

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

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[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—ALL-DAY FETE. Admission id. Concert, etc.
 LADIES' SOCIAL.—Usual Thursday "at home."
 CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run to Woodford.
- FRIDAY.—ALL-DAY FETE. Admission id. Concert, etc.
 CYCLING CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8.30 p.m.
- SATURDAY.—ALL-DAY FETE. Admission id. Concert, etc.
 CYCLING CLUB.—Run to "Blue Boar," Abridge.
 RAMBLERS.—To Hainault Forest; from Coborn Road at 3 p.m.
 CRICKET.—First XI., at Leyton; Second XI., Wanstead.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL (Queen's Hall), at 12.30. Admission free.
- MONDAY.—ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Adjourned Meeting, at 7.45.
 SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—General Meeting, at 7.45.
 FOOTBALL CLUB.—Annual General Meeting, at 8 p.m.
- WEDNESDAY.—CONCERT (Queen's Hall), at 8 p.m.
- THURSDAY.—CONVERSAZIONE (Queen's Hall), from 7 till 10, with the Technical Day School Boys at Work, etc.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JULY 1st, at 12.30 p.m.,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST - - - - MR. FREDERIC ATTWOOD.

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| 1. Offertoire, No. 2 | Wely. |
| 2. How Beautiful are the Feet | Handel. |
| 3. { Heroic March | Frost. |
| Andante in E flat | |
| 4. "But Thanks" | Handel. |
| 5. Andante in G | Ramonier. |
| 6. How Lovely are the Messengers.. .. . | Mendelssohn. |
| 7. Andante in A | Merkel. |
| 8. Wedding March | Mendelssohn. |

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

It having come to the knowledge of the Trustees that some of the Members refuse to show their tickets when requested, they would call attention to the Rule printed on the face of the Membership Card. It is requested that all Members will assist the Trustees by producing their tickets when called upon to do so by any official of the Palace. This also applies to Students holding class tickets.

Notes of the Week.

I HAVE received a paper called "The People's League against the Sunday Opening of the People's Palace." This document, I regret to say, is signed by eighteen names, most of which I have been hitherto accustomed to regard with considerable respect. Among the eighteen are seven clergymen of the Church of England: eight Non-conformist ministers: a Philanthropist by profession, and two lay preachers. These gentlemen say that they have received 20,000 signatures to some document protesting against the action of the Trustees in opening the Palace on Sunday. The paper, which they have now issued, is not, unfortunately, quite satisfactory. That is to say, while everybody quite clearly understands that the objection of the eighteen gentlemen who sign the document is wholly based upon their religious views, they put forward as their only objection the desirability of Sunday Rest. In other words they endeavour to trade upon the English working man's love of Sunday Rest, in order to compass their religious views.

Now, first of all, the English working man does well to be jealous of his Sunday Rest. Let him continue to guard that day of Rest as one of the choicest English liberties. There are plenty of greedy employers who, if they had the power, would make their men work seven days in the week. But the signers of this paper know perfectly well—they have been assured of the fact over and over again—that all the Sunday work at the Palace is voluntary. There is no invasion of the Sunday Rest attempted, or designed. No one is robbed of his rest. If it were necessary to engage paid work there are plenty of Jews to whom the work could be entrusted without depriving a single Christian man of his rest. This, I say, the gentlemen who have signed this paper know very well. But they desire, I repeat, by working on the true and legitimate resolve of the working man that his Sunday Rest shall be protected, to compass their own narrow religious views.

It cannot be too widely understood that almost all clergymen whose intellect entitles them to consideration: that nearly all laymen who are worthy of any hearing: rejoice in the opening of the Library and the Organ Recital on Sunday. An American gentleman to whom I mentioned the subject, said, "Why, in our country no one would think of offering any objection. It would be understood to be the best thing for the people."

It must be remembered that there are two millions of people in the East End. Are their opinions to be sacrificed to the convenience of twenty thousand—the opinions of one hundred to be dominated by the opinion of one?

THERE is no more beautiful, no more religious sight in London than that of the two thousand earnest men and women who gather together on the Sunday morning—between Church and dinner, if they have gone to Church—to hear the Organ Recital. There is nothing which more vexes the soul of the publican than to think of these men kept away from his drinking bar by sweet and holy music.

YES. There is one sight more beautiful still. It is the sight of the two thousand people who throng the Library on the Sunday evening. They are quiet: they enjoy warmth and light: they are in the best of company: they are filling their minds with noble thoughts. Instead of this, the gentlemen who do not blush to sign this document in the name of what they call religion, would send them out—what to do?—to tramp the streets, to find in crowded bars shelter from the rain and cold, to swell the ranks of the fallen, and to subject the young men to temptation. In the sacred name of Religion! Is it possible? Readers of *The Palace Journal*! Many of you take for the type and model of your conduct a certain Figure of the Gospel. Think what CHRIST would have done in the matter of this Library and this Organ Recital if He were here to-day! Be deceived no longer. It is not your Sunday Rest which is attacked by the Music and the Library. It is your Sunday Rest which is assured, glorified, beautified, and hallowed by the music which is given you for nothing, and by the books which are placed ready to your hand.

THE farmers in Kent have had their cherry trees stripped of leaves, blossoms and young fruit by caterpillars. There will be no Kentish cherries this year. The unfortunate farmers are collecting the caterpillars in sacks, and selling them for £4 a sack to feed pheasants; each sack represents about £40 worth of cherries. Farming has many pleasant points, but the most pleasant must be its glorious uncertainty.

ON Saturday last Mr. Low took a party of twenty Palace boys to see an Exhibition which seemed to please them very much. The visit will, I hope, bear good fruit in the future. It was the Exhibition of the Home Arts Association. There are 300 schools and 4,000 scholars belonging to this Society. They are chiefly in villages all over the country—forty or fifty being in Ireland, one is at Mr. Murray's Institute at Ratcliff, and there is one at Toynbee Hall. Observe that the pupils, those whose work formed the Exhibition, are all boys and young men employed during the day in various kinds of work. There were shown specimens of wood carving, of brass work, of leather work (the Princess of Wales is one of the scholars, and sent the cover of a book very beautifully worked) embroidery, iron work, and all kinds of similar things. The work was all for sale, and every single thing was sold before the Exhibition was closed. Now, if our lads will take up this kind of work in earnest, the Home Arts Association will do its best to find them teachers. There is rapidly spreading and growing the desire for hand-worked decorations and carvings, and I foresee a great future in this country for those who can supply them. But it must be as an assistance and supplement to regular work, not for a profession. In one school in a country village where there are about eight workers, thirty pounds' worth of work was sold last winter.

NEXT year I hope that the Home Arts people will see their way to sending their Exhibition to the Palace. The movement was started by Mr. Charles Leland, in

Philadelphia, about the year 1880. He left there when he came over here, two years ago, a school of 400, and the Music Arts were introduced into all the Pennsylvania Schools. Some of the Committee of the Home Arts Society talked of asking Mr. Leland if, with the Director's permission, he would be willing to address the Palace on the subject. Let us talk about it in the autumn.

THE description of Mr. Edison's workshop, which will be found elsewhere, is extracted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Edison is the most wonderful inventor of modern times. It is said that he has worn out the steps of the American Patent Office by running up and down with new inventions. Not a great discoverer in science, he has the gift of turning every new discovery to practical account. It would take a week to write down all that Edison has invented.

I HOPE that the young men of the East End will not all go away and try to become jockeys. It is true that Charles Wood makes £4,000 a year, and this is a much larger income than most of us are at all likely to make, however hard we may work, in other lines. But let us be contented. To begin with, I am told that there are forty boys entered in a stable for one who ever acquires such a mastery of the art of riding as to become a "jock"—and there are fifty jockeys for one who ever acquires such a reputation as Charles Wood. Let us be content, my friends, with the iron horse—the simple bicycle.

I WAS present at a Gymnastic Display the other night, first of boys and then of girls: anything prettier or more delightful one cannot imagine. A working man spoke to me at the door. "This is the first time," he said, "that I have been here. It shall not be the last. I wish I had had such a chance in my time." Yes: that is it. When lads are taught such things in boyhood: when they grow up in such places as the Palace or the Polytechnic, they learn a good deal more than is taught there. They learn how to act together: they learn habits of order and rule which they apply to their minds as well as to their bodies: they learn to find out what they want and how to get it. Now the great want—the one thing needful—in such a system of representative government as our own, is to find out, first, what we really want: and, next, to understand how we shall get it.

MR. JOHN TYSON, of Westminster, must be a happy man. He has been married twice, and is now elderly. His second wife, Mrs. Caroline Tyson, is, it seems, in the habit of returning home at late hours. The other day she got home at one o'clock in a condition coarsely and cruelly described as "mad drunk." She was quite cheerful, however, and awoke her husband, who was in bed, by singing. It is not unpleasant to be awakened by the soft strains of gentle music. But Mrs. Tyson did more. She pulled the bed-clothes off her husband, and this is a very unpleasant way of being awakened. She also taunted him with the accident of his birth—the poor man is only an Englishman, and Mrs. Tyson ought to have reflected—no doubt she would have reflected had she been quite sober—that it is not everybody who can be born in Ireland. She then punished him for that, though in justice he could not help it. She tore up his shirt, broke his left arm, "ran him out" into the street, and heaved his clothes out of the window. It is not stated how the poor man dressed himself in this plight, but he presently went to the hospital, carrying, perhaps, his clothes, and wearing the shreds of his tattered shirt. After his arm was bandaged he sought the assistance of the Police, and the lady is now in seclusion. The story belongs to the simple annals of Drink, and may be read with advantage by young gentlemen who think of marriage. EDITOR.

Edison in his Laboratory.

"I WANT to have 25,000 men working in factories on my inventions right here." Thomas Alva Edison said this the other day as he stood outside his laboratory. Edison has been a professional inventor for ten or twelve years, has put thousands and thousands of men at work on his inventions, and goes on broadening his own knowledge, absorbing science after science, looking keenly after the practical side of everything, and has secured as a result for himself a goodly store of wealth. He has an interest in all the later inventions which he has given to the world. His present home cost him a quarter of a million. His laboratory and the stock of things he put in it cost him nearly £50,000. His payroll for experiments alone is £500 a week. These figures begin to give you some measure of his gigantic energy, his unconsciously stupendous courage. Every day is a battle with forty problems in science, abstract or applied, and every night finds him planning a fresh campaign.

"Then there is a big machine shop on this lower floor, 100-ft. long, filled with machinery massive enough to build a gunboat, and beyond this, in the extension, are the steam engines, aggregating over 300 horsepower, and dynamos capable of furnishing an electric current strong enough to kill a man in an infinitesimal part of a second, or of any other character to suit any experimenter upstairs. Upstairs there is a smaller machine shop, on the second floor, for work of precision; a carpenter's shop on the third floor and about twenty smaller rooms, in which all manner of experiments are conducted. 'It keeps me pretty busy,' he says, 'to find work for a hundred men.' And still he says so in that off-hand easy way, which leads the listener to believe that it isn't a very serious matter after all. 'Sometimes it's rather wearying to stop and clear the path for a man who comes to you and says that this or that thing won't work. It's like writing for a funny paper when you're melancholy.'

"Now and then Edison goes a-hunting for a month, or takes an absolute rest for a short time; that is, he does so if he doesn't get so busy over a phonograph or some other invention that he cannot think of leaving it. But the work of the laboratory doesn't stop. It goes right on, and if ideas are wanted Edison draws upon a series of some twenty-five memoranda and scrap books for ideas stored away for future development; things to be attended to when there is time, or when nothing of greater importance is in hand. And this reserve stock of thought will keep the big laboratory busy for months, if necessary.

"In one workshop in which Edison develops his inventions, he has forty experimenters, thirty or more mechanics and labourers, and a score or so of young men, some of whom are simply clerks, and others who can scarcely be classed otherwise than as students. He has in all nearly a hundred men to assist him.

"If he doesn't get to think so hard that he forgets it, he goes to lunch at noon or half-past twelve o'clock, and returns to the laboratory in an hour. At six o'clock or thereabouts he returns to his home to dinner and—rest and recreation? Yes, perhaps, as he understands the words. 'I go home to dinner at about six,' said Edison to a friend, the other day, 'I have my dinner, and then I sit down in front of my open fire,' he continued, and his face shone with pleasure in anticipation of the 'recreation' he was to take in a few hours. 'I sit down in front of my open fire, and I have my swinging bookcase, filled with all the special scientific works that I want at my side, and I sit and read,' and the wonderful man's face plainly showed the 'solid comfort' there was even in the thought of it—and read until it is time to retire.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The Ministerial Fish Dinner.

EVERY year, the approach of the close of the Parliamentary Session is indicated by what is termed the "Ministerial Fish Dinner," in which Whitebait forms a prominent dish: and Cabinet Ministers are the company. The Dinner takes place at a principal tavern, usually at Greenwich, but sometimes at Blackwall: the dining-room is decorated for the occasion, which partakes of a state entertainment. Formerly, however, the Ministers went down the river from Whitehall in an Ordnance gilt barge: now, a Government steamer is employed. The origin of this annual festivity is told as follows. On the banks of Dagenham Lake or Reach, in Essex, many years since, there stood a cottage, occupied by a princely merchant named Preston, a baronet of Scotland and Nova Scotia, and sometime M.P. for Dover. He called it his "fishing cottage," and often in the spring he went thither, with a friend or two, as a relief to the toils of parliamentary and mercantile duties. His most frequent guest was the Rt. Hon. George Rose, Secretary of the Treasury, and an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. Many a day did these two worthies enjoy at Dagenham Reach; and Mr. Rose once intimated to Sir Robert, that Mr. Pitt, of whose friendship they were both justly proud, would, no doubt, delight in the comfort of such a retreat. A day was named, and the Premier was invited; and he was so well pleased with his reception at the "fishing cottage"—they were all two if not three bottle men—that, on taking leave, Mr. Pitt readily accepted an invitation for the following year. For a few years, the Premier continued a visitor, always accompanied by Mr. George Rose. But the distance was considerable; the going and coming were somewhat inconvenient for the First Minister of the Crown. Sir Robert Preston, however, had his remedy, and he proposed that they should in future dine nearer London. Greenwich was suggested: we do not hear of Whitebait in the Dagenham dinners, and its introduction, probably, dates from the removal to Greenwich. The party of three was now increased to four; Mr. Pitt being permitted to bring Lord Camden. Soon after, a fifth guest was invited—Mr. Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough. All were still the guests of Sir Robert Preston; but, one by one, other notables were invited,—all Tories—and, at last, Lord Camden considerably remarked, that, as they were all dining at a tavern, it was but fair that Sir Robert Preston should be relieved from the expense. It was then arranged that the dinner should be given, as usual, by Sir Robert Preston, that is to say, at his invitation; and he insisted on still contributing a buck and champagne: the rest of the charges were thenceforth defrayed by the several guests; and, on this plan, the meeting continued to take place annually till the death of Mr. Pitt.

Sir Robert was requested, next year, to summon the several guests, the list of whom, by this time, included most of the Cabinet Ministers. The time for meeting was usually after Trinity Monday, a short period before the end of the Session. By degrees, the meeting, which was originally purely gastronomic, appears to have assumed, in consequence of the long reign of the Tories, a political, or semi-political character. Sir Robert Preston died; but Mr. Long, now Lord Farnborough, undertook to summon the several guests, the list of whom was furnished by Sir Robert Preston's private secretary. Hitherto, the invitations had been sent privately: now they were despatched in Cabinet boxes, and the party was, certainly, for some time, limited to the members of the Cabinet. A dinner lubricates ministerial as well as other business: so that the "Ministerial Fish Dinner" may "contribute to the grandeur and prosperity of our beloved country."

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 LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

EXCURSION TO BROXBORNE.—The Secretary, Mr. W. King Rhodes, accompanied by two Members of the Sub-Committee, journeyed to Broxbourne on Saturday last to arrange for this Society's outing next Saturday week, July 7th. Catching the 2.50 train at Liverpool Street, they journeyed in glorious weather to Broxbourne, arriving there about four o'clock, and keeping their eyes open they struck for the Rye House *via* Hoddesdon. After four unsuccessful attempts, they at last found a charming place called the "Five Horse Shoes" at Hoddesdon, about ten minutes' walk from Rye House, and after being shown the rooms, the bill of fare for the tea, etc., they came to the conclusion that this was the very place for the Society.

The party will leave Liverpool Street Station at 2.50 on Saturday afternoon, July 7th, for Broxbourne, arriving about four o'clock, and after seeing the glorious scenes of Broxbourne will proceed to partake of tea at the "Five Horse Shoes" at Hoddesdon, which will consist of ham, beef, lettuce, watercress, radishes, jam tart, cake, and jam, the cost of which will be 1s. 6d. per head. The room, which accommodates 140 persons to dine, will be at our disposal for dancing, etc., during the evening.

Members of the Palace and their friends are heartily invited to join this pleasure party. All particulars, and railway tickets which will be 1s. 6d., can be had on application to the Secretaries, care of sub-Editor at the Palace, or of that worthy personage himself.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—On account of the Gymnasium being open for the future on Tuesday evening for male Members of the Institute, it has been decided to hold our meetings on Wednesday and Friday evenings. On Friday evening last, the weather being much cooler, a great number of Members dropped in to have a quiet spar.

The following gentlemen faced one another during the evening:—I. H. Proops v. G. Bowman, B. Cayzer v. C. Ballard, C. J. Furnell v. E. Weeks. Mr. A. Bowman, Hon. Instructor, also sparred with the following Members:—C. Ballard, C. J. Furnell, H. Dean, E. Myers, and G. Bowman. In the next issue of the Journal I hope to give full details respecting the forthcoming Competitions which will no doubt take place sometime in July.

All Members who have not had a book of Rules or Membership Card will please apply to the Secretary for them. All intending Members should apply to either of the Secretaries. Subscription, 2s. 6d. per quarter. The Club Badges are now ready, price 7d.

I. H. PROOPS, Hon. Sec.
P. SIMONS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Tuesday last the Committee decided to abandon the Bank Holiday Fête, and to hold instead an Evening Meeting, of which Members will receive private notice.

On Thursday last ten Members journeyed to Woodford. The roads, on account of the recent rain, were rather heavy. At 9 o'clock the rain began to fall rather heavily, and accordingly we waited until 9.30, when a start was made. We had reached Woodford Parish Church, when Jupiter Pluvius again decided to give us a soaker for venturing out. How we wished we could convert our machines into boats, the same as the one in the Workmen's Exhibition, and float home. Thinking we might just as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb, we kept on, instead of dismounting, and arrived home with our clothes dripping wet.

On Saturday nineteen Members carried out the run to Waltham Cross. The route followed was by way of Walthamstow and Chingford. The "Four Swans" was reached about 6.45, and by 7 o'clock we were all busily engaged. Tea being finished, the usual smoking concert took place. Mr. H. Ransley gave the "Triumphal March," "The March of Flambeaux," and several other well-known selections. Mr. Burley then sang "Love" and "The Girls and the Boys." Mr. Giles obliged with "Every Bullet has its Billet" and the "Silent March," which was deservedly encored. Mr. Nathan gave a fine rendering of "To be There." The songs were accompanied by Mrs. Burley. At 9 o'clock the whistle was sounded by our Vice-Captain, Mr. Kennard, and having lit our lamps we started on our homeward journey. The return route was through Enfield, Edmonton, Tottenham, Stamford Hill and Clapton. The Palace was passed as the clock chimed 10.45.

On Thursday next the usual run to Woodford.

On Friday next a General Meeting will be held at 8.30 p.m.

On Saturday next "Blue Boar," Abridge, is the destination. The Treasurer will be most happy to take the subscriptions of those Members who have not already paid.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

A Meeting of the Members of this Society was held on Monday evening last. Sir Edmund Currie in the chair.

The following were elected as a provisional Committee:—Miss Ludbrook, Miss Durel, Messrs. Levy, Ensum, Bray, Stapleton, Hobson, Fanning, Dodsworth, Savage and Stock.

Mr. Stock was elected Secretary.

All necessary preliminaries were arranged for the next meeting. A cordial vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Cave, and the meeting adjourned till Monday next at 7.45 p.m.

WILLIAM STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

We finished the last meeting of the first term with a fairly successful evening's work; better accommodation enabling us to have our usual two sections.

Next Monday being the commencement of the second session, it will not be out of place to put before Palace Pitmanites the advantages of our Society.

Dictation practice in two sections, thirty to sixty words per minutes, and from sixty upwards.

A Phonographic Library which circulates the following:—"Technical Reporting," "Reporter's Assistant," "Reporter's Reading Book," "Phonography in the Office," "Leaves from the Note-book of T. A. Reed," 2 vols., "Tom Brown's School-days," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Little Things of Nature," "Tales and Sketches," "Representative British Orations," "Benjamin Franklin," "Ivanhoe," "Reporter's Journal," "Reporter's Magazine," "Shorthand Weekly News," "Powell's Phonographer," "Phonetic Journal," etc.

I wish to call attention to "Shorthand M.P.'s," that the Society is conducted on mutual principles. Any further information respecting the Society will be gladly given any Monday evening from 8 till 9.30, in the Society's room.

We have to thank Mr. W. M. Wilson for his very acceptable parcel of Phonographic Lectures, and also for his good wishes respecting the Society's welfare.

IMPORTANT.—A General Meeting will take place next Monday, July 2nd, at a quarter to 8, to consider the proposed outing to Epping Forest.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, favoured with unusually bright sunshine, seventeen Ramblers visited Waltham Abbey. We were conducted round by a most excellent guide, who spared no pains in describing to us the principal parts of interest in the Abbey.

After having spent one hour in the interior we came out and took a general survey of the exterior, and then went through the town and market place.

When we reached "New Inn," we had the pleasure of meeting several Members of the Palace Photographic Club, who took tea with us.

After tea we had a most delightful walk to Cheshunt, and then made our way round to Waltham Cross Station. Arrived in London about 10.30 p.m.

On Saturday next, 30th inst., the Invitation Ramble to Chigwell, and Hainault will take place. Ramblers meet at Coborn Road Station at 3 o'clock. Book to Woodford. Tea at "Smith's Retreat," Chigwell Row. The chair will be taken by Walter Besant, Esq. All Members who have sent in their names are requested to attend.

July 7. Pinner (by special desire).
July 14. River Trip.
July 21. Cricket Match.
July 28. Chingford.

A Garden Party is being arranged for an early date in August.

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

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of the above Club will take place on Monday, July 2nd, at 8 o'clock.

Gentlemen who intend joining the Club will oblige by sending in their names at once, accompanied with the entrance fee of 1s. This will entitle them to vote at the re-election of officers.

T. MORETON, } Hon. Secs.
W. A. CANTLE, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Will all Members meet in the same rooms as last time, on Friday at 7.30 sharp?

It was decided last Friday that the Society should go to Harrow for their outing, on Saturday, July 7th, not the 21st as previously arranged. We expect to spend a most enjoyable time.

For reports of last Choral concerts (Saturday and Tuesday) see *Eastern Post*.

I should like all the names of the Members who are going to take part in the outing before Monday next, July 2nd.

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The subjects for July Exhibition are as follows:—

Landscape	A Summer Shower.
Figure	A Figure in repose.
Design	A Panel, 8 in. by 4 in.
	Italian Scroll (two colours).

Still Life.
T. E. HALPPENNY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

The First Eleven were to have played the South West Ham C. C. at Wanstead, last Saturday. All our men put in an appearance, but our visitors failed to turn up. The Forest Gate Congregational Church C.C., who had no match on, kindly agreed to play a scratch match with us. A capital game was the result.

Next Saturday the First Eleven play about their stiffest match of the season at Leyton, against the Eton Mission C. C. The following will represent the Palace team:—H. W. Byard, E. T. Wilkins, F. Knight, J. Cowlin, L. Goldberg, A. Bowman, Puddifoot, Patterson, W. Goodwin, W. Hendry, T. G. Carter (Captain). Reserves—Chatterton, G. Josephs, F. Hunter, C. Bowman.

SECOND ELEVEN v. RELIANCE.—This match was played on Saturday at Wanstead, and, after a very pleasant game, ended in a victory for the Palace. Thomson kept wicket and batted splendidly for the Palace, and Goldberg took 5 wickets for 9 runs, and Wainman 5 for 12.

Heyder batted well, and Snashall bowled well, for the Reliance.

PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Newman	0	Everson	3
Wainman	4	Thomson	14
Goldberg	6	Nathan	7
Marshall	0	Jacobson	0
Sheppard	5	Extras	4
Wenn	2		
C. Bowman	0	Total	45

RELIANCE.

P. Wheatley	5	La Reviere	1
Goodwin	1	March	5
C. Wheatley	0	Ridd	0
Heyder	9	Snashall	0
Brown	0	Extras	7
Hayward	1		
Le Richie	0	Total	29

The following are selected to play against the Palestine C. C. next Saturday at Wanstead:—Gorton, Wenn, Everson, Jacobson, Munro, Thomson, Sheppard, W. H. Taylor, Newman, Helbing, Wainman (Captain). Reserves—Nathan and La Reviere.

THIRD ELEVEN v. GLENWOOD.—This match was played at Wanstead on Saturday, and after a closely contested game resulted in a victory for the Glenwood. The Palace started batting first, their innings closing for 68. Witham and Cox batted well for the Palace, with 25 and 12 respectively.

The Glenwood's innings closing for 84, they won by 16 runs. The following are selected to play against the Colet C. C. next Saturday:—Claridge, W. W. Carter, Adams, Cox, Witham, Dodd, Alvarez, Leach, Final, H. Fairweather (Captain). Reserves—Crowe and Etridge.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

The first handicap has been decided, Mr. Moses having secured the prize. The scratch man (virtual) in the final made a good try, but could not overhaul the leader, who maintained his position throughout.

The next race is 4 Lengths (120 yards), to-morrow night. No entrance fee. All members will be handicapped, and should turn up and enter their names for the race.

This race is one of a series of three challenge races, for which three prizes will be given. Each race will be decided by points, and will be of different distances. The first man will, in each case, get three points, the second two, and the third one point. These will be added up, and whoever gets the most points will be the winner. Thus a Member might win one race and get three points, and if he came third in another race he would get one point—total, four points, which might secure the first prize.

There is still room for more Members.

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

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

A very comfortable evening was spent last Thursday in the temporary room set apart for the Ladies' Social Club (No. 12 in

School-buildings). Although hardly large enough to meet the demands, this room was a decided improvement upon the old room, being exceedingly well ventilated.

As far as the entertainment was concerned, it was everything that could be desired, giving precedence to the professional who so kindly came forward to assist. We must congratulate Mr. Trefelyn David upon his excellent rendering of that favourite aria, "Alice where art thou?" by Ascher, and at the same time thank him. It is unfair to criticise the Members who take part from time to time in these concerts. We must be equally satisfied, whether they are successful or not. Each one is endeavouring to do his or her best to amuse, and whether success or otherwise crowns their efforts, we must bear in mind that it is only an amateur gathering, and, therefore, too much must not be expected.

The following Members contributed either songs or recitations: Misses Waller, Marks, Bready, Philbrick, and Strange; Messrs. Dean, Clenshaw, Morgan, and Chatterton.

Mr. Mellish took the chair.

M. MELLISH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A Special General Meeting was called on Friday last to enquire into divers grave charges brought against one of the Secretaries by certain Dramatic Club Members. Sir Edmund Currie occupied the chair. The fullest possible enquiry was made: but as might have been expected nothing of a reliable nature was elicited from the accusers—who, indeed, with much indignation, loudly protested against bearing the accusation: at the same time remarking that they couldn't possibly have said such a thing. In this matter their cause was ably championed by a gentleman who, having paid his subscription to the Club but half-an-hour before, possibly determined to have his money's worth: and, to kill two birds with one stone, to impress the amateur Thespians with a sample of his Parliamentary eloquence. The charges of misappropriation and untruthfulness never having been made, the whole matter, of course, fell to the ground: and those accused of accusing were left in undisturbed possession of the field.

Sir Edmund, at this stage of the proceedings, having to leave, Mr. Jno. R. W. Knight (Acting Manager) took the chair until the close of the meeting. The business was then resumed: and a patient research was made into the scandalous charges brought against the Acting Manager, who, being possessed of full power, had actually dared to transfer Members from one section to another. Such a proceeding, in the eyes of the gentleman who opposed it, was simply monstrous: but when, on enquiry, it was proved to the meeting that one Member only had actually been so shifted, the charge became, as Desdemona would say, most "lame and impotent." The same gentleman, determined to distinguish himself somewhat, then proceeded to charge our absent and invalid Secretary with having, on one occasion, deliberately "manufactured" spurious and untrue minutes of proceedings: which, as a Member of the Club, he protested against. Then the same gentleman, finding he could do little or nothing to harm anyone, deserted his forces and went over to the other side: fiercely demanding to know why one, Karet, had been so elected as a Committeeman: and when, where, and how. So the meeting went on. Presently two other gentlemen, possibly opining that they might just as well assist at the general overthrow, got up and verbally assaulted the Acting Manager right and left: one of the aforesaid gentlemen particularly deploring his unemployed condition, having had, since he had joined the Club, literally nothing to do. Such a horrible instance of hiding a light under a bushel it would be difficult to find anywhere: but even this gentleman had to rest content with the simplest of explanations. Thus the evening wore on: and presently, the Acting Manager who, as Benedict would say, "stood like a man at a mark, with the whole army shooting at him," rose to declaim; and as he had no other alternative—refusing to dwell in unison with those who had endeavoured to make him out a deliberate liar—he begged to resign. Such resignation, however, was unanimously not accepted; and matters were still in a state of eruption when the meeting adjourned. The Secretaries have threatened to resign likewise: so altogether the Club is in a happy state!

JOHN MUNRO, } Hon. Secs.
ARTHUR E. REEVE, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

On Saturday last the Club had its second outing; on this occasion to Waltham Cross, where some good pictures were taken, including the interior and exterior views of the old Abbey.

The officers hope that Members will endeavour to join more of these excursions, upon which they consider the welfare of the Club so much depends.

Productive evening of prints on Wednesday, July the 4th, in Room No. 12. Also particulars for next outing.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

THE following letter, from Windsor Castle, dated June 23rd, 1888, is just to hand: "Dear Sir Edmund Hay Currie,—I have duly laid your letter before The Queen, who has commanded me to ask you to convey to the Members of the Societies and Clubs mentioned therein, the sincere thanks of Her Majesty for their kind expressions of condolence, which The Queen will communicate to the Empress Victoria.—Yours truly, HENRY F. PONSONBY."

"FEASTS of reason and flows of soul" have been the dominant features of the Palace during the past week; and many hundreds, in consequence, have been considerably edified. The Clubs and the Classes have pursued the even tenour of their way, unmolested by the world of gaieties surrounding them; but the majority of those who patronised the now recognised "centre" of the East-End were on pleasure bent, and meant having full value for the penny paid for admission.

To begin with, the new Library had been (informally) opened, and numbers of persons, attracted by the reported splendour of the building, had journeyed to Mile End to behold with their own eyes the magnificent octagonal structure. And they were not sent empty away; for, in addition to the room itself, there was the priceless collection of art treasures sent from aesthetic Kensington to see; and many fine specimens of things artistic lent by private exhibitors. Also the expiring Workmen's Exhibition—reinforced in attractions by the piano-playing of Miss Jackson and the harmonious efforts of the Palace Military Band, not to mention Bunkum Bill's Shooting Gallery, etc., etc. Likewise an excellent gymnastic performance given by the boys attending the Technical Day Schools, who, in their neat white flannel costume and black stockings, and their skilfully-executed manoeuvres, were most heartily received by the wondering spectators. I don't want to "butter" Sergeant Burdett, but I should certainly think that he must have felt justly proud at such a good result attending his efforts: for to say the very least of it, the lads got through their work capitably.

FROM the Gymnasium the sight-seer could gently saunter to the Queen's Hall, where an early organ recital has been given each evening, delighting those—and their name is legion—who love to hear the queen of instruments properly played. Then, if they were so inclined, they could stay for the evening concert, where the Scots Guards' Band hath been discoursing most excellent music; and where sweet songsters (and songstresses) have been choring and encoring like so many young-ey'd cherubims. And the multitudes came in their thousands unto the Palace porch, and spake one to another, saying: Behold this Palace of the People and its many wonders: let us go in, my brethren, and hearken unto the sound of its brazen instruments: and let us also rejoice with its young men and its maidens. And straightway the people went in: and marvelled greatly: and were comforted.

THE Penny Fête, having proved so wonderfully successful, has been prolonged for another week; so that until Saturday next Euterpe will hold her own in the Queen's Hall, and her satellites, the Palace Bandsmen, will continue their nocturnal revels for the edification of those who come.

THE Choral Society goes, in a fortnight hence, to spend a day at Harrow. The Literary Society to Broxbourne on the 7th July. The Tennis Excursion has, I hear, fallen through.

OUR Dramatic Club Secretary, John Munro, still continues very unwell, having been the source of much uneasy apprehension during the past week. Unfortunately, sympathy will not cure any of the ills that flesh is heir to, else ere now our mutual friend would have risen from his couch a new man. We can but wish him a speedy recovery. There have been several fearful and wonderful complications with the Dramatic Club during the past week: but the Acting Manager, from whom I invariably glean my information, refuses to tell me—lest I might be tempted to print the same—the names of the human magnets who have so mightily moved his carbonized-iron heart: or of those others who, behind our Munro's back, have not scrupled to take his name in vain.

THE Hampton Court outing for this Club is now determined for the 21st prox. Let us hope for fine weather.

IN October next there will be added a Junior Section to the Institute part of the Palace: a section for lads whose ages range from thirteen to sixteen years. This period of probation—as I assume it to be—will probably prove a boon to the anxious parents whose offsprings have attained the "difficult age" of their existence, and should be greatly instrumental in doing a vast amount of good. Circulars containing terms, etc., can be obtained at the General Offices.

THE Swiss Tour has fallen through. 'Tis true; 'tis pity: but such is the case. The great difficulty was the fixing of dates. A

sufficient number could not be found to go the first two weeks in July; the remainder of that month and half of August would have been an impossibility, as "the season" would then have been at its height, and to have lived on our proposed sum would have been out of the question. So the last week in August and the first in September was proposed—and carried: but a letter from Professor Tyndall, who annually summers at Bel Alp, was read: wherein it was stated that if Sir Edmund's young friends came to Switzerland at that period of the year they would have to run the risk of inclement weather; for, said the learned authority on glaciers and things glacial, the spirit of the Power of the Air is supreme there, and it was just possible that mists and rain would make themselves manifest: or they might not. This was the great difficulty. So, after much discussion, the Members—who, being very English, preferred a British fog rather than a Swiss mistery—decided to abandon their trip to the land of Gatti until next year. Arrangements for the 1889 Swiss Tour will be made in October,—thus giving plenty of time for deliberation.

SEVERAL enthusiasts feeling the unavoidable disappointment rather keenly, at once set about discussing the pros and cons of a tour a day's march nearer home: and the land o' cakes, the Lakes of Killarney-Killarney, and the milder mountains of good old Wales came in respectively for a deal of dissection. However, nothing was settled; but if any of our Members are anxious to form excursion parties among themselves, and I can be of any use in instrumenting the same—why, the Sanctum is quite at the service of those concerned.

THE Workmen's Exhibiti on expired on Saturday last.

A GRAND CONVERSAZIONE, in connection with the Day Technical Schools, will be held in the Queen's Hall on Thursday evening, July 5th, from 7 till 10 p.m. Specimens of work done in the Schools will be shown, and a large number of boys will be seen at work at the carpenter's bench, the vice, the lathe, etc. Experiments in chemistry, electricity, etc., will also be performed by the boys in various parts of the Hall. In addition to these attractions there will be an interesting gymnastic display by the school boys. Admission free, by ticket only, to be obtained at the General Offices. As the number is very limited early application should be made.

THE Coopers' Exhibition, to be held under the auspices of the Worshipful Company of Coopers, will be opened by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor—who will be accompanied by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex—on Wednesday, July 11th, and will remain open to the public for ten days. There will be a grand display of all kinds of Cooperage and operatives in full work. Concerts and other attractions daily.

BRET HARTE having given up the ghost in this present number, we shall follow next week with a story by Mr. Besant.

THE results of the Examination in Practical Plane and Solid Geometry, just received from the Science and Art Department, show that the Palace has achieved a most remarkable success. Out of seventy-four Candidates in the Elementary Stage, thirty-eight have passed first class and thirty-four second class; and only two failed. This is, by a long way, the best result obtained in the Tower Hamlets. In Applied Mechanics we have also done well. Two Students have passed in the Advanced Stage, and twelve first class and sixteen second class in the Elementary Stage.

THE Grand Amateur Gymnastic Fencing and Boxing Competition will take place in the Queen's Hall, commencing Monday, July 23rd. This Competition will be under the Rules of the A.A.A. and A.B.A., and is open to all Amateur Clubs in London. Entrance fee, 2s. for each event, or 5s. for the three.

ON Saturday last a party of boys from our Technical Day Schools, accompanied by Mr. Low, the Head Master; Mr. Cornish, the Art Master; and Mr. Perrin, the Teacher of Wood-Carving, paid a visit to the Exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association at the Albert Hall. The boys were met at the Exhibition by Mr. Walter Besant and Miss Dymes, the courteous and accomplished Secretary of the Association. Two hours were spent in examining the beautiful specimens of wood-carving, repousse and metal work, embossed leather, etc., exhibited by the various classes under the Association. The lads were afterwards treated to coffee and cakes by Mr. Besant.

THE Gymnasium and Billiard-room will be closed on July 14th. Due notice will be given of the re-opening of the same.

THERE have been added to the many attractions of our new Library the handsome prizes to be competed for in July, by our winged cyclists. The awards in question have about them an air of substantial and solid value that is wonderfully taking, and I shall not be surprised to hear that the keenest competition on record will take place in July. I believe these prizes have been purchased wholly from the funds of the Club, which shows a healthy state of the finances.

"On the Frontier."

By BRET HARTE.

2.—A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)



HE was standing upright and rigid, as if stricken to stone. "I command you to tell me what this means!" she said, turning only her blazing eyes upon the woman. Even the ready smile faded from Mrs. Baxter's lips as she replied, hesitatingly and submissively: "I thought you knew already that Spencer had given this ranch to me. I sold it to Don José to get the money for us to go away with. It was Spencer's idea—"

"You lie!" said Mrs. Tucker.

There was a dead silence. The wrathful blood that had quickly mounted to Mrs. Baxter's cheek, to Patterson's additional bewilderment, faded as quickly. She did not lift her eyes again to Mrs. Tucker's, but, slowly raising herself from her seat, said, "I wish to God I did lie; but it's true. And it's true that I never touched a cent of the money, but gave it all to him!" She laid her hand on Patterson's arm, and said, "Come! let us go," and led him a few steps towards the gateway. But here Patterson paused, and again passed his hand over his melancholy brow. The necessity of coherently and logically closing the conversation impressed itself upon his darkening mind. "Then you don't happen to have heard anything of Spencer?" he said sadly, and vanished with Mrs. Baxter through the gate.

Left alone to herself, Mrs. Tucker raised her hands above her head with a little cry, interlocked her rigid fingers, and slowly brought her palms down upon her upturned face and eyes, pressing hard as if to crush out all light and sense of life before her. She stood thus for a moment motionless and silent, with the rising wind whispering without and flecking her white morning dress with gusty shadows from the arbour. Then, with closed eyes, dropping her hands to her breast, still pressing hard, she slowly passed them down the shapely contours of her figure to the waist, and with another cry cast them off as if she were stripping herself of some loathsome garment. Then she walked quickly to the gateway, looked out, returned to the corridor, unloosening and taking off her wedding-ring from her finger as she walked. Here she paused, then slowly and deliberately re-arranged the chairs and adjusted the gay-coloured rugs that draped them, and quietly re-entered her chamber.

Two days afterwards the sweating steed of Captain Poindexter was turned loose in the corral, and a moment later the Captain entered the corridor. Handing a letter to the decrepit Concha, who seemed to be utterly disorganised by its contents, and the few curt words with which it was delivered, he gazed silently upon the vacant bower, still fresh and redolent with the delicacy and perfume of its graceful occupant, until his dark eyes filled with unaccustomed moisture. But his reverie was interrupted by the sound of jingling spurs without, and the old humour struggled back in his eyes as Don José impetuously entered.

The Spaniard started back, but instantly recovered himself: "So, I find you here. Ah!—it is well!" he said passionately, producing a letter from his bosom. "Look! Do you call this honour? Look how you keep your compact!"

Poindexter coolly took the letter. It contained a few words of gentle dignity from Mrs. Tucker, informing Don José that she had only that instant learnt of his just claims upon Los Cuervos, tendering him her

gratitude for his delicate intentions, but pointing out with respectful firmness that he must know that a moment's further acceptance of his courtesy was impossible.

"She has gained this knowledge from no word of mine," said Poindexter, calmly. "Right or wrong, I have kept my promise to you. I have as much reason to accuse you of betraying my secret in this," he added coldly, as he took another letter from his pocket and handed it to Don José.

It seemed briefer and colder, but was neither. It reminded Poindexter that as he had again deceived her she must take the government of her affairs in her own hands henceforth. She abandoned all the furniture and improvements she had put in Los Cuervos to him, to whom she now knew she was indebted for them. She could not thank him for what his habitual generosity impelled him to do for any woman, but she could forgive him for misunderstanding her like any other woman—perhaps she should say, like a child. When he received this she would be already on her way to her old home in Kentucky, where she still hoped to be able by her own efforts to amass enough to discharge her obligations to him.

"She does not speak of her husband—this woman," said Don José, scanning Poindexter's face. "It is possible she rejoins him—eh!"

"Perhaps in one way she has never left him, Don José," said Poindexter, with grave significance.

Don José's face flushed, but he returned carelessly, "And the rancho—naturally you will not buy it now?"

"On the contrary, I shall abide by my offer," said Poindexter, quietly.

Don José eyed him narrowly, and then said, "Ah, we shall consider of it."

He did consider it, and accepted the offer. With the full control of the land, Captain Poindexter's improvements, so indefinitely postponed, were actively pushed forward. The thick walls of the *hacienda* were the first to melt away before them; the low lines of corral were effaced, and the early breath of the summer trade-winds swept uninterrupted across the now levelled plain to the *embarcadero*, where a newer structure arose. A more vivid green alone marked the spot where the crumbling *adobe* walls of the *casa* had returned to the parent soil that gave it. The channel was deepened, the lagoon was drained, until one evening the magic mirror that had so long reflected the weary waiting of the Blue Grass Penelope lay dull, dead, lustreless—an opaque quagmire of noisome corruption and decay to be put away from the sight of man for ever. On this spot the crows—the titular tenants of Los Cuervos—asssembled in tumultuous congress, coming and going in mysterious clouds, or labouring in thick and writhing masses, as if they were continuing the work of improvement begun by human agency. So well had they done that work that by the end of a week only a few scattered white objects remained glittering on the surface of the quickly drying soil. But they were the bones of the missing outcast, Spencer Tucker!

The same spring a breath of war swept over a foul, decaying quagmire of the whole land, before which such passing deeds as these were blown as vapour. It called men of every rank and condition to battle for a nation's life and among the first to respond were those into whose boyish hands had been placed the nation's honour. It returned the epaulets to Poindexter's shoulder with the addition of a double star, carried him triumphantly to the front, and left him, at the end of a summer's day and a hard-won fight, sorely wounded, at the door of a Blue Grass farmhouse. And the woman who sought him out and ministered to his wants said timidly as she left her hand in his, "I told you I should live to repay you."

THE END.

The Thames Tunnel.

THIS stupendous work had considerably advanced by May, 1827, when the bed of the river being examined by a diving-bell, the soil was found to be extremely loose; and on the 18th of May, as the tide rose, the ground seemed as though it were alive. The water was pressing in at all points, and it was not long in entering. Occasional bursts of diluted silt were followed by an overwhelming flood of slush and water, which drove all before it. The men, forced out of the shield, fled towards the bottom of the shaft. The water came on in a great wave, threatening to sweep them back under the arch by its recoil against the circular wall of the shaft. The lowest flight of steps was reached, and the recoil wave surged under the men's feet. They hurried up the stairs of the shaft, and it was thought that all of them had come in, when the cry was raised, "A rope! a rope! Save him! save him!" Some unfortunate workman had been left behind, and was seen struggling in the water. Young Brunel, seizing a rope, slid down one of the iron ties of the shaft, reached the water, passed the rope round the man's body, and he was immediately drawn up. It proved to be old Tillet, the engine-man. The roll was then called, and every man answered to his name; but the Tunnel works were, for the time, completely drowned.

On examination of the bed of the river from the diving-bell, a large hole was found extending from the centre of the Tunnel excavation to a considerable distance eastwards. Measures were taken to fill up the opening with bags of clay, laid so as to form an arch in the bed of the river immediately over the work. More bags of clay were then sunk; and after about thirty thousand cubic feet of clay had been thrown into the hole, the pumping was resumed, and the state of the work could be examined from the inside in a boat. On the 10th November following, the Tunnel had again been so far cleared of water, that young Brunel determined to give a dinner in one of the arches to about fifty friends of the undertaking; while above a hundred of the leading workmen were similarly regaled in the adjoining arch. The band of the Coldstream Guards enlivened the scene, and the proceedings went off with great *éclat*. The celebration had, however, been premature; and the young engineer had been "hallooing before he was out of the"—water; for in two months the Thames again burst in, owing in some measure to the incautiousness of young Brunel himself, and the river held possession of the Tunnel for several years. The circumstances connected with this second flooding are well told by Mr. Beamish, in his *Memoirs of the Brunels* :—

"On the morning of Saturday, the 12th of January, I came on duty at six o'clock, but was detained above-ground in writing out orders for the men, and had scarcely completed the last order, when a strange confused sound of voices seemed to issue from the shaft, and immediately the watchman rushed in, exclaiming, 'The water is in—the Tunnel is full!' My head felt as though it would burst—I rushed to the workmen's staircase; it was blocked by the men; with a crowbar I knocked in the side-door of the visitors' staircase! but I had not taken many steps down when I received Isambard Brunel in my arms. The great wave of water had thrown him to the surface, and he was providentially preserved from the fate which had already overwhelmed his companions. 'Ball! Ball!—Collins! Collins!' were the only words he could for some time utter; but the well-known voices answered not—they were for ever silent.

"In the earnest desire to make progress, some of the precautions which experience had shown to be so important were unfortunately omitted; and Isambard

Brunel, calculating upon the tried skill, courage, and physical power of some of the men coming on in the morning shift (particularly Ball and Collins), ventured at high water, or while the tide was still rising, to open the ground at No. 1. According to his own account, given to me that day, upon the removal of the side-shoring the ground began to swell, and in a few moments a column of solid ground, about eight or ten inches in diameter, forced itself in. This was immediately followed by the overwhelming torrent. Collins was forced out of the box, and all the unflinching efforts of Ball to timber the back proved unavailing. So rapid was the influx of water, that had the three not quitted the stage immediately they must have been swept off. A rush of air suddenly extinguished the gas-lights, and they were left to struggle in utter darkness. Scarcely had they proceeded twenty feet from the stage when they were thrown down by the timber, now in violent agitation, for already had the water nearly reached as high as Isambard's waist. With great difficulty he extricated his right leg from something heavy which had fallen upon it, and made his way into the east arch. There he paused for a moment to call for Ball and Collins, but, receiving no answer, and the water continuing to rise, he was compelled to consult his own safety by flight. Arriving at the shaft, he found the workmen's staircase, which opened into the east arch, crowded. The morning shift had not all come down; the night shift had not all come up; added to which, those who had succeeded in placing themselves out of danger, forgetful of their less fortunate companions, stopped and blocked up the passage. Unable to make his way into the west arch and to the visitors' staircase, which was quite clear, owing to the rapidity with which the water rose, Isambard Brunel had no alternative but to abandon himself to the tremendous wave, which, in a few seconds, bore him on its seething and angry surface to the top of the shaft. With such force, indeed, did the water rise, that it jumped over the curb at the workmen's entrance. Three men who, finding the staircase choked, endeavoured to ascend a long ladder which lay against the shaft, were swept under the arch by the recoil of the wave. The ladder and the lower flight of the staircase were broken to pieces. We had then to mourn the loss of Ball, Collins, Long, G. Evans, J. Cook, and Seaton. . . . Isambard Brunel was found to have received internal injury, as well as severe abrasion in the knee-joint, and was confined to his bed for months."

The funds of the Tunnel Company were by this time exhausted; and it was determined to make an appeal to the country for the means of finishing it. A subscription-list was opened, and £18,500 promised; but this sum was a mere "flea-bite," and the works remained suspended. The Government at length consented to make a loan of £246,000 for the purpose of enabling the Tunnel to be completed, and the first instalment was advanced in December, 1834. The water was then pumped out of the Tunnel, and the works were re-commenced, after having been at a standstill for a period of seven years. A new shield, of excellent construction, was supplied by the Messrs. Rennie, which was satisfactorily placed in position by the 1st of March, 1836. But the difficulties of the undertaking were not yet entirely overcome; the river broke in again and again—three times in twenty weeks, within a distance of only twenty-six feet; but by perseverance and skill the water was ultimately mastered, and the work was at last brought to a completion, and opened to the public on the 25th of March, 1843.

Thomas Hood thus humorously quizzed the Tunnel irruptions :—

Other great speculations have been nursed,
Till want of proceeds laid them on the shelf;
But thy concern was at the worst,
When it began to liquidate itself.

Aunt Polly's Fence.

TOM SAWYER having offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly, is, by that sternly affectionate dame, punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden. The world seemed a hollow mockery to Tom, who had planned fun for that day, and he knew that he would be the laughing-stock of all the boys as they came past and saw him set to work like a "nigger." But a great inspiration burst upon him and he went tranquilly to work. What that inspiration was will appear from what follows.

One of the boys, Ben Rogers, comes by and pauses, eating a particularly fine apple. Tom does not see him. Ben stared a moment and then said:

"Hi-yi! you're a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?"

"Why, it's you, Ben; I wasn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd rather work, wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered—was about to consent—but he altered his mind. "No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come now; lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeared—"

"I'll give you all of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangling his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to

whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought it for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, besides the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window sash. He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make it difficult to attain.

MARK TWAIN.

The Portland Vase.

THIS celebrated Vase, the property of the Portland family, has been deposited in the British Museum since 1810. The Vase was found about 1560 in a sarcophagus in a sepulchre under the Monte del Grano, 2½ miles from Rome. It was kept in the palace of the Barberini family until 1770, when it was purchased by Byres, the antiquary, and sold by him to Sir William Hamilton, of whom it was bought for 1800 guineas by the Duchess of Portland, at the sale of whose property it was bought in by the family for £1029. The Vase is 9½ inches high and 7½ inches in diameter, and has two handles. It is of glass; yet Brevet considered it chalcedony; Bartoli, sardonyx; Count Tetzi, amethyst; and De la Chausse, agate. It is ornamented with white opaque figures upon a dark-blue semi-transparent ground, the whole having been originally covered with white enamel, out of which the figures have been cut, like a cameo. The glass foot is distinct, and is thought to have been cemented on after bones or ashes had been placed in the vase. The seven figures, each five inches high, are said by some to illustrate the fable of Thaddeus and Theseus; by Bertoli, Proserpine and Pluto; by Winkelmann, the nuptials of Thetis and Pelus; Darwin, an allegory of Life and Immortality; others, Orpheus and Eurydice; Fosbroke, a marriage, death, and second marriage; Tetzi, the birth of Alexander Severus, whose cinerary urn the vase is thought to be; while the late Thomas Windus, F.S.A., in a work published 1845, considers the scene as a love-sick lady consulting Galen. The Vase was engraved by Cipriani and Bartolozzi in 1786; copies of it were executed by Wedgwood, and sold at fifty guineas each, the model for which cost 500 guineas; there is a copy in the British and Mediæval Room at the British Museum.

The Portland Vase was exhibited in a small room of the old Museum buildings until Feb. 7, 1845, when it was wantonly dashed to pieces with a stone by one William Lloyd; but the pieces being gathered up, the Vase has been restored by Mr. Doubleday so beautifully, that a blemish can scarcely be detected. The Vase is now kept in the Medal Room at the British Museum. A clever drawing of the fractured pieces is preserved. Through its fracture was discovered the mode of its manufacture, which had hitherto puzzled connoisseurs.

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).

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

SIR,—Having heard that the much-debated Swiss Tour had unavoidably fallen through, I venture to address you, not only on behalf of myself, but on behalf of several others. In a month or so's time, Sir, there are one or two individuals (Members of the Palace Institute) who are fortunate enough to be given from their respective employers a whole blessed week, which they can spend in recuperating at the seaside or elsewhere—if they can afford to do so. It sometimes happens that a fellow has to go holiday-making quite alone; and I need not tell you, Sir, that his solitary condition is not always to be envied. My object in writing this to you is to try, if possible, to raise up parties among ourselves—through the medium of our best friend, *The Palace Journal*. I assure you, Sir, that there are many fellows who have, through sheer want of acquaintances, to wander about holiday (?) making, for, perhaps, a week, in a state of solitude that might only be relished by well-seasoned Robinson Crusoes. Cannot you help us to form excursion parties among ourselves—parties that might ultimately lead to life-long friendships?—Yours truly,

JUNIUS BRUTUS BAKER.

[If the Journal can be of use in helping Members to such an object, it is quite at their command.—Ed. T.P.J.]

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.)

B. H.—This week sees the last of him. See elsewhere.

INKPOT.—(1). It is called "A Century of Anecdote, from 1760 to 1860," by John Timbs, F.S.A. (2). In three or four vols. (3). "All Sorts and Conditions of men."

R. D. F.—We appreciate your kindness; and shall not fail to return the same at earliest opportunity.

OLIVIA.—(1). He is now in Australia, and, we have reason to believe, contemplates settling there. (2). Doing well.

Q. N. P.—Write to Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly.

FINANCE.—They assert that their accumulated funds amount to upwards of three millions sterling—"Prodigious!"

HERR PAULUS.—You spelt the name wrongly. We assume that you intended to do what was right; hence our reply.

TOM S.—Very sorry; join the Elocution Class.

Cupar and Jedburgh Justice.—It is an odd circumstance that Lord Campbell, to whom both as judge and legislator the law of England owes so much, was born at a place which gives its name, "Cupar justice," to the peculiar system of law which hangs a man first and tries him afterwards, and that he had his country residence (Harttrigge-house, Roxburghshire) in the neighbourhood of another town which gave the name of "Jedburgh justice" to an equally summary code, the great principle of which is, "Hang all or save all."

A Profitable Hint.—Lord Chelmsford relates that a friend of his at the Bar was once engaged in a nautical case, in which it appeared that a vessel had been exposed to a very severe gale of wind, and had been thrown upon her beam ends. The barrister, ignorant of nautical matters, asked a seaman who was in the witness-box how it was they did not lower the topmast, upon which the witness said with a sneer, "If you knew as much of the sea as I do, you would know that this is not a very easy matter." This incident led the counsel to turn his attention to the subject; and he invented an apparatus for lowering topmasts, for which he obtained a patent, and realized thereby upwards of £20,000 by this, as it might be termed, accidental invention.

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