

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLES PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. II.—No. 41.]

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]

Shadows Before THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.**—Exhibition of Modern Paintings and continuation of Illuminated Fête. Organ Recital, at 6.30. People's Palace Military Band in Grounds (weather permitting), at 8. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, with Band of H.M. Scots Guards, in Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission: 10 till 5, 2d.; 5 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.
- FRIDAY.**—Exhibition of Paintings, etc. Organ Recital, at 6.30. Pianoforte Recital in Flower Garden, at 7 (Pianist, Miss Connor). Band of H Division of Metropolitan Police in Grounds (weather permitting), at 8. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, with Band of H.M. Scots Guards, in Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission: 10 till 5, 2d.; 5 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.
- SATURDAY.**—Exhibition of Paintings, etc. Band of Boys from Dr. Barnardo's Home, at 6. People's Palace Military Band, in Illuminated Concert Hall, at 8. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, with Band of H.M. Scots Guards, in Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission: 10 till 2, 2d.; 2 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.
- SUNDAY.**—ORGAN RECITALS at 12.30 and 4. Library open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY.**—Exhibition of Paintings, etc. Organ Recital, at 6.30. Band in Grounds (weather permitting), at 7. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, with Band of H.M. Scots Guards, in Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission: 10 till 5, 2d.; 5 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.
- TUESDAY.**—Exhibition of Paintings, etc. Organ Recital, at 6.30. People's Palace Military Band in Grounds (weather permitting), at 8. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, with Band of H.M. Scots Guards, in Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission: 10 till 5, 2d.; 5 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.
- WEDNESDAY.**—Exhibition of Paintings, etc. Organ Recital, at 6.30. Band of H Division of Metropolitan Police in Grounds (weather permitting), at 7. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, with Band of H.M. Scots Guards, in Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission: 10 till 5, 2d.; 5 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, AUGUST 26th, 1888,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. GILBERT A. COPE.
(Late of St. Michael and All Angels, Lower Sydenham).

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| 1. March, "Silver Trumpets" | Violini. |
| 2. Benedictus, "Twelfth Mass" | Mozart. |
| 3. Largo in G | Handel. |
| 4. "L'Espoir" | Beethoven. |
| 5. Grand Offertoire in E flat | Batiste. |
| 6. "O, for the wings of a dove" | Mendelssohn. |
| 7. Andante in E | Batiste. |
| 1. Grand March "Cornelius" | Mendelssohn. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MISS EDROFF.

(Pupil of the London Organ School and International College of Music.)

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| 1. Commemoration March | Scotson Clark. |
| 2. Andante | Hesse. |
| 3. "Fixed in His everlasting seat" | Handel. |
| 4. "O rest in the Lord" | Mendelssohn. |
| 5. Offertoire | Léfebvre Wely. |
| 6. Fantasia | Scotson Clark. |
| 7. Toccata, C major | Bach. |
| 8. Andante in C | Silas. |
| 9. Marche aux Flambeaux | Scotson Clark. |

Notes of the Week.

THOSE who have read Mr. Louis Stevenson's delightful story, "Treasure Island," will be interested in reading the story told by the *Japan Weekly Mail* about a real search for hidden treasure. Two millions sterling in doubloons, with no end of jewels and plate, *caché'd* somewhere in the Pacific by a piratical English lieutenant, who cut out the brig containing the treasure and stowed away his booty in a safe place on an unnamed island of the Marianne group. The pirates quarrelled: the lieutenant, two officers, and a cabin boy fired the ship, and fled in a ship's boat. One of the officers was murdered before reaching land. The cabin boy was clapped into prison as a pirate. The lieutenant and the surviving officer chartered a schooner, and went off for the treasure. The officer tipped the lieutenant overboard, and then, being threatened with punishment on meeting another brig if he did not reveal the place of the treasure, the solitary survivor filled his pockets with lead and iron and dropped into the sea, leaving as the only clue a handful of his hair, plucked out in an effort to save him from drowning, and a chart of the unnamed, unknown Treasure Island. The Spanish authorities hold the chart, the island holds the treasure, and an effort to discover it by an English captain, who believes he has a clue to the secret, has just had a mysterious termination. The captain on landing to look for the treasure was deserted by his men, who carried off the ship and have not since been heard of. There is no doubt that there will soon be a fresh expedition in search of this treasure.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the public will not encourage the racing that is now going on in the new express trains to Edinburgh. In a letter to the *Times* Mr. Acworth very rightly points out not only that this dangerous speed jeopardizes the safety of passengers, but also puts a fresh and intolerable strain on the nerves of the drivers, who have already as much anxiety and responsibility as they ought to have.

BICYCLISTS will be interested in hearing that four members of the Polytechnic Cycling Club have beaten the record of Mr. Selby's coach, which recently covered the distance from Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly, to Brighton and back in 7 h. 50 min., though it should be mentioned that sixty-four horses were used on the journey. A start was made at 10.38 a.m., Mr. E. J. Willis being the first rider. A strong south-westerly wind was blowing at the time, which greatly impeded the cyclists' journey. Mr. G. L. Morris was in waiting, and quickly mounted the machine. The latter took it on to Crawley, when another relief came, this time from Mr. S. C. Shafer, who completed the down-journey, the time when the "Ship" Hotel was reached being 2.34 p.m. Mr. S. Walker was hardly as successful as the others, his time back to Crawley being 1 h. 36 min.; but from this point the men pushed on rapidly, and Mr. Morris eventually reached Hatchett's at 6 h. 14 min. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec., thus beating the coach record by 13 min. 40 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. One machine only was used during the journey, weighing but 36 lbs.

WHAT is known as the "Silly Season" in Journalism, is now in full swing. In the *Daily Telegraph* a large number of persons of both sexes are pouring forth their experiences of marriage. If we may judge from their epistles, they seem to be somewhat lacking in common sense, which probably accounts in some measure for their unhappy experiences,

which is somewhat depressing reading for the unmarried. But alas! so long as young men and women marry, because they admire the colour of each others eyes or from some trifling reason of this kind, so long must marriage prove a failure.

THE hot August nights, says the *St. James' Gazette*, present a beautiful sight to those who look skyward, with the ceaseless flashing of silvery meteors across the sky. Towards midnight the zenith is illuminated with these mysterious brilliances. The earth began to pass through the meteoric stream on the 7th, and these flashing jewels of the darkness were visible until the 13th. It is worthy of remark (says the *Daily News*), that on all the dates when meteors had been set down as due in the almanacs, the weather has invariably been warm, though not always dry, during the past meteorologically melancholy months. The 11th of April was one of these dates, and on that date the heat and sunshine of the afternoon were noticeably pleasant, coming as they did, after a long continuance of dull grey days. The present heat began on the 7th. The next dates for meteors are the 1st of September and the 6th. The same dates in November are set down for these beautiful visitants, and again, from the 11th of the month of fogs on to the 18th, and again, on the 19th and 27th.

A STRIKING and successful experiment was last week made by the organisers of the University Extension Scheme, under which, as is well known, students of every rank of life can attend lectures given by the most eminent professors at a very trifling cost. Someone at Oxford suggested that the students attending their classes should visit this splendid seat of learning: and the idea having been taken up with enthusiasm, some hundreds of students flocked to Oxford. Here the most eminent Oxford men entertained and addressed them: and they were shown everything of interest in the Colleges. The expenses were made as low as possible, and the whole undertaking was a great success.

THE Inquiry into the "Sweating System" is now at an end, and it remains to be seen whether it will result in any practical good. In any case this terrible waste of life and labour is now known to the public: and in this as in most other wrongs a good deal of the remedy lies in the hands of the public. Whether it is possible, or wise, for an employer to pay his employes higher wages than other masters is a difficult problem to solve. But there can be no question that the majority of employers treat their workpeople as machines, and utterly disregard their welfare. Now why should not public opinion—a very strong lever indeed—be brought to bear here, and a social stigma be laid upon the man who fails to do what he can for the men who work for him?

In the olden days men were courageous and chivalrous, because a deep disgrace attached to the knight who was cowardly or discourteous to women. If, to-day, an employer who did not build decent dwellings for his work-girls, or who did not care in the least how they existed after factory hours, was regarded with contempt and disgust, there would speedily be a change for the better, as men who are often deaf to conscience are sensitive to the world's criticism.

The following story of a fight with a rattlesnake is given in the *Statesman of India*, by a writer signing himself R. M., who was once head of the Crown Lands Department in the colony of Trinidad:—"In company with a half-breed, who combined the vocations of woodman and hunter, I stumbled suddenly on a large specimen of the *crotalus mutus*, slowly winding its way among the leafy debris of the forest. For some time it was difficult to discern the scaly folds of the snake through the brown mass of decaying foliage, but having reached a clear spot the reptile coiled round a low stump, and prepared for action. About a yard of the body next the head was contracted into numerous sharp curves not unlike a corkscrew, while the yellow eyes gleamed with a baleful light. There was little fascination about these orbs, and no mistaking the malignant intentions of their owner. A stick brought within reach of that mortal coil was struck almost with the rapidity of lightning, no matter how swiftly withdrawn. This was effected by the instantaneous straightening of the short curves into which this portion of the body had been contracted. Even the wily mongoose would have needed all his marvellous agility to avoid the deadly stroke if once within range. The reach was about a yard, and the assault was delivered

horizontally some six inches from the ground directly towards the assailant. The hunter, who had hitherto kept at a respectful distance, as he alleged the snake could spring, was eventually persuaded to approach sufficiently near to strike it with a ten-foot pole. At the first blow the heavy coils relaxed from the stump, and the creature appeared dead or stunned. The writer at once grasped the neck about two inches from the head, and raised the reptile from the ground to examine it. As though galvanised into life by the touch, the crotalus seemed at once to recover its energies, and swiftly made a couple of turns round the thigh and right arm of its would-be captor. The constricting power exercised was such that the hand grasping the neck soon began to lose power, and the writer realized the awkward predicament into which his temerity had led him. Little could be done with the free left hand while the scaly terror began slowly to withdraw its head from the relaxing grasp of the right. For some seconds the trembling woodman appeared deaf to entreaty, and could not be persuaded to apply a noose of liana to the snake's neck. The largest serpents become paralysed when properly noosed, and are readily dragged along the ground as helpless as a log. Just as the snake's head seemed about to ooze through the numbed fingers, the half-breed screwed up his courage sufficiently to apply the liana as directed, with the result that the brute at once relaxed its coils, and was dragged down to a neighbouring stream, hung up, and skinned. It measured eight feet five inches, and was about as thick in the largest part of the body as the calf of a man's leg. The fangs, which were carefully extracted, measured an inch and a quarter in length, and were hollow to within a short distance of the point, where, on the inner side, lay the orifice through which the poison was ejected by the action of the base of the fang on the small bag in which it was secreted. On squeezing the bag a small quantity of poison, a yellowish fluid, passed down the hollow in the tooth, and gathered into a tiny drop of concentrated death. The stomach contained two wood-rats about the size of guinea-pigs."

It is not often that a Government paper is as interesting to read as is the dispatch of our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, which has lately been laid before Parliament. This paper, with the letter which accompanies it, describes a bit of English commercial enterprise as bold in its conception and dogged in its execution as any that ever gave fame to the daring sailors of Elizabeth's time. By "the intrepidity, energy, skill, and perseverance of a single British ship-master," a route has been opened up for trade by sea with the possessions of Russia in Asia. Captain Wiggins, after devoting the greater part of a life to the task, has demonstrated the practicability of navigating the Kara Sea, and reaching the mouths of the Rivers Yenisei and Obi,—thence into the very heart of Asia is comparatively easy work—already one ship, owned by the "Phoenix Merchant Adventurers"—such is the name of Captain Wiggins's Association—has steamed up the Yenisei for more than two thousand miles. It is to be hoped that the brave seaman, who spite of poverty, discouragement, and many a failure, has at length achieved a success in an undertaking so vast, will find his pecuniary reward at any rate in the profits of the company, which for five years are to be allowed to import all produce duty free.

Pottery.—The first known manufacture of pottery in England, is believed to have been established at Burslem, in Staffordshire, in the year 1686. The articles were, however, extremely rude and coarse. A few years afterwards, two brothers, named Eders, or Eilers, who came from Holland, introduced very great improvements; and although the jealousy of the inhabitants soon obliged them to quit England, the improvements were not thrown away, for the manufacture of pottery gradually became better. In the year 1763 the whole system was changed by the discoveries of Josias Wedgwood, by whose name all the better sorts of English pottery are still known.

Ancient Oak.—An oak is described as standing in the middle of a pasture, and bearing the most venerable marks of antiquity, which gives a name compounded of itself and its situation to the farm on which it grows—*Oak-ley* farm. The hollow of this tree was long the favourite retreat of a bull. Twenty people, old and young, have crowded into it at the same time. A calf being shut up there for convenience, its dam, a two-year old heifer, constantly went in to suckle the calf, and left sufficient room in the trunk for milking her. The oak is supposed to be near a thousand years old; the body is nothing but a shell.

Preventive of Rust.—The cutlers in Sheffield, when they have given knife or razor blades the requisite degree of polish, rub them with powdered quicklime, in order to prevent them from tarnishing; and it is said that articles made of polished steel are dipped in lime water by the manufacturer before they are sent into the retail market.

SUMMARY OF Results of Scholarship EXAMINATIONS.

PEOPLE'S PALACE EXAMINATION, 16TH JULY, 1888.

Alderton, Horace	East, Clement A.	Myers, Edward
Aldridge, Joseph	Eborall, W. Gorman	Newman, C.
Allen, Alfred Henry	Edmunds, S.	Nightingale, Chas.
Ames, John	Edwards, James	Noad, Arthur Wm.
Amor, Geo. W.	Ellmers, Edward	Northcote, Geo.
Andrews, J. Thorn	England, Frederick	Page, Fredk. C. J.
Apps, Henry	Evans, C. F.	Pattison, S.
Archer, Robert E. S.	Evans, Edwin Jas.	Pazze, J. Augustus
Ashford, W. Hales	Eve, Henry Alfred	Pierce, James
Banks, John W.	Everitt, James	Powell, Ernest
Bannerman, Charles	Farley, Geo. Henry	Powter, Walter
Barlow, Arch. H.	Finch, Chas. Arthur	Pratt, Fredk. Wm.
Barlow, T. Herbert	Flynn, Francis M.	Priestley, Geo. W.
Barrable, T. Wm.	Forrest, Edw. Alfd.	Pringle, G.
Barralet, Lorenzo J.	Fox, Thos. Henry	Robinson, William
Bassett, J. A.	Fuller, Leonard	Rosenberg, Barnet
Batson, Geo. H.	Fuller, Harry	Rosenberg, Wm. H.
Bigg, Wm. James	Galley, Fredk. Ernst.	Routley, Albert
Bloomfield, Elias	Gathergood, Wm.	Rowley, J. Neal
Bloomfield, L.	Gravener, Fdk. Wm.	Ruddick, A.
Bonfield, R. Herbert	Gray, Geo. T.	Sainsbury, Edgar H.
Bosworth, T. E.	Gretton, Thos. M.	Sampson, Alfred H.
Bourne, Fredk. W.	Griggs, Alfred	Scarlett, Albert E.
Boustead, R. N.	Grover, Henry	Scully, John
Boyd, Thos. Alfred	Gulley, Edward W.	Seymour, Charles
Brazier, Daniel	Harlow, H. Lawrence	Sheen, William
Broadbent, Reuben	Harris, Edmund	Shepperd, Fredk. T.
Broadway, Samuel	Harry, John	Shotton, Leonard
Brooks, Peter H.	Hawke, Geo. Jas.	Sims, Tom
Brown, —	Hewell, Jno. W. R.	Simmons, Francis
Brown, William	Hickman, J. G.	Skinner, Fredk.
Buck, Edmund W.	Higgins, Alfred	Slade, James
Buckhouse, A. E.	Hitchcock, R. J.	Slade, Wm. Geo.
Buckley, Arthur E.	Hoane, Albert	Slater, William
Bundy, Robert	Holmes, Arthur	Smail, Stephen G.
Bungard, G. Newell	Holmes, Jas. Edwd.	Smith, Alfred
Burrell, C. Arthur	Hones, Albert Oliver	Smith, Augustus
Butcher, John H.	Huard, Thomas	Smith, John F. K.
Butler, Horace H.	Hughes, Wm. A.	Smith, Robert
Butler, Walter C.	Ilett, Edwin	Smith, Stephen G.
Bye, Thomas	Irwin, Alfred	Smith, Sydney J.
Carr, H. G.	Kearney, Richard	Stock, Arthur S.
Caunt, Fredk. R.	Kefford, Frederick	Stoneham, Thomas
Course, Arthur Hy.	Kimpton, James	Strachan, William
Clark, Benjamin	King, G. V.	Swain, Edward
Clark, Geo. Fredk.	Kitchen, Fred. Geo.	Tanner, Andrew B.
Clark, Geo. Thomas	Knight, Alfd. Edwn.	Tayne, Robert
Clark, Sidney	Law, James F.	Thomas, F. H. H.
Cole, Chas. Henry	Leach, Sidney Alfd.	Tobias, Alfred
Collins, Henry R.	Le Gall, William	Turner, Arthur
Cannoll, W. J.	McCleverty	Turner, Joseph J.
Coram, Wm. H.	Lewarton, Walter	Warren, Geo. Hy.
Cordell, C. E. W.	Lloyd, Archd. Hy.	Warrington, O. H.
Cox, Albert	Long, Alfred	Watts, Ernest
Cox, George	Maddin, William	Webb, Alfred
Crisp, W. Finch	Maggs, Ernest A.	Welch, Albert J.
Curtis, Henry	Makin, John	Wells, Gilbert
Davies, Albert	Marett, Ernest	Weston, David
Davies, Francis	Mariner, E. Landseer	White, Fredk. T.
Davies, George A. D.	Marriott, Alfred H.	Wilkins, Thomas
Davis, Charles J.	Master, William	Williams, Daniel J.
Davison, Charles T.	Matthews, Harry	Williams, Wm.
Dixon, Harry Amos	McConnell, W.	Willshire, Egbert
Dixon, John Arthur	Miller, William	Wingfield, Wm. J.
Donovan, John	Milward, Frank C.	Wingfield, Saml. W.
Dormer, Ernest J.	Moon, Philip George	Witney, Geo. Alfred
Dormer, Percy G.	Morgan, Reginald	Wood, Thomas
Driscoll, George	Muckleston, W. J.	Woodcock, William
Dwight, Wm. James	Murray, Geo. Jno.	

The Punishment of Death.—For myself, I entertain an almost invincible abhorrence to the taking away the life of man, after a set form and in cool blood, in any case whatever. The very circumstance that you have the man in your power, and that he stands defenceless before you to be disposed of at your discretion, is the strongest of all persuasions that you should give him his life. To fetter a man's limbs, and in that condition to shed his blood like the beasts who serve us for food, is a thought to which, at first sight, we are astonished the human heart can ever be reconciled. The strongest case that can be made in its favour is where, as in this business of Strafford, the public cause, and the favourable issue of that cause seem to demand it.—*Godwin.*

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 TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

I am sure our boys will never forget the splendid outing which, through the untiring energy of Lady Currie, they have recently enjoyed. On the 14th of July the first contingent of lads left the Palace at 8.30, each happy in the possession of a small package. Old Swan Pier was reached at 9.15. Sir Edmund and Lady Currie witnessed their departure a quarter of an hour afterwards. The trip down the Thames was quite delightful; until presently some half-a-dozen or so showed a wonderful affection for the water, and stood curiously watching the seething foam. Mr. E. Flower was on board, and entered most heartily at a game of base-ball.

The first to greet us on our arrival at Clacton were Sir Edmund and Lady Currie—who had journeyed thither by train. No time was lost in reaching the farm, where, with an increased appetite after the *mal de mer*, full justice was done to the dinner. Our first night in the barn was a memorable one, for not one wink of sleep did we obtain. With the ruddy streaks of dawn we rose and donned our clothes; and shortly after were scouring the neighbourhood in quest of rustic and marine treasures. A word of thanks is due to Mr. Flower—who stayed with us till the 18th—for having so kindly negotiated with the pier authorities for our admission, and also—and more particularly—for securing for our own use a very fine and large yacht.

On the 21st Mr. Low, our Head Master, paid us a flying visit, and was greatly pleased at the manner in which we were enjoying ourselves. And thus the time flew pleasantly by.

July the 26th, the day for the departure of the first party, at length arrived: and amid no little enthusiasm they took their leave: greatly to the surprise of the Clactonites. The second party, who had arrived the same day, then commenced their peregrinations. Suddenly, however, the weather, which had hitherto been of the finest, became dismally cold and wet, and for a time it was a hard matter to "keep the pot a-boiling." But by a judicious arrangement of concerts and games the time somehow went merrily on, and when Bank Holiday broke upon an admiring world the Clerk of the Weather was again gracious and the weather was lovely. Cricket and football was indulged in to our hearts' content; in addition to which prizes were given by Mr. Perrin for racing.

But the last day drew near, and we had to pack up and bid a long farewell to Clacton. Then Mr. Shaw arrived from London to convey us to the great metropolis, and as we boarded the boat we gave some ringing cheers as a sort of hearty farewell. London Bridge was reached at 11 o'clock.

To Mr. A. Hunt, under whose care we had been during our stay, we owe our heartiest thanks, and we failed not to signify the same in the usual manner. Before we dispersed many cheers were raised for Sir Edmund and Lady Currie for helping to give us such a fine and never-to-be-forgotten holiday.—A. H.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

The Third Monthly Meeting of this Society was held on Friday evening last, the 17th inst., Mr. Jno. R. W. Knight occupying the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting having been read, Mr. Norton proposed, and Mr. C. J. White seconded, that the minutes be taken as read. Carried.

The Programme of the evening consisted of four Essays: the first, by Mr. C. J. White, entitled "Some of the Advantages of Literary Pursuits"; the second, entitled "Books and their Influence," by Mr. J. Masters; the third, entitled "Betting and Gambling," by Mr. J. Whittick; the fourth, "Charles Dibdin," by Mr. Brown.

The First Weekly Meeting of this Society will be held the first week in September. Members desiring to join this Society can do so on application to

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE ART SOCIETY.

A General Meeting of the above was held on Tuesday evening, August 14th, 1888, Mr. A. M. Mendoza in the chair.

The resignations of Messrs. L. Nathan and J. Munro were accepted. The Misses Cohen and Levene withdrew their resignations till the General Meeting in October. The Secretary also gave notice of his intention of resigning his office; but at the unanimous request of the Members present he consented to retain office till October.

The meeting then proceeded with the revision of the Rules, a full report of which will appear in next week's Journal.

The Society then adjourned till the first week in October.
J. KARET, Hon. Sec. (*pro tem.*)

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

As many of the Members are desirous of meeting on one evening a week only for a short time, the vote was put to the Members present on Tuesday evening, and as the majority were in favour of Tuesday, it was decided that the Band rehearse on Tuesday evenings only until further notice. Members are requested to attend as regularly as possible, as a new piece is rehearsed on each practice night.

We are in want of a few more Brass Instruments.
WILLIAM STOCK, Hon. Sec.

MEMBERS' SOCIALS AND CLUBS' FÊTE.

The Executive and General Committees are hard at work making preparation for the Social Dances on Monday and Tuesday, 17th and 18th September; and the series of fêtes the last week in that month, the proceeds of which will be for the benefit of the various Clubs and Societies connected with the Palace.

The Executive or Sub-Committee met yesterday week and made recommendations for the consideration of the General Committee.

Only a moderate number of Members of the latter came to the meeting last Friday, owing to the rumour that it was postponed. However, we soon settled to work on a lengthy agenda, which was not, however, concluded, through the animated discussions on some of the details for the dances. We were able to do very little with the week's fête; but as the meeting adjourned till next Friday, the Committee will devote energy in arranging an attractive programme, so as to obtain the support of our generous friends outside the Palace.

A circular will be sent to each Member, giving particulars of dances and fêtes.

As regards the dances, each Palace Member with friend is invited to attend one of the evenings.

There will be no charge for tickets; but the Committee earnestly trust they will be supported by the purchase of programmes, which can be obtained when the tickets are applied for at the commencement of September. Date to be announced next week. A good band in attendance, and with the decorations as at present, the Gymnasium should look like a fairyland. The Locker and Billiard-rooms will be used as cloak-rooms.

Information respecting the above will be gladly given by
WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.
N.B.—General Committee Meeting next Friday, 8.30 p.m., in Technical Schools.

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, }

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The Exhibition of Competition Sketches by Members of the above Club, will be held on Monday, October 8th, and Tuesday, October 9th, evenings only, 7.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. Any subject intended for Competition must be addressed to the "Secretary, Beaumont Sketching Club," at least six days before the Exhibition. For further particulars see *The Palace Journal* of the 18th July.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

A General Meeting of this Club will take place on Friday evening next at 8.30.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

Members are kindly requested to note the Sections to which they have been elected.

In last week's issue we omitted the name of Mr. Jno. R. W. Knight, who was elected to Section D.

We would strongly impress upon the Members of this Club the advisability of joining Mr. Hasluck's Elocution Class, as we feel sure it would be of great assistance in the furtherance of our object.

There are still a few vacancies for lady Members.

J. KARET, Hon. Sec.
ARTHUR E. REEVE, Assist. Sec.

ELOCUTION CLASS.

The next "open night" will be held on Thursday week, August 30th, under Mr. Hasluck.

Tickets for admission can be obtained from the Secretary of the Class, or of the sub-Editor.

H. J. GRAY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

PEOPLE'S PALACE 3RD v. CAMBRIDGE.—The return match was played at Wanstead on Saturday, and resulted in a victory for the Third. The Palace, winning the toss, put their opponents in first. Smith and Wells started the batting for the Cambridge; the Palace bowling being shared by Bird and Fairweather. Smith was bowled in the first over by Fairweather for 0. Jessop then joined Wells, but was caught by Bird in the slips. Score: 2 for 1. Eventually five wickets went down for 7. A stand was made by Matthews, and before he was bowled he had contributed 17 runs out of the 23 scored. The others being quickly disposed of, the last wicket fell for 35. The fielding of the Third has greatly improved, for there was not a catch missed nor a ball passed. Fairweather took five wickets for 13 runs, and Bird took five for 17.

The Palace started batting with Bird and W. W. Carter, Matthews and Jessop bowling. Bird was bowled by a splendid ball from Matthews for 2. Adams joined Carter, but after some careful batting was caught by Bull. Score: 2 for 16. Fairweather going in was caught off his pad by Matthews, their umpire giving it out! P. M. Carter then joined his brother, but W. W. Carter was caught by Smith, after having made 12 out of 23. Lyons going in was bowled by Matthews. Score: 5 for 35. No further stand was made, the other five wickets only adding 7. The innings closing for 42, the Palace won by seven runs. Scores:—

CAMBRIDGE.		PEOPLE'S PALACE 3RD.	
Smith b Fairweather	0	Bird b Matthews	2
Wells c Bird b Fairweather	1	W. W. Carter c Smith b Matthews	12
Jessop b Bird	1	Adams c Bull b Matthews	6
Matthews b Bird	17	H. Fairweather c Matthews	0
Garner b Bird	0	b Jessop	2
Jannett b Bird	0	P. M. Carter b Matthews	5
Morgan c Dodd b Fairweather	5	Lyons b Matthews	3
Tuson c Bird b Fairweather	0	Witham b Matthews	3
Roberts c and b Fairweather	0	Dodd b Jessop	1
Argent not out	2	Etridge c Smith b Jessop	2
Bull c Fairweather b Bird	3	Coleman b Matthews	0
Extras	6	Williams not out	0
		Extras	6
Total	35	Total	42

The following will represent the Third Eleven against the Glenwood, at Wanstead, next Saturday:—W. W. and P. M. Carter, Dormer, Adams, Final, Alvarez, M. Prager, Hunter, Witham, Dodd, and H. Fairweather (Captain.) Reserves—Cox, Williams, and Etridge.

PEOPLE'S PALACE v. PERSEVERANCE.—The above match was played on Saturday last, at Wanstead, and resulted in a victory for the latter by 12 runs and 4 wickets. The Palace team, consisting of the First and Second Elevens, batted first, and put together 49, of which, by good cricket, Byard made 17. Scores: People's Palace, 49; Perseverance, 61 for 6 wickets.

Match for First Eleven v. Polytechnic next Saturday at Wimbledon. Team: A. Bowman (Captain), C. Bowman, R. Hones, H. Byard, Chatterton, L. Goldberg, F. Knight, W. J. Hendry, W. Goodwin, J. Cowlin, E. Brown. Trains from Waterloo, 2.10, 2.17, 2.23, 2.32, 2.50, and 3 o'clock.

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PALACE RAMBLERS.

On Saturday next Members are requested to meet at Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, at 3 o'clock. Book to Kew via Chelsea. Return by N.L.R. to Bow. Saturday, August 25th, Westminster Abbey.

Members are requested to return all unsold Garden Party tickets.

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

LADIES' SOCIAL ROOMS.

NOTE.—These Rooms will be closed on and after this date until Monday, September 3rd, for cleaning purposes.

SHORTHAND SOCIETY'S FETE.

Probably the most successful outing, of any Club sprung from the People's Palace, took place on Saturday last; when that learned and much mysterious body, the Shorthand Society, travelled by rail to Buckhurst Hill. The air was balmy and the sun was bright; and the many fair Palace damsels, who accompanied the Pitmanites, were gaily dressed in their summer costumes—and everything and everybody looked quite *en fete*. The Club's President, Sir Edmund Currie, was not, unfortunately, able to be present; and Mr. J. Horton, the Palace Shorthand Master, wired to say that he also could not be present, but sent his best wishes instead.

Coborn Road was left about 3.30, and the Hill was sighted very soon afterwards. Arrived at the "Roebuck" it was found that a good hour was to elapse before tea was ready: so individuals and groups dispersed to wander at their own sweet will. Some went (early) blackberrying; others—the photographers—were bent on photoing cows and other quadrupeds peculiar to the neighbour-

Emigration and Colonisation.

By JAMES STANLEY LITTLE, F.R.C.I.

It is said that figures can be made to prove anything. The figures connected with emigration from these islands during the last fifty years may be made to prove much, and among other things to which they attest, they give evidence that it is impossible to draw any rough and ready generalisation from them. The fluctuations in the emigration statistics are most remarkable. Sometimes there is a period of steady rise year by year, and then there is a steady fall year by year. But there is no more certainty about these ups and downs than there is about the weather, the figures rise and fall with barometrical capriciousness. The causes of this unsteadiness are there, of course, and sometimes they can be tabulated with a fair amount of accuracy. Thus, the tremendous struggle on the Continent in which England was engaged at the early part of this century, and which only terminated in 1815, resulted in the depletion of our land, not only in its population by the slaying of the flower of our manhood, but in the lessening of its material resources of all kinds. This last fact put a severe check upon the increase of our population, and it is not surprising therefore, that in 1815 the emigrants leaving the United Kingdom only amounted in the aggregate to 2,081 souls. At the end of five years we find the emigration tables telling a very different tale. Those who had been left nerveless and pulseless by that long and sanguinary encounter with Napoleon, had had time to recover sufficiently to cast about for a means of escape from their hard lot at home, and the total of emigrants for 1820 more than decuples that for 1815. During the next three decades, that is taking the year at the end of those decades as the test year—there was a steady rise, for with the oscillations during those years we are scarcely concerned. Thus, in 1820, 25,729 persons left these shores; in 1830, 56,907 persons; in 1840, 90,743 persons; in 1850, 200,843 persons; which in 1860 had fallen again to 128,469 persons. The rise from 1830 to 1840 may be regarded very much as a natural rise; not attributable to any special cause, but rather to the concrescence of numerous minor causes; in short, it was due in general to a natural and easy process of overflow arising from the growing knowledge at home on the part of the emigrating sections of the public, of the grand potentialities which offered themselves to the strong arm and to the keen brain in North America and in Australia. It is quite a mistake to suppose that emigration—at all events spontaneous and voluntary emigration—takes place on the largest scale in times of distress. Mr. Giffen has pointed out the fallacy of this view, and he makes figures decide the question. But prolonged distress, met by organised measures of emigration, is of course a different matter, and it was not only the discovery of gold in California and Australia that swelled the returns so largely between 1845 and 1855, but in a very large measure this inflation was due to the prevalence of the potato famine in Ireland. The dull time which succeeded this great efflux fairly commenced in 1858 and reached its apogee in 1861. If we study the returns from 1861 to 1885, we find the tendency to be that a rise or fall shall continue for a quinquennial period. Thus, in dealing with emigrants of British origin, the numbers from 1863 to 1868 show a steady decrease, as follows:—1863, 192,864; 1864, 187,081; 1865, 174,891; 1866, 170,053; 1867, 156,982; 1868, 138,187. During the next five years the figures show a general tendency to rise, until they reach the total of 228,000 in 1873, falling steadily year by year until they number no more than 95,000 in 1877, from which year until 1883 there is again a consistent rise, first by strides of fifty thousand annually, and then by less rapid accretions, until the total of 320,118, is attained in 1883. Since then the tendency has again been downward.

All these facts are vastly interesting, but in ever so careful a reading of the history of the period involved, it is quite impossible to dogmatise as to the direct causes of these erratic movements on the part of great masses of men. Like the uncertain visitation from generation to generation of permanent racial characteristics, and of diseases in the families of men, the causes of the upward and downward tendencies of emigration are too deeply seated, and of too subtle a nature to render an explanation of their precise genesis possible. Nor are we just now directly concerned with these details. Emigration statistics must be considered in their relationships during liberal periods of time, if we are to form any broad conception of their meaning. Thus, if we take the years from 1834 to 1884, or from 1835 to 1885, we find that during that period about a quarter of a million more inhabitants of these islands leave our shores now every year than left them then.

(To be continued.)

hood; whilst others—these the more daring—went "a-marking" bull's-eyes; or "trying their strength" on automatic "pumps." Others again—these the couples—went flower-plucking and lane-inspecting, until presently, an invisible tocsin must have sounded, for very shortly the baronial hall in the rear of the "Roebuck" was the scene of much animation. There were four or five long tables, laden with good things, and surrounded by an expectant party—bent upon emptying urns and vanishing substantial, which they succeeded in doing in a workmanlike manner.

Afterwards, whilst all traces of the feast were disappearing, the Shorthand Society (strongly augmented by the Cycling Club in its familiar war-paint) again scattered in quest of pastures new. There were swings in the neighbourhood which were patronised by the more giddy; a cocoa-nut pitch or two, and et ceteras after their kind: all of which, more or less, were largely popular.

Then, the welcome strains of music, within, served as a load-stone to allure the wanderers; and the aforesaid baronial hall—which, spacious enough, had an additional attraction in the form of a small stage and scenery at one end—was soon converted into a dancing-saloon, with Walter Marshall and S. Johnson M.C.-ing the whirling, gladsome throng.

There were twenty dances set down on the programme, which were interspersed with "incidentals." Miss Marshall's good voice was twice heard to great advantage; Rambler Bullock, in a military ditty, aspired to martial glories; Choral Mears, in a nautical air, warbled—and very nicely—in praise of "Sailing" (sea-sickness and stewards); and W. Crowder told his hearers, in a character song, of his frantic efforts, on one occasion, to catch a Putney bus. The music, including selections from "Dorothy" and "Carmen," was well rendered by a violin and a pianoforte—the latter ably played by Miss Gold, to whom a special word of thanks is due. All too soon came "God Save the Queen," but not before a thoroughly enjoyable evening had been spent. The stewards were Messrs. Gold, Rowe, Rudd, Rhodes, Shapland and Simpson.

DOGBERRY.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

On Wednesday, the 15th inst., the Members of the above Club held their Fortnightly Meeting, which was poorly attended owing to many Members away holiday-making.

The next outing will take place on Saturday, the 25th inst., to Broxbourne; train leaves Liverpool Street at 2.43.

Wednesday, the 29th, Productive Evening of Prints.

A. A.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

The undersigned begs to inform Members of this Society that no meeting for practice will be held on Friday evening next.

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

Advice to the Wife.—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness by seeking to know in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature; nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have "scenes." I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild, as well as stern, men are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow such an indulgence if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.

Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man.—The ancient chroniclers classed or arranged the History of the World into seven distinct portions which they termed "ages," and the life of man has been subjected to the same division. In a book containing the Customs of London and various other matters, historical, political, and economical, known among biblioplists as "The Customs of London" and "Arnold's Chronicle," printed by Pynson, are the "Seven Ages of the World" and the "Seven Ages of Man," the last of which I give you as I had it from the book itself, and perhaps it may be your thought worth the insertion, but of which you will of course exercise your discretion upon; it is as follows:—

The vii ages of man lyving in ye worlde.

The fyrst age is infancie, and lastyth from the byrth unto vii yere of age. The ii is chyldhod and enduryth unto xv yere age. The iii age is adolescencye and enduryth unto xxv yere age. The v age is manhod and enduryth unto l yere age. The vi age is and lasteth unto lxx yere age. The vii age of man is crepyll and enduryth unto dethe.

Maggoty Pie.—A word still in use in Herefordshire, meaning a magpie. Shakspeare has maggot-pie, and the word occurs under several forms.

Our Vanity Fair.

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

WHEN I quitted Mile End some three weeks or so ago the People's Palace was, I thought, in a strange and stagnant state. The Gymnasium had shut its doors, the Billiard-room had closed, the sweetness of the Queen's Hall was no more, and, as I remarked in the Gossip at the time, the place was like unto a stream that had lost its motion. It seems, however, that I was—somewhat—mistaken: and that what I had regarded as utter stagnation was merely a dead calm preceding the coming storm. Well, I left the place, as I have said, but within a week or so of my departure many conflicting rumours of mighty multitudes thronging Festive Halls and Illuminated Grounds had pierced the hallowed sanctity of my hermitage. I hearkened in much bewilderment: A Royal presence had dazzled the Joyless City, and the People's Palace had become, in the strictest sense of the term, what its name implied. After a time, wondering, I returned.

As I passed through the Appian Way and drew near unto the Palace of Delight, behold the sound of many brazen instruments smote upon mine ears. And I marvelled greatly, saying: What is this thing? And certain men, standing afar off, seeing my perplexity, made haste and came unto me, saying: Thrice welcome, O brother! Enter, we pray thee, and partake of the good things that await all comers. And behold I entered; and divers strange sights met mine eyes: with great multitudes feasting and merry-making and clad in the purple and fine linen of the East. Then a gladness filled my heart; and remembering the days of my youth I laughed aloud: and mingled with the people: and rejoiced accordingly.

It is no easy matter to attempt to portray a true and faithful picture of the festivities. The goodly space in front of the Queen's Hall was gay with streamers; coloured lamps, hanging from the potted shrublets, twinkled in their rainbow glory; whilst the softened light of the Chinese lanterns shed a dim religious radiance upon the crowds below. Passing into the Queen's Hall, I found the sweetness restored—and increased, for in addition to the Scots Guards Band, there had been arranged on either side of the Hall one of the finest collection of pictures I have ever beheld. These choice works of art, I was informed, had been collected and arranged by the Directors of the New Gallery: Messrs. Comyns Carr and Hallé—to whom Mile End owes a debt of gratitude. To pretend to criticize these glorious pictures would be impertinent on the part of one so incapable as myself; so casting a lingering glance upon the three-quarter counterfeit presentment of Miss Mary Anderson—wherein some "demi-god hath come so near creation"—I sauntered into the newly-opened Library, filled to repletion with an admiring throng. There was a healthy bustle about the grand room that was delightful to behold. Pictures, busts, and statuettes everywhere abounded, and a capital collection too.

Outside again, "the scene," as they say in the poem, "is changed." Over yonder a noisy roundabout, with its wooden horses bestraddled with pleased humanity, was whirling round to the perennial but much-abused Boulanger March. There, a performing animal booth, ably worked by "Madame Helena," was creating a sensation; and there, again, a Richardson's Show—a temple of the English drama—was the very centre of attraction. The full strength of the company was gathered together on the exterior platform, inviting all and sundry to "Come inside." There is nothing—artificial—that I admire so much on this earth as the good old British "legitimate," and so, of course, I patronized the drarmer. To say the very least of it the play was one of intense interest; I think it was called "The Crimes of Paris," but am not quite sure. The piece went merrily enough—although at times methought 'twas somewhat hazy. The *répertoire* is both extensive and pleasing, and the programme is changed nightly. Sometimes the most bloodthirsty of humanity are more than satisfied: for, I am told, no less than five murders are committed nightly—and all for a penny! I have seen worse acting in the more recognised and higher-priced theatres; and I should strongly advise the Palace Dramatic Club to patronize this Exhibition of the Histrionic Art. The Members will, at least, learn the lesson that Union, however poor, is Strength.

There was one thing in Richardson's that struck me as being remarkable and that was the peculiarly breezy behaviour of the audience. Sometimes the "poor players" would be painfully embarrassed, notably so when the villain, collapsing in the agony of death, had his dying oration derided: or when "the Marchioness"—a stout lady, bland of face and dignified of figure—would be facetiously addressed by the youthful pities as "Gertie."

Continuing my perambulations I found that the grounds were everywhere attractive. Coker-nut "shies," swings, etc., were scattered about, prominent amongst which was a tent wherein a young gentleman strong of jaw, slight of build, and with a small voice of Yankee intonation, gave an amazing and "no deception"

performance with iron weights, a cannon, and a trapeze. Unlike most entertainments of this sort, there was no humbug about Hercule—as "the youth" is called. Like our old friend, Mr. Carker, this youthful Hercules is remarkable for his display of molars: which—unlike Mr. C.—he utilizes as well as displays. To see him suspended, head down, from the trapeze, dangling enormous weights from his teeth, is sensational enough to "raise the har" on a billiard ball.

The greatest surprise, however, of this Summer Fête was the Exhibition-building. Usually the dulllest and most uninteresting Palace erection, it had been transformed into a temple dedicated to Flora. The air was heavy with the fragrance of the choicest flowers and palms, which, tastefully arranged, delighted the optic weary with the garishness outside. Here, if they chose, the disciples of Raleigh could sit and smoke and listen to the pianoforte selections. The building adjoining this beautiful flower-garden was reminiscent of a cockney fair, for a more incongruous collection of "attractions" it would be difficult to imagine. There was one ingenious "attraction" in the building—the like of which I ne'er shall see again—and that was an automatic swan-racing machine. Then I turned into the Gymnasium.

This place, possibly the most popular with the Institutites, had undergone a complete transformation. There was a raised platform in the room whereon an excellent band was filling the listeners with a wild desire to madly whirl on the light fantastic toe. The roof of the Gymnasium was a mass of softened light and colour: and I don't think—nay, I am sure—I ever saw so many Chinese lanterns clustered together before. They were as numerous as blackberries. Now there is nothing like these celestial illuminators wherewith to lighten the festive scene: but they have one fault, and that is, that sometimes they will insist upon a generous blaze, paper and candle and all. In the present instance, however, this, as Mr. Toots would say, was "of no consequence": for officials innumerable were in the vicinity keeping a watchful eye upon the god of fire. At the further end of the room nearest the dressing department a commodious refreshment bar, for the dispensing of wholesome and innocent wares, was metal extremely attractive to the more juvenile. It must be confessed that much of the undoubted success of our Vanity Fair was—or, rather, is—due to the excellent musical arrangements—foremost of which, of course, is the playing of the Scots Guards Band. Mr. Edward Holland, who wields the *bâton* o'er this famous band, is to be congratulated on the admirable manner in which, during the past fortnight, he has catered to the popular musical wants of the East End. It will be interesting to know that during the first week of the Fête (including Bank Holiday), no less than 80,388 persons passed through the turnstiles; during the second week, 41,001—making the respectable total of 121,389. The festivities enumerated are to continue till the middle of September, when the Institute will again resume its usually grave demeanour—only to be re-disturbed by the forthcoming Dog Show.

The Ivy Green.

OH, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim:
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend the huge Oak Tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves.
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered their;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.

Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

—Punch Papers.

"'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 VI.

LADY CAMPION.

I OUGHT to have been the happiest girl in the whole world, because I had craved for full revenge and had obtained it. Nobody could have been punished more effectively than Joshua. I had deprived him of everything: of his money, which he loved; of his reputation, of which he was proud, because no one, most certainly, would ever trust him again in the matter of brandy which had not paid the duty; and of his personal liberty, because they were quite certain, once they had him on board, not to let so smart a sailor go.

Yet revenge does not satisfy. And it cannot atone. No amount of suffering and sorrow restores the shattered past; you cannot bring a murdered happiness into life by hanging the murderer. All this I did not understand, and sat alone in my cottage, or wandered alone on the Undercliff, seeking satisfaction in the memory of my revenge, and finding none.

Three weeks or a month passed so. Had I lived much longer in this loneliness—for I spoke to no one, not even to the faithful old woman who took care I did not starve—I think I should have gone mad with much brooding. But there came an end.

It was on a sunny forenoon in November, I was thinking how it must be out at sea for Dan and the boys, and wondering whether Will thought of me as much as I thought of him, and trying to bring back to my mind his handsome face and laughing eyes, when I saw a most unaccustomed sight. There came along the lane, riding slowly, because the road was rough, a gentleman dressed in an immense cloak with a fur collar, buckled at the neck. He was a middle-aged man, perhaps turned fifty, and of grave aspect. Behind him rode two servants, each of whom carried at the back of his saddle a small leathern trunk.

The gentleman looked about him curiously. The place, left now to the charge of the two old people, was already beginning to show signs of neglect. I sat in the porch half-hidden by the great fuchsia-tree. He seemed to be looking for someone to speak to. The servants rode up to him, and they all then consulted.

"There is no other house but this in the place. It must be Gulliver's farm."

I emerged from the porch, and went to ask of whom the gentleman was in search. He took off his hat politely.

"You are Miss Pleasance Noel?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I am Pleasance."

It was so seldom that I heard my surname, that I had almost forgotten its existence.

"You are the young lady of whom I am in search. You are a—friend, I believe, of Mr. William Campion, son of the late Sir Godfrey Campion."

"He is my sweetheart," I replied.

Then the gentleman smiled, dismounted, and gave the reins to one of the servants.

"I am John Huntspill," he said. "I have the honour to be a partner in that firm; I am travelling for the house in the southern counties. I am also, I may boast, in the confidence of Mr. William. May I, therefore, beg the honour of a private interview with you?"

This was very imposing. I led the way into the house, and begged him to be seated; at the same time I offered him a glass of brandy, assuring him, in the words of Dan Gulliver, that it was right good brandy

which had never paid duty. In my girlish ignorance, I conceived that the payment of duty inflicted some grievous damage on the character of the brandy; also I thought that everybody in polite society offered everybody else glasses of raw spirit.

"Thank you," Mr. Huntspill replied, with stately courtesy. "The partners in the house of Campion and Co. never drank any spirits, on principle, except their own rum, and that is duty paid."

He meant the last fact as an admonition—I took it as a confession that the rum was of inferior quality.

"I have received," he went on, "two letters, part of which I propose to communicate to you. In fact, young lady, they immediately concern you. The first is from Mr. William."

He opened a great leathern pocket-book and produced two letters.

"I received this," he said, "ten days ago, being then in the village of Brighthelmstone, and immediately resolved upon travelling hither to acquaint you with the wishes of Mr. William."

"He informs me, first, of the lamentable chain of events which have led the young gentleman into this melancholy position. Had we known of it in time, such is the influence of the house, and so signal were the services of the late Sir Godfrey (of pious memory), that we might and certainly should have procured the immediate release of Mr. William, and probably the pardon of the others. But his pride would not allow him to communicate the news to us. The letter is written on the road to Portsmouth, whence he is to be drafted—great heavens! the son of Sir Godfrey a sailor before the mast!—on board one of the ships in his Majesty's fleet. He says then:—

"Before this unlucky accident, it was my singular good fortune to engage the affections of a young person in whose soul, I believe, virtue and goodness alone reign." Mr. Huntspill read this passage very impressively, repeating the last words—"virtue and goodness alone reign." He bowed, and I blushed, not with satisfaction at hearing these gracious words, but in humiliation, thinking how little I deserved them, and how I had wreaked a revenge in which virtue played so poor a part.

Mr. Huntspill went on: "The worth of her heart is illustrated and made apparent to the world by the extraordinary beauty of her face and person."—Oh Will, Will!—"She has promised to make me happy by becoming my wife. The promise remains to be fulfilled on my return, should a benignant Providence grant my return to my native shores. I have told you, my generous friend, the whole of my story. You will, I am sure, continue to behave to me with the same—that is not part of the business," said Mr. Huntspill, interrupting at this point. "He goes on presently: 'I have written to my mother—who must on no account discover the degrading situation in which I have been placed—stating, which is perfectly true, that I am going to sea for a long voyage, in which I may visit many lands, and that I hope to pay my dutiful respects to her on my return. I have also informed her of my proposed marriage with Pleasance Noel, and begged her, as a mark of her forgiveness and continued love, to receive my betrothed in her own house, and, during my absence, to have her instructed in the practice of those external accomplishments which alone are wanting to make her an ornament to the polite world. Goodness, my dear friend, is at all times better than rank.'

"It is indeed," said John Huntspill, folding up the letter. "With this, which was forwarded to me from London, came a letter from Lady Campion herself, a portion of which I will also read to you."

"It has long been my resolution," she says, "to attempt no further interference with my son's plans of life. His devotion to a musical instrument, especially when that instrument is the common fiddle, seems to me inconsistent with the sobriety of a London mer-

chant; his readiness at all times to forsake the counting house for a concert or a play, seems to me unworthy of the seriousness which should characterise a churchman; while his roving habits hold out little hope of a steady future. I have now learned that he has gone to sea, after contracting an engagement of the most serious character with a young woman, apparently of humble origin."

"My father was a ship's carpenter," I said, half in pride and half in explanation. Before I knew Will I had always regarded that rank as exceptionally dignified. But I was quite aware that Lady Campion would hardly be likely to think so highly of the position.

"Quite so," said John Huntspill. "A most respectable and useful vocation. Let me continue: 'In justice to her and to myself, I should wish to make her acquaintance. Will you, therefore, make it your business to see her? Communicate with her friends, and tell them that I propose to receive her in my poor house. And should she wish to remain and I to keep her with me, I undertake to bestow upon her whatever lessons and education she may yet require to befit her for the station to which Heaven hath raised her. You may bring her back with you, under your own protection.'"

"Such, Miss Pleasance," said John Huntspill, "is the proposal made to you by Lady Campion. It will be my first care to lay it before your friends."

"I have no friends," I replied. "Dan and Job and Jephthah are all at sea."

"Do you mean that you are alone, absolutely alone in this house?"

"Quite alone," I said. "Only in the cottage there are Isaac Agus and his wife. I live alone and sleep alone here. I thought I should go on living alone for some years."

"But you will not refuse Lady Campion's invitation? Consider, it is made at Mr. William's own request. She will be your mother."

"No," I said, "I cannot refuse it. But I am afraid. Oh Mr. Huntspill! I am a very ignorant country-girl. The goodness and virtue that my Will thinks are in my heart, exist only in his own mind. He is foolish about me. I am not fit for him—so handsome and so strong."

"Nay," said John Huntspill, gravely, "the chiefest profit of virtuous love, as I understand it, being myself but a bachelor, and unworthy of the married condition, is that it leads the heart imperceptibly upwards, inasmuch as we fain would possess the qualities which he—or she—who loves us doth in his fondness attribute to us. Therefore, be of good courage, and resolve that when Mr. William returns, he will find his dreams more than realised."

This wise speech, so far from encouraging me, rather daunted me for the moment. Afterwards, when I came to remember it and make out what it meant, I think it did give me courage.

"When, then, can you be ready?"

I blushed. For in truth I had nothing to travel in. My whole wardrobe only consisted of half-a-dozen frocks, including one which Will had caused to be made for me.

Mr. Huntspill read my thoughts.

"There are shops in Lyme," he said. "I will at once ride into the town and purchase for you the simple necessaries requisite for a young lady's journey to London. I leave behind, for your protection, one of my servants. For the present, Miss Pleasance, I wish you farewell."

He bowed, touched my finger with his own, and was gone. Presently I heard him riding slowly down the lane, and I sat down to wait, wondering what new life this would be which was opening before me.

Outside, the servant whom he had left behind for my protection had dismounted, had tied up his horse, and was leaning on a gate. It seemed inhospitable not to ask him into the house, and I did so, inviting him to

sit down, greatly to his surprise. He refused to sit in my presence, but was pleased to accept such a meal as I was able to offer him, with two or three glasses of the brandy which never paid duty. This part of the entertainment, indeed, afforded the honest fellow infinite gratification.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when Mr. Huntspill returned, his servant carrying a box before him, and leading a horse on which was a lady's saddle.

When in my own room I was dressed in the new clothes, I hardly knew myself. A long black habit for riding, gloves, a hat and veil, all sorts of little things of which I hardly knew the use, neatly packed in a leathern valise. I finished my preparations at length, and came downstairs—dressed like a young lady. But I could hardly have looked one, because I felt awkward and constrained in my new attire. Mr. Huntspill bowed politely.

"The most beautiful girl," he said, repeating Will's dear words, "on all the southern coast."

That was all very well. But how would beauty give me courage to face Lady Campion?

We were to start at once. But a sudden thought struck me. The hearthstone! Dan's last words were to remember the hearthstone. I had seen to what use Joshua put his, and I had every reason to believe that Dan's was, in the same manner, his own bank, the place where he confided his single talent, so that it could by no means grow or produce interest, or become useful at all, except for spending.

I reflected for a moment.

"Now, my dear young lady," said Mr. Huntspill, his eyes had been upon me ever since I came down in my new dress, and I could see that he looked at me with admiration. That to my mind meant that Will would have been satisfied, and I was glad.

"It is the hearthstone," I said.

He stared for a moment. Then he remembered that the general use of the lower sort of people was to hide away their money, and that the hearthstone was the general hiding-place, so that if a cottage was robbed, the first thing the burglars did was to prise up the hearthstone.

We raised the stone, Mr. Huntspill and I, between us. Beneath was a perfect mine, an Eldorado of gold and precious things.

Remember that Dan Gulliver was turned sixty years of age, that he had been smuggling ever since he was ten, that he had never had an unsuccessful run, and that ever since his father's death the farm had supplied most of our frugal wants, always excepting the brandy, which never, etc.

I am afraid to say how much there was under the hearthstone. It was, I know, more than a thousand pounds, all in golden guineas, tied up in bags containing a hundred each.

Mr. Huntspill poured the contents of each bag upon the table, and counted the coin carefully. For each he made a separate memorandum. Mr. Huntspill tied up the bags again, called one of his servants, and confided them to his care. Then we started on our journey.

I said farewell to the two old people who were to be left in sole charge of Rousdon Farm. Mr. Huntspill wrote his London address, in case anything should be wanted. And then he lifted me into the saddle, and we turned the horses' heads Londonwards.

We rode through Lyme, along the rough way over the cliffs to Charmouth, and then past the yellow peak of Golden Cap, over some hills to Bridport, where we spent the first night of the journey, and where Mr. Huntspill bought me some things useful and pretty, and had my hair dressed for me by a gossiping old barber, who told me it was the most beautiful hair he ever had the honour of dressing.

I do not know how long we took to finish our journey to London. We did not—to begin with—

proceed by the most direct road, because Mr. Huntspill, who was travelling for the firm and never neglected business, stayed in one place and went to another, without considering short ways.

I should have been perfectly happy but for two things—the never-ceasing anxiety about Will, and an always-increasing fear of the terrible Lady Campion.

The road, as we drew nearer London—say from Salisbury to Reading, which was the way we took, and from Reading through Windsor and Hounslow—became more and more crowded with carts, stage-coaches, post-carriages, family-coaches, and foot-travellers. They all seemed bound to London. What was this mighty London, which swallowed everything? Cattle in immense numbers—to London; herds of oxen, flocks of sheep, droves of turkeys and geese, waggons piled with every conceivable thing—all for London. At regular intervals were the great inns, outside of which there lounged an army of grooms, butlers, helps, and postboys; in the yard was stabling for countless horses; post-carriages, carts, and gigs stood about under the penthouses; within were rambling passages and long dark galleries; the bed-rooms were hung with heavy curtains, gloomy and ghostly. Mr. Huntspill was well known everywhere. I noticed that everybody asked with particular respect after the health of Lady Campion, but no one inquired for Will.

And then the motley crowd along the road. The slouching labourer in his smockfrock, hedging and ditching, who never moved from his village, saw many a curious group which might tell him of the outer world. A recruiting-sergeant, with twenty or thirty lads full of beer and martial ardour, longing to fight the French; a wounded and maimed sailor or soldier hobbling along, begging his way from village to village; a procession of gipsies setting up their arrow marks along the cross-roads, to show their friends where to look for them, stealing, singing, drinking, laughing, and fortune-telling; men who lead about a dancing-bear, with a pole and a violin; men who took from place to place the bull who spent most of his pugnacious life in being baited; men who carried with them cocks for fighting; badgers for baiting; ferrets for ratting; the cheap-jack in his cart, the travelling theatre, the travelling circus, the travelling showman, the open-air gymnast, the vendor of cheap books, the singer of ballads, and sometimes—galloping along the road, blowing a trumpet, shouting: "In the King's name—way!"—the bearer of State despatches, hastening to London. Now and then we would pass a suspicious pair of horsemen, at sight of whom Mr. Huntspill would look to the pistols in the saddle, and beckon his servants to close up.

I learned a good deal in those days of other things besides curious and interesting sights. Mr. Huntspill, who was always talking to me, taught them. For instance, in the gentlest and kindest manner possible, he instructed me in sundry points of minor morals—I mean carriage and conduct of myself. This, I knew, was done in order that I might not prejudice Lady Campion against me at the outset by some act of awkwardness or bad breeding.

"A lady," said Mr. Huntspill, who always spoke with authority, "is known by her acts and words first; but there is a connection between nobility of thought and dignity of carriage."

He had learned by this time all my deficiencies, and I knew that he was going to report upon them to Lady Campion. I was not afraid of the report which he would make of me, but I was horribly afraid of Madam, as he called her.

The day before we rode into London he talked about her.

"Lady Campion," he said, "is blind, as you doubtless know. But in a short time you will forget her blindness. She writes her own letters, and her letters are read to her by means of a confidential clerk. She

hears reports about the affairs of the house, and gives her counsels—which are, in reality, her instructions. And all as well as if she had the use of her eyes. Madam," Mr. Huntspill went on, "was left sole guardian to Mr. William at the death of Sir Godfrey, her son being then fourteen years of age; with a clause appointing Mr. William as chief partner in the house at the age of five-and-twenty. He is now three-and-twenty. He demands liberty of action, until the time comes for him to rule over us. Meantime, Madam holds the reins with firmness and prudence. What she will hope for in you is the power to attach her son to his domestic and civic duties, and make the rover a worthy successor to the great Sir Godfrey, Lord Mayor of London."

This was disquieting. How could I?

He answered my look, being at all times a sympathetic man.

"Madam will tell you how. You will modify the strictness of her injunctions by the gentleness of your own heart. Your affection for Mr. William will supply the rest."

Next day we rode over Hounslow Heath—where so many misguided men had committed the acts which led to a violent death; through Uxbridge, past Shepherd's Bush—a coppice in whose recesses there lingered at evening many a cowardly footpad, on the watch for some defenceless old man or woman; by the stately Holland Park, standing amid a lovely country set with trees; along the gardens of Kensington, on the north of which extended mile after mile of nursery and vegetable gardens; past the dreadful tree of Tyburn, at the corner of Hyde Park; and thence, by a network of streets and lanes, in which it seemed impossible to find our way, into the city of London.

I was silent with amazement at so much noise, such crowds, and such splendid buildings. I forgot Lady Campion, everything, in wonder and delight. I rode beside Mr. Huntspill in a dream.

He watched me, riding close at my side and guiding my horse. Presently we turned into a long winding lane with no carts or waggons, but a continuous stream of people. Many of them knew Mr. Huntspill, and took off their hats to him. He gravely returned the salute. The lane led to a small quiet square, in which were only private houses. One of these, the largest, occupied the whole side of the square.

"This," said Mr. Huntspill, "is Great St. Simon Apostle, and this is Lady Campion's town house."

I dismounted in considerable trepidation. Mr. Huntspill led me by the hand into the house and up the stairs. He stopped at a door on the first landing and knocked. Then he opened the door gently, and led me into the presence of Lady Campion.

"Those," said a firm clear voice, "are the footsteps of John Huntspill; I welcome you, my friend. Is all well?"

"All is well, Madam," said John Huntspill. "The interests of the house are prospering. I present to you, Madam, the young lady of whom you wrote to me, Pleasance Noel, and commend her to your ladyship's protection."

"Come here, my dear. Closer—closer yet."

I had not dared to raise my eyes. Now I did so. I saw a splendid lady, apparently about fifty years of age, magnificently dressed in black velvet. Round her neck was hung a heavy gold chain. Her collar and wristbands were of costly lace. She was sitting when we came in, and she turned her head in the slow cautious way peculiar to blind people. Yet there was little look of blindness in her eyes, and she seemed to see me as my eyes met those large proud orbs of hers. She rose, however, to give me greeting, and continued gazing at me, as it seemed, reading my features in imagination. Then she placed her hands on my shoulders and began, in a way which made me tremble, gently to pass her fingers over my face and head.

(To be continued).

Portrait-Painting.

ISABEY had been commissioned to paint the Congress of Vienna, in which were to figure united, at the end of a conference, all the personages who formed part of it. "Monsieur," said Lord Wellington, with genuine British pride, to the artist, "I consent to figure in your picture only on condition that I occupy the first place; it is mine, and I hold to it." "Mon cher ami," said Prince Talleyrand, "authorised as I am to represent France, as regards both you and me, I ought to occupy the first place in your picture, or not to appear in it at all." How were these pretensions to be reconciled? It was indispensable that they should be; and the plan hit upon by the artist, after mature reflection, was this:—Lord Wellington was entering the hall of conference, and all eyes were fixed upon him, so that he could believe himself the king of the scene; whilst Talleyrand, seated in an arm-chair in the centre, had, in reality, the pictorial place of honour. Then Isabay persuaded the noble lord that he was far handsomer seen in profile, because he thus resembled Henry IV.; which so flattered Lord Wellington, that he insisted on purchasing the sketch of this picture, which is now in England, and ranks in his family as one of the most glorious memorials of his career.

Mendez, the Jew poet, sat to Hayman, the painter, for his picture, but requested he would not put it in his show-room, as he wished to keep the matter a secret. However, as Hayman had but little business in portraits, he could not afford to let his new work remain in obscurity, so out it went with the few others that he had to display. A new picture being a rarity in Hayman's room, the first friend that came in took notice of it and asked whose portrait it was? "Mendez."—"Good heavens," said the friend, "you are wonderfully out of luck here. It has not a trait of his countenance."—"Why, to tell you the truth," said the painter, "he desired it might not be known."

There is a portrait of Richardson at Rokeby, with this odd story belonging to it, which Mr. Morritt told Southey when he pointed it out. It had been painted for one of his female admirers, and when long Sir Thomas Robinson took possession of the house, and of this portrait, he wondered what business a Mr. Richardson could have there, in company with persons of high degree; so the canvas was turned over to the nearest painter, with orders to put on a blue ribbon and a star, and thereby convert it into a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole! Mr. Morritt, however, restored the picture to its right name.

When Queen Caroline paid a visit to the picture of the Sovereigns of England, painted by Richardson, observing a portrait of a plain-looking individual between Charles I. and Charles II., her Majesty asked the painter if he called that personage a King. "No, Madam," answered Richardson, "he is no king; but it is good for kings to have him among them as a memento."

Francis Nicholson, the landscape-painter, one of the founders of the Water-Colour Society, originally practised as a portrait-painter, but the simplicity and uprightness of his heart did not permit him to tolerate or pander to the vanities of man (and woman) kind. To flatter was with him an utter impossibility; and, as he could not invariably consider the "human face divine," he was incapable of assuming the courtly manners so essential in that branch of the profession. He never, indeed, quite forgave himself for an approach to duplicity committed at this time upon an unfortunate gentleman, who sat to him for his portrait, and who squinted so desperately, that in order to gain a likeness it was necessary to copy moderately the defect. The poor man, it seemed, perfectly unconscious of the same, on being invited to inspect the performance, looked in silence upon it a few moments, and with rather a disappointed air, said,

"I don't know—it seems to me—does it squint?"

"Squint!" replied Nicholson, "no more than you do."

"Really! well, you know best of course; but I declare I fancied there was a queer look about it!"

Brother Jonathan.—General Washington placed great confidence in the good sense and patriotism of Jonathan Trumbull, who at an early period of the American Revolution was Governor of the State of Connecticut. In a certain emergency, when a measure of great importance was under discussion, Washington remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The result of that consultation was favourable. Thus, from the constant use of the expression, "We must consult Brother Jonathan," which soon passed from the army to the people, the Americans received that appellation, which has stuck to them as closely as "John Bull" to the English.

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).

RAMBLERS' GARDEN PARTY.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me through your columns to congratulate the Ramblers upon the successful issue of their First Garden Party. I think it nothing but right that their energetic Secretaries and Committee should have a word of praise from an outsider, but still a Member of the Palace.—Yours faithfully,

A VISITOR.

Re DRAMATIC CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—May I take the liberty of inquiring what has become of the Report of the proceedings of the Dramatic Club at the meeting held on the 31st ult., "to consider the action of the Assistant Secretary"?

A motion was at that meeting brought against Mr. Reeve, censuring his conduct and expressing want of confidence in him; but, despite his absence, the majority of the Members present recognised the merit attaching to real hard working energy, and the motion was defeated. Possibly Mr. Karet, who was responsible for the Report of that meeting, did not like this.

It is probable, also, that that gentleman did not care to place on record in the Journal the fact that, having ceased to be impartial in the chair, he was forced to vacate the position which he had been elected to, of Chairman for the evening.

It is, however, only justice to Mr. Reeve, and it is also for the general good of the Club, that these things should be known, and should have publicity; also, if suppression of facts which would benefit an opponent is a foretaste of what is to come, I am afraid the new Secretary will have rather a warm time of it. I have heard, Sir, from a certain quarter, that it is intended to bring the "expulsion squabble" before the Trustees. If anyone is so ill-advised as to do so, I think it is earnestly to be hoped that the Trustees will disregard the efforts of a few factious Members to annoy those who are unfortunate enough to be associated with them in the Club. Thanking you for your kind insertion of this letter.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

HORACE JNO. HAWKINS.

Mr. C. B. Harness, President of the British Association of Medical Electricians, has just returned from the Continent, having thoroughly investigated both Professor Charcot's and Dr. Vigouroux's world-renowned system of electrical treatment. During his stay he was entertained by the leading medical and scientific authorities, and was awarded a gold medal by the Electro-Medical Institute of France, for his many valuable inventions and publications and for the remarkable success which has attended his "Electro-pathic" treatment in this country during his extensive practice at the Medical Battery Company's Establishment, 52, Oxford-street, London, W., where thousands of his patients have been completely restored to health by his special electrical method of cure. Those of our readers who are acquainted with the elaborate and popular form of medical electrical treatment practised so successfully by the French physicians will doubtless be pleased to hear that in addition to the large staff of qualified medical and other officers at 52, Oxford Street, London, W., the Medical Battery Co., Limited, have secured the services of Professor Loreau, who has had a long experience, and been for many years attached to the Préparateur and chief medical adviser at the Hospitals of Salpêtrière and Bicêtre, and has also been for a considerable time Professor Chacôt's chief assistant. This gentleman is an officer of the Government of France, and holds many high and distinguished appointments. His great attainments in anatomical and physiological studies and his long practical experience, qualify him as one of the highest authorities in these branches of the healing art, and constitute him a valuable addition to the already talented staff of the Medical Battery Company, Limited. The valuable and ingenious inventions of Mr. Harness and the elaborate and beautifully-fitted operating and consulting-rooms at the company's extensive electro-pathic establishment at the corner of Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, are indeed a wonderful example of the rapid strides made during the last few years in the science of medical electricity, and this magnificent building now constitutes one of the most interesting sights of London. Visitors from the country and others are invited by Mr. Harness to call and personally inspect the premises and various electro-pathic appliances, and have their uses explained to them free of charge. We understand that Mr. Harness, with his usual indefatigable energy, is negotiating for the establishment of a Free Hospital for his special system of electro-pathic treatment.—Extract from "John Bull," August 11th, 1888.

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