter, on the night she came?" When the distant clatter of blocks and rattle of cordage came from the unseen vessel now standing out to sea, he whispered again, "So this is what thou didst here, even then." And so during the night he marked more or less audibly to the half-conscious woman at his side; the low whisper of the waves, the murmur of the far-off breakers, the lightening and thickening of the fog, the phantoms of moving shapes, and the slow coming of the dawn. And when the morning sun had rent the

veil over land and sea, Antonio and José found him, haggard, but erect, beside the trembling old woman, with a blessing on his lips, pointing to the horizon where a single sail still glimmered:

"Va Usted con Dios!"

## 2.—A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

### CHAPTER I.

SHE was barely twenty-three years old. It is probable that up to that age, and the beginning of this episode, her life had been uneventful. Born to the easy mediocrity of such compensating extremes as a small farmhouse and large lands, a good position and no society in that vast grazing district of Kentucky known as the "Blue Grass" region, all the possibilities of a Western American girl's existence lay before her. A piano in the bare-walled house, the latest patented mower in the limitless meadows, and a silk dress sweeping the rough floor of the unpainted "meeting-house," were already the promise of those possibilities. Beautiful she was, but the power of that beauty was limited by being equally shared with her few neighbours. There were small, narrow, arched feet besides her own that trod the uncarpeted floors of outlying log-cabins with equal grace and dignity; bright, clearly opened eyes that were equally capable of looking unabashed upon princes and potentates—as a few later did—and the heiress of the county judge read her own beauty without envy in the frank glances and unlowered crest of the blacksmith's daughter. Eventually she had married the male of her species, a young stranger, who, as schoolmaster in the nearest town, had utilised to some local extent a scant capital of education. In obedience to the unwritten law of the West, after the marriage was celebrated the doors of the ancestral home cheerfully opened, and bride and bridegroom issued forth without regret and without sentiment, to seek the further possibilities of a life beyond these already too familiar voices. With their departure for California as Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tucker, the parental nest in the Blue Grass meadows knew them no more.

They submitted with equal cheerfulness to the privations and excesses of their new conditions. Within three years the schoolmaster developed into a lawyer and capitalist, the Blue Grass bride supplying a grace and ease to these transitions that were all her own. She softened the abruptness of sudden wealth, mitigated the austerities of newly acquired power, and made the most glaring incongruity picturesque. Only one thing seemed to limit their progress in the region of these possibilities. They were childless. It was as if they had exhausted the future in their own youth, leaving little or nothing for another generation to do.

A south-westerly storm was beating against the dressing-room windows of their new house in one of the hilly suburbs of San Francisco, and threatening the unseasonable frivolity of the stucco ornamentation of cornice and balcony. Mrs. Tucker had been called from the contemplation of the dreary prospect without by the arrival of a visitor. On entering the drawing-room she found him engaged in a half-admiring, half-resentful examination of its new furniture and hangings. Mrs. Tucker at once recognised Mr. Calhoun Weaver, a former Blue Grass neighbour; with swift feminine intuition she also felt that his slight antagonism was likely to be transferred from her furniture to herself. Waiving it with the lazy amiability of Southern indifference, she welcomed him by the familiarity of a Christian name.

"I reckoned that mebbe you opined old Blue Grass friends wouldn't naturally hitch on to them fancy doins," he said, glancing around the apartment to avoid her clear eyes, as if resolutely setting himself against the old charm of her manner as he had against the more recent glory of her surroundings, "but I thought I'd just drop in for the sake of old times."

"Why shouldn't you Cal?" said Mrs. Tucker with a frank smile.

"Especially as I'm going up to Sacramento tonight with some influential friends," he continued, with an ostentation calculated to resist the assumption of her charms and her furniture. "Senator Dyce of Kentucky and his cousin Judge Briggs—perhaps you know 'em, or may be Spencer—I mean Mr. Tucker—does."

"I reckon," said Mrs. Tucker smiling; "but tell me something about the boys and girls at Vineville—and about yourself. You're looking well, and right smart too." She paused to give due emphasis to this latter recognition of a huge gold chain with which her visitor was somewhat ostentatiously trifling.

"I didn't know as you cared to hear anything about Blue Grass," he returned, a little abashed. "I've been away from there some time myself," he added, his uneasy vanity taking fresh alarm at the faint suspicion of patronage on the part of his hostess. "They're doin' well though—perhaps as well as some others."

"And you're not married yet," continued Mrs. Tucker, oblivious of the innuendo. "Ah, Cal," she added archly, "I am afraid you are as fickle as ever. What poor girl in Vineville have you left pining?"

The simple face of the man before her flushed with foolish gratification at this old-fashioned ambiguous flattery. "Now, look yer, Belle," he said chuckling, "if you're talking of old times and you think I bear malice ag'in Spencer, why—"

But Mrs. Tucker interrupted what might have been an inopportune sentimental retrospect with a finger of arch but languid warning. "That will do! I'm dying to know all about it, and you must stay to dinner and tell me. It's right mean you can't see Spencer too; but he isn't back from Sacramento yet."

Grateful as a *tête-à-tête* with his old neighbour in her more prosperous surroundings would have been—if only for the sake of later gossiping about it—he felt it would be inconsistent with his pride and his assumption of present business. More than that, he was uneasily conscious that in Mrs. Tucker's simple and unaffected manner there was a greater superiority than he had ever noticed during their previous acquaintance. He would have felt kinder to her had she shown any "airs and graces," which he could have commented upon and forgiven. He stammered some vague excuse of pre-occupation, yet lingered in the hope of saying something which, if not aggressively unpleasant, might at least transfer to her indolent serenity some of his own irritation.

"I reckon," he said as he moved hesitatingly towards the door, "that Spencer has made himself easy and secure in them business risks he's taking. That 'ere Alameda Ditch affair they're talking so much about is a mighty big thing—rather too big if it ever got to falling back on him. But I suppose he's accustomed to take risks?"

"Of course he is," said Mrs. Tucker gaily: "he married me."

The visitor smiled feebly, but was not equal to the opportunity offered for gallant repudiation. "But suppose you ain't accustomed to risks?"

"Why not? I married *him*," said Mrs. Tucker.

Mr. Calhoun Weaver was human, and succumbed to this last charming audacity. He broke into a noisy but genuine laugh, shook Mrs. Tucker's hand with effusion, said, "Now that's regular Blue Grass and no mistake!" and retreated under cover of his hilarity. In the hall he made a rallying stand to repeat confidentially to the servant who had overheard them: "Blue Grass all over—you bet your life," and opening the door, was apparently swallowed up in the tempest.

Mrs. Tucker's smile kept her lips until she had returned to her room, and even then languidly shone in her eyes for some minutes after, as she gazed abstractedly from her window on the storm-tossed bay in the distance. Perhaps some girlish vision of the peaceful Blue Grass plain momentarily usurped the prospect; but it is to be doubted if there was much

romance in that retrospect, or that it was more interesting to her than the positive and sharply-cut outlines of the practical life she now held. Howbeit she soon forgot this fancy in lazily watching a boat that, in the teeth of the gale, was beating round Alcatraz Island. Although at times a mere black speck on the grey waste of foam, a closer scrutiny showed it to be one of those lateen-rigged Italian fishing-boats that so often flecked the distant bay. Lost in the sudden darkening of rain, or reappearing beneath the lifted curtain of the squall, she watched it weather the island, and then turn its labouring but persistent course towards the open channel. A rent in the Indian-inky sky, that showed the narrowing portals of the Golden Gate beyond, revealed, as unexpectedly, the destination of the little craft—a tall ship that hitherto lay hidden in the midst of the Sancelito shore. As the distance lessened between boat and ship, they were again lost in the downward swoop of another squall. When it lifted the ship was creeping under the headland towards the open sea, but the boat was gone. Mrs. Tucker in vain rubbed the pane with her handkerchief—it had vanished. Meanwhile the ship, as she neared the gate, drew out from the protecting headland, stood outlined for a moment with spars and canvas hearsed in black against the lurid rent in the horizon, and then seemed to sink slowly into the heaving obscurity beyond. A sudden onset of rain against the windows obliterated the remaining prospect; the entrance of a servant completed the diversion.

"Captain Poindexter, ma'am!"

Mrs. Tucker lifted her pretty eyebrows interrogatively. Captain Poindexter was a legal friend of her husband, and had dined there frequently; nevertheless she asked, "Did you tell him Mr. Tucker was not at home?"

"Yes, 'm."

"Did he ask for me?"

"Yes, 'm."

"Tell him I'll be down directly."

Mrs. Tucker's quiet face did not betray the fact that this second visitor was even less interesting than the first. In her heart she did not like Captain Poindexter. With a clever woman's instinct, she had early detected the fact that he had a superior, stronger nature than her husband; as a loyal wife, she secretly resented the occasional unconscious exhibition of this fact on the part of his intimate friend, in their familiar intercourse. Added to this slight jealousy, there was a certain moral antagonism between herself and the Captain which none but themselves knew. They were both philosophers but Mrs. Tucker's serene and languid optimism would not tolerate the compassionate and kind-hearted pessimisms of the lawyer. "Knowing what Jack Poindexter does of human nature," her husband had once said, "it's mighty fine in him to be so kind and forgiving. You ought to like him better, Belle." "And qualify myself to be forgiven," said the lady pertly. "I don't see what you're driving at, Belle; I give it up," had responded the puzzled husband. Mrs. Tucker kissed his high but foolish forehead tenderly, and said, "I'm glad you don't, dear."

Meanwhile her second visitor had, like the first, employed the interval in a critical survey of the glories of the new furniture, but with apparently more compassion than resentment in his manner. Once only had his expression changed. Over the fire-place hung a large photograph of Mr. Spencer Tucker. It was retouched, refined, and idealised in the highest style of that polite and diplomatic art. As Captain Poindexter looked upon the fringed hazel eyes, the drooping raven moustache, the clustering ringlets, and the Byronic full throat and turned-down collar of his friend, a smile of exhausted humorous tolerance and affectionate impatience curved his lips. "Well, you *are* a fool, aren't you?" he apostrophised it half audibly.

(To be continued.)

## The Crossing Sweeper.

THE Rev. Samuel Bache, Minister of the New Meeting House, Birmingham, received the following very remarkable story from a venerable friend, one of the principal members of his congregation, some five-and-twenty years since.

The late Mr. Simcox, of Harbourne, near Birmingham, who was largely engaged in the nail trade, in one of his visits to London, on business, was suddenly overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, from which he sought shelter under an archway: the rain continued for a long time with unabated violence, and he was, consequently, obliged to remain in his place of shelter. He was soon agreeably surprised by the opening of the door of a handsome house opposite, and a footman approaching with an umbrella, with his master's compliments, and that he had observed the gentleman standing so long under the archway, that he feared he might take cold, and therefore would be glad if he would come and take shelter in his house—an invitation which Mr. Simcox gladly accepted. He was ushered into a drawing-room, where the master of the house was sitting, and he received from him a very friendly welcome.

Scarcely, however, had Mr. Simcox set eyes on his host, than he was struck with a vague remembrance of having seen him before; but where, or under what circumstances, he was altogether unable to call to mind. His inquiring glances at last conveyed to his host what was passing in his mind. "You seem, sir," said he, "to look at me as though you had seen me before." Mr. Simcox acknowledged that his host was right in his conjectures, but confessed his entire inability to recall the occasion. "You are right, sir," said the old gentleman; "and if you will pledge your word as a man of honour to keep my secret, and not to disclose to any one what I am now going to tell you until you have seen the notice of my death in the London papers, I have no objection to remind you where and how you have known me."

"In St. James's Park, near Spring Gardens, you may pass every day an old man, who sweeps a crossing there, and whose begging is attended by this strange peculiarity—that whatever be the amount of the alms bestowed on him, he will retain only a halfpenny, and scrupulously return to the donor all the rest. Such an unusual proceeding naturally excites the curiosity of those who hear of it; and any one who has himself made the experiment, when he happens to be walking by with a friend, is almost sure to say to him, 'Do you see that old fellow there? He is the strangest beggar you ever saw in your life. If you give him sixpence, he will be sure to give you fivepence-halfpenny back again.' Of course, his friend makes the experiment, which turns out as predicted; and as crowds of people are constantly passing, there are numbers of persons every day who make the same trial; and thus the old man gets many a halfpenny from the curiosity of the passers-by, in addition to what he obtains from their compassion.

"I, sir," continued the old gentleman, "am that beggar. Many years ago, I first hit upon the expedient for the relief of my then pressing necessities; for I was at that time utterly destitute; but finding the scheme answer beyond my expectations, I was induced to carry it on until I had at last, with the aid of profitable investment, realised a handsome fortune, enabling me to live in the comfort in which you find me this day. And now, sir, such is the force of habit, that though I am no longer under any necessity for continuing this plan, I find myself quite unable to give it up; and, accordingly, every morning I leave home, apparently for business purposes, and go to a room, where I put on my old beggar's clothes, and continue sweeping my crossing in the park till a certain hour in the afternoon,

when I go back to my room, resume my usual dress, and return home in time for dinner, as you see me this day."

Mr. Simcox, as a gentleman and a man of honour, scrupulously fulfilled his pledge; but having seen in the London papers the announcement of the beggar's death, he then communicated this strange story. The name of this eccentric person is not known; but the incidents are recollected by more than one narrator. (See *Notes and Queries*, 2d S. ix.)

The produce of a street crossing in London is sometimes considerable. At an inquest held on the body of a crossing sweeper, who had died suddenly, Mr. Wakley, the coroner, said that the sweeper of a crossing sold his interest in it for £40. A juror observed that crossings were freehold, by which many proprietors amassed, in former days, sums of £500, £1,000, £4,000. Another juror alluded to the sweeper of the crossing at Bridge Street, Blackfriars, who bequeathed a large sum to Miss Waithman (daughter of the alderman) in gratitude for her benevolence in giving him his dinner every Sunday; and another gentleman said that the sweeper of a crossing near Hyde Park bequeathed £1,000 to a gentleman who was in the habit of giving him 6d. whenever he passed his crossing.

## Queen Anne's Farthing.

THE old notion that there were only three farthings struck of Queen Anne has led to many strange mistakes. The fact is, only one type of the farthing was in circulation; but the several pattern pieces are much valued by coin collectors, and bring high prices, which led to the mistake as to the value of the farthing itself. Certainly, some hundreds of Anne's farthings were struck and circulated: each, if very finely preserved, may be worth a guinea, but Dr. Dibdin states under five shillings. Mr. Edward Hawkins, of the British Museum, has seen a hundred letters from different individuals, in each of which it is stated that the Museum has two of the three reputed farthings, and the writer has the third; and in some instances asks if he is entitled to a reward of £1,000 or £2,000. Every collector has three or four specimens; the Museum has four in gold, four in silver, and eight in copper.

One of the current stories is, that a lady in the north of England, having lost a farthing of Queen Anne, which she much prized as the bequest of a deceased friend, offered in the newspapers a large reward for its recovery; and any farthing of that monarch was ever after supposed to be of great value. Then, it is related that when only three farthings had been struck, it was perceived that a flaw existed in the die, which was destroyed, and another made, from which are the farthings which have circulated. Of the three one is said to have been kept by Queen Anne, and to have descended to George III., who gave it to the British Museum. The second was long in the possession of the Derby family, and thence passed into the Museum; and the third is said to have been given by Queen Anne to one of her maids of honour, and is now in the possession of her descendant, Major Fothergill. Each of these farthings has a flaw in Anne's portrait. (See *Illustrated London News*, Oct. 7, 1854).

The romantic disappointments of the possessors of "Queen Anne's farthings" would fill a volume. In the *Times*, Sept. 28, 1826, a magistrate related that a poor man came to London from Bedfordshire, with a real, but common farthing of Queen Anne, hoping to make his fortune by it. Mr. Till relates that a poor man came from York, and a man and his wife from Ireland, in the same vain hope. Dr. Dibdin, when on his Northern Tour, was shown a Queen Anne's farthing by a father as a £500 legacy for his son.

## "Old Parr."

THOMAS PARR, familiarly known as "Old Parr," according to the inscription upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey, was born in Salop, in 1483, but the day of his birth is not given; it is added: "He lived in the reign of ten princes, Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., aged 152 years; and was buried here Nov. 15, 1635." In 1635, about a month before Parr's death, Taylor, the Water-poet, published a pamphlet, entitled: "The Olde, Olde, very Olde Man: or, The Age and Long Life of Thomas Parr, the Sonne of John Parr of Winnington, in the Parish of Alderbury, in the County of Shropshire, who was born in the reign of King Edward IV., and is now living in the Strand, being aged 152 years and odd months. His manner of Life and Conversation in so long a Pilgrimage; his Marriages, and his bringing up to London about the end of September last, 1635." According to Taylor, in the lifetime of his first wife, Parr was detected in an amour with "faire Catherine Milton," at the age of 105.

The Earl of Arundel, being in Shropshire visiting his manors, heard of this "olde man," and was pleased to see him; his lordship ordered a litter and two horses for his easy conveyance, and that a daughter-in-law should attend him; he was likewise accompanied by a kind of Merry-Andrew, known as John the Foole. These were all brought by easy journeys to London. At Coventry, as he passed, folks were very curious, coming in such crowds that Parr was well nigh stifled. The Earl had Parr brought to Arundel House, to be shown to Charles I. He was first lodged at No. 405, Strand, the Queen's Head public-house (rebuilt in the present reign). This information Mr. J. T. Smith received, in 1814, from a person, then aged 90, to whom the house was pointed out by his grandfather, then 88.

Parr became domesticated in the Earl of Arundel's house, but his mode of living was changed: he fed high, drank wine, and died Nov. 14, 1635, at the age of 152 years 9 months. His body, by the King's command, was dissected by Harvey, who attributed Parr's death to peripneumony, brought on by the impurity of the London atmosphere, and sudden change in diet.

Of Parr's issue, the Water-poet writes in plain prose: "He hath had two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter. When he was over a hundred years old, was sworn to him an illegitimate child, for which his incontinence, he did penance by standing in a sheet, in the parish church of Alderbury." Granger tells the story differently. He writes thus:—At 120 he married Catherine Milton, his second wife, by whom he had a child: even after that he was employed in threshing and other husbandry work. And when about 152 years of age, he was brought to London, by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and carried to court. The King, Charles I., said to him, "You have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other men?" He replied, "I did penance when I was a hundred years old."

Taylor's pamphlet, entitled "The Olde, Olde, very Olde Man," was published while the patriarch was residing in London; and the statements in which work have rarely been controverted.

We are assured that Parr laboured hard the greater part of his long life, and that his food was in general very simple and even coarse.

Although we have the above evidence of Parr's extreme age, it is not documentary; and the birth dates back to a period before parish registers were instituted by Cromwell. Still, the fact of Henry Jenkin's age is not so well authenticated as Parr's.

It may not be generally known that his grandson, Robert Parr, born at Kinver, 1633, died 1757, having lived to the age of 124.

## 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.)

### THE ART CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—For the past week or so I have been very greatly interested in those of your paragraphs relating to the formation of an Art Society. But when is it to be? Surely, if we are to start such a much-needed Club as this, it should be done at once. Can you give me any information respecting either it or its whereabouts? The originator of the scheme has my heartiest support; and I trust that such a thoroughly good suggestion will not be allowed to drop.—Yours truly,

SOUTH KENS.

[A meeting to discuss the formation of this Club will be held to-morrow (Thursday) evening, at 8 o'clock.—Ed. P. 7.]

### ROWING CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—Like unto a cat that is watching a mouse, have I watched for any appearance of Rowing-Club enthusiasm from your Members, and behold it cometh not! Why is this? Is it because the Members are afraid of the expense? or is it really due—as I have heard it asserted—to want of energy? Some three or four months ago your sub-Editor "raised a point" in favour of organising such a boon to the Palace Institute—as boon it, I am sure, would prove—but, notwithstanding his remarks, nobody seemed to be particularly struck with enthusiasm over the matter. Possibly that was owing to the cold and snowy weather. Now that we have a climate approaching that of the tropics, perhaps the fellows will reconsider the matter, and ventilate their opinions through the columns of the Journal. We must have—to maintain the eternal fitness of things—such a Club *some time*, why not organise it now? I know that there are at least half a dozen fellows who would hail the idea with something approaching rapture (myself among the number), and why on earth these six cannot insert the thin end of the wedge passes, Sir, my modest comprehension. Trusting you will insert this letter, and thanking you in anticipation, I remain, yours faithfully,

DOGBERRY.

## 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. C. If you mean space for small column advertisements at the end of Puzzle Column, yes; if you mean larger advertisements, on the wrapper or the inside pages, you must write to our agent, A. P. WATT, 2, Paternoster Square.

VICTORIA PARK.—The Swimming-bath opened on Monday last. Surely you are behind the times!

RECITAL.—Sergeant Burdett will tell you all you desire in the matter. No; the Boxing Club is entirely independent.

DRAMATIC.—Yes; he recited last Thursday evening at the Elocution "open night," and acquitted himself very well.

S. E. J. K.—Curiously enough, we have an article on the value of the Queen Anne farthing. It is to be found on page 424. Kindly turn to it, and you will be answered to your satisfaction.

THE CHIEL.—Oh, no; you are quite mistaken. The Gossip is written *exclusively* for the Institute Members. The other parts of the Journal will probably satisfy such a cultured person as we assume you to be.

J. D. R.—(1) When is it to be? You have not stated the date. We wish you joy. (2) If you shave regularly every morning for a month you will soon gain your heart's desire. (3) Write M.A.F.

BURDETT ROAD.—The Competition Editor speaks for himself. He is not, as you seem to think, the sub-Editor, but is quite a different personage. No connection, we assure you.

RED'UN.—Two ounces of the common rock-salt will serve the purpose well. Have you ever tried it?

INKY.—(1) The Princess Alice and the Bywell Castle. (2) The Eurydice.

VAN DER DECKEN.—(1) Mr. Irving played the part at the Lyceum in 1875, with considerable success. (2) Mr. Pin-ero, yes. (3) Her real name is Mrs. Robert Soutar; but the other question must remain unanswered. We do not care to give a lady's age.

STUDDY.—The new Library has the complete series, so there is no excuse.

## Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

### RULES AND CONDITIONS.

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

### COMPETITIONS SET MAY 2.

#### CLASS A.

The voting in this Competition affords plenty of proof, if proof were needed, that the English are a nation of strong-marked nautical tastes. Out of some eighty songs that were mentioned, six of the first nine are songs of the sea, or are suggested by Britannia's naval pride. The first six came out as follows:

The Death of Nelson .. .. .	66
Home, Sweet Home .. .. .	60
Tom Bowling .. .. .	47
The Lost Chord .. .. .	43
Rule Britannia .. .. .	41
The Village Blacksmith .. .. .	31

No list sent in named all of these songs, but a number of Competitors gave five correctly. Appended are their names, opposite them being the names of the songs they gave as the sixth:

Emily Shelcott .. .. .	The Bay of Biscay.
W. Dawson .. .. .	.. .. .
Thomas Holmes .. .. .	.. .. .
W. D. Christmas .. .. .	.. .. .
N. Young .. .. .	God Save the Queen.
W. Sinclair .. .. .	.. .. .
F. J. Tanter .. .. .	.. .. .
C. Edson .. .. .	The Better Land.
J. T. Hill .. .. .	.. .. .
Ada Gretton .. .. .	The Last Rose of Summer.
Alice Swift .. .. .	The Anchor's Weighed.
R. J. Bunbury .. .. .	She Wandered Down the Mountain Side.

G. H. C. Cummins .. .. .	My Pretty Jane.
Geo. M. Gretton .. .. .	The Maid o' the Mill.
John Clark .. .. .	Hearts of Oak.
Edith Tate .. .. .	.. .. .

Now the next few songs after the first six were:

The Bay of Biscay .. .. .	28
Hearts of Oak .. .. .	23
The Anchor's Weighed .. .. .	.. .. .
Queen of My Heart .. .. .	19
The Better Land .. .. .	.. .. .
Sally in Our Alley .. .. .	15
God Save the Queen .. .. .	14

The prize, therefore, goes to those Competitors who gave as their sixth song "The Bay of Biscay," and will be divided between them, their names and addresses being

EMILY SHELSCOTT,  
29, Alderney Road, Mile End, E.  
THOS. HOLMES,  
37, St. Peter's Street, E.  
W. DAWSON,  
Chingford Hall, Leyton.

#### CLASS B.

Considerable ingenuity was displayed in introducing the eight given words into a short paragraph, and it was not an easy matter to decide between several Competitors. After mature deliberation I have decided that the prize must go to the author of the following paragraph, which, though it is not perfect, brings in the words rather more naturally than any of the others:

"The dowager, while the golden leaves fall sadly, quits the funeral scene. The village street presents a sad contrast, where a comic-looking old man, *foher* in hand, is chasing a boy who has stolen his *snuff-box*, the on-lookers laughing at the *futility* of the chase."

The name and address of the winner are  
W. R. LOWMAN,  
3, Fairfoot Road, Bow, E.

Very highly commended—Sarah E. Buss, W. C. Hendry, Marie (?) Hulbert, Millicent C. Measures, William Sinclair, Mary Smith, and W. White.

#### CLASS C.

Oddly enough, the Competitors for this Consolation Prize were more numerous than in ordinary weeks, which looks as if Competitors, as a rule, allow themselves to be frightened out of the field. If this is so, I can only say that it is very foolish of them, for the level of work displayed in the kettle-holders was quite up to the ordinary standard; and there is not one of them which in some weeks might not have taken a prize. The best, taking both workmanship and design into consideration, was that sent by

Laura Lavinia Outhwaite,  
15, Emmott Street, Bridge Street,  
Mile End.

to whom the prize is awarded. An extra prize of a book will be given to Eveline B. Horton, whose kettle-holder does great credit to her ten years. Highly commended—Carrie Sinclair, Alice Palmer, and A. M. Partridge.

#### CLASS D.

No prize can be awarded in t is 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 plays in the English language, outside of Shakespere. To be decided by the votes of Competitors. Lists to be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, May 24th.

#### CLASS B. (FOR MEMBERS ONLY.)

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered for the best paragraph made up of words in which no other vowel but "o" appears. Competitors may make their efforts of any length they please, but it does not follow that the longest will take the prize, if a shorter one runs more naturally and makes more intelligible sense. Any paragraph in which any vowel other than the letter "o" appears will be disqualified. To be sent in by noon on Thursday, May 24th.

#### CLASS C. (FOR GIRLS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best suggestion of a Competition suitable for Class C. It is hoped that Competitors will not repeat ideas of which use has already been made. What is wanted is to arrive, if possible, at something which would be generally popular among the Girl Members of the Palace. The field is absolutely unlimited—that is, suggestions may take any form. To be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, May 24th.

#### CLASS D. (FOR BOYS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best specimen of wood-carving, the unaided work of the Competitor. A fortnight will be allowed for this Competition, which will close on Thursday, May 31st.

### QUARTERLY PRIZES.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET MAY 2.

- (1.) DOUBLE ACROSTIC—LAMB, ELIA.  
L u t e  
A b i g a i l  
M u f t i  
B i a n c a
- (2.) QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPERE.  
1. "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;  
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."  
2. "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold."
- (3.) 1. Martin. 2. Haydon. 3. Maynard. 4. Augustin. 5. Inchbald.  
6. Denman.
- (4.) One is sal volatile and the other is a salvo formerly.

As summer is coming on, and puzzle-guessing is an amusement for winter evenings rather than for days when it is possible to be out and about, the Quarterly Competitions will be discontinued for the present.

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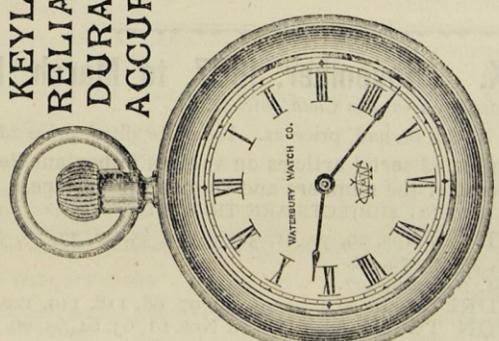
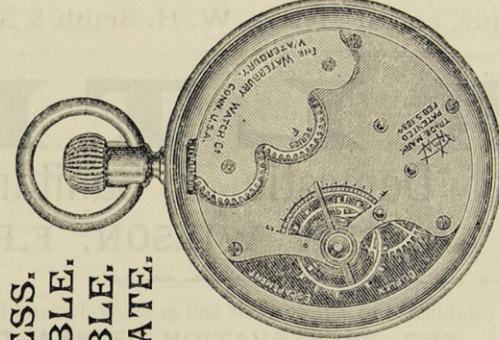
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<p>"I have much pleasure in testifying to the accuracy of the Waterbury Watch, and I have tested it and find it keeps wonderfully correct time; in fact, I have tested your Watch to the greatest possible extent, and can say, without fear of contradiction, that it is as good a Watch as I have ever carried for keeping time.—Yours obediently, THOMAS JAMES, Driver on L. &amp; S. W. Railway."</p>	<p>Glasgow Citizen: "A good timekeeper." Weekly Times (London): "The famous Waterbury—a favourite all over the world for accuracy and good appearance." Halifax Times: "A real watch of good appearance, and which will keep excellent time."</p>

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