

# 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.—Exhibition of Paintings and continuation of Illuminated Fête. Organ Recital, at 6.30. H.M. Scots Guards Band and People's Palace Military Band, at 8. Pianoforte Recital during evening in Flower Garden. Admission: 10 till 5, 6d.; 5 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.
- CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run to Woodford.
- RAMBLERS.—Committee Meeting, at 8.30.
- FRIDAY.—Exhibition of Paintings and continuation of Illuminated Fête. Organ Recital, at 6.30. H.M. Scots Guards Band and East London Military Band, at 8. Pianoforte Recital during evening. Admission: 10 till 5, 6d.; 5 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.
- CHORAL SOCIETY.—Practice Meeting, as usual.
- SATURDAY.—Exhibition of Paintings and continuation of Illuminated Fête. People's Palace Military Band, at 3. Dr. Barnardo's Boys Band, at 6. Organ Recital, at 6.30. H.M. Scots Guards in Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission: 10 till 2, 6d.; 2 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.
- CRICKET CLUB.—First XI. at Victoria Park; Second XI. at Wanstead.
- RAMBLERS.—First Garden Party, at the "Red House," Barking-side.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITALS, free. Library open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY.—Exhibition of Pictures and continuation of Illuminated Fête. Organ Recital, at 6.30. East London Band and H.M. Scots Guards Band, at 8. Admission: 10 till 5, 6d.; 5 till 10, 1d.
- DRAMATIC CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8.30.
- SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Practice Meeting.
- TUESDAY.—Exhibition of Pictures and continuation of Illuminated Fête. Organ Recital, at 6.30. People's Palace Military Band and H.M. Scots Guards Band, at 8. Admission: 10 till 5, 6d.; 5 till 10, 1d.
- ART SOCIETY.—General Meeting, at 8.30.
- WEDNESDAY.—Exhibition of Pictures and continuation of Illuminated Fête. Organ Recital, at 6.30. Admission: 10 till 5, 6d.; 5 till 10, 1d.
- DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal for Section A.

## Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, AUGUST 12th, 1888,  
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL. At 12.30 p.m., and at 4 p.m.  
ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

## Notes of the Week.

I REJOICE to hear that the National Sunday League has obtained 55,717 signatures in favour of the Sunday opening of the Palace. The number of signatures for or against is of very little importance if we clearly understand the meaning of the opposition. It means that certain persons who hold narrow views on religious points are trying to persuade working people that their Sunday's Rest is in jeopardy. Let us not forget that. If it were not for the well-grounded jealousy of the Sunday's Rest, I do not believe that a single working man could be found to vote against a measure which to himself means a peaceful and an enjoyable way of spending his Sunday evening, and to his sons and daughters may mean a great deal more—salvation from the drink bars, and from worse. There is no need to do more at present than to note the fact of the overwhelming superiority of the vote *for*, over the vote *against* the opening.

A LADY has brought an action for breach of promise of marriage against a man who had the singular taste to prefer his pipe to his sweetheart. She refused to marry him unless he put his pipe out. This he declined to do, and then she brought her action and lost it. The gentleman still smokes his pipe, and is again in the marriage market, looking out for a lady who likes the smell of tobacco. He will not have to look long.

THE objection to tobacco on the part of the other sex is a survival of the time when no smoking at all was allowed in middle-class houses. If the young men of the house were so ill advised as to commence this pernicious practice, they had to go out of doors, and find shelter where they could—in the garden—in the summer house—anywhere. Presently the mothers discovered that their sons, if they were not allowed to smoke at home, sought refuge in the billiard-room where they learned, besides that noble game, many pretty tricks and ways—such as betting, gambling, and backing the favourite. Then the boys were allowed the kitchen or a room of their own in which to smoke. But the theory remained that smoking was a vile and stinking habit, and that ladies could not abide the smell of tobacco.

HERE is a little contribution to the history of tobacco smoking. At the beginning of this century, tobacco was smoked in long pipes at colleges and places where men lived alone: in taverns: in some country rectories: but not as a rule in private houses. The "Master" took his tea at five with his wife and daughters: then he went to his club, which was held every night at a tavern, and smoked his pipe with a glass of punch until nine. Then he went home, took a light supper and to bed. His sons, the men who were born in the early years of the century, did not, as a rule, smoke at all either at home or abroad, and the old club had died out, for the most part. The Peninsular War introduced the fashion of the cigar, but it was considered a fast thing even down to the Fifties to be seen with a cigar. Sporting gentlemen, medical students, and men about town swaggered about with a cigar between their lips, and quiet men got out of their way. The cigarette was unknown. The short pipe was practically unknown. The long pipe seemed well-nigh extinct. The revival of tobacco smoking in this country is due, practically, to the introduction and spread of the short pipe. There is, to be sure, no sweeter smoking than a good briar root, with Wills's

Three Castles. At the same time, as an old smoker, one must say a word in favour of the tranquil and meditative "Churchwarden."

THE unfortunate people in the Isle of Dogs have had a bad time. Can nothing be done for them? It was all very well when only a few houses stood upon this dreary lowland. A hundred years ago the gibbets, each with its blackened corpse dangling in chains, stood in a row on the river edge to remind the sailors returning home that life is uncertain. The gibbets disappeared, docks were built, and houses began to spring up. Now, if this district had been in Holland it would long since have been dyked, ditched and protected against floods. Or again, if any wealthy people lived among them something would have been done. But there are no wealthy people in the Isle of Dogs. And meantime the rain goes on, and the floods continue.

"There is a woman in New York who has a growing clientele of patients coming to her to be treated for ugliness. They may be in perfect health physically, but not quite at peace in their minds because of defects which render them unpleasing in the eyes of their fellow-mortals, and she ministers to this mind diseased by curing as far as is possible the complaint of plainness. Women go to to her to be made thinner or stouter, to have their colour heightened or reduced, to be treated for ugly complexions, red eyes, thin hair, round shoulders, and all the physical faults which make the difference between beauty and the lack of it. To women who are too stout she recommends a bath of salt water in the morning, two or three handfuls of rock salt being put in the bath over night and allowed to dissolve. They must be rubbed down with a heavy Turkish towel after this salt bath, and are to sleep on hard beds, while the only internal treatment she prescribes is congress water and a grain or two of roasted coffee to be chewed half an hour before meals, which will greatly lessen the appetite for food. She suggests a diet of cresses, lettuce, and spinach, with desserts of Iceland moss lilies. Thin women she feeds on carrots and parsnips, and doses them with a few drops of acid phosphate before meals to give them an appetite for the muffins, brown bread, oatmeal, and fruit that are to form the greater part of their diet. But what she principally relies on to add flesh to thin girls is a pint of sweet milk to be drunk every night just before getting into bed. She orders off the corsets of round-shouldered girls and puts them into braces instead, with daily exercises on a pulling machine to help on the good work; while awkward and heavy girls are given a bar over which they are to jump many times a day. When a woman has become too florid she is fed on sassafras tea and given hot baths, and the pale woman has her baths cold and a bottle of claret each day. This 'beauty doctor,' as she is called, has effected some wonderful cures of plainness, and in several cases has taken entire charge of a woman for six months, with the result that at the end of that time her friends scarcely knew her, so greatly had her appearance changed. There is talk of an infirmary or private hospital being established near New York, of which the beauty doctor is to have charge, and where women will go, as they do now to the rest cures, to undergo thorough treatment for ugliness. This female beauty cultivator is very stern and dictatorial, and will immediately give up a case if her directions are not followed to the letter. She has great hopes of her hospital, where her patients will be directly under her eye, and she can see that her ideas are carried out. She holds that there is no excuse for thorough ugliness, and that it can be to a great extent made a matter of will with a woman whether she will be pretty and pleasing or not."—*St. James's Gazette.*

It was not to be doubted that the anniversary of the Spanish Armada would produce poetry worthy of the occasion. There are two notable poems in fact; one from Mr. Swinburne in the *Fortnightly*, and one from Mr. Rennell Redd in the *Macmillan*. Let us quote a few lines from the former:—  
For the light that abides upon England, the glory that rests on her godlike name,  
The pride that is love and the love that is faith, a perfume dissolved in flame,  
Took fire from the dawn of the fierce July when fleets were scattered as foam  
And squadrons as flakes of spray; when galleon and galliass that shadowed the sea  
Were swept from her waves like shadows that pass with the clouds they fell from, and she  
Laughed loud to the wind as it gave to her keeping the glories of Spain and Rome.

THE Spanish Fleet sails on, confident in their power to crush the English.

But the dusk of the day falls fruitless, whose lights should have lit them on:  
Sails flash through the gloom to shoreward, eclipsed as the sun that shone:  
And the west wind wakes with dawn, and the hope that was here is gone.

Around they wheel and around, two knots to the Spaniard's one,  
The wind-swift warriors of England, who shoot us with shafts of the sun,  
With fourfold shots for the Spaniard's that spare not till day be done.

And the wind with the sundown sharpens, and hurtles the ships to the lee,  
And Spaniard on Spaniard smites, and shatters and yields; and we Ere battle begin, stand lords of the battle, acclaimed of the sea.

And the day sweeps around to the nightward; and heavy and hard the waves  
Roll in on the herd of the hurtling galleons; and masters and slaves Reel blind in the grasp of the dark strong wind that shall dig their graves.

They fight awhile, and then the storm comes. "He blew with his breath, and they were scattered."

And now is their time come on them. For eastward they drift and reel,  
With the shallows of Flanders ahead, with destruction and havoc at heel,  
With God for their comfort only, the God whom they serve; and here  
Their Lord of his great loving-kindness, may revel and make good cheer;  
Though ever his lips wax thirstier with drinking and hotter the lusts in him swell,  
For he feeds the thirst that consumes him with blood, and his wine-press fumes with the reek of hell.

Fierce noon beats hard on the battle; the galleons that loom to the lee  
Bow down, heel over, uplifting their shelterless hulls from the sea:  
From scuppers aspart with blood, from guns dismantled and dumb,  
The signs of the doom they looked for, the loud mute witnesses come—  
They press with sunset to seaward for comfort: and shall they not find it there?  
O servants of God most high, shall His wind not pass you by, and His waves not spare?

England, queen of the waves, whose green inviolate girdle enrings thee round  
Mother fair as the morning, where is now the place of thy foemen found?

Still the sea that salutes us free proclaims them stricken, acclaims thee crowned.

England, none that is born thy son, and lives, by grace of thy glory free,

Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with hope to serve as he worships thee;

None may sing thee: the sea-wind's wing beats down the songs as it hails the sea.

**Happiness of Children.**—Never attempt to improve the happiness of children; depend upon it you won't succeed, try how you may. "Pretty little dears," said a good-looking old gentleman one day, as he looked upon a group of children at play, "how I love the little innocents! Here, get a pennyworth of apples, and share them amongst you." He walked on, but yielding to a feeling of curiosity, we remained to watch the event. The apples were soon obtained—the game was stopped of course. One having claimed rather a larger share than his companion, a fight ensued; his opponent getting the worst of it, retired in tears to the mother of the stronger one, who soon appeared on the scene, and having cuffed him soundly, took him home for punishment. Another soon disappeared, like the black boy, with the stomach-ache in his countenance; while another remained on the field, giving sorrow vent. The apples of discord had been effectually dropped into elysium—the whole appeared suddenly transformed from enlightened children into men of the world. Selfishness had appeared amongst them, and had not forgotten to bring his companion misery, whom, although he despises, he seldom travels without. The happiness of a child is, perhaps, the only perfect earthly pleasure. Do not attempt to improve perfection, or you will certainly destroy it. If you see a child unhappy you may readily interfere perhaps with good effect; but when he is happy, in the name of humanity let him alone.

## 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 CRICKET CLUB.

No matches took place last Saturday through the majority of Members going out of town.

On Monday last (Bank Holiday) a team from the Palace journeyed to Egham to play the return all-day match—particulars in next issue of *The Palace Journal*.

On Saturday next the First Eleven play the return match with the Beaumont at Victoria Park. Match ground, No. 31. The following will represent the Palace Team:—W. Goodwin, H. W. Byard, L. Goldberg, F. Knight, Chatterton, A. Bowman, C. A. Bowman, Will Hendry, Patterson, E. T. Wilkins, T. G. Carter (Captain). Reserves—R. Hones, G. Josephs, F. Hunter. Members of the Palace cordially invited.

CARTER'S TEAM v. WAINMAN'S TEAM.—This match was played at Victoria Park, and resulted in a very easy win for Wainman's Team by 83 runs. Mr. Asser should have been out without scoring. A. Bowman, W. Goodwin, and J. Wilson bowled well, and Hart batted splendidly. Carter only batted nine men.

WAINMAN'S TEAM.	CARTER'S TEAM.
Dipple b Bowman .. .. 2	Asser not out .. .. 15
Garner b Bowman .. .. 10	Goodwin b Wilson .. .. 0
Speaight b Bowman .. .. 6	A. Bowman b Wainman .. .. 0
Wainman b Bowman .. .. 2	C. Bowman b Wainman .. .. 0
Thomson c Elliot b Carter .. 4	Philpot b Wilson .. .. 0
Hart c Hunt b Asser .. .. 34	Carter b Wilson .. .. 0
Hunt b Carter .. .. 4	Fairweather b Wainman .. .. 0
Wenn b Goodwin .. .. 1	Impy st Thomson b Wilson .. 0
Griffett st Brown b Bowman .. 9	Hunter b Wilson .. .. 0
Munro run out .. .. 1	
Wilson b Goodwin .. .. 7	
Tilson not out .. .. 7	
Extras .. .. 11	
Total .. .. 98	Total .. .. 15

The following will represent the Palace against the Reliance on Saturday next, at Wanstead:—Everson, Wenn, Geo. Thomson, Loxton, Newman, Sheppard, Jacobson, Wand, Marshall, Lyons, Wainman (Captain). Reserves—Gorton and Helbing.  
HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE ART SOCIETY.

A General Meeting of the above was fixed for Tuesday, July 31st, but owing to the inclemency of the weather very few Members were present. The Secretary has therefore adjourned the General Meeting till Tuesday, August 14th, at 8.30 p.m., when it is hoped that all Members will be present.

J. KARET, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A General Meeting of the above will be held on Monday, August 13th, 1888, to consider the Report of the Special Committee on the future working of the Club.

Section A will commence rehearsing on Wednesday, August 8th, at 8 p.m. sharp.

There are still a few vacancies for Membership, which the Committee are desirous of filling up.

J. KARET, Hon. Sec. (*pro tem.*)  
ARTHUR E. REEVE, Assist. Sec.

### PALACE RAMBLERS.

On Monday last the Members and friends of the above mustered in strong force at Hadley Woods. All outdoor amusements had to be abandoned owing to the rain, and Host Hedges kindly cleared the large room at the "Two Brewers" for our convenience. An excellent programme of songs and dances was arranged by Mr. Marshall, and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Owing to a block on the railway we were detained over two hours on the return journey. With this exception the arrangements were carried out in a very satisfactory manner.

GARDEN PARTY.—On Saturday next, 11th inst., our First Garden Party will take place at the "Red House," Barking-side. Members of the Palace and friends can obtain tickets in Room 1, at the Palace, any evening this week; double tickets, 1s. each. Entries for the sports will be received up till first post to-morrow (Thursday) morning.

Those Ramblers who wish to take part in the trip to Yarmouth on the 18th inst., are requested to communicate with Mr. Rout, not later than Saturday next.

Committee Meeting on Thursday evening at 8.30.

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

### BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Committee of the above Club beg to make known that they have succeeded in securing private ground for the forthcoming season at Chobham Farm, Stratford, about ten minutes' walk from the Station.

Gentlemen wishing to join the Club can obtain all information by "dropping a line" to either of the undersigned.

Entrance fee, 1s.; annual subscription, 2s. 6d. Honorary Members, 2s. 6d.

A General Meeting will be held on Wednesday, August 22nd, at 8.30. Important business.

T. MORETON, } Hon. Secs.  
E. SHERRALL, }

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Last Saturday afternoon the Queen's Hall presented a very pretty picture, and one which those who were present, I am quite sure, will never forget.

Not only was the eye pleased but the ear also, for the Choral and Orchestral Societies provided a splendid programme.

The concert was opened with a chorus from the Messiah—"All we like sheep," followed by the overture, "Festival," composed by Mr. W. R. Cave, given by the Orchestral Society. The Choir gave the glee, "The Lass of Richmond Hill," with very good effect.

By this time the Duchess of Albany, who had been visiting the different buildings in the Palace, arrived at the Queen's Hall, the Choir and Orchestra responding with the "National Anthem." After an address by Sir Edmund, and the presentation of Medals by the Duchess to the successful Gymnasts, the concert proceeded in the presence of Her Royal Highness who, by the way, stayed till the last piece but one on the programme, and expressed her delight at the performance given.

The "Bells of St. Michael's Tower," "Dame Durden," "God of Light," from Haydn's "Spring," were all well rendered. Mr. Bradley, with the Orchestra, played Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillante," Op. 22, with very great skill on the piano. The concert altogether was a great success.

Members are requested to attend the rehearsals regularly.

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.  
A. J. LAUNDY, Librarian.

## Lord Wolseley on Courage.

LORD WOLSELEY contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* a most interesting article on "Courage." Great courage he finds is generally accompanied by bodily soundness. It would be impossible (Lord Wolseley says) for him to point to any one man and say, "He was the bravest man I ever knew." But he thinks that Captain Sir William Peel, of the Royal Navy, possessed courage of an order that he had never seen so strongly marked in any other man. "During all our bombardments at Sebastopol it was his invariable practice to walk about behind his battery on the natural plateau of the ground, where he had little or no protection from the enemy's fire. This he did from no swagger, but set an example to his men of cool contempt for danger. I can see him now with his telescope under his arm in quarter-deck fashion, halting from time to time to watch the effect of his battery upon the enemy's works, or to direct the attention of his men in charge of guns to some particular spot or object in the Redan or Malakoff. He was thus always in view: his men could always see him, and as they were down in the trench before him, and so in comparative safety, all felt that his eye was upon them, and that if he in that exposed position made so light of his great danger, they could not presume to wince under the shelter which the battery afforded them. He was not only always cool, but most particularly courteous, and there was this well-known peculiarity about his grace of manner, that the hotter the fire and the greater the danger, the more suave, or as his men used to say, 'b—y polite' he became."

Speaking of the unreasoning panics which sometimes overwhelm large bodies of men, he says:—"I have seen a whole division literally crazy with terror when suddenly aroused in the dark by some senseless alarm. I have known even officers to tackle and wound their own comrades upon such occasions. Reasoning men are for the time reduced to the condition of unreasoning animals who, stricken with terror, will charge walls or houses, unconscious of what they do. In one of the worst panics I ever witnessed, an officer near me engaged a man against whom he jostled in the dark and mistook for an enemy. My friend, who was a fat little fellow, was soon knocked down, and as he fell he fired the last

chamber of his revolver at what he thought was his enemy, but which to his sorrow proved to be his own foot, which showed at that moment against the rising moon. In that night's panic several lost their lives, and many still bear the marks of wounds then received."

Lord Wolsey concludes his article with the story of the English general who, before he attacked Cadiz, thus addressed his men: "You Englishmen who are fed upon beef, don't surely mean to be beaten by a d—d lot of Spaniards who live upon oranges!"

### Autumn Fête.

On Monday—Bank Holiday—26,489 men, women, and children visited the People's Palace. This may seem a commonplace announcement to people who invariably "skip statistics," and read the sentence with a careless slur over the figures that leaves behind it only an indefinite impression that they represent rather a large number. Now the Queen's Hall is a large room—a very large room: it might be difficult to find half-a-dozen rooms of such size without some considerable travel. But imagine the half-dozen found, placed all together and packed full of our Bank Holiday visitors. What a crowd that would be! But we should still want three more such halls to complete the housing of our 26,489—nine Queen's Halls full of people! If there were only one gate to the Palace, and these people stood in single file to take their turn of admission, at a reasonable distance apart—a person on every yard of ground—right away down the Mile End, Bow, and Great Essex roads, the unfortunate man, woman or child who happened to be last would be somewhere in Brentwood, over fifteen miles off. All these people came to spend their Bank Holiday rationally in looking at beautiful pictures and flowers, and listening to beautiful music, as well, of course, as to indulge in the less refined but equally innocent amusements of merry-go-rounding, air-gun shooting, eating and drinking; and they all gratified their tastes without a single accident or breach of good manners. The usually uninviting patch of ground in front of the Queen's Hall, was, all the evening, dazzling in all the bravery of flags and Chinese lanterns, while the interior of the Gymnasium building was a perfect firmament of light. If there be any people who imagine that a good Exhibition of Pictures is wasted on East London, five minutes in the Queen's Hall and new Library on Monday or Tuesday would have cured them of any trace of such a conceit. The Duchess of Albany, who opened the Exhibition on Saturday, would have been inexpressibly gratified could she have observed the pleasurable appreciation with which the East Enders entered into the enjoyment of the treat provided for them by Messrs. Comyns, Carr, and Hallé.

## People's Palace Technical Schools,

MILE END ROAD, E.

### TIME TABLE for 1888 & 1889

(Subject to slight alteration).

The number of individual Students who have joined the People's Palace Classes since October, 1887, exceeds 3,300.

### PRACTICAL TRADE CLASSES.

Subject.	Day.	Hours.	Fees.
Tailors' Cutting—Elem. .. ..	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	6 0
" " Adv. .. ..	Thursday	7.30-9.0	6 0
Upholstery, Cutting & Draping ..	Wednesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Plumbing .. ..	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Cabinet Making .. ..	M., W. & Th.	7.30-9.30	5 0
Filing, Fitting, Turning, Pattern-making and Moulding .. ..	Tu. & F.	7.30-9.30	5 0
Carpentry and Joinery .. ..	M. & Th.	7.30-9.30	5 0
Wood Carving .. ..	M., W. & F.	7.30-9.30	6 0
Etching .. ..	Tu. & Th.	7.30-9.30	6 0
Hand Rail and Staircase Work ..	M. & Th.	7.30-9.30	6 0

### TECHNICAL CLASSES.

Subject.	Day.	Hours.	Fees.
Boot and Shoe Making .. ..	Wednesday	8.0-9.30	5 0
Mechanical Engineering .. ..	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Tools .. ..	"	8.0-9.0	2 0
Photography .. ..	"	8.0-10.0	6 0
Carpentry and Joinery .. ..	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Cabinet Designing .. ..	M., W. & Th.	7.30-9.30	4 6
Printing (Letter Press) .. ..	Thursday	8.0-9.30	6 0
Electrical Engineering .. ..	"	8.0-10.0	6 0
Electric Lighting .. ..	"	"	6 0
Electric Instrument Making .. ..	"	"	6 0
Electric Telegraphy .. ..	"	"	6 0
Plumbing .. ..	"	8.30-10.0	6 0

### SCIENCE CLASSES.

Building Con. and Draw.—Elem. ..	Thursday	8.9-9.10	4 0
" " Adv. .. ..	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Machine Con. and Draw.—Elem. ..	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv. .. ..	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Geom., Prac., Plane & Solid—Elem. ..	M. and Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv. .. ..	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Chemistry, Inorg.—Theo., Elem. ..	Tuesday	7.30-8.30	4 0
" " Prac., .. ..	"	8.30-10.0	10 6
" " Theo., Adv. .. ..	Friday	7.30-8.30	4 0
" " Prac., .. ..	"	8.30-10.0	15 0
Applied Mechanics .. ..	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Steam and the Steam Engine .. ..	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I. .. ..	Tu. and Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " II. .. ..	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics—Elem. ..	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv. .. ..	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Magnetism and Electricity .. ..	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv. .. ..	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Sound, Light and Heat .. ..	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv. .. ..	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0

### ART AND DESIGN CLASSES.

Freehand and Model Drawing .. ..	Monday Tuesday Thursday Friday	7.30-9.30	7 6
Perspective Drawing .. ..			
Drawing from the Antique .. ..			
Decorative Designing .. ..			
Modelling in Clay, etc. .. ..			
Geometrical Drawing .. ..			

### GENERAL CLASSES.

Commercial—Preparation Exams. ..	Tu. & Thur.	9 -9	7 6
English Literature .. ..	Thursday	8.30-9.30	3 0
Arithmetic .. ..	Tuesday	8 -9	2 6
Book-keeping .. ..	"	9 -10	2 6
Grammar .. ..	Thursday	7.30-8.30	2 6
Civil Service .. ..	Tuesday	7.30-10	10 0
" " .. ..	Wednesday	7.30-10	12 0
Shorthand (Pitman's) Elementary ..	Friday	8 -9	4 0
" " Advanced .. ..	"	9 -10	4 0
" " Reporting .. ..	"	9 -10	5 0
French, Elementary .. ..	Monday	6 -7.30	
" " .. ..	M. & Tu.	8.45-10	4 0
" " Intermediate .. ..	M. & Th.	7.30-8.45	
" " .. ..	Tuesday	6 -7.30	4 0
" " Advanced .. ..	"	7.30-8.45	
" " Commercial Correspondence ..	Thursday	6 -7.30	4 0
" " .. ..	"	8.45-10	4 0
German, Elementary .. ..	Wednesday	8 -9	4 0
" " Advanced .. ..	"	9 -10	4 0
Latin, Elementary .. ..	Thursday	6.30-7.30	4 0
Elocution .. ..	"	8 -10	3 6
Writing .. ..	Tuesday	8 -10	2 0

### MUSICAL CLASSES.

Singing, Elementary .. ..	Monday	8 -9	2 0
" " Advanced .. ..	"	9 -10	2 0
Choral Society .. ..	Friday	8 -10	2 0
Orchestral Society .. ..	Tu. & Fr.	8 -10	2 6
Military Band .. ..	"	8 -10	2 6
Pianoforte .. ..	Tu. & Th.	6 -8	9 0
Violin .. ..	Wednesday	8 -10	5 0

### CLASSES FOR FEMALES ONLY.

Dressmaking and Cutting .. ..	Wednesday	7.30-9.30	5 0
Plain Needlework and Garment Making .. ..	"	"	"
Millinery .. ..	Monday	7.30-9.30	4 0
Art Needlework .. ..	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	4 0
" " .. ..	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
Cookery .. ..	Thursday	7.30-9.30	3 0

## Earthquakes in London.

Two of the most memorable shocks of the earth felt in the metropolis were those of 1580 and 1750. The first of these took place on the evening of Easter Wednesday (April 6), 1580. The great clock-bell at Westminster struck at the shock, and the bells of the various churches were set jangling; the people rushed out of the theatre in consternation, and the gentlemen of the Temple, leaving their supper, ran out of the hall with their knives in their hands. Part of the Temple Church was cast down, some stones fell from St. Paul's, and two apprentices were killed at Christ Church by the fall of a stone during sermon-time. This earthquake was felt pretty generally throughout the kingdom, and was the cause of much damage in Kent, where many castles and other buildings were injured; and at Dover, a portion of a cliff fell, carrying with it part of the castle wall. So alarmed were all classes, that Queen Elizabeth thought it advisable to cause a form of prayer to be used by all householders, with their whole family, every evening before going to bed.

On the 8th of September, 1692, the merchants were driven from 'Change and the people from their houses by a shock; and the streets of the metropolis were thronged with a panic-stricken crowd, some swooning, some aghast with wonder and amazement. This earthquake was felt in most of the home counties. Evelyn, writing from Sayes Court to Bishop Tenison, says:—"As to our late earthquake here, I do not find it has left any considerable marks. In London, and particularly in Dover Street, they were greatly affrighted."

The year 1750 is, however, the most memorable year of English earthquakes. It opened with most unseasonable weather, the heat being, according to Walpole, "beyond what was ever known in any other country"; and on the 8th of February, a shock was felt, followed exactly a month afterwards by a second and severer one, when the bells of the church-clocks struck against the chiming-hammers, dogs howled, and fish jumped high out of the water.

Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, narrates the catastrophe, commencing with

Portents and prodigies have grown so frequent,  
That they have lost their name.

"My text is not literally true; but, as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain springing up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift my head. I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done. There has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much earthenware. The bells rang in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord, one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had was in the Ridotto, at which, being the following morning, there were but 400 people. A parson who came into White's the morning after earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder mills, went away exceedingly scandalised, and said, 'I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe, if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment!' The excitement grew intense: following the example of Bishops Secker and Sherlock, the clergy showered down sermons and exhortations, and a country quack sold pills 'as good against an earthquake.' A crazy Lifeguardsman predicted a third and more fatal earthquake at the end of four weeks after the second; and a frantic terror prevailed as the time drew near.

"On the evening preceding the 5th of April, the roads out of London were crowded with vehicles, spite of an advertisement in the papers threatening the publication of an exact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left or shall leave this place through fear of another earthquake.' 'Earthquake

gowns—warm gowns to wear while sitting out of doors all night—were in great request with women. Many people sat in coaches all night in Hyde Park, passing away the time with the aid of cards and candles;" and Walpole asks his correspondent, "What will you think of Lady Catharine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play brag till four o'clock in the morning, and then come back, I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?" The prophet of all this was a trooper of Lord Delawar's, who was sent to Bedlam.

The second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it was believed there would be a third in another month, which was to swallow up London; and Walpole advised several who were going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as they were so periodic. Dick Leveson and Mr. Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House, one night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!"

The great earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1755, agitated the waters of the United Kingdom, and even affected Peerless Pool in the City Road.

In 1842, an absurd report gained credence among the weak-minded, that London would be destroyed by earthquake on the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day. This rumour was founded on certain doggerel prophecies; one pretended to be pronounced in the year 1203, and contained in the Harleian Collection (British Museum), 800 b. folio 319; the other by Dr. Dee, the astrologer (1598, MS. in the British Museum). The rhymes, with these "authorities," inserted in the newspaper, actually excited some alarm, and a great number of timid persons left the metropolis before the 17th. Upon reference to the British Museum, the "prophecies" were not, however, to be found; and their forger has confessed them to have been an experiment upon public credulity.

## Cowper's "John Gilpin."

THIS little poem was composed by Cowper about the year 1782, upon the story told the poet by Lady Austen, to relieve the poet's depressive melancholy. Lady Austen remembered the tale from her childhood, and its effects on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment, for he told her the next morning that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad. It found its way into the newspapers, and Henderson, the actor, recited it in his public readings. Southey conjectured the tale to have been suggested by a poem written by Sir Thomas More, in his youth, entitled "The Merry Jest of the Sergeant and Frere"; and possibly the tale which Lady Austen remembered may have originated from this source.

It has, however, been much disputed whether "John Gilpin" was an entirely fictitious romance, or whether Cowper founded his poem upon an event in the life of a real personage. In making some researches in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. M'Caul, of the British Museum, came accidentally upon a notice to this effect:—"Died this day, at —, Mr. —, celebrated for his indifferent horsemanship, under the name of John Gilpin." The notice was about twelve lines in length. Mr. M'Caul could not again find the passage. Of this much, however, he is certain—that the short memoir alluded to distinctly affirmed and established (i.e. as far as it was trustworthy) the fact that the celebrated John Gilpin was a historic personage. As the passage is not in the Index of the *Gentleman's Magazine* under "Gilpin," Mr. M'Caul concludes that Gilpin was not the real name, but only the appellation which Cowper assumed for the occasion.

**Do Something.**—There is nothing more troublesome to a good mind than to do nothing. For besides the furtherance of our estate, the mind doth both delight and better itself with exercise. There is but this difference then betwixt labour and idleness, that labour is a profitable and pleasant trouble; idleness, a trouble both unprofitable and comfortless. I will be ever doing something; that either God when he cometh or Satan when he tempteth, may find me busied. And yet, since—as the old proverb is—better it is to be idle than effect nothing, I will not more hate doing nothing, than doing something to no purpose. I shall do good but a while; let me strive to do it while I may.

## A Mile End "Mystery."

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

There had always been a puzzling uncertainty about Lizzie Spring and her movements. So far as I, her historian, can gather, she was as well-behaved and as modest a girl as the majority of the damsels nowadays, and that is saying a great deal. I write "nowadays" advisedly, because I verily believe that in the times of our grandmothers' feminine behaviour was much more superior than it is at the present day.

Lizzie, I may tell you, was a nice-looking, tall girl of nineteen or thereabouts, with a lovely pair of dark eyes, a rather pale—and what novelists call "a characteristic London"—face, and an abundance of hair dressed in as becoming a manner as the most captious duchess could well desire to see—assuming, of course, that duchesses, generally, trouble their coroneted heads about such matters. Beyond a neatness of attire and a somewhat stately carriage—she had, indeed, the most bewitching way of arranging little bows—there was nothing very remarkable in the girl: so far as outward appearances went. Yet her compeers felt that she was a Somebody. They did not know her history or her parentage, and, though she must have known of their undying curiosity, she had never for one moment offered to lift the veil of her life and to reveal unto them her past career or her private and personal history. She was reserved without being proud, and did not—and apparently could not mix freely with the girls of her own age and station. Nothing, absolutely nothing, was known of her: so that in a very short time she became to be regarded as a Mystery.

The girls at the pretentious little milliner's shop where she worked regarded her with mixed feelings. They laid their heads—rather pretty heads, by the way—together, and the more they speculated and conjectured, the more hopelessly muddled did they become. So after much small talk and no little scandal, they each agreed to do the best they could to unravel this Mystery, which to them was as troublesome as the fate of Sodom was to Lot's wife. Mind you, they never once openly complained to or questioned Lizzie herself, for, like the divinity that doth hedge a king, there is, around a Being with a Mystery, a strange and unfathomable something that compels and commands respect.

The Mystery, the girls felt—they were four in number—would be hard to unravel. They knew that Lizzie Spring lived in a certain unattractive street, hopelessly blocked at one end, off the Mile End Road, and they also knew that she resided with an elderly person whom, on divers occasions, she had been known to address as granny. But that was all. They did not know from whence she had come three years before: which, of course, was largely part and parcel of the Mystery. Not only the shop-girls where Lizzie worked, but the whole neighbourhood became painfully curious respecting the granny and the girl, and would have given untold gold—had they possessed it—to have discovered whatever secret there was attached to them.

One day, when the subject was under discussion between five interesting females, the general curiosity was unexpectedly gratified. It came about this way.

Lizzie—so it was whispered—had left her employer's early in the forenoon, feeling very unwell. This event in itself was quite enough to set tongues wagging—insignificant as it may appear to some; but much, much food for reflection was to follow. At half-past one precisely—the aforesaid ladies could "stake their davy" as to the time, having been interrupted in the noonday repast—the ostentatious whirling of chariot-wheels was heard in the little street: an event which, simultaneously, caused a commotion and the poking of five-and-twenty human heads out of five-and-twenty casements. The excitement knew no bounds: for the blind turning that had hitherto only known the humble vehicles of the paraffin-vendor, the milkman or the purveyor of defunct horseflesh, was actually graced by a conveyance employed of the bloated aristocracy drawn up at Lizzie Spring's grandmother's door. Signals were at once exchanged between window and window; first-floor of Number Four stage-whispered her impressions to the same storey at Number Thirteen opposite. To which Number Thirteen would as sagely reply.

From the chariot there alighted first, an old gentleman of sixty or so, and then a less elderly individual, with an air smacking of Lincoln's Inn or King's Bench Walk. Then the old gentleman with the bow of a Brummell, handed a handsome old lady and a still more handsome younger one out of the carriage, and the whole party, ushered by an

attendant Hermes, entered the house, shutting the door very carefully behind them.

There was a little drama being enacted in the first floor of Lizzie Spring's grandmother's house. It was quite a stage picture as the saying is. On the prompt side there stood an old gentleman and an old lady, both trying to look very stern and majestic, a tender beautiful girl holding forth her hands in supplication, and facing them, Lizzie Spring herself, with one hand tightly grasping her grandmother's arm, her face, if possible, still more pale and striking. In the back-ground a half-sullen fire was burning in the grate, and a perfectly malignant-looking cat lay curled upon the hearth-rug.

Presently the old lady—she who had such a regal bearing—broke the silence.

"Is it not enough," she said, "to have to endure the sufferings of three long weary years that you still persist in refusing to—"

"Softly, auntie," whispered the beautiful young lady next her, "Esther has been capricious and self-willed we know; but let us rather forgive her waywardness, for she, also, has suffered. Esther, darling," and she approached Lizzie Spring, "let me hope that all is forgiven—all offences past, and let the bygones be bygones in every sense of the word."

But Lizzie answered never a word.

"I have already told you that the man was a worthless scoundrel," broke in the old gentleman, sternly, "and you may never hope to see him or be troubled with him again. He was transported two years and a half ago, and will certainly never leave that prison alive. Heaven knows it sounds inhuman to say so, but it is best as it is. You were a headstrong inexperienced girl when you—you—left home, Esther," continued the old gentleman, more softly, "but you are a woman now—and have, I trust, all a woman's finer instincts and feeling. Do not refuse our offer. Will you come?"

Still Lizzie spoke not.

"Esther, my child," said the old lady, sadly, "nothing of your marriage to this man is known outside our family circle. Why should you not face the world again? Oh! my darling child," and here the grand old lady fairly broke down, "for the sake of your dead mother I implore you to return to us once again. Let me appeal not in vain."

Then Lizzie Spring burst into tears.

The murder—or rather, in this case, the Mystery is out—so far as you, gentle reader, are concerned: but the inhabitants of Splash Street, Mile End Road, never knew the real state of affairs. They conjured up wonderful explanations of the carriage, and the subsequent departure of Lizzie Spring from their street, but they never guessed that Esther Milner—whose parents had both been drowned off the Cape—and Lizzie Spring were one: or how that same Esther (or Lizzie) had once upon a time, nearly three years before, eloped from her uncle's house one dark night with a worthless, good-looking adventurer who, having succeeded in mastering the girl's romantic heart, had, after a brief spell of honeymooning, utterly deserted her, and left her to her own resources. Nor did these same inhabitants ever know of the girl's cruel awakening to the baseness of the world: or of her brave struggles to maintain herself rather than again seek the help of those of her relatives whom she felt she had so cruelly wronged. Nor did they ever guess that a notorious criminal, sentenced to life servitude a couple of years ago, was the husband of the girl they had known so long, and had respected so much as the mysterious and wonderful Lizzie Spring.

That is really all of the "Mystery." Nothing much, as you will perceive. Possibly you expected something more wonderful and more mysterious. Well, well, facts are stubborn things, you know, and are not always romantic.

**Curiosities of Arithmetic.**—An eastern prince was so much delighted with the game of chess, which had been devised for his amusement, that he desired the inventor to name his own reward. The philosopher, however, was too modest to seize the opportunity of enriching himself: he merely begged of his royal master a grain of corn for each square on the chess table, doubling the number in proceeding from the first to the sixty-fourth square. The king, honouring his moderation, made no scruple of consenting to his demand; but on his treasurer making the necessary calculations, he was somewhat surprised to find that he had engaged to give away the impossible quantity of 87,076,425,546,692,656 grains of corn, equal to the whole contained in 16,384 towns, each having 1,024 granaries of 174,762 measures, each consisting of 2,768 grains.

## "Twas in Trafalgar's Bay."

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

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## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

THE jury were dismissed; they were away for five minutes only; they came back with a unanimous verdict—"Guilty, but recommended to mercy on the ground of the elder prisoner's otherwise good character and the youth of the others."

"Prisoners at the bar," said the judge, "you have heard the verdict of the jury. With that verdict I entirely agree. Have you anything further to say?"

Dan cleared his throat and spoke.

"Only that your lordship was quite right," he said. "There was brandy in them kegs. That is all."

There was a general laugh, and even the judge smiled austere.

"I am glad that you admit your guilt. You are recommended to mercy. Under other circumstances, I should have inflicted the full penalty of seven years' transportation. But I am instructed from another and a higher quarter that you, Daniel Gulliver, have conferred a service which may be of importance to the country. In return for this you and your party will experience the king's clemency. I am also anxious to take into account the good character which you have received from your rector and others. If I could believe that this run of yours was a solitary venture, I would have inflicted a nominal sentence upon you. But it was not. You know that you have been systematically engaged in breaking the law. You have brought up your sons in your own footsteps. The laws of England must not be broken with impunity. The sentence of the court therefore is, that you and your two sons and the fourth prisoner, William Campion, do serve his Majesty on board the royal fleet for the space of three years. During that time you will not be debarred from receiving such pay, rewards, prize-money, and promotions as may be considered your just due. The *Dancing Polly* is, of course, the prize of Lieutenant Pollard."

Dan looked at Will, not at his two sons, as if to see what he thought of it. Will put up his finger as if enjoining silence.

"We thank your lordship," Dan said. "God save the king!"

He stooped over the dock to kiss me.

"Remember the hearthstone, my pretty," he whispered, "and keep up your heart, and wait for us in patience. We shall come home again. The Lord bless thee!"

But it was Will who held me tightest.

"Be patient dear," he whispered, "patient and true. Good-bye!"

Then they removed the prisoners, and Mr. Copas took me out of the court.

Next day he sent me in a carriage back to Lyme.

It was in the evening that I arrived. Joshua Meech was in the street. He was dressed in black, and had evidently just come out of his meeting-house, so that he was playing his third part.

"Dispensations!" he groaned, holding up both hands. "Oh Pleasance, let us kiss the rod. Three years aboard the Royal fleet! What a sentence for a young gentleman! Ropes'-ends and cat-o'-nine tails, with salt junk. 'Tis the chastisement of Providence."

"Do not come near me, Joshua," I said fiercely, thinking of his last visit to me. "For three years I shall see no one."

"Grievous, grievous dispensations!" he replied, holding up both hands and shaking his head. But there

was the joy of revenge in his eyes. He was glad that my Will was out of the way for three years.

## CHAPTER V.

FEMINA FURENS.

FOR two days I sat at home, or walked about the Holmbush Fields, brooding. The *Dancing Polly* was gone, she was the prize of the revenue people. They had not taken my little boat. I might, as of old, put out to sea and dream, no longer of the future, but of the golden past, on the gentle bosom of the Channel. And, of course, there was the *Chace Mary*, which was no good to me. For two days I thought of nothing but the sentence. Three years at sea; three years on board a man-o'-war; three years among the rough sea-dogs who manned our ships; three years in a hard and severe service, where they flogged the men for next to nothing; where the pursers cheated and starved the crew; where the food was the coarsest; where the rivalry after every action was, who could show the biggest "butcher's bill"; where there was but one saving clause—that the men fought to win. I knew, from the talk I had heard, what manner of thing this service was; I knew how hard and rough it was; I feared nothing for Dan and the two boys, for obvious reasons—but Will was a gentleman.

And then, he might get killed in an engagement. Fights were always happening; there was no day but some new dispatch was published, showing how his Majesty's ship *Hevo* had fought the French ship *Gasconade*, and brought her home in tow, disabled, and a prisoner. Yet the French went on building ships for us to take them. That is to me the most wonderful part of the whole history, that the French went on fighting a hopeless game and turned out fleet after fleet, of ships better built than our own—although, Dan used to say, too heavily laden with upper gear—for us to take and destroy.

In one of these engagements, my Will, Dan, the boys, might meet their end.

Well, there was hardly a woman in England at that time who was not placed like myself; hardly one who had not son, brother, husband, or lover, fighting somewhere his Majesty's battles, afloat or ashore. A cruel and anxious time: a time when poor ignorant girls like myself went about with tightened lips, hard eyes, and clenched hands, trying vainly to be hopeful; when cultivated ladies hid their pain and smiled with agony at their hearts; when all of us, ignorant and cultivated alike, found at last our only hope and refuge—upon our knees. Oh the yearning prayers, the tearful supplications to the throne of mercy, the torture of mind, which led at last to trust in the divine protector—when all the time, perhaps, the brave young fellow for whom our tears were shed and our prayers were offered, was lying fathoms deep on the shells of ocean, or covered somewhere in a foreign land with a few inches of earth, his campaigns over for ever!

Forty-eight hours' struggle through the depths of despair brought me to the goal of resignation which all women, after such mental conflicts, reach. Then I began to look about for some way of passing the time.

Isaac Agus and his wife would carry on the farm; the produce of the farm—it was not much—would suffice to keep him, his wife, and myself. That I soon argued out, and represented to the old labourer, who was hard of comprehension, but managed to understand at length that he was to be sole responsible manager for three years.

This settled, I began to think about the very remarkable and rapid clearance of the cargo.

Of course, it must have been Joshua whose step I heard in the bay; it must have been Joshua come down to lend a hand; it must have been Joshua who cleared the hold; no one else could have done it.

Where had he put the cargo?

The arrest took place at about four in the morning; when the revenue men came back to look for their prize it must have been past eight. Four hours to move fifty or sixty kegs of brandy, each holding four gallons or so.

For one man, single-handed, that is a heavy job. It would not be possible to carry the kegs very far.

Now, we had half-a-dozen places, known only to ourselves, in which we could stow our merchandise. They were scattered about in the Undercliff. Some were a good half mile from the bay, one or two were quite close. Joshua, I thought, would take the nearest of all. This was a place lying quite close to the path from the bay to the farm; to reach it you scrambled over a sloping ledge of loose stones, and you passed by what seemed to be a tangled heap of brambles. If you got to the back of the bushes you saw that they covered over a natural hollow, a sort of punch-bowl, which made the most admirable cellar in the world, especially in summer, when the leaves were thick.

I went straight to the spot, and pulled aside the branches. Below me, to my great joy, I discovered the whole of the *Dancing Polly's* last run.

Joshua had put it there—careful Joshua! He had not ventured yet to sell any of it—prudent Joshua! No doubt he would account to Dan on his return for his share of the money—righteous Joshua!

Anyhow, whether Joshua did this thing with a view to his own interest only, or not, it was pluckily done, and well done.

Woman-like, having found a secret, I rejoiced. Who could have laid the information? No one but ourselves—of whom Joshua was one—knew. Now, much as I dreaded the man for his violence and masterness, I never for one moment suspected Joshua of this villainy. The loathing, the hatred, the contempt with which men of all classes in those days regarded an informer were such, that a mother would have preferred to see her son lying in his grave, than to hear that he had become such a creature.

I have heard that a poet has said that an angry woman will dare anything. I think I have learned from my own experience, that a man from whom has been taken the girl he loves will do and dare anything to win her back.

The day after I made this discovery, there came to Rousdon Bay the young fellow belonging to Lieutenant Pollard's company, of whom I have already spoken, John Beer.

He was a good-natured lad, and had never ceased to regret the part he played in the case. He found me sitting in the porch looking sadly out to sea, and he sat down, kindly saying nothing for awhile. That was good of him.

"What is it you want with me, John Beer?"

"Nothing," he said.

Then there was no need for me to say anything, so I went on with my meditations, which were gloomy enough.

"The captain did say," he presently went on, "he did say that I might come over here, and find out something about the cargo, if I could; and he did say, too, that he hoped you wouldn't fret and grizzle, because, there's more comes back than you'd think, and it is only for three years. Lord! what's three years to a chap? Next door to nothing—and good fun all the time knocking over they Frenchmen like ninepins."

I made no reply.

"About the cargo, Pleasance. It's a sad loss to us is that brandy."

"Yes," I said; "I am very glad you haven't got it."

"Of course you know where it is," he went on, with a meaning smile. "Everybody knows that you were in all the secrets. The captain he says that if you weren't the prettiest girl in all Dorsetshire, he'd have put you in the dock alongside of the rest."

"If I did know where it is," I said, "I should not tell you. Look for it and find it, if you can."

"Who could have taken it? There was only one man who knew about the run—him as gave the information; because I heard him tell the captain so. But even he would not have dared, after giving that information."

"Who was it gave the information?" I sprang to my feet all trembling with excitement. "Who was it told you?"

"That," said the man, "is a secret."

"Tell me, John Beer, tell me. Oh, if I only knew!"

"I wonder what you would give to know, Pleasance?"

"How can I tell?"

"It was a mean and sneaking thing to do," said the man. "I heard it accidentally. I was sentry on duty. The captain's window was open and I listened. The captain and him, they think no one knows. I was in the front of the house, where the flagstaff is; he come in from the back, so as no one should see. But the window was open, and I both heard and seen him."

"Tell me, John Beer, tell me! Oh, what can I give to make you tell me?"

He reflected, with a straw in his mouth.

"There was fifty kegs, if there was one," he murmured. "Take away the captain's share, it is a matter of three guineas a head. If I had a couple of them kegs—"

"You shall, John, you shall; I'll give them to you at once."

"And yet it's a risk. Suppose the captain was to find out?"

"How can he find out?"

"Why, girls talk wild. You'd be in a tair—able rage, you would, Pleasance, if you only knew. It's the meanest, sneakiest thing ever done. That's what it is."

"If you would only tell me, I will never let out to a single creature how I got to know. Tell me!"

"Why then, if it's all right about them two kegs, and you won't never let out who told you—and considering what a mean and sneaking thing it was to do—why, I don't mind telling you. It was no—other—than—Joshua—Meech himself!"

I stared at him, incredulous. The thing was impossible.

"I tell you," repeated John Beer, "I seen him. It was the evening before, and at nine o'clock."

Nine o'clock! Then he must have gone straight away to give the information, after telling me that, whatever happened, I was to blame.

"The window was open. The captain was reading by the light of a pair of candles. I heard steps at the back of the house, crunching the gravel. Then I heard a knock at the captain's door. I looked in at the window, being so placed in the dark that I could do that without being seen. And I saw Joshua Meech himself open the door and walk in. Then I knew that there was mischief brewing."

"Pleasance!" he went on, after a pause, during which he gasped with indignation, "I knew that there was villainy. And I wish I'd have put my carbine at that open window and let him have the charge in his face, the scoundrel."

"Captain Pollard," he said, looking more like a devil than a human man, let alone Dan Gulliver's nephew, "I've come to lay information."

"Why!" cries the captain. "Information from you, Joshua Meech? Dick Turpin will be laying information next. Or perhaps Dan Gulliver?"

"I've come to lay information, sir, against Dan Gulliver."

"You? Against Dan Gulliver? What is the meaning of this? Why, man, you are his partner! You are his nephew!"

"I've come to lay information against Dan Gulliver," repeated Joshua, with a white face. I was listening all the while, you may be sure.

"What does it mean? Have you quarrelled?"

"That does not matter to you," he replied doggedly. "I'm come with that information. Will you take it, or will you refuse it? If you do, I must go to the mayor and lay it before him."

"Joshua Meech," said the captain, "you are a villain. You are a black, foul villain. Whether this is treachery or revenge, you are a double-distilled scoundrel."

Joshua Meech made no reply.

"I must take your information," the captain went on. "It is my duty to take it and act upon it. Most informers are poor starving devils, whose necessities make them enact the part of spy. You have not that excuse. You are bringing ruin upon your old uncle, the man by whom you have been befriended and enriched. It is revenge, I suppose, for some petty quarrel. But such devilish revenge I never heard of before. Go on with your tale, blackguard and villain!"

"Ah, Pleasance, you all thought, at the trial, that the captain gloried in what he done. Don't you believe that no more. Only he had to do it, you know. It was his duty."

"Then Joshua Meech told how the run over was to be that very night, how the *Dancing Polly* was already gone, and how she would return the next night."

"The captain took it all down."

"Is that all?" he asked.

"That is all," said Joshua.

"Then go. Do not breathe the air of this room with me. Great heavens!" he cried, starting to his feet, "that such a villain should live in this kingdom of England, and call himself my fellow-countryman! Go!"

"There, Pleasance; now you know all."

Yes; this was his revenge. This was his plan to prevent me from marrying Will. To make this impossible, or to defer it, he had the incredible baseness to sacrifice his uncle and his cousins. Was it possible, could anyone have believed, that a man should be so wicked?

I sat all that day, meditating revenge, thinking in what way I could most injure this man. One wild plan after another suggested itself to me. I would set fire to his mill. I would secretly destroy the trees in his orchard. I would put a stone in the wheels of his mill. I would go into the town and tell everybody.

Nothing, however, satisfied me. Revenge never does satisfy. If his mill was burned he would build it up again; but that would not give me back Dan, and the boys, and Will, and the *Dancing Polly*. He could repair any mischief I could do him. Even if I whispered it round in Lyme Regis that he was the informer, he would deny it, and I had no proof, because John Beer was bound to silence. What then could I do?

In the evening, still brooding over the revenge I was to take, I grew restless and walked over the fields to the mill itself.

It was a bright night; the valleys which stretched away behind Lyme lay all bathed in a beautiful moonlight, everything was peaceful and quiet, except the heart of the girl who went along the lonely road. She met no one, she saw nothing, her soul was full of an inextinguishable craving for vengeance; she was like a tigress bereft of her cubs.

The mill stood alone in its field, silent, and backed by the black depths of its shadows and the woods. The top of the big wheel could be made out standing clear against the sky. Beneath it poured the waters of the leat, which in the daytime worked the wheel.

I stole like a shadow through the orchard; on the other side, away from the mill, was a linney, or penthouse, where Joshua's waggon was kept. I sat down on the broad wheel of the waggon, trying to put my disordered thoughts into some sort of shape. I hungered for revenge—I longed to make him suffer. I had come here to feel near to a man on whom I was going to work revenge.

He was on the other side of the wall, I thought. He was chuckling, no doubt, over the end of my love story, laughing to think that my lover was serving before the mast on one of his Majesty's ships, for three long years. O villain!

Presently, as I listened, I heard voices. Someone was with him. I crept from the penthouse, and stepped lightly over the narrow flower-bed which stood beneath the window. The shutter was closed, but one knew what sort of a shutter would be that of Joshua's cottage at the mill. In fact it was not even barred, and there was a hole in it, through which I saw what was going on. The visitor was our old friend Mr. Mallock, justice of peace, and he was talking in his magisterial way.

"Quite a providence, Joshua"—he wagged his head till his purple cheeks shook and wobbled—"that you were able to rescue the cargo. Quite a providence. At one time I thought I should be able to dismiss the charge, but it was impossible. Poor old Dan! Poor boys! Who was the villain that informed?"

"I wish we knew, sir."

"I wish we did, with all my heart. He would get a warm reception at Lyme, I promise him so much. However—three years—it is a long time. You may send me, Joshua, at the old price—ah!—twenty kegs—yes, I think I had better secure what I can get. Twenty kegs. Dear me! They can come to-morrow morning in flour sacks. I will pay for them now."

There was a great counting out of money on the table. When Joshua was satisfied that it was all right, he put it up in a little bag, and promised to bring the brandy the next morning.

Then the worthy justice of the peace retired. I slipped back to my place of concealment, while Joshua accompanied his visitor to the door with many expressions of gratitude for his custom and his condolences.

"You are very welcome, Joshua, very welcome," said his worship; "and as for that villain—"

He disappeared in the darkness, still muttering what he would do, had he the power, to the scoundrel who spoiled an honest man's trade.

Joshua went back, and I heard him bar the door, so that I knew he would have no other visitors.

Then I returned to my place and watched him again through the hole of the shutter.

He was rather pale, and his hand was shaking. No doubt he was thinking of his villainy.

He went to the cupboard in the wall, and drew out a bottle, containing, I knew well, some of poor Dan Gulliver's best. I wished I could dash the bottle in his face as he drank from a wine-glass.

The brandy gave him courage, I suppose, for he looked round him with a more assured air. What he was saying to himself, I believe, was that nobody knew, except Captain Pollard, and he certainly could not tell. Nobody knew! Why, within a short six feet of where he stood was the girl he had so foully wronged, burning to be avenged.

He tied the bag of money which Mr. Mallock had left with him, tightly, and taking a short thick poker which stood beside the andirons, he prised up the hearthstone. There he deposited the bag, and replaced the stone carefully, taking the precaution to sweep ashes over the edges, so as to conceal the fact of its recent removal. We all used the hearthstone for our bank, and we all went through the same formality of trying to hide the fact.

This done, he looked around him again, sighed, and seized the stone bottle which held the brandy. One, two, three glasses in succession of raw spirit. Was this his nightly custom, or was he seeking to drown remorse? Then he took the candle, opened the door which stood at the bottom of the stairs, and stumbled up to his bed-room. It seemed to me that Joshua was likely to sleep heavily, after all that brandy.

(To be continued.)

## Richardson's Novels.

HIGH as Richardson's reputation stood in his own country, it was even more exalted in those of France and Germany, whose imaginations are more easily excited, and their passions more easily moved, by tales of fictitious distress, than are the cold-blooded English. Foreigners of distinction have been known to visit Hampstead, and to inquire for the Flask Wall, distinguished as a scene in Clarissa's history, just as travellers visit the rocks of Mellerie to view the localities of Rousseau's tale of passion. Diderot vied with Rousseau in heaping incense upon the shrine of the English author. The former compared him to Homer, and predicts for his memory the same honours which are rendered to the father of epic poetry; and the last, besides his well-known burst of eloquent panegyric, records his opinion in a letter to D'Alembert: "On n'a jamais fait encore, en quelque langue que ce soit, de roman égal à Clarissa, ni même approchant." (Sir Walter Scott). But Lord Byron could not, he said, read *Clarissa*.

However, Richardson's popularity in England was very great. He tells us that he "slid into the writing of *Pamela*" in the following manner: "Two booksellers, my particular friends, entreated me to write for them a volume of letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves. 'Will it be any harm,' said I, 'in a piece you want to be written so low, if we should instruct them how they should think and act in common cases, as well as indite?' They were the more urgent with me to begin the volume for this hint. I set about it; and in the progress of it, writing two or three letters to instruct handsome girls, who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue, the above story recurred to my thoughts; and hence sprung *Pamela*." When the work first appeared, in 1740, it was received with a burst of applause; Dr. Sherlock recommended it from the pulpit, Mr. Pope said it would do more good than volumes of sermons; and another literary oracle declared, that if all other books were to be burnt, *Pamela* and the Bible should be preserved. "Even at Ranelagh," Mrs. Barbauld assures us, "it was usual for the ladies to hold up the volumes to one another, to show they had got the book that every one was talking of." And, what will appear still more extraordinary, one gentleman declares that he will give it to his son, as soon as he can read, that he may have an early impression of virtue. Indeed, the success of *Clarissa* and *Grandison* procured Richardson praise and admiration from nearly all quarters.

He bought a pleasant retreat in the suburbs of London, then far more rural than in the present day; and it was in seeking this retreat of the novelist, that Sir Richard Phillips found a very different knowledge of Richardson's fame, of which the worthy knight used to relate, with much glee, the following:—

"A widow kept a public-house near the corner of North-end-lane, about two miles from Hyde Park-corner, where she had lived about fifty years; and I wanted to determine the house in which Samuel Richardson, the novelist, had resided in North-end-lane. She remembered his person, and described him as 'a round, short gentleman, who most days passed her door,' and she said she used to serve his family with beer. 'He used to live and carry on his business,' said I, 'in Salisbury Square.' 'As to that,' said she, 'I know nothing, for I never was in London.' 'Never in London?' said I; 'and in health, with the free use of your limbs?' 'No,' replied the woman; 'I had no business there, and had enough to do at home.' 'Well, then,' I observed, 'you know your own neighbourhood the better—which was the house of Mr. Richardson, in the next lane?' 'I don't know,' she replied; 'I am, as I told you, no traveller. I never was up the lane—I only know that he did live somewhere up the lane.' 'Well,' said I, 'but living in Fulham parish, you go to church?' 'No,' said she, 'I never had time; on a Sunday our house is always full. I never was at Fulham but once, and that was when I was married; and many people say that was once too often, though my husband was as good a man as ever broke bread—God rest his soul!"

**Insects Destroyed by Small Birds.**—Sparrows feed their young thirty-six times in an hour, which, calculating at the rate of fourteen hours a day, in the long days of spring and summer, gives 3,500 times per week. Redstarts have been observed to feed their young with little green grubs.

## Garrick's Othello.

In the season of 1745 Garrick acted the character of *Othello*, but failed so entirely in the part, that this was his only performance of it. Quin had already rendered himself famous in it, and determined to judge for himself of his rival's acting. Quin went to the theatre on the above night, and ensconced himself in the pit. There had just appeared Hogarth's famous prints of "Marriage à la Mode," in one of which, it will be remembered, is introduced a negro footboy entering the apartment with a tea equipage. To the quick fancy of Quin (naturally on the watch to turn his rival into ridicule), there appeared a ludicrous similarity between the appearance of the footboy and the blackened face and diminutive figure of Garrick. Accordingly, when the latter appeared in the third or fourth act, Quin suddenly exclaimed loudly enough to afford amusement to the pit, "Here is *Pompey*, but where are the tea-things?" The effect on the sensitive Garrick by the notoriety given to this anecdote may be imagined. Many years afterwards, Dr. Griffiths, the editor of the *Monthly Review*, inquired of Garrick, among a circle of friends, whether he had ever performed the part of *Othello*? The question was asked in perfect ignorance, both of Garrick's failure, and of the story of Quin's witticism; nevertheless, the effect which it produced on the great actor painfully forced itself on his expressive countenance, and was never forgotten by those who witnessed the scene. "Sir," he replied, with evident bitterness of feeling, "I once acted the part to my cost."

## 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.)

**TWO MERMAIDS.**—Tuesday is the day set aside for ladies in the Swimming-bath. There is a lady instructor, and on application at the Bath on that day you obtain every particular respecting Membership, etc.

**NON COMPOS MENTIS.**—You should have written before—it is now clearly too late. We should suggest that you enter your name at the Palace, and in due time you will be admitted as a Member.

**H. T. B.**—Thanks for enquiries; he is at present in the Isle of Wight. Only a fill up.

**L. S. C.**—(1) Messrs. Masters, King and Rhodes are the Secretaries—if you write them they will gladly furnish you with all particulars. (2) We are obliged.

**F. H. J.**—Basingstoke, probably: we are not quite sure. Certainly not Birmingham.

**TURNER.**—It is the largest of its kind in London. But we have never heard of the rival establishment.

**A Charm.**—A young farmer found his means seriously reduced. We do not approve of idle fortune-tellers, but it so happened that he met with a gipsy, gave her a crown for advice, and promised to make it a pound at the end of the year should he prove successful. "Take," she said, "the little cup, and drink from it every morning of the water you must get at such a spring. But, remember, you must draw it yourself at five o'clock, or the charm will be broken." Accordingly the next morning he proceeded across the fields, for the spring was at the further end of the estate, and spying a neighbour's cows which had broken through the fence and were feeding on his pasture, he turned them out, and had the fence mended. But the labourers were not at hand; they came loitering in after their proper time, and were startled at seeing "Master" so early. "Oh," said he, "I see how this is; it comes of my not getting up in time." His early rising soon became a pleasant habit; his walk and cup of water gave him an appetite for his breakfast; and the people were like himself about the farm. When at the close of the year he saw and rewarded his nut-brown adviser, he felt that her plan, like many an admirable invention, was as simple as it was efficacious.

**Pendent Birds' Nests.**—The most celebrated of the pendent nests is that of the Baltimore starling. One of these was in the form of a cylinder, five inches in diameter, and seven inches in depth. It was hung on the extremity of the horizontal branch of an apple-tree, and was visible one hundred yards off, though shaded by the sun.

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