



Vol. II.—No. 34.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—CONVERSAZIONE, etc. (Queen's Hall), at 8 p.m., by the Boys of the Technical Day School. Gymnastic Displays, etc.
- LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.—Usual "at home," at 8 p.m.
- CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run to Woodford.
- SWIMMING CLUB.—Final of 120 Yards' Challenge Race.
- ELOCUTION.—Mr. Hasluck's "Open Night," at 8 p.m.
- FRIDAY.—CHORAL SOCIETY.—Usual Rehearsal.
- LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—Special General Meeting, at 8.15.
- SATURDAY.—LITERARY SOCIETY.—Excursion to Broxbourne.
- CHORAL SOCIETY.—Excursion to Harrow.
- RAMBLING CLUB.—Ramble to Pinner.
- CYCLING CLUB.—Run to Chislehurst.
- CRICKET.—First XI., Wanstead; Second XI., Canning Town.
- CONCERT (Queen's Hall), at 8 p.m.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL (Queen's Hall), at 12.30. Admission free.
- MONDAY.—SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Meeting.
- BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.—Seventh Monthly Exhibition.
- TUESDAY.—
- WEDNESDAY.—COOPERS' EXHIBITION.—Opening by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, at 12 noon.
- CONCERT (Queen's Hall), at 8 p.m.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JULY 8th, at 12.30 p.m.,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST - - - - - MR. F. J. CHAFFER.

1. Chorus, "Fix'd in His everlasting seat" (Samson) Handel.
2. Air, "But the Lord is mindful of His own" (St. Paul) .. Mendelssohn.
3. Fugue in E flat (St. Ann) Bach.
4. Andante in F Wely.
5. Elevation in A flat Guilmant.
6. Fantasia in A minor Lemmens.
7. Ave Maria Arcadelt (Liszt).
8. Air, "There is a green hill far away" Gounod.
9. Festival March Andrews.

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

Notes of the Week.

EVERYBODY ought to be pleased with the sentence passed upon Robert Payne, the porter of the Lambeth Workhouse. He has knocked down, kicked, and broken a rib belonging to a poor feeble man in the workhouse; and he is now in prison. Perhaps they will not keep his place open for him. Perhaps the other porters in the other workhouses have read a report of the case, and are asking each other whether paupers have any rights or not.

THE Revenue Returns for the Quarter are a measure of the national income and the national trade. From every separate item may be deduced an instructive conclusion. Thus, when a penny in the Income Tax is taken off, we expect a certain reduction or falling off. But when that reduction is much less than was expected, it is a proof that the general income has increased. That means that trade has improved. Therefore work has been more steady, and wages have been higher, and the general standard of impost has been raised. The surest index of prosperity in the revenue is, however, the Post Office and Telegraph Return. Increased trade means increased correspondence. Now, the last return shows a great increase in the number of letters and telegrams. Therefore, we are getting on. Let us congratulate ourselves, and begin to put by a little money against a rainy day.

It is said that the Queen is going to give the surplus of the Women's Jubilee Offering, amounting to £70,000, to the St. Katharine's Hospital. Her Majesty has a perfect right to do what she pleases with this gift. We may, however, suppose that when it is handed over to that Institution, something practical will be done with so large a sum. At present St. Katharine's-by-the-Tower (a name which the place still retains) exists in Regent's Park, chiefly for the support of eight or ten ladies and gentlemen. With £70,000, a great many more ladies and gentlemen may be maintained. Perhaps, seeing that there are already so many almshouses for poor people and none for the rich, except St. Katharine's, it might be a good way of employing the money. A great almshouse for the Upper Classes might be a delightful Institution, and admirably adapted for garden parties.

THERE is, however, one objection to St. Katharine's-by-the-Tower being used for this purpose. It is that St. Katharine's belongs to East London. Its former site was where St. Katharine's Dock now stands. The venerable old church and the old buildings were pulled down fifty years ago: the site was sold: the bones of the dead men dug up and scattered: and the Foundation, which was as old as King Stephen, and was founded by his Queen, was destroyed. The funds raised by the

sale of this property were given to a modern building in Regent's Park which calls itself St. Katharine's-by-the-Tower. But it is nothing of the kind. People in East London must never cease to regard this Foundation as their own. It belongs to them as much as Bow Church does to Bow. Suppose that venerable little church was destroyed and its churchyard dug up, and a modern church built at Kensington, would that modern church be Bow Church? In the same way St. Katharine's-by-the-Tower cannot be anywhere except near its old site: its revenues belong to the site: they must be expended not in keeping a dozen ladies and gentlemen of good family, but in promoting the welfare of the two millions who live east of the Tower.

THE income of the Hospital is about £12,000 a year. If this £70,000 be added, its income will be raised to something about £15,000 a year. Think what might be done with £15,000 a year—what an increase of money available for Hospitals, Technical Schools, and all kinds of good things! I do not know what may be intended to be done with the £70,000. But with the income of St. Katharine's I am quite clear what ought to be done.

I AM very sorry to learn that the proposed tour in Switzerland has fallen through because it proved impossible to fix dates. The word "impossible" ought not to be allowed in the Palace. However, Switzerland can wait a year. Meantime there is a little island called Great Britain where there are some really very charming things to see by any who will take the trouble to carry a knapsack and go for a walk. Let us take, by way of illustration, the map of Kent, one of the counties which lie close to us. We will suppose that we have a fortnight before us, and that we intend to spend no more than five pounds a head. This gives us seven shillings a day, from which something must be deducted for the railway fare. But then we shall not pay much for railways.

FIRST then, we will take the train to Rochester. There is a great deal to be seen at Rochester: the Castle, where the pigeons are so tame: the Cathedral: the old Alms-house for the Seven Poor Travellers: the Town Hall: the Dockyard at Chatham: the Medway with its shipping—one must go down by an early train, and stay the whole day at Rochester. A walk across a most lovely country brings us next day to Maidstone, where there is nothing at all to see, if I recollect aright: it is a comfortable quiet old town with a broad High Street and a general air of great respectability. From Maidstone one would walk or ride to Sheerness, just to see that quiet and picturesque old Dockyard. Then to Canterbury, where, at this present moment, a hundred Bishops are having a high time—a hundred years ago they would be having it with port wine; now they have it with apollinaris. Canterbury is really the most delightful of all old English cities. The Cathedral is, in some respects, the most beautiful, as it is the largest and the most venerable of all our Cathedrals. There are the City Walls, the School, the Close, St. Augustine's College, the winding old streets: the tutors and students of the College going about in their caps and gowns—everybody ought to see Canterbury. Thence we should walk to Whitstable, and from that quiet little place make our way along the coast to Herne Bay, the Reculvers, and Margate. Avoid, however, a stay at Margate during the month of August, when it is crowded, noisy, and dear. The walk from Margate to Broadstairs on the edge of the cliff is one which, for pure and bracing air, and a delightful seaward prospect, is not to be beaten anywhere. Unfortunately it is only four miles round. Thence to Ramsgate, and from that pleasant place, which has the best fruit market in England, to Sandwich, partly by the cliff and partly by road. This way

leads you through Richborough, the finest of the many Roman castles left in the country—Pevensey Castle and Porchester Castle, perhaps, excepted. As for Sandwich, it is so sleepy, so quiet, so deserted, that it seems a hundred years behind the times. It is a Cinque Port, but the sea has left its shores, and now there is nothing but a creek and a quay, and a little trading craft inside. From Sandwich to Deal there is a footpath across the sandhills by the sea shore. It is a wild and solitary walk: there are "rhines" full of brown and brackish water: water-rats plunge in as you pass: rabbits run about among the coarse strong grass: kingfishers flash their green wings along the surface of the water: you never meet a single person: and when you presently come upon a stone which commemorates a horrid murder wrought upon that spot, you feel that the place is indeed a likely one for the purpose. Then you come out upon the sea shore and the solid mass of ruin called Sandown Castle. Then terraces begin, and you are presently at Deal, where the houses have their backs upon the sea. Out at sea are the Goodwin Sands: at low tide you may see them: you may even land upon them: but remember that beneath your feet are buried hundreds of tall ships with their rich cargoes.

THE walk from Deal to Dover is along a high road, hot and dusty. But it is only about eight miles long. At Dover you change from the east coast to the south coast, and a noticeable difference in the air is felt immediately. Dover Castle, Shakespeare's Cliff, and the Harbour, are all worth seeing. You can see the coast of France quite plainly, and I hope you will not omit a grateful sigh for the twenty miles of sea between us and that lively country. Further, though in this Journal we are not political, I do hope that at every election, as long as you live, you will vote steady against any Government which would sanction the Channel Tunnel, and so not only destroy our insular safety, but convert yourself and all of us into soldiers instead of civilians.

A VERY pleasant walk takes us from Dover to Folkestone, and thence to Hythe, which is full of officers, and is therefore an expensive place to stay at. Do not let us stay here: let us push on and walk to Lydd or the Romney Marsh. Here, if you please, we are as far from London and London ways as we are likely to get. A quieter and duller place does not exist. Next day to Rye across the Marsh. At Rye and Winchelsea there is plenty to see. We can stay a whole day here, and then—but I find we have got to the end of our fortnight, and I hope there is money enough left to carry us back.

QUEEN ESTHER is dead. She was the Queen of a sect founded, or continued, by her husband, a private soldier. The last time I was at Chatham, I went to see her Temple. I saw a vast great building quite unfinished, standing on bare and desolate looking ground, and I made the acquaintance of three worthy disciples of hers. They were blacksmiths: gentle of voice and gentle of eye they were: when they found that their visitors did not laugh at them, they expanded and became communicative. They told me all that they believed. It is really the most absurd religion in the world. They have been persuaded that they form part of what they call the Remnant of Israel. This Remnant is to consist of 144,000. They are all to be collected at Chatham: they are to live together in the big house now building for them: they are not to die like us humble folk: but they are to live a thousand years. The death of their Queen will be a terrible shock to this poor folk. One does not see, indeed, how their religion is to survive it. Probably they will get over it, somehow, with lame excuses to themselves, and then the sect will little by little drop to pieces.

EDITOR.

Society and Club Notes.

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

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The Seventh Monthly Exhibition of Sketches by Members of the above Club will be held on Monday, the 9th inst., in the Art Classroom, School-buildings, at 7.30. The first half-hour will be restricted to Members only, but from 8 till 9.30 the Room will be open to any Member of the Palace.

Members are requested to address their contributions any time before the day in question to the Art Classroom.

The subjects 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. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

A successful meeting was held on Monday last. An outing to the "Roebuck," Buckhurst Hill, has been arranged to take place on Saturday afternoon, August 18th. Members, with friends, who intend going, should give in their names as soon as possible to the Secretary, or to any of the following Stewards:—Messrs. Rowe, Simpson, Swain, Gold, Skinner and Rudd.

Mr. Gold has kindly offered to visit the "Roebuck," and get an estimate, which he will put before the Society next Monday. Further particulars in due course.

I wish to remind Members that the quarterly subscription, 6d., is now due.

New Members' entrance fee, 1s.; quarterly subscription, 6d.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

Favoured with fine weather, the First Eleven of the People's Palace Cricket Club journeyed on Saturday last to Leyton, to play the Eton Mission Cricket Club. Notwithstanding the recent heavy rains, a very good pitch had been prepared; but, as was expected, the wicket played somewhat slow, which accounts for the low scoring. The Palace Captain, winning the toss, elected to field first, placing his men as follows:—L. Goldberg, bowler and short-slip; A. Bowman, bowler and short-slip; Puddifoot, long-slip; Goodwin, point and midwicket; Patterson, midwicket and point; W. Hendry, long-on and long-stop; H. W. Byard, long-stop and long-on; C. Bowman, long-leg and long-off; F. Knight, long-off and long-leg; J. Cowlin, third man, and the Captain himself taking wickets. Davis and Pearce started the batting for the Eton Mission, to the bowling of Goldberg and A. Bowman. A smart return of Cowlin's to Bowman was the means of running out Pearce—1 for 2. Fountain, the next man, was out the first ball he had to A. Bowman l.b.w.—the batsman seemingly not satisfied with the Umpire's decision—2 for 2. Tilson came next. An appeal by Carter at the wicket was given in the batsman's favour. In the next over Davis was bowled by a splendid ball from Goldberg, the ball breaking the width of the wicket—3 for 5. Hefferman, the next man, played very steadily; but the bowling and fielding of the Palace team was too close and sure for run-getting. Tilson, after making six, was splendidly caught, from a very hard drive, at midwicket by Goodwin—4 for 9. Barnard did very little; the fifth wicket fell for 12—6 for 14. Here Allen joined Hefferman, and a stand was made. Allen gave a very difficult chance to A. Bowman at short-slip. The catch, had it come off, would have been a brilliant one. Here Carter changed the bowling, Knight taking A. Bowman's wicket, and from his first over Allen was caught by Cowlin at third man. The outgoing batsman had played good cricket for his 9 runs—7 for 28. The end soon came. Kemsley, the next man, was caught by A. Bowman at leg—8 for 31; Nicholls was bowled first ball by Goldberg—9 for 31; and Hefferman, who had played very steady cricket, was bowled by Goldberg off his pads, the innings closing for 31 runs. The fielding of the Palace team was splendid all round, Patterson, Goodwin, A. Bowman, Cowlin, Puddifoot, Byard and Hendry being especially smart on the ball; the others, what little they had to do, did it well. Carter kept wicket capitally, not a bye being scored against him. L. Goldberg came out with a good bowling analysis. Though A. Bowman bowled well, he had very bad luck, several balls beating the batsmen. Knight also bowled well.

After a short interval Carter and Patterson started the batting or the Palace to the bowling of Barnard and Tilson. By this time the hot sun had made the wicket somewhat treacherous, the ball keeping very low. Patterson, playing late to a ball from Tilson, was bowled—1 for 3; Goodwin joined his Captain, but after making 3 Carter was beaten by a splendid ball from Barnard—2 for 9. Goodwin had A. Bowman for a partner, the former playing splendid cricket. In attempting to drive a ball of Barnard's, Bowman was

bowled—3 for 15; 17 to win, and 7 wickets to fall. Things looked well for the Palace; but so well did the Eton Mission players bowl and field, that runs were hard to get. Puddifoot, in starting to run before the bowler delivered the ball, was smartly run out by Barnard—4 for 16. Cowlin was bowled with the addition of 1 run only—5 for 17; Goldberg was also bowled by a grand ball from Tilson without scoring—6 for 20. Now the excitement ran rather high, 4 wickets to fall and 12 runs to win. All this time Goodwin had been playing an excellent defensive game, and up to this time his score was made up of entirely singles. Byard joined Goodwin, but after making 1 was bowled by Barnard—7 for 21. Knight, the next man, made a slight stand with Goodwin, and the score was raised to 26, Knight being out l.b.w.—8 for 26. Hendry was bowled in the next over—9 for 27. The excitement at this stage of the game was very great, 4 runs were wanted to tie, and 5 to win. C. Bowman was the last man. The first ball he had went for a bye, and the next ball Goodwin cut capitally to the boundary for 2. The score was now 30. A very sharp run for a bye made the score level. Tilson's first ball of the next over was splendidly placed by Goodwin for 2, and won the match for the Palace, amid great excitement. The next ball from Tilson bowled Goodwin, when everyone expected that he would carry his bat. He went in first wicket down, and never gave the slightest chance; his defence and forward play being admirable. The result of the match was a victory for the Palace by 2 runs; and it can be truly said that the Palace team have never played a better game. The fielding of the Eton Mission was very smart, but the men were placed rather deep in the field. Barnard and Tilson bowled unchanged throughout the innings. The former especially bowled well; he seldom bowled a bad ball, and required a lot of playing. Tilson bowled with a very easy delivery, and kept a capital pitch, with a slight break from leg. The following are the scores:—

ETON MISSION.

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
Davis	Bowled	Goldberg	2
Pearce	Run out		0
Fountain	L.B.W.	A. Bowman	0
Tilson	Caught Goodwin ..	do.	6
Hefferman	Bowled	Goldberg	5
Barnard (Captain) ..	do.	do.	3
Austin	Caught A. Bowman ..	do.	2
Allen	do. Cowlin	Knight	9
Kemsley	do. A. Bowman	do.	2
J. Nicholls	Bowled	Goldberg	0
Humphreys	Not out		0
Extras			2
		Total	31

PEOPLE'S PALACE.

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
T. G. Carter (Capt.) ..	Bowled	Barnard	3
Patterson	do.	Tilson	1
W. Goodwin	do.	do.	14
A. Bowman	do.	Barnard	1
Puddifoot	Run out		0
J. Cowlin	Bowled	Barnard	0
L. Goldberg	do.	Tilson	0
H. W. Byard	do.	Barnard	1
F. Knight	L.B.W.	Tilson	5
W. Hendry	Bowled	Barnard	0
C. Bowman	Not out		1
Extras			7
		Total	33

BOWLING ANALYSIS—ETON MISSION.

Bowler.	No. of Overs.	Maiden Overs.	No. of Runs.	No. of Wickets.
L. Goldberg ..	13	5	14	5
A. Bowman ..	10	5	11	2
F. Knight ..	2.2	0	4	2

Next Saturday the First Eleven play the Manor, at Wanstead, with the following team:—A. Bowman, C. Bowman, L. Goldberg, E. T. Wilkins, F. Knight, W. Hendry, H. W. Byard, Chatterton, E. Sherrall, G. Josephs, T. G. Carter (Captain). Reserve—F. Hunter.

SECOND ELEVEN v. PALESTINE PLACE.—This match was played at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, and resulted in a very easy victory for the Palace. The Palestine Place played three men short. For the Palestine Place, W. and H. Sibly bowled well. Thomson and Munro batted well for the Palace. Scores:—
Palestine Place 29
People's Palace 85

The following will represent the Second Eleven against the Huntingdon United at Beckton Road, Canning Town:—W. Wenn, W. Everson, J. Munro, W. Wand, A. Jacobson, G. Thomson, G. Helbing, G. Sheppard, H. Marshall, G. Lyons, A. Wainman (Captain). Reserves—W. H. Taylor and L. M. Nathan.

THIRD ELEVEN v. COLET.—This match, which was played at Wanstead on Saturday, resulted in a victory for the Colet. Claridge batted well for the Palace with 17, the innings closing for 51.

The Colet Club, which is a much older and stronger team than the Third Eleven, going in, their innings closed for 94. They won by 43 runs.

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

PALACE SCHOOLS v. CLARENCE.

Our boys added another win to their score on Saturday, June 30th, beating the Clarence C. C. by 8 wickets and 27 runs. Griffiths hit well for 35, Austin being not out 14. Our opponents were all out for 41 runs.

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	TOTAL.
McCurdle	Caught Ricketts	8
Griffiths	Played on	35
Austin	Not out	14
Billington	Not out	3
Burton		
Louden		
Thomas		
Atkinson	Did not bat.	
Gurr		
Bohr		
Langdon		
Extras		8
	Total	68

Umpire—R. Hitchcock.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

All Members are particularly requested to attend the rehearsal on Friday next, and bring "Glees," "Spring," and the "Messiah" with them.

Tickets for the Choral outing can be had at the rehearsal. All who intend going would oblige by giving their names to the Secretary as soon as possible. Train starts from St. Mary's, Whitechapel, 1.20 p.m., returning from Harrow 9.5 p.m. Every arrangement has been made should the weather prove inclement. Sir Edmund and Lady Currie have promised, if possible, to be present. We regret that the 7th is not a convenient date for everyone, but it cannot be helped; the Harrow arrangements will not allow us to have any other date but the 7th.

We should like to enter the names of more gentlemen for the Choral Society. All names to be handed in to

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

Another pleasant evening was spent in the temporary Club-room last Thursday, and some very good songs and recitations were given by the Members. Among those who should receive special commendation are Miss Waller and Mr. Chatterton—the former for her excellent rendering of "The Lost Chord," the latter for "The Village Blacksmith," and both for the duet, "The wind blows in from the Sea." The other Members who rendered efficient help were Misses Rogers, Musto, Slater, and Simkins; and Messrs. Crowder, Hurley, Laundry, and Hunt. Mr. Mellish took the chair. As there seems some difficulty in procuring tickets for these concerts, Members are reminded that tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Mellish on Thursday evenings, or from Miss Adam any evening after six o'clock, in the Social-room (No. 12 in School-buildings).

The Monthly Meeting of the Ladies' Committee will be held in No. 1 Room, on Wednesday evening, July 4th, at eight o'clock.

M. MELLISH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

There will be a Special General Meeting of the above Club on Friday, the 6th inst., at 8.15 p.m. All Members are particularly requested to attend.

There are now a few vacancies for new Members. Subscription for the remainder of the season, 3s. 6d.

ARTHUR W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, by special invitation of Mr. Walter Besant, some forty-six Ramblers journeyed in the direction of Chigwell and Hainault Forest. In high spirits—for the rain had ceased and the welcome sun was beginning to shine—the party left Coborn Road by rail for Woodford. Arrived at this destination, the Ramblers found Mr. E. Flower awaiting their coming; and, having seen the ladies securely and comfortably seated in vehicles peculiar to the neighbourhood and having sent them on before, the sturdy masculine legs were soon in motion, bringing up the rear. There was a smart four-mile trot before the fellows, who "took it," so to speak, with the ease and familiarity of a hunter "taking" a ditch. Past Woodford Church, in the direction of Chigwell Row, right through into the open country beyond went the fellows—to the intense admiration of the specimens of humanity, which, mushroom-like, appeared in odd and unexpected corners. On, on, in the trail of the ladies went the Ramblers; until the merrie Moreton, with his Egham daring still fresh upon him, sanely suggested a gallop down a hill: which was at once carried into effect, and the gentle slope was soon covered with frantic limbs—fantastically suggesting Mr. Wilson Barrett's Manx advertisement bills. Still onward, passing several interesting "bits" by the wayside, until they came in sight of the "Maypole" Inn. One almost expected to encounter a one-armed Joe—fresh from "the Salwanners"; a bright and buxom Mrs. Joe (*née* Dolly Varden); or a wild-eyed youth, strangely attired and with a raven on his shoulder, in a place possessing a name so suggestive of happy and unhappy associations. But all in vain; for the "Maypole," substantial building though it be, is not the picturesquely-ivied and gabled structure that their heated imaginations had conjured up; and so with a sigh they sallied onwards. Past the unfinished and barn-like church—the very Caliban of churches—and they were in easy halloo of their resting place: for Smith's Retreat stood invitingly by.

The banquetting hour had not arrived when they gained the Retreat, so, having rejoined the expectant ladies, a move was made, at Mr. Besant's suggestion, towards Hainault Forest, and in a short time the whole party, with a few exceptions, were soon foresting. The "few exceptions" were certain ambitious youths who had, for the time being, engaged various strange and fiery untamed animals from an encampment close by, and who were very prettily careering between earth and heaven, or haunching *à la* Napoleon Crossing the Alps. They were left alone in their glory. A gentle saunter through the beautiful bracken greatly increased the general good humour, so that when, presently, the camerists of the party sternly insisted upon "taking" the group, a very happy set of faces fronted the machine, and a glorious picture was the result. Then, with one accord, the party retraced; and in a few minutes the banquetting hall of the Retreat was the scene of great animation. Mr. Walter Besant took the chair, and, at the termination of the general refreshing, arose to "propose," as Mrs. Gamp would say, "a toast," and that was the health of the Club's Secretaries, and a continuation of the Club's success. Never was a "toast"—that cheered but not inebriated—drunk more heartily. Anon arose Committee-man Clews who, on behalf of the Club, begged to thank Mr. Besant for his kindness in so hospitably entertaining them that day—a remark that, in theatrical parlance, of course, "brought down the house." Mr. Besant replied in a few well-chosen words, and then, amid hearty cheers, quitted the room with Mr. Flower to return to town. It is but fair to say that the tea provided by the proprietor of the Retreat was in every way satisfactory.

There were still three hours in front of the Ramblers, so, like a resuscitated army, they moved forward *en masse*, and were quickly in the depths of Hainault Forest. The recent rains had made the foliage charmingly fresh, and the rays of the setting sun, striking through the tender green of the leaves, flooded their paths with a colour that was soft and beautiful. Occasionally they would find themselves knee-deep in the graceful bracken; or standing in admiration before a veritable bower of nodding foxgloves and honeysuckles, o'ershadowed by the blossom of the elderberry—a spot that might, indeed, have been the sanctuary of Titania herself, "so gracious and so hallow'd" was the scene.

The return journey came all too soon, for at nine o'clock the retreat was sounded, and the Retreat left far behind. The ladies, of course, went on before in their respective conveyances, and sounds of revelry by night awoke the frightened Hodgelets in their beds. How soon the males of the party got over their four miles' tramp this deponent knoweth not; but there they were at Woodford Station, hot, dusty and tired, just before the arrival of the train; but otherwise not much the worse for their manly stride across a dark and difficult country.

On Saturday next Members are requested to meet at Aldgate Station, Metropolitan Railway, at 3 o'clock sharp, for Pinner. Tea at the "Cocoa Tree."

July 14th.—Cricket Match.—River Trip to Gravesend.

July 21st.—Dagenham.

July 28th.—Chingford.

Members wishing to take part in a week's tour to Yarmouth, in August, are requested to communicate with Mr. Rout.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

The winner of the One Guinea Prize Essay on "Betting and Gambling," offered to the Members of the Literary Society a month or so ago, is

JOHN WHITTICK,
38, Turner's Road, Limehouse, E.

Mr. C. J. Longman, in adjudging, says: "I have read the papers sent me on 'Betting and Gambling.' I cannot say that they show any high level of intelligence. They mostly treat the subject from one point of view, viz., the moral one; and though this is the most important side, still an essay should be more comprehensive. The papers are, in the main, dullish sermons against these practices. It appears to me that no great improvement can be expected among the writers, unless they are content to learn something before they proceed to write. When a subject is set, the right course for an intending Competitor is not to dash down on the paper any crude ideas based on incorrect and second-hand information that he may have. He should rather go to the Palace Library, and look out the subject in any books of reference there may be in the Library. He will find articles and treatises giving useful summaries of the subject, and—what will be still more useful—references to other works where the subject is treated in full. For example, on the subject of betting there is an interesting disquisition on the mathematical aspect of the subject in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and under the head of 'Gambling' there is an article on the laws that have been passed at various times and that are still in force. When inquiry and study have been carried as far as is practicable, the time has arrived to think about writing. To attempt to write before every endeavour has been made to gain a knowledge of the subject is to waste time, and to treat the donors of the prize and the judge without due respect. I cannot find that any attempt has been made to gain knowledge before writing by the majority of the Competitors. The essay which shows most signs of study is that by John Whittick, and I recommend that the prize be given to him. He refers in his essay to D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature,' to Goldsmith's 'Life of Nash,' and to Macaulay's 'Essays on Goldsmith.' Still, although this essay is the best and shows most signs of study, it is still a very imperfect and one-sided performance; and I am confident that by giving more time to the subject, and harder work, the writer could have done a good deal better."

The outing of the above Society, to Broxbourne and Rye House, will take place on Saturday next. The party will journey by the 2.50 excursion train from Liverpool Street. Tea will be provided at the "Five Horse Shoes," Hoddesdon.

We would remind Members that at the last meeting of the Society, it was agreed that if twenty Members' names were not received, the outing should be abandoned. As that number has not yet been reached, it is requested that all Members who intend going will communicate *at once* to either of the undersigned.

The next meeting will be on Friday, July 20th, and contributions for reading on that occasion are earnestly requested.

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

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Thursday last nine Members carried out the usual run to Woodford, where a very pleasant evening was spent.

On Friday evening a large number of Members attended the usual fortnightly meeting. The business transacted was chiefly in connection with the forthcoming races. Owing to the unavoidable absence of the Secretary, the meeting was adjourned until Friday next, July 6th, at 8.30. Members requiring tickets can be supplied on application to the Secretary. The entries for the races close on Friday next. No entrance will be recognised unless accompanied by the entrance fee. On no account will any Member be allowed to enter for the races who has not paid his second half-yearly subscription.

The prizes for the forthcoming races are on view in the magnificent Library, at the rear of the Queen's Hall.

On Saturday seventeen Members journeyed to the "Blue Boar" at Abridge, and right merrily did they enjoy themselves. At 9.30 Vice-Captain Kennard sounded the whistle, and we started for home at a rattling pace. Mile End was reached at eleven o'clock.

On Thursday next the usual run to Woodford. Members are requested to be at the Palace so as to make a good show at starting.

On Saturday next the run will be to Chislehurst *via* Woolwich. Those Members who missed this run at the first of the season be sure and be present, as it is one of the best runs on the card. All the Members of the Cycling Club wish to thank Sir Edmund Hay Currie, Captain Spencer Beaumont, and Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq., for their contributions to the Challenge Cup.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

Final of 120 Yards' Challenge Race to-morrow night. First only in each heat in the final.

On Thursday week there will be a 90 Yards' Challenge Race (the second of the series). All Members are requested to enter.

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

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Gentlemen intending to become Members of this Club for the ensuing season are reminded that the Annual General Meeting for election of officers, etc., takes place this month, and that by sending their names to the Secretary, together with entrance fee, is., and name of proposer and seconder, they will be entitled to vote at such meeting. Any further information respecting the Club may be obtained by addressing a post card to either of the undersigned.

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

Coleridge and his son Hartley.—Of Hartley Coleridge, Southey ominously foretold that "if he lives he will dream away life like his father; too much delighted over his own ideas ever to embody them or suffer them, if he can help it, to be disturbed." Southey writes:—

"Moses grows up as miraculous a boy as ever King Pharaoh's daughter found his namesake to be. I am perfectly astonished at him; and his father has the same sentiment of wonder and the same forefeeling that it is a prodigious and an unnatural intellect—and that he will not live to be a man. There is more in the old woman's saying, 'he is too clever to live,' than appears to a common observer. Disease which ultimately destroy, in their early stages quicken and kindle the intellect like opium. It seems as if death looked out the most promising plants in this great nursery, to plant them in a better soil. The boy's great delight is for his father to talk metaphysics to him—few men understand him so perfectly—and then his own incidental sayings are quite wonderful. 'The pity is,' said he one day to his father, who was expressing some wonder that he was not so pleased as he expected with riding in a wheelbarrow, 'the pity is that I *se* always thinking of my thoughts.' The child's imagination is equally surprising; he invents the wildest tales you ever heard—a history of the Kings of England who are to be. 'How do you know that this is to come to pass, Hartley?' 'Why, you know it must be something, or it would not be in my head;' and so, because it had not been, did Moses conclude it must be, and away he prophesies of his King Thomas the Third. Then he has a tale of a monstrous beast called the Rabzeze Kallaton, whose skeleton is on the outside of his flesh; and he goes on with the oddest and most original of inventions, till he sometimes actually terrifies himself, and says, 'I *se* afraid of my own thoughts.' It may seem like superstition, but I have a feeling that such an intellect can never reach maturity. The springs are of too exquisite workmanship to last long."

George III. and American Independence.—In the *Men and Times of the American Revolution*, we find the following picture, by Ukanah Watson, of "How George the Third appeared when he declared the Independence of the United States."

"After waiting nearly two hours, the approach of the King was announced by a tremendous roar of artillery. He entered by a small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated himself upon the chair of state, in a graceful attitude, with his right foot resting upon a stool. He was clothed in royal robes. Apparently agitated, he drew from his pocket the scroll containing his speech. The Commons were summoned, and after the bustle of their entrance had subsided, he proceeded to read his speech. I was near the King, and watched with intense interest every tone of his voice, and every emotion of his countenance. It was to me a moment of thrilling and dignified exultation. After some general and usual remarks, he continued:—'I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect whatever I collect to be the sense of my Parliament and my people, I have pointed all my views and measures, in Europe, as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of the object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the powers vested in me, and offer to declare them—Here he paused, and was in evident agitation; either embarrassed in reading his speech, by the darkness of the room, or affected by a very natural emotion. In a moment he resumed—and offer to declare them *free and independent States*. In thus admitting their separation from the Crown of these Kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved, in the mother country, how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interests, and affections may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries.' It is remarked that George III. is celebrated for reading his speeches in a distinct, free, and impressive manner. On this occasion he was evidently embarrassed; he hesitated, choked, and executed the painful duties of the occasion with an ill grace that does not belong to him."

Very Like.—Two silly brothers about town, being twins were nearly alike, and dressed similarly, to deceive their friends as to their identity. Tom Hill was expatiating on these modern Dromios, when Hook "pooh-pooh'd" them. "Well," said Hill, "you will admit that they resemble each other wonderfully. They are as like as two peas." "They are," rejoined Hook, "and quite as green."

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

HIS Majesty the King of the Belgians paid a visit to the Palace on Friday morning last, and was conducted over the buildings by Sir Edmund Hay Currie. The King was immensely pleased with the new Library—the foundation stone of which, you will remember, he laid at a time when the Journal was not; and on entering the Swimming-bath, the Royal visitor was particularly interested in a juvenile swimmer, whose dexterous diving he so much commended, that Sir Edmund Currie introduced the youthful disciple of Beckwith in his natural, cool and dripping condition, to the Belgian monarch, who gravely submitted to the introduction. Both parties seemed much pleased with each other. Having "done" the Palace most effectually, and after expressing his delight at the progress of the Beaumont scheme, the King of the Belgians departed, and a few hours afterwards was en route for Ostend.

THEY have been preparing the Gymnasium for a picture-gallery during the past week or so; and the familiar Gym., which on divers occasions has made such a splendid conservatory, promises to be no less successful as a picture-room. Each evening during last week, the boys of the Technical Day Schools have been winning golden opinions from all sorts of audiences, and the clever Burdett has been much pleased at the result of his labours. On Thursday last, the gallant Instructor hied him to the neighbouring Assembly Hall, and there did, with the boys of the Stepney Jewish Schools—and in full view of many distinguished of the faith—commit himself most creditably. The next Gymnasium sensation is the General Competition to take place on the 23rd of July; the prizes to be competed for on this occasion can be seen in the Library.

THE Executive Committee of the Workmen's Exhibition have been so pleased with the services of Mr. Arthur Were—clerk to the show—that they have presented him with a fine and large silver medal in token of his success. Since the medalling took place the recipient has disappeared; and everyone is now asking "Oh, Were, and oh, Were, is the happy Arthur gone?"

TO-MORROW (Thursday) night the Queen's Hall will be the scene of a lively exhibition: for the Trustees, being determined that Technical Education should be understood of Milenders, will transform the place into a huge workshop, where the lads will ply their tools and will show the bystanders how it's done, you know. At 7 o'clock a Gymnastic Display by the boys in the Gym. Lantern Experiments in the Library at 8.30 and 9.15. The Palace Military Band will play during the evening in the Hall. Admission free—by ticket only; which can be obtained at the General Offices.

MR. ELOCUTION HASLUCK will hold the much-expected "open night" to-morrow, Thursday, when a long and strong bill should, and doubtless will, prove metal as much attractive as any to be found elsewhere at the Palace. The third act of "Money" was to have been the *pièce de resistance*; but owing to Evelyn Munro's continued indisposition, the excerpt has been wisely shelved, and in place of it two clever Hasluckians will give Theyre Smith's bright little sketch, "A Happy Pair." "If . . . 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly"—for it wants some doing.

LONG live the Ramblers! If this strolling Club is not the most successful in the Institute, let me be hung in a bottle like a cat and let all men shoot at me. Being of a Bohemian turn of mind I, last Saturday, made one of the special "Invitation Ramble" party, and sported whilst the spring was young in the greenling glades of Hainault Forest. It fell about this way. Mr. Walter Besant regarding the Ramblers as after his own heart—for rambling you know is conducive to observation: and observation is Mr. Besant's strong point—took them to the more removed ground of Chigwell, Lambourn, and Hainault; gave them a feast little short in magnificence to that of Belshazzar, and, in fact, proved himself the fidus Achates of the whole party. Having reached Woodford by the *chemin de fer*, we vaulted gaily into the chariots awaiting us, lashed the Rozinantes, and were soon imposingly urging upon our wild career: or rather, to speak by the card, were the more feminine of the party, for the masc. gen. stoutly scorned to ride—rather preferring their pedal extremities. There was a nice four-mile walk in front of us which we covered in an incredibly short space of time, arriving at "Smith's Retreat" like so many hungry Nimrods. Having recuperated, a general exodus occurred: Mr. Besant leading the way in the direction of Hainault. The magnified bee-hives of the Romany Ryists came in for a fair share of attention with their caravans and their household gods grouped about; but we were for rusticating, and so soon left such civilization behind.

BUT not for long. We held out with smiling faces whilst we were "pictured" by those slaves of the camera—Diggins and Albu; and then, still merrie, but with the natural cravings of a healthy appetite, we made for the "Retreat," and were soon deep in the mysteries of the table. A misanthropical individual the other day

sent me a bitter lamentation re the constantly-reported gastronomical feats of these very Ramblers, and, in his guileless way, wanted to know if Saturday afternoons were the only times that such Members had the opportunity of discussing the good things of this life! The gods forbid. Let us feast and be merry, my brethren, and let us say unto the world in the fullness of our hearts: Lo, we have eaten meat and have drunk tea in the sight of our host: have sounded his praises upon the sackbut and the harp; and of the rich viands he hath provided for us we are not ashamed to say we have eaten our fill. At the end of the tea, Mr. Besant, as Chairman, arose to address his guests, paid a neat and well-deserved compliment to the Club's Secretaries, Bullock and Rout, and wished "continued prosperity to the Rambling Club." With their cups aloft the merry Ramblers rose, and in the mumbling stream of words that usually characterizes public toasts, they spake aloud: "Bull'ck—Rout—cont'ued—sperity—tot—Ram'linclub." They drained their vessels of Assam unto the very dregs, and sat them down; and then, the much agitated Bullock gave thanks on behalf of himself and *conférez*, and called upon one Clews to sound the Club's tocsin in praise of Mr. Besant, which he most ably did. Mr. B., in response, said that it gave him unqualified pleasure to pose as their Chairman, and he hoped to repeat the offence—say, in the autumn. (Hear, hear. With an additional "Hear" from McKenzie.) The Ramblers' Club was an institution which should have the fullest recognition: for it not only threw young people into a general sociability, but was conducive to health, observation of the beauties of nature, and brought pleasant memories for many years hereafter. After Mr. Besant had departed, the Ramblers sauntered of their own sweet will round the forest of Hainault, and then, at nine o'clock, the signal ran, and Bullock expected every man (and woman) to do his (and her) duty. The stilly night was gently disturbed as by the airs of a thousand Æolian harps, for the Ramblers were merrie, and lifted their voices in a gladsome joy; and so at length they—reached Mile End.

A MONTH or so ago a Prize Competition was announced for the boys of our Technical School. The prizes were to be awarded to them who succeeded in writing the three best accounts of the holidays spent at Horsted Keynes. The Competition is a disappointment. Of the five entries received, four had undoubtedly been cribbed from Mr. Hunt's report which had appeared in *The Palace Journal*. The other was such a sad jumble that little or nothing could be made of it. The prizes, therefore, will be withheld; but a prize of 7s. 6d. will be given for the best detailed account of a Saturday afternoon's ramble by a river or a field, or wherever the writer thinks best. Answers, to be sent in not later than Wednesday, 18th July, should be addressed, "Competition, sub-Editor, East Lodge, People's Palace, E."

THE result of the Special Competition for the Literary Society will be seen in the CLUB NOTES page 513. Mr. C. J. Longman, who very kindly decided the Competition, has a few remarks that should interest Competitors.

THE Members of the Lawn Tennis Club, I hear, go to Merton Hall, Wimbledon, on Saturday next, to engage the tennis players of the Polytechnic. May they be as successful as the Palace cricketers, and come back covered with glory!

MEMBERSHIP Tickets can now be renewed on application at the General Offices.

ON Wednesday next the Right Hon. The Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Sheriffs, will come to the Palace for the purpose of opening the Coopers' Exhibition. The ceremony will commence at 12 o'clock. During the ten days the Exhibition will be open there will be nightly concerts in the Queen's Hall, which Mr. Orton Bradley will conduct.

THOSE interested in holiday-making—and who is not?—will find a very excellent letter in the LETTER COLUMN on a tour through Taffy's land. Another suggestion—made by Mr. Downing—is a short night trip to Boulogne—starting on Saturday evening, returning on Sunday night. Of this more anon.

THE Gymnastic Competition held last night in the Queen's Hall was brilliantly successful. This competition, which was given entirely by the Members of the Palace Institute, was an attraction sufficiently strong enough to draw a huge audience, who failed not to appreciate the capital entertainment. The centre of the Hall was fitted with a gymnastic trapeze, on which many daring feats were performed. Of course Sergeant Burdett was there, the judges being Sergeant Elliott (Polytechnic Instructor) who came in uniform, and Mr. McCaffray. Miss Connor pianofortified the nervous competitors. A list of the prize-winners will appear in our next issue.

A MEETING of the ghosts of the deceased Parliamentists was held last night, when, I believe, much precious time was wasted. It was stated that the death of "the House" was in a large measure due to the untruthful (!) comments upon it which had appeared in the Journal: and the Sub's action in holding the mirror up to Nature was universally condemned.—Repair thy wit, good youths, or it will fall to cureless ruin! The Debating Society, all being well, will re-form in October.

"'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay."

BY

WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

(Reprinted by kind permission of Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS from the volume of collected stories, entitled "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.")

CHAPTER I.

IN ROUSDON BAY.

THERE are not in England many places more beautiful than Lyme Regis, where my childhood was spent. You have long hill-slopes, covered with orchards and hanging woods; you have broad valleys, in which are peaceful hamlets and yellow corn-fields; you have open spaces on windy hill-tops, where tall thistles are crowned with winged balls of feathered spray, ready to be blown to the four corners of the earth by the carrier winds; you have chalk downs with bare turf, and here and there a bright trout stream, where you may see the quick-eyed water-rat, or even catch a glimpse of an otter; you have straight and sturdy cliffs, looking out upon the waste of waters: you have here and there a little port with its little town; and you have, as the towering glory and splendour of the whole, the Undercliff, with its bracken fields and grassy knolls heaped one above the other, backed by the crags and faced by the sea, telling of fallen rocks and undermining waves.

My name, when I was a child and ran wild among these wonders, learning every day to feel their beauty more, was Pleasance Noel. There are plenty of Noels in Dorsetshire, but none of my kin in Lyme. I don't know how I came to be born there, nor do I know anything about my mother, who died when I was born; nor much about my father, who was a ship-carpenter. I was born, I believe, in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven. I never had a birthday, because no one cared to remember such an insignificant circumstance as the birth of a sailor's child. My father went down in 'eighty-nine, on board the *Invincible*, which foundered in a heavy gale off Jamaica, with all hands except two or three.

Dan Gulliver came to my help, being always the most kind-hearted of men, and, besides, a friend of my father's. He lived at Rousdon, which is three miles and a half from Lyme, and was at that time a widower with two boys living, two or three years older than myself.

There are a good many Gullivers in Dorsetshire, as well as Noels. When I first read Gulliver's Travels, it was the more real to me, because I was sure that the honest captain must have come from my part of the country, and I was equally sure that in appearance he greatly resembled Dan.

Nobody, except his sons, ever called him anything else but Dan. Not Mr. Gulliver, or Daniel Gulliver, but plain Dan. As early as I can remember him he had grey hair. He was a man of middle height and strong build, with immense hands; he had a face covered all over with crow's-foot wrinkles, and it had the kindest and gentlest expression that can dwell upon human countenance; his light-blue eyes rested upon one when he spoke, as if he loved to look upon his friend; he was as incapable of thinking or speaking evil as of doing it. He was everybody's friend. I suppose he knew very little of evil, living as he did upon his seaboard farm, as remote from the world and as little suspicious of danger as did those poor men of Laish, who dwelt "after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure."

His estate consisted of a patrimonial ten-acre slip, lying chiefly along the cliff. It was a poor piece of land, which grew scanty crops, hardly worth the trouble of cultivation, but it gave occupation to the two boys,

Job and Jephthah, and to the one farm-labourer whom we employed, Isaac Agus. Dan himself looked after the boats, of course. If the land was poor, the farmhouse and yards showed every sign of prosperity. There were pigs which grunted in the sties or roamed about the yard, grubbing among roots with philanthropic resolve to waste no time in becoming good pork; fowls which laid eggs and chuckled over them; ducks which drove broods of little soft yellow balls, which might have been cocoons had they not been live things, into the pond; geese, on the waste land, which cackled to each other encouragement to get fat come Michaelmas; and there were the most generous of cows in the matter of milk. The dairy, where Mrs. Agus and I made butter, was always full of cream and milk.

The twin boys, Job and Jephthah, were, like their father, of middle height, with broad shoulders and big hands; they were as exactly like each other as a pair of Chinamen, but when you came to live in the house, you learned gradually to distinguish certain little differences not apparent to strangers. Outside the farm no one knew Jephthah from Job, and addressed either at random as Job or Jephthah. They had blue eyes, like their father, light-brown hair, and a gentle way, which they inherited. But they exaggerated the paternal characteristics. His gentleness became, with them, slowness; his taciturnity became absolute dumbness.

The most frequent visitor was Joshua Meech, Dan's nephew. He was a miller at Up Lyme. When I was sixteen he must have been about six-and-twenty—some seven years older than the boys. He, too, was strongly built and well-proportioned, but he had the other Dorsetshire face—not that of the Gullivers. Everybody knows that there are two faces in Dorsetshire—that with blue eyes, brown hair, and a round face; and that with dark hair, and dark eyes, and an oval face; sometimes very beautiful, but sometimes forbidding and harsh. Joshua's face had the latter character. His eyes were too close together; his expression was threatening; his chin too long and square; his manner was imperative. He was a masterful man, a man who always got what he wanted; if he desired a thing, he said he should have it, and he got it. The history that follows, however, is that of a thing which he desired vehemently, and did not get. Another visitor, and the only other friend of the family, was the rector of Rousdon, the Reverend Benjamin Burden.

Rousdon parish contained a population of eleven souls, six of whom came from Rousdon Farm. Its yearly value was thirty-five pounds. There was also a house with a bit of glebe-land. The house was a cottage; the glebe-land was a garden cultivated by the rector himself. He had an orchard, the apples of which he sold for cider; a fruit and vegetable garden; two or three pigs; some fowls; and sometimes, the gift of his churchwarden, some ducks. He was a batchelor, and lived entirely alone in his cottage. His church was a barn with a thatched roof, kept from falling down by Dan and the boys. The old pews were worm-eaten; the pulpit was tottering; the broken windows were repaired with oiled paper; the covers were dropping off the church-Bible and Prayer-book; his surplice was in rags; there was no church-plate; and the one weekly service was a duet between himself and Dan, who was at once his clerk and his churchwarden. The old rector wore a wig on Sundays; on other days he tied up his head in a handkerchief; he never forgot his cloth; or went without a cassock, though that garment was in rags; he had the dignity of his profession, though he had forgotten all his learning; had ceased to take any delight in books, and was nothing but a gardener, a rustic, and a peasant-priest.

Our house, at the back of which lay the farmyard, was a good-sized six-roomed house, with a thatched roof. The windows in the front looked out upon Rousdon Bay, which lay about eighty feet below us.

They opened on hinges, and the small panes, many of which were bull's-eyed, were set in heavy leaden frames. There was a great porch, besides which flourished the finest fuchsia-tree—ten feet high and ten feet across—that ever was seen. There was a sloping garden in front, where I grew beans, peas, and cabbages, with all kinds of simple flowers. We were quite rich people. When the distress was deep all over the country we felt none. We lived comfortably; there was no pinching, no talk of economies. I was well-dressed and well cared for; the boys had all they wanted.

To be sure, in those days, the ideas of a farmer as to plenty were simple. We never had any holiday or any change. The boys got a little teaching, as I did, from the rector. We had no newspapers and very few books; few country-people could read; there were no conveniences for travel; things were rough; men were rough; fighting was common; we were inconceivably ignorant; we did not look or hope for any change—except for peace. That was what we wanted. I suppose the people of that generation ought to have been unhappy, feeling themselves so greatly at a disadvantage compared with their grandchildren, who would certainly have gas, railways, chloroform, electric light, cheap newspapers, all sorts of things. But somehow they were not unhappy. They were just as happy, in fact, as people are now, except for the wickedness of war, the ambition of kings, and the injustice of man; and these are things which seemed destined ever to plague, vex, and trouble the world.

Now, the most remarkable thing concerning Dan, his two sons, and Joshua Meech his nephew, was that their hands were always brown with tar. There was, besides, a smell of things connected with boats always lingering about the house; and though fishing-nets were constantly spread over the garden or on the beach, there was very little fishing done.

Dan, farmer though he was, dressed habitually as a boatman. On Sundays, in the summer, he wore white ducks, a blue jacket with brass buttons, and a straw hat, just as if he were a navy man. On other days he wore great boots, a simple blue shirt, and a tarpaulin. Down in the bay there were three boats. One of these was a safe, heavy-built fishing-smack. Dan called her the *Chace Mary*. It was a good many years before I learned to recognise in this name the French *chasse-marée*. Dan picked her up one night abandoned in the Channel—his experience decided her origin and her name. The boys and Joshua used now and then to go out fishing in her, bringing home in the morning a rich cargo of bright and beautiful fish. We kept the best for ourselves, and the rector never failed to come for his tithe of John Dory, bass, hake, pilchards, or mackerel. The rest went to Lyme to be sold.

The boat which lay beside the *Chace Mary* was of very different build. She would be called now, though her lines would no longer find favour, a fifteen-ton yacht, sloop-rigged. I do not know where Dan bought her; she was long and narrow; she was decked; she carried any amount of canvas; and she was, as Dan often boasted, the very fastest boat in the Channel. She was called the *Dancing Polly*. Hauled up on the beach was a little dingy, gay with bright paint, and provided with a neat lugsail and a spritsail and a pair of sculls. She belonged to me, but was, of course, always at the service of the firm.

For, not to delay any longer a confession which must sooner or later be made, we were all of us smugglers by trade, and farmers by pretence. The ten acres of barren cliff land could never have kept us all during those hard times, even in a poor way. We were a gang of smugglers. Dan was the head of the firm by hereditary succession. His two boys were partners by the same right. Joshua Meech was a partner by grace and free gift of Dan. I, Pleasance Noel, was an accomplice, aider, and abettor.

In the reign of George the Third it was as impossible

to make people believe that smuggling was wrong as to make a rustic believe in the wickedness of knocking over a hare in a field. To evade the duty was meritorious. Then there was the romance about the trade: perils surrounded it on every side; across the water you might be caught by the French authorities, and kept in prison, or even shot as a spy; or you might be picked up by a French privateer; or you might be cut out by a revenue cutter; or you might be arrested while landing your cargo. These things were considered and went to make a daring smuggler a sort of hero. Lastly, all the country-side stood in with him. It was he who brought over the best French brandy, packages of lace, boxes of gloves or of perfumes; he was the provider of otherwise unattainable luxuries; he was a public benefactor. In no county inn could you get such spirits as came out of the illicit kegs; when a landlord had any he would whisper its recommendation to a guest; the squires bought it, the magistrates bought it, the very revenue officers bought it, the clergy bought it: no one was too good, too highly placed, too scrupulous to buy it. A fine and flattering perfume of universal gratitude perpetually soothed the soul of Dan Gulliver; the sense of an heroic reputation added dignity to a life which, if spent only on the farm, would have been certainly monotonous, and probably ignoble.

Gratitude among the people naturally took the shape of complicity. It sometimes happened that Dan's carts—those innocent carts laden with poultry, vegetables, or fish, which Job or Jephthah drove into Lyme—were stopped and searched. One would think that Dan was regularly warned, because nothing was ever found in them. If the revenue cutter chanced to look in at Rousdon Bay, the *Dancing Polly* was lying at anchor, without the least sign of an intended run, and Dan would be caulking the *Chace Mary*, or mending fishing-nets, or painting the dingy, with a grave face and a twinkle in his eye.

With a fast boat like the *Dancing Polly*, with four such handy boatmen as the crew who manned her, the chief danger was that of landing the cargo. It was desirable to know, before the run, where the revenue cutter was; this information was got by myself, or by one of the boys, from the boatmen of the Cove at Lyme, or from the fishermen of Beer. She might have been heard of at Weymouth, or she might have been lying at Bridport. Once, when we thought she was away up the Solent, she came out of Lulworth Cove, and chased Dan for three long days, so that he only got away, without throwing his cargo overboard, by the swiftness of his heels and the providential interposition of a fog. We had to get news from Weymouth, from Swanage, Poole, Lymington, and Yarmouth, in the west; as from Beer, Sidmouth, Lardam Bay, and Dartmouth. The revenue cutter once ascertained to be out of the way, there was little or no danger of interference from any of the shore-going folk.

When all seemed safe as regards the excise, and a run was resolved on, it was brave to see the little craft, with Dan at the "hellum," Job and Jephthah in the bows, and Joshua 'midships, beating her way out of the little narrow bay, straight out into the blackness beyond—for Dan never started except at night, and when there was a moonless sky. I would stand on the beach, the wind blowing my hair about and the spray flying into my face, to get the last sight of the gallant boat. Then I would go home and stay there, quite alone, till they returned, in a couple of days or so, laden with the brandy in kegs. I never had any fear for them. Dan knew every inch of the French and English coasts; he could steer blindfold; he could find Rousdon Bay in the blackest night; he was not afraid, in his tight little craft, of any reasonable weather, provided only that when he landed there were no revenue men waiting to capture the hero of a hundred runs.

Dan was always a sailor, in manner and dress. Job and Jephthah played two parts. When they wore corduroys and a smock they were farm-labourers, and slouched in their gait, lifting their feet heavily and swinging their shoulders, as those do who go much upon clay; when they were on board they were dressed like boatmen and they rolled like sailors. Joshua, on the other hand, played three parts. As a miller he had the reputation of being grasping and greedy of gain, but honest in his dealings. In this capacity he was always flouzy, like his men, and had it not been for the tar upon his fingers, you would say he had never smelt salt water. As a sailor he was as daring as Dan, and almost as skilful. But he had a third character, which he reserved for Saturday evening and Sunday. Then he dressed himself in a black coat, and became a Primitive Methodist: one of a certain very small body so styled by themselves, who met in a chapel about twelve feet square, and took turns to preach and prey. His methodism has nothing to do with my story, except to show the masterful character of the man. He would be a leader; he wanted people to think as he told them, and he could only do this in a dissenting chapel. Dan, who accepted the authority of the Rev. Mr. Burden, and the church, was, in his way, as religious as he was honest. There is nothing, he frequently argued, against smuggling, either in Bible or Prayer-book.

It was among these people that I spent the first seventeen years of my life. Such education as I had was given me by the rector at odd moments. I could read, but had few books, and those I knew by heart. They were Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and one or two more. Writing I learned by slow degrees: my spelling has never, I own, been correct, nor can I understand the fuss which is made about that accomplishment. If the writer's meaning is clear, why object to the omission or the addition of a letter or two? There was little encouragement to literature in Rousdon Farm. Job and Jephthah had learned, like myself, to read and write, but as they never practised either art, and supplemented memory only by chalk-marks on the cart, I suspect they had forgotten both. Dan regarded writing as useful for commercial purposes, and reading on the Sunday as an aid to devotion. In respect to other uses, there were instances which he had heard of where a passion for books actually led the victim, by imperceptible degrees, to the gallows. Certainly in those years there were many roads to that dismal tree.

I did not read much, my duties at home were soon got through, and the rest of my time I spent upon the water, alone or with Dan, and on the Undercliff. In the evening there was sewing. But all day long, and all the year round, rain or sunshine, I was in the open air, gathering flowers in the Holmbush fields, climbing among the bracken under the Pinhay cliffs, singing all alone in the woods upon the hill-sides, out upon the sea in the dingy, or, in summer, bathing and swimming where the rocks would have hidden me from casual eyes if any had ever chanced to pass that way. It was a lonely place, facing a lonely sea; few ships ever sailed across that great bay save the heavy craft which brought coal from Wales, or the coasters which traded from port to port, or the fishing-craft from Lyme and Beer. I had the sea all to myself when I put out in the dingy, ran up the little sail, and sat in the stern, tiller in one hand and sheet in the other, while the boat slipped through the short crisp waves with a murmurous whish, leaving its little white track behind, while my fancy ran riot, and I had visions, such as come to the young and innocent, of a golden and impossible future, lying among figures indistinct and misty.

Sometimes I went with Dan to Lyme, where one could buy things, and see the shops in the street and the ships in the Cove. On Sunday evenings, in summer, one could sometimes go to Lyme Church, which was surely the most remarkable and delightful church in

the whole of England. To begin with it, it was a church built on a staircase. You climbed up some of the steps and you were in the churchyard. More steps brought you to the porch, which was long and deep; at the end of it more steps again brought you to the line of the nave; half-way up the nave a short flight of steps took you to a higher level under the pulpit and reading desk; a last climb landed you on the level of the chancel. I believe there were additional steps to the altar. This gradual rising of tier against tier produced a remarkable effect, especially if, as I did, you sat in one of the galleries. Wherever they could have a gallery they had one; here one and there one; sticking them between pillars, so as to produce a general result, which, to the ignorant eye of a girl, was grand and delightful. One of the galleries was beautifully decorated with a death's head and bones, and an appropriate text. And they sang hymns. They were taken very slowly, but they were sung to real tunes, which one could carry away and sing at the top of one's voice far out to sea in the little boat. The hymns were set to the music of a band consisting chiefly of stringed instruments, tuned stealthily between the different parts of the service. This was all the music, and these were all the tunes which I heard as a child.

During the whole of my childhood, and for a good many years afterwards, the talk was all of war. For five-and-twenty years England was fighting. On the south coast the war might at any moment become more than a rumour; there was no reason why a French privateer should not cross over, and do what mischief she could. Every day, before breakfast, we all solemnly looked out to sea—Dan with his glass—to see if an enemy was hovering over the coast, and once we saw a naval action. The Frenchman was a privateer; the Englishman a brig-of-war carrying twelve guns. They ran side by side for a while, firing incessantly, the Englishman gradually reducing the distance. At last they came to close quarters, and our men boarded her. Oh what a sight! It was too far off for us to see the horrors of battle, the dead and wounded; but we could make out, when the smoke cleared away, that the Union Jack was run up where the French flag had been flying, and Dan solemnly, with tears in his eyes, thanked the God of Victory. It was a brave and gallant action; they made the commander of the brig a first-lieutenant for it; then they sent him out to Jamaica, where they forgot him altogether, although he did plenty of other things quite as good. This was the way they often treated our brave sailors. Thirty years afterwards he came home, still a first-lieutenant, and bald, by reason of the many men who had climbed up over his head.

Heavens! how brave our men were, and what fights they fought! They cut out French ships under the guns of their own batteries. They engaged vessels double their own weight; whenever they saw an enemy's ship they attacked her. The papers were full of naval actions, which were always victories. I never saw the papers, but I heard the news whenever Dan came back from Lyme. Buonaparte was going to invade England, and made enormous preparations; the whole country took up arms, young and old; the war-fever possessed the British bull-dog. There was no fear in our hearts, nor any hesitation. Looking back upon that time, I can only feel that surely none other than the hand of God was upon us; how else could we, fighting against such odds as never any other nation encountered, have fought so bravely, and finished the struggle with so much honour?

(To be continued).

Good Advice.—"What do you mean to do with K.?" said a friend of Theodore Hook, alluding to a man who had grossly vilified him. "Do with him?" replied Hook; "why I mean to let him alone most severely."

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,—Although I have not the privilege to be a Member of the People's Palace, I watch its affairs with considerable interest, as reported in the columns of *The Palace Journal*. I sympathise heartily with those Members of the People's Palace, who are disappointed of their contemplated Swiss Tour on account of the unavoidable collapse of the scheme. Now I would suggest that the healing balm to that disappointment would be a few days' tour through "good old Wales." I see by your notes in the *PALACE Gossip* columns, that this step has been already mooted. Let your correspondent "Junius Brutus Baker," and others like him of your Members, who have only "a whole blessed week" at their disposal, take courage, for my experience teaches me—and a dram of experience is worth a gallon of advice—that a good deal can be seen, and much benefit and enjoyment can be realized even within "a whole blessed week," when one knows where to go, how to go, and how much it will cost to go. "Junius B. Baker," and others, could not do better than form themselves into small parties of two or more, and do a little trot over some parts of North Wales. They will initiate themselves into the pleasures of mountain climbing, and that on no mean scale, preparatory to the Swiss Tour of next year. I dare say many of your Palace Members have climbed to the top of the Monument, which stands on Fish Street Hill, and experienced the task much more wearisome than they imagined, and also found that the view from the top was much more interesting than they had anticipated. Now the height of the column is only 202 feet. Compare this with the height of Snowdon, in North Wales, and which mountain they are sure to ascend once they get near it. Snowdon is 3,570 feet high, or about eighteen times higher than the Monument. This comparison will help to give your numerous readers a fair idea of the task which must be accomplished, and which task some lady Members of the People's Palace, should they undertake it, are sure to pronounce to be a delightfully stiff exercise. Supposing myself selected one of such a party, and that I was appointed guide for the trip, this is how I would proceed:—Go to Euston Station: take a Tourist Ticket, say to Carnarvon. Cost 35s. for the double journey. Ticket available for two months and enables the holder to break the journey almost where he pleases. First day.—Proceed to Chester, break the journey here and thoroughly explore that highly interesting and quaint old city. Same day push on as far as Holywell, North Wales (distance about 16 miles), see the wonderful "St. Winifred's Well" there with its wonderful torrent of spring water. Climb the high hill overlooking the town, altitude 810 feet, and from the top of which may be seen one of the grandest natural panoramas that human eye could wish to behold. The scenery, which extends some 70 miles in each direction, embraces both mountain, woodland, river and sea. Space and time will not permit the recounting here of the many interesting places and objects belonging to each locality we arrive at during our journey. These will have to be "looked up" beforehand. At Holywell we rest for the night, taking up our quarters at the "Red Lion" Hotel. Second day.—Proceed by train as far as Rhyl, a delightful bathing resort, and indulge in a sea-bath before proceeding further. Now push on, by train, until we come to Llandudno Junction. Break our journey here, visit the ruins of Conway Castle, and the old town of Conway close by. Push on to Llandudno proper, which is about a mile off. Llandudno is a splendid watering place, standing within a bay like a horse-shoe, with a huge rock (the Great and Little Ormes Head) standing on each tip. Then return to Llandudno Junction, and take train for Bettws-y-Coed (distance 16 miles; fare 1s. 7d.). As this is not on the main line, the tourist ticket is not available. The line runs up the beautifully valley of Llanrwst. Bettws-y-Coed—(an Irishman of my acquaintance used to pronounce it "Betsy Mc Wide," and it answered the purpose very well indeed)—is a very romantic place. Here we find the delightful "Fairy Glen," the foaming "Swallow Falls," and also the "Conway Falls," and other equally picturesque places, which so often form the subjects of pictures which we see in the London fine-art shops. Pont-y-Pair may also be visited before leaving here. We stay at Bettws for the night, and on the third day, we take train for Festiniog (distance about 15 miles; fare, 1s. 1d.). We are now among wild mountains and gaping slate quarries. We obtain permission to visit one of these quarries which will be worth our while. Here we see the rocks torn asunder with the force of dynamite; slates are dexterously cleaved, trimmed, and loaded into railway trucks to be forwarded to London,—for aught we know, to roof the buildings of the People's Palace. We leave Festiniog for Tremadoc by the narrow gauge railway (distance, 15 miles; fare, about 2s. 6d.). Ride in an open carriage if possible. The passengers in these sit back to back, like an Irish jaunting car. The train runs down the picturesque valley of Festiniog, and often under huge perpendicular rocks. Near Tremadoc observe the ruins of Harlech Castle, from which place that stirring melody, "The March of the Men of Harlech," takes its name. There is not much to be seen neither at Tremadoc, nor Portmadoc close by, therefore we leave here at once by coach for Beddgelert (distance, 6 miles; fare, 2s.). We pass Pont Aberglaslyn, and we travel along

the romantic Pass of Aberglaslyn which is sure to delight us as we proceed along. We are now at Beddgelert where there are two good hotels. Here we rest for the night. Fourth day.—After well lining our inner selves, we must also line our pockets with something substantial, for we are going to climb Snowdon, and we are sure to want something to eat before long, for the air of these mountains increases one's appetite most alarmingly. From Beddgelert we ascend Snowdon; distance to the summit about 6 miles. The view from the top, if the weather is fine and clear, defies all description: many have tried it, but their literary pictures fall into insignificance as compared with the real thing. There is a wooden hut on the top of Snowdon wherein refreshments are supplied, and a good price charged for them. There is a beautiful spring-well near the top of the mountain, which is a very singular phenomenon, considering the high altitude of the spot where it stands. When we have rested and thoroughly enjoyed the views around us, we descend Snowdon on the other side. There are two ways—one very easy and leading to Llanberis direct, the other rather steep, and more enjoyable on the Capel Curig side. We take the latter, making for Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel which is about 3½ miles off. We are now on the high road, and we proceed down the Llanberis Pass for some 5 miles until we reach Llanberis. There is ample accommodation for travellers here, and after satisfying ourselves with the charms of the place, which embrace mountain and lake scenery, we rest here for the night. Fifth day.—We start early for Carnarvon (distance, 10 miles; fare, about 1s.). We explore Carnarvon, and inspect its old historic castle, which is in a capital state of preservation, and after satisfying our curiosity here, we leave by train again for Menai Bridge. Our tourist tickets are available for this stage. Here we see the wonderful Britannia Tubular Bridge, and also the celebrated Suspension Bridge over the Menai Straits. We walk over the latter, and contemplate the charming scenery around us as we proceed on our way. Walking for a mile or so, we come to a beautiful place called Beaumaris, and if we can make it convenient, and instead of continuing by rail, we take steamer from here, and sail (on the Irish Sea) for some 50 miles, when we reach Liverpool. A hasty survey of Liverpool, with its interesting surroundings can now be made, and here we must put up for the night at any respectable hotel. Sixth day.—We go to the landing stage at Liverpool, and take tickets, after crossing the Mersey, for Chester. The distance is about 16 miles, and the fare about 1s. 6d. From Chester our tourist tickets are again available until we reach London, and all extra expenses for travelling are at an end. We arrive in London refreshed and invigorated both in body and mind after travelling hundreds of miles, and over variable scenery, embracing sea and land, mountain, river, lake, and valley; and all at a reasonable expense, and within the space of six days. Our daily cost of living, including a bed, ought not to exceed 8s. per day for each person. Each person's luggage ought not to consist of more than a small Gladstone bag, a waterproof overcoat, and a stout walking-stick. The same equipment would apply to ladies, of course, with the addition of an umbrella, mounted on the walking-stick, which is the fashion just now. Nearly every person in Wales at the present time speaks English well, and therefore no inconvenience need be feared on that score. You young Members of the People's Palace mark this. If you pay a visit to North Wales you will never regret it. I trust these few hints may be of service to you. Should you resolve to go there, you can curtail, or extend, or deviate your route in any way you think best, according to time and circumstances, rather than confine yourselves to the boundary I have drawn in this paper. You will want to read handbooks before going. Consult "The Gossiping Guide to Wales," 1s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row.) Black's "Picturesque Guide to Wales," 5s. (Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.) These, together with three other good handbooks, I can lend the sub-Editor of *The Palace Journal*, for your perusal at any moment should they be required.—I am, etc., etc.

JAS. JONES.

A SUGGESTION.

SIR,—In perusing last week's Journal I noticed in the Short-hand Society's report an appeal for shorthand books for their Library. As the Society will never, I believe, be able to get a library out of the funds, they being so small, and as nobody seems willing to come forward and subscribe, I beg leave to make the following suggestion viz. :—

"That the Secretary get a list of books, say, ranging from eighteen pence to half-a-crown, and let the Members pick, and according to what book each Member gets, to buy it and present it to the Society."

I think if the above was carried out it would soon bring together a decent library, and at a very small cost to the Members, who would, in the end, all be benefited by it.—Yours, etc.,

PHONOGRAPHER.

[Several Letters crowded out.]

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