

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. II.—NO. 42.]

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 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, at 8 o'clock (weather permitting). Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert; Stedman's Celebrated Choir-boys; and 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 Modern Paintings and continuation of Illuminated Fête. Organ Recital, at 6.30. East London Military Band, in Grounds, at 6.30 (weather permitting). Pianoforte Recital and Amateur Concert, in Flower Garden, at 7. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert; Stedman's Celebrated Choir-boys; and Band of H.M. Scots Guards, at 8. Admission: 10 till 5, 2d.; 5 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.

SATURDAY.—Exhibition of Modern Paintings and continuation of Illuminated Fete. Boys of the Duke of York's School-band, at 3. Organ Recital, at 6.30. Band, in Grounds, at 6.30 (weather permitting). People's Palace Military Band, in Illuminated Concert Hall, at 8. Amateur Concert, in Floral Hall, at 8. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert; Stedman's Celebrated Choir-boys; and Band of H.M. Scots Guards, 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 Modern Paintings and continuation of Illuminated Fete. Organ Recital, at 6.30. Band of 2nd Volunteer Essex Brigade, R.A., in Grounds, at 7 (weather permitting). Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, with Band and Pipers of H.M. Scots Guards with Jullien's celebrated "British Army Quadrilles," at 8. Amateur Concert, in Floral Hall, at 8. Admission: 10 till 5, 2d.; 5 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.

TUESDAY.—Exhibition of Modern Paintings and continuation of Illuminated Fete. Organ Recital, at 6.30. Amateur Concert, in Floral Hall, at 8. People's Palace Military Band, in Grounds (weather permitting). 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 Modern Paintings and continuation of Illuminated Fete. Organ Recital, at 6.30. Amateur Concert, in Floral Hall, at 8. People's Palace Military Band, in Grounds (weather permitting). 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, SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1888,  
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MISS EDITH EDWARDS.



AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |              |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------------|
| 1. | Coronation Anthem, "Zadoc the Priest"   | . | . | . | . | . | Handel.      |
| 2. | Air, "If with all your hearts"          | . | . | . | . | . | Mendelssohn. |
| 3. | Chorale with Variations in E flat       | . | . | . | . | . | Smart.       |
| 4. | (a.) "Meditation"                       | . | . | . | . | . | Klein.       |
|    | (b.) Introductory Voluntary             | . | . | . | . | . | H. Turner.   |
| 5. | (a.) Offertoire on two Christmas Themes | . | . | . | . | . |              |
|    | (b.) Grand Chorus in D                  | . | . | . | . | . | Guilmant.    |

## AUTUMN FÊTE.

Admission total for first two weeks	...	121,389
" " third week...	...	<u>36,419</u>
		157,808

## Notes of the Week.

MR. HENRY RICHARD, M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil—the “Member for Wales”—who died a few days ago at the ripe age of 76, was a man of marked individuality and strong principles. The son of a Nonconformist Minister and himself brought up to the ministry, he seems early in life to have perceived the wide difference between Christian precept and Christian practice in modern society, and to have taken as his life’s mission the reconciling of the one with the other. His great aim was to endeavour to set up before the nation as high a standard for its acts as a people, and the most high-minded and enlightened individual members of it, might approve of for their own private and personal doings; and inasmuch as such persons would assuredly both disapprove of and endeavour to suppress robbery—and more especially robbery with violence and murder—it appeared to Mr. Richard that the public conscience only needed arousing to make it equally abhorrent of war and conquest which, to him and his earnest co-workers, were nothing better than more or less well organized theft effected by murderous means. Noble and unceasing—through ridicule and through calumny—were his efforts against war; nor was there any occasion on which he did not protest against it, without regard to whether he was or was not opposing the political party to which he was attached—indeed, the resolution which he succeeded in carrying in 1873 praying that Her Majesty would instruct the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to enter into communication with foreign powers with a view to the establishment of a general and permanent system of international arbitration, was successful in spite of the opposition of the then Prime Minister, who happened also to be Mr. Richard’s political chief. Looking at the career of such a man, contemplating his earnest unswerving endeavour, and marking what great and noble men—Bright, Lloyd Garrison, Elihu Burritt, Forster, with many more—lent their aid to the cause that filled his heart, it is melancholy to reflect that wars and conquests, far from becoming extinct among the nations—seem to be yearly on the increase, and that, spite of all that has been done, spite of the foundation of Peace Societies and Arbitration Associations, spite of the spread of knowledge and the progress of civilization, man shows himself no whit less ready to-day to engage in “warlike operations” than he has been at any other time; the ultimate appeal on earth, men appear to think, must still be to force—physical force; and though the lion, it seems, is willing enough to “lie down with the lamb,” it must be—as has been remarked—“with the lamb inside him.”

THE audacity of the jackdaw of Rheims has been equalled, if not excelled, at Monkton, in Kent, last week. During divine service a jackdaw, belonging to Mr. Stapleton Cotton, made its way into the sacred edifice with the congregation, and not only took a lively part in the responses, but also became exceedingly talkative at other times. The whole congregation were in a titter, the clergyman himself with difficulty kept a straight face, while the school children present broke out into open laughter. Things became so bad that the clergyman was compelled to order the children out of the Church. Then an

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effort was made to capture the intruder, which had perched itself boldly upon the reading-desk. The bird, however, flew to the rafters above, where it remained (still talkative) till the end of the service.

THERE is no doubt that the question of what fiction, and how much fiction may be read with profit, presents some difficulty. But it would be better to leave the subject alone altogether than to make silly remarks of the kind that Sir Theodore Martin is reported to have made last week at Llangollen. He condemns all modern French novels, and is, to a great extent, justified in his condemnation, but when he makes *no* exceptions at all, and actually places Alphonse Daudet along with the very worst French writers of the Realist school, he is certainly in great error. It is true that Daudet has written a great deal that were better left unwritten and unread—as, indeed, has the greatest of all writers—Shakspeare—but it is also true that Daudet has written “Numa Roumestan,” “Contes Choisies,” a volume of exquisite short French stories, and “Tartarin sur les Alpes,” all of which can be confidently recommended to a young man.

*The Graphic* gives an interesting account of the latest addition to the Zoo, viz., a young chimpanzee named “Jennie,” which has recently arrived from Sierra Leone. Although the Society has at various times secured about forty of these apes, they have never been able to withstand the English climate for more than a few days. All interested in the matter will, therefore, be glad to hear that “Jennie” arrived in good health and spirits, and apparently none the worse for her journey. None of the previous specimens have arrived at such a tender age, for “Jennie” cannot be much over eighteen months old, and none of them have possessed such a quaint old-fashioned face, which is the nearest resemblance to a human countenance which we have yet seen in the animal world. She is very docile and intelligent, likes being petted, cries if she is being left alone, and in her playful moments romps about in her cage with the zest of a child. To watch her antics as she climbs about on the bars, or rolls over in play, is quite a fascinating amusement, and the absurd way in which, every now and then, she sits down, and deliberately folding her arms, proceeds to pinch her brazen little face, is irresistibly comical.

THOSE who are not able to afford themselves a holiday at the sea this year should utilize the fine summer evenings for strolls round London. For instance, a penny steamboat from Blackfriars will take you to Chelsea, and there is a delightful walk through mignonette fields by way of Parsons Green to Hurlingham. Chiswick again is a capital place for rambles, and full of interesting things. The tomb of William Hogarth, the great painter, is to be found in Chiswick churchyard, with an epitaph by his friend Garrick, the actor. From Chiswick House—the beautiful mansion of the Duke of Devonshire—there is a charming walk under the limes to Turnham Green.

*Punch* has a funny little contribution to the absurd discussion which is still raging on marriage.

*Effie to Visitor*.—George and I have been playing at Husband and Wife, Mr. Mitcham?

*Mr. Mitcham*.—Well, and how did you do that my dear?

*Effie*.—Why Georgy sat at one end of the table and I sat at the other: and Georgy said “This food isn’t fit to eat”; and I said “It’s all you’ll get”; and Georgy said “Dam”; and I got up and left the room.

It is difficult to see a much prettier sight than the River Thames, when, on a fine clear evening, its banks are illuminated and its water covered with house-boats, punts, skiffs, etc., decked with bright shining lamps. Henley, Marlow, Sunbury, Molesey, and other river towns, in turn each afford their visitors this pretty spectacle on their respective annual regatta-days; this year it occurred to a party that had been camping out—apparently deceived by the calendar into thinking it was summer—to take advantage of a fine evening and hold an illuminated fête. “Few would think,” says the *Daily Telegraph*, “how lovely the river looked, with its shady banks lit up by thousands of fairy lights, and with Chinese lanterns, and its surface covered with hundreds of boats, their forms outlined as they glided over the water with all sorts of devices in many-coloured lamps. The spot where the fête was given was that well-known bend about mid-way between Kingston and Teddington, where for some weeks past the Willow Camp of Hampton Wick has harboured a little colony of holiday makers. For some time past the Richmond band has played every Thursday evening, and the entertainment has been extremely popular. The rule

has been for the band to occupy a good-sized craft in the centre of the stream; but, last night, through some failure in the arrangements, they were posted less advantageously on shore. From all the adjacent towns private boats full of ladies and gentlemen covered this part of the river, and the evening being fine, thousands of spectators covered the towing-path. The illumination was very effective, and the scene from 7.30 to 10 o’clock was extremely animated and enjoyable.”

It is doubtless good to have our windows clean, but it would be better to have them thick in dirt—or, for that matter, to have no windows at all—than to sacrifice human life in the endeavour to keep them spotless. Every year a certain number of hapless servant-girls fall victims to the barbarous and inhuman practice of those mistresses who send them to sit—or worse to stand—on narrow little window-sills where there is barely room for them to remain still, and where it is scarcely possible for them to move about and rub the window with their polishing-cloths without danger. The latest sufferer is described as “a young girl, who sat outside a third-storey window at 12, The Avenue, Acre Lane, Brixton. Twenty minutes afterwards a doctor and two policemen carried her in at the hall-door.” The only part of the story which is uncommon is that she was still living, severely contused and cut, it is true, and in such a state as to necessitate her being removed on a stretcher to the hospital. Surely it ought to be a punishable offence for an employer to allow anyone in his—or her—service to endanger her life thus; and, in case of death from such an accident, the person primarily responsible for it should be punished for manslaughter.

## Palace Notes.

THE Trustees have decided to hold the Apprentices’ and Workmen’s Industrial Exhibition at Easter, 1889, beginning on Saturday, April 20th. Forms will be ready, and may be obtained at the General Offices on and after Monday, October 1st, 1888.

THE Swimming Bath will be closed for the season on Saturday, September 15th; but the Trustees purpose holding a series of competitions amongst Members and others during the last fortnight—a day being set apart for the ladies. A day will also be set apart for the lads who have attended the Technical Day Schools during the past year. Arrangements will be announced as soon as completed.

A SWIMMING COMPETITION will take place on Friday next at 11 a.m. by the boys of the Jewish Free Schools.

By an error in our last number, the name of Charles William Johnson, of 254, Devonshire Street, Mile End, was omitted from the List of Successful Candidates for the Free Scholarships of the People’s Palace Technical Day School.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the holding of a Matriculation Class, in connection with the University of London. Particulars will be shortly announced.

THE Second Great Dog Show (under Kennel Club Rules) will take place on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th, 9th, and 10th of October. Special classes and prizes will be given for East London. All entries close on September 24th. Schedules of prizes and regulations may be obtained at the General Offices. Postal communications should be marked “Dog Show.”

ARRANGEMENTS have been made with the Band and Pipers of the Scots Guards to give Jullien’s famous “British Army Quadrilles” on the nights of Monday and Thursday next.

On the 17th and 18th of next month there will be held in the Gymnasium of the Palace two Social Dance evenings. The Band of the Scots Guards will be in attendance. Institute Members are privileged to bring a friend; and it is hoped that those attending will meet the expenses by purchasing programmes. Circulars, containing particulars, are being addressed to individual Members of the Palace.

As the financial year of the Institute closes on the 30th September, the Secretaries of the various Clubs are requested to arrange their General Meetings early in next month. They are further requested to send dates of such meetings to the Chairman, so that he may, in his capacity of President, be able to attend the Annual Meetings.

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## Society and Club Notes.

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

### BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Thursday evening twelve Members and three friends carried out the run to Woodford. Fine weather, and a bright moon on the return journey, made the run most enjoyable.

On Saturday the run was to Chingford, eighteen Members turning out for the occasion. The run proved one of the most eventful of the season. On leaving Victoria Park, Mr. Bright did his best to knock the gate post down, but was unsuccessful. Riding through Temple Mill Lane, a Member caused a little amusement by running down a bank into a ditch. Whilst trying to ride Chingford Hill, Mr. J. Dawson—on account of the state of the road—managed to descend to *terra firma* by going over the handles in a very graceful manner, which proceeding caused about half a dozen other Members to leave their saddles very quickly. On arriving at Chingford we discussed tea in a hearty manner, after which we rode to the “Wilfrid Lawson,” Woodford, where a very harmonious evening was spent. The run next Thursday to Woodford as usual. On Saturday next, Abridge is our destination. Members are requested to be at the Palace so that an early start can be made, as the return journey will be *via* Loughton and Buckhurst Hill, which can only be carried out by having an early tea.

Will the “non-active” Members kindly give us the pleasure of their company for the remaining runs.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE’S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

All Members are requested to attend the rehearsal on Friday next.

*Altos, Tenors and Basses* are still wanted. Ladies or gentlemen desirous of joining the Society should send their names as soon as possible to

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE’S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

Through the indisposition of our President, the Committee have decided to continue the “productive” evenings for a few weeks, the first of which will take place on Friday, September 7th. Members are earnestly requested to forward contributions for that night.

New Members can be enrolled before and after the meeting on application to

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

### PEOPLE’S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

Members are reminded that this Society will meet for usual practice on the first Monday in October.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE’S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of the above Club will take place on Wednesday, September 26th, when all Members are requested to attend.

BUSINESS.—Election of officers for ensuing year; and to receive Balance-Sheet.

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

### EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

A meeting of Members and others interested in the above will be held on Saturday next, September 1st, in Room 2, at 8.30 p.m. Sir Edmund Currie has kindly consented to preside.

As the season will very shortly commence, the Secretary will be very glad to receive the names and addresses of Members who will be able to take part in matches with other Clubs.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

### 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.

### PEOPLE’S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. POLYTECHNIC.—This match was played on the Polytechnic ground at Wimbledon on Saturday last, and resulted in a victory for the Polytechnic by 26 runs. The Polytechnic batted first, against the bowling of Goldberg, Knight, Goodwin and Byard, and were dismissed for 49 runs. The fielding of the Palace team was, except for one or two mistakes, smart; Hendry especially making a difficult catch at point. The Palace, who were playing one man short, made no stand against the bowling of Cottrell and Mallett, being disposed of for 23 runs. The following are the scores and bowling analysis:

POLYTECHNIC.		PEOPLE’S PALACE.	
Mallett b Goodwin	12	L. Goldberg b Cottrell	4
Crabtree run out	0	H. Byard b Cottrell	2
Cottrell c H. Byard b Goldberg	6	W. Goodwin (Capt.) b Mallett	0
Gutteridge c and b Byard	9	W. Hendry b Mallett	1
Harris b Goodwin	0	H. J. Chatterton b Cottrell	3
Garnham b Goldberg	0	R. Hones b Cottrell	2
Kent c and b Goldberg	8	F. Knight c A. Kemp b Mallett	0
Hamilton b Goldberg	7	lett	0
Ward not out	2	C. Bowman not out	3
Lawrence c Hendry b Goldberg	4	W. Munro b Cottrell	6
Stanton run out	0	C. Jacobson b Mallett	0
Extras	1	Extras	2
Total	49	Total	23

### BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Goldberg	9	3	21
Knight	6	4	0
Goodwin	13.3	5	14
Byard	7	3	10

PEOPLE’S PALACE 2ND v. SOUTH WEST HAM.—This match was played at Tidal Basin, and resulted in an easy win for the South West Ham, owing to some of the Palace team not playing. Sutton batted splendidly for 69, not out, for the South West Ham, and Gorton, 12, and Wainman, 9, for the Palace.

The following will represent the Palace against the Pelham at Wanstead:—W. Everson, G. Sheppard, E. Sherrell, W. Wenn, H. Marshall, G. Thomson, G. Lyons, W. Gorton, C. Jacobson, L. Nathan, A. Wainman. Reserves—S. Loxton, G. Helbing.

THIRD ELEVEN v. GLENWOOD.—The return match was played at Wanstead on Saturday, and, after a very pleasant game, resulted in a victory for the Glenwood. Our opponents started batting first, and their last wicket fell for 79. A. Scholl and Silver batted well for the Glenwood; Silver was run out through the smart fielding of Prager. The Palace started batting with M. Prager and P. M. Carter. Prager was bowled by Silver. Hunter then went in, but P. M. Carter was bowled by a shooter from Sturzburg. Bird then joined Hunter, but when the score was 7, Hunter was caught by Scholl. Fairweather then joined Bird, but after 25 minutes the pair were separated by Bird being bowled by Scholl. W. W. Carter then went in, but Fairweather was caught at the wicket by Rendall. Adams joined W. W. Carter, but after making 5 was caught by Kitchenside. Cox then joined W. W. Carter, but Carter was bowled by Scholl; Witham going in was run out. Kitchenside then went in, but was caught by Rendall at the wicket. Dodd then joined Cox, but after seeing four wickets down Cox was bowled by Sturzburg. Our innings closing for 44, the Glenwood won by 35 runs. Scores:—

GLENWOOD.		PEOPLE’S PALACE 3RD.		
H. Sturzburg lbw	b Bird	0	M. Prager b Silver	0
G. Scholl c Kitchenside b Hunter	0	P. M. Carter b Sturzburg	5	
A. Scholl b Bird	25	Hunter c Scholl b Silver	4	
Rendall c and b Hunter	0	Bird b Scholl	0	
Silvers run out	19	H. Fairweather c Rendall b Scholl	10	
Timms run out	7	W. W. Carter b Scholl	3	
S. Sturzburg run out	5	Adams c Kitchenside b Sturzburg	5	
Kitchenside b Hunter	4	Cox b Sturzburg	1	
Batcheller b Hunter	0	Witham run out	2	
Woods not out	8	Kitchenside c Rendall b Scholl	0	
Batcheller c Hunter b Bird	5	Dodd not out	8	
Extras	6	Extras	6	
Total	79	Total	44	

The following are selected to play against the Islington C. C., at Wanstead, next Saturday:—M. Prager, P. M. and W. W. Carter, Hunter, Dorner, Cox, Final, Adams, Witham, Alvarez, and H. Fairweather (Captain). Reserves—Dodd and Williams.

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## SOCIAL DANCE EVENINGS.

It is proposed to hold on the 17th and 18th of September, Social Dances, to which Members are particularly invited to attend on one of the evenings, and for the arrangements of which a Special Committee of Members has been formed.

The Scots Guards Band will be engaged for the occasion, and the gatherings will take place in the Gymnasium, the decorations to remain as at present.

The object of these dances is to increase sociability, and provide rational enjoyment amongst the Members; therefore, as the Committee are anxious that the poorest should find as much enjoyment as those in a better position of life, no person will be admitted in evening dress.

A charge of 6d. will be made for each programme, which can be obtained when the tickets are issued. The Committee ask the co-operation of their fellow Members in purchasing programmes, so as to defray the expenses.

Tickets (to admit Member and friend) will be issued by the Committee in the General Offices, from Wednesday, Sept. 5th to Wednesday, Sept. 12th, inclusive, from 8.15 till 9.15 p.m.

The Committee beg to draw attention to the fact that a series of concerts will be held in the Queen's Hall the last week in September (25th to 29th), the proceeds of which will be divided amongst the Clubs connected with the People's Palace. A varied programme is arranged for each evening, and it is hoped that practical help in the sale of tickets—so that the various Clubs will be placed on a sound financial basis—may be obtained.

Any information will be gladly supplied by

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

N.B.—General Committee Meeting next Friday, at 8.30 p.m. Representatives are earnestly requested to attend.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

In accordance with a resolution passed at an Ordinary Meeting of Members, a private view of photographs will take place on Wednesday, the 12th September next. As much depends upon the success of this private view, the Committee trust that all Members without fail will exhibit.

The following are the conditions:—

Any number of photographs not exceeding six, all mounted, but not framed, of which one should be a portrait, one an architectural subject, and one a landscape subject, to be sent to the Secretary at the Palace not later than mid-day on Wednesday, the 12th September. All photographs sent in must be the sole work of the Member exhibiting from beginning to end, and no marks made upon them indicating in any manner the ownership of the pictures. As a small prize will be given for the best set of pictures, it is requested that a *nom de plume* or motto be legibly written on the back of each picture, and the same *nom de plume* or motto, with the owner's name, be written on a piece of paper and placed in a sealed envelope, and handed in with the pictures.

The view will take place at 8 o'clock on the date before-mentioned for criticism, and the Committee trust that the Members will strive to make this view a success, so as to enable them to make arrangements for the Annual Meeting in October.

The Committee to have the right of calling for any negatives they think proper for the purpose of examination.

Any further particulars will be announced next week.

A Committee Meeting will be held next Friday, at 8 p.m.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

Members meet on Saturday next, September 1st, at 4 o'clock sharp, outside Westminster Abbey (opposite Beaconsfield's Statue.) Saturday, September 8th.—Alexandra Palace.

" " 15th.—Italian Exhibition.

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

It is urgently requested that every Member will reply promptly to the circulars each have received, so that no delay be caused by unnecessary misunderstanding. We also request that Members will answer definitely as to whether they will take active or inactive work in their Section. This is actually necessary, as confusion is the only result when Members do not make us acquainted with their intentions. We would respectfully draw Members' attention to the revised Rules appearing in *The Palace Journal* of August 15th.

It appears that some persons have spread a report to the effect that rehearsals are suspended till October. We wish to deny this, as we hope, in a week or so, to have all Sections in working order.

We should be pleased if the following Members would forward us their addresses:—Messrs. C. James, Halfpenny, Wadkin, Henessey, Denham; and the Misses Boss, Manley and Graydon.

There are still a few vacancies for Members.

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

## Warburtoniana.

WARBURTON when a young man was sometimes exceedingly absent in company. He would often sit silent or doze in the chimney-corner. One evening, while the company was very lively, he seemed more than usually thoughtful—not a word dropped from his lips; when one of his acquaintance, with a view to raise another laugh, said, "Well, Mr. Warburton, where have you been? And what will you take for your thoughts?" He replied, with a firmness to which they had thought him an entire stranger: "I know very well what you and others think of me; but I believe I shall one day or other convince the world that I am not so ignorant, nor so great a fool, as I am taken to be."

In Warburton's time, few clergymen thought it incumbent on them to do more than perform the services of the Church decently; and Warburton might justly allege that he was more clerically employed in a ceaseless round of study than were not a few of his clerical neighbours in hunting thrice a-week, and getting drunk daily. Yet, as satire is generally some basis in fact, the following lines of Churchill render it probable that Warburton was not the most watchful of shepherds:

"A curate first, he read and read  
And laid in—while he should have fed  
The souls of his neglected flock—  
Of reading such a mighty stock  
That he o'ercharged the weary brain  
With more than she could well contain."

When Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle, died, in 1768, Warburton wrote thus oddly of him to Dr. Hurd: "A bishop more or less in the world is nothing; and, perhaps, of as small amount in the next. I used to despise him for his antiquarianism; but of late, since I grew old and dull myself, I cultivated an acquaintance with him for the sake of what formerly kept us asunder."

Warburton said many smart things. When Lord Lyttelton, who had held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer for a short time, was obliged to retire from incapacity, and was succeeded by Mr. Dowdeswell, Warburton observed to Hawkins Browne that there was a curious contrast between the two ministers; for "the one could never in his life learn that two and two made four, while the other knew nothing else." This is very similar to his sarcasm on Dean Tucker and Dr. Squire. His remark on Mallet's *Life of Bacon* and projected *Life of Marlborough*, is well known,—that Mallet would perhaps forget that "Marlborough was a general, as he had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher." To him also is attributed the saying, that "there are two things for which every man thinks himself competent, managing a small farm, and driving a whisky." He has the credit, too, of the famous distinction between orthodoxy and heterodoxy: "Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is another man's doxy."

In one of his letters he says: "The people are much more reasonable in their demands on their patriots than on their ministers. Of their patriots they readily accept the will for the deed, but of their ministers they unjustly interpret the deed for the will!"

Warburton had an only child, a son. Being asked to what profession he should devote him, he said he would determine according to his ability. If he proved himself a lad of good parts, he should make him a lawyer; if but mediocre, he should breed him a physician; but that if he turned out a very dull fellow, he should put him into the Church. The boy gave such proofs of talent that he was destined for the law, but died in his nineteenth year.

About this time, Warburton became almost imbecile, and continued to take little interest in anything for several years, till, just before his death, a momentary revival of intellect took place, and he asked his attendant, in a quiet rational tone, "Is my son really dead, or not?" The servant hesitated how to reply, when the Bishop repeated the question in a firmer voice. The attendant then answered, "As your Lordship presses the question, I must say, he is dead." "I thought so," said Warburton; and soon after expired.

**Embalming**—Archbishop Tillotson supposes the custom of embalming so common amongst the ancient Egyptians, to be alluded to in that verse of Ecclesiastes, where Solomon says, "a good name is better than precious ointment," chap. vii. verse 1. The meaning of this expression Tillotson considers to be, that "a good name" after death is better than the preservation or embalming of the body by "precious ointment."

## Emigration and Colonisation.

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

(Continued from page 597.)

If we take the numbers by themselves we find an enormous development of emigration in the numerical sense, nor is it possible to contend, as some theorists would contend, that "public and private bodies who are engaged in pumping out the population either voluntarily or compulsorily are doing a very unpatriotic work." Is it unpatriotic to create markets for our goods and homes for our starving people? It cannot be too often repeated that England is no longer a rich country in the actual sense. She is still, and if Imperial Federation becomes an accomplished fact, she will remain, a rich country, in that she is, and, through the triumph of that measure, she will continue to be, a great storehouse or bank for imperial wealth—wealth derived from the development of the almost illimitable natural resources of our colonies. But England's day, as an agricultural country, and perhaps as a stock-rearing country, is over, and, so far as we can see, it can never return. Coal and iron, maybe, will not always play the same pre-eminent part in the scale of the economic requirements of a nation as they now play. For any practical purpose, it is looking too far ahead to attempt to discount a future of which the seeming symptoms are as yet nebulous, and may prove to be wholly illusory. We may take it then, that coal and iron will, next to meat and bread stuffs, continue to be the main staples of human requirements. If this be so, it is a very significant fact, for the coal and iron deposits of our Colonies cover an area in comparison with which the area of the British deposits sinks into insignificance. It is only a question of time, and the time would seem to be near at hand, when these sources of wealth across the seas will be opened up by our energetic brothers located in these transmarine territories, and then the full significance of the contention that England intrinsically is no longer a rich country will be proved beyond possibility of dispute. All this points to the fact that an enormous exodus of the pent-up inhabitants of these isles is imminent in the near future. It behoves us then, in this matter of emigration, to learn a lesson from the emigration of the past. In the past our methods of emigration have been unsatisfactory and inconsequent, and in saying this the mildest terms competent to describe these methods have been used. To say that any great improvement has yet become manifest would be to say a *fond thing vainly invented*; but to say that there are plentiful indications of a coming and a radical change for the better, would be to state that which is perfectly within the facts of the case. At this moment the same old hap-hazard system of emigration (it cannot be better described than as the *drift system*) is in vogue as was in vogue fifty years ago. Hence the working-classes still regard emigration, and not without some justice, with dislike and suspicion. These feelings are, it is true, largely the fruit of ignorance—ignorance in a double sense. The ignorance of the people, and the ignorance of their rulers—for with enormous and productive imperial estates at our disposal, we, who have ruled, have been both ignorant and indifferent concerning them, so that the people have only reflected the unwisdom of their legislators. The people need to be taught the true value of Colonies, and especially their true concern to every citizen of this great Empire, and to the congested inhabitants of these islands in particular. The advocates of emigration are hooted from public platforms under the impression, which is doubtless almost entirely an erroneous impression, that these recommendations to emigration proceed from covert spokesmen of certain sections of the privileged classes, whose action is inspired by the selfish desire to get rid of divers troublesome people who ask awkward questions about the land, of which its owners would fain be left in undisputed possession. Fallacies of this sort, so far as they are fallacies, need to be examined and exploded. There are certain scandals, however, connected with emigration which do not admit of being exploded, because they are still far from being extinct, although they are not of such frequent occurrence now as they once were. It is not so many years since the writer witnessed the arrival and subsequent sufferings of a number of artisans upon the shores of a very distant colony. They had been entrapped there under false pretences, and when they arrived they not only found absolutely no work to do, but also that the streets of the seaport at which they landed were full of the unemployed. To the bitterness of their disappointment something else was added. The gibes and jeers of the colonists pressed

down the measure of their unhappiness till the cup was overflowing. Since then such mistakes, or worse than mistakes, have been too often re-enacted. The letters sent home disgust and deter intending emigrants here, while the feeling against immigration entertained by many colonists is accentuated and confirmed. Colonists—especially the working men of the Colonies—view fresh arrivals with a jealous eye, because they believe that a plentiful supply of labour will tend to lessen wages. This is quite true of a country whose resources are on the wane; but in the long run it is not true of a new and a sparsely populated and an undeveloped country. There, labour begets labour. I would not speak more on this subject because there is one—Mr. Arnold White—who can speak and has spoken upon it with great authority and lucidity. Still, in giving reasons for my belief that a change for the better in this matter is imminent, I cannot but rejoice that the recommendations, to which for years I have humbly joined my voice, have at last culminated in the actual institution of a Colonial Information Bureau, although I regret the far from liberal and somewhat halting manner of its institution. All said and done, however, it seems that what we want in the future is colonisation rather than emigration, between which, as Sir Charles Mills says, there is all the difference in the world. In that direction—colonisation—Imperialists at home and in the Colonies should bend their energies. Systematic, scientific colonisation, arranged between the Home Country and the Colonies on a basis of mutual advantage. My schemes in this direction include measures for the formation of pauper farms in newly acquired territories, or in the remaining Crown lands of older Colonies. I have already reached the prescribed limit, and this subject must be reserved for future ventilation. In conclusion, it may be said that some of us live in the confident hope that they have seen the inauguration of a new departure in this vital matter of emigration; and that the history of colonisation of the next fifty years will read very differently from the narrative in that connection of the past fifty years, which, when studied as a plain unvarnished tale, contains food for sorrowful reflections and groundwork for many a vain regret.

## The Forest Oak.

PRIDE of the glade! Time's scythe hath spread  
His ruthless sway o'er thine aged head;  
And thy leafless boughs, through the midnight air,  
In the moon's pale beam, shew barren and bare;  
And the ivy alone round thy mossy trunk  
Looks fadless and green as before 'twas shrunk  
By Heaven's red bolt, when the angry storm  
Raged long and loud o'er thy giant form.  
The bolt hath sped, and the storm's no more—  
Old oak! thy days of youth are o'er.

Pride of the glen! I remember well  
When the gipsy was wont her tale to tell,  
As beneath thee she sat, and the winds around  
Seem'd hushed as they listed the magic sound;  
And the maidens blushed, and the youth would smile,  
As solemn she chaunted her verse the while,  
For little they dream'd that her words so fair  
Would so soon be scatter'd abroad in air.  
The spell, and the verse, and the chaunt's no more—  
Old oak! thy days of youth are o'er.

Pride of the acorn'd forest green!  
How many a summer hath o'er thee been;  
How many a winter hath o'er thee past,  
And thy leafy head with its hollow blast;  
But thy leafy head hath been long laid low,  
And the raven croaks from thy wither'd bough,  
And the fawn no longer courts, as wont,  
Thy grateful shade as its noon-tide haunt,  
Nor the shepherd-boy when the rain-storms pour—  
Old oak! thy days of youth are o'er.

Pride of thy country's proudest boast!  
Of the fleets that encircle our sea-girt coast,  
When the towery mast and the swelling sail  
Rise high on the green waves and court the gale,  
And the sounds of death and the waste of war  
O'er the foaming billows are heard afar;  
Time was too thou might'st have rode the tide,  
The pride of the flood, as the forest's pride,  
And bid o'er the waves thy thunders roar—  
Old oak! thy days of youth are o'er.

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**Jehu's Revenge.**

(By THE SUB-ED.)

“PENNY all the way: Charing Cross, Strand.”

He was a smart-looking fellow—some drivers are—of perhaps three- or five-and-thirty. He had a fresh-looking, clean-shaven face, with a fragment of side whisker neatly clipp'd to the level of the lobe of his ear, a bright pair of eyes, and a well-formed chin. A new silk hat ornamented his head; a faultlessly clean collar, and a black necktie with a small horse-shoe pin decorated his throat, and a coat and vest of soft black vicuna completed his toilette—so far, of course, as I could see: for his legs were concealed beneath the apron. Altogether a spick-and-span air that suggested Veneering.

I mounted the box and sat alongside my Jehu, regarding him in silent admiration.

“Fine day, sir,” said he, with an enquiring look, putting on his gloves.

“Yes—rather,” I replied, glancing uneasily at the threatening sky, and mentally prophesying a downpour.

Then there was a pause; until presently the arrival of a couple of busses was the signal for our departure, and Liverpool Street was left behind. Then Jehu broke out afresh.

“Been a-holiday-making, sir,” he asked, glancing at my bronzed countenance.

“Yes,” I said, not ill-pleased at such flattering observation. “Down at Bournemouth.”

“Bour'm'uth!” he ejaculated. “Native place, sir.”

“Indeed,” said I.

“Yes,” he continued, rather bitterly, whipping up his horses. “Born and bred there.”

I have a peculiar fondness for chatting with omnibus drivers, and seldom miss the opportunity of so doing. As a class they are second to none—excepting, perhaps, printers—for the richness of their humour, and the wealth of badinage and repartee which springs extempore from their mother wit. They are generally inexhaustible on most topics, and are particularly reliable authorities on horseflesh, policemen and the weather; whilst their knowledge of London is so very extensive and peculiar that even Mr. Sam Weller might well be content to play second fiddle. They have also a keen relish for good cigars.

“Ah,” I exclaimed, interestedly—thinking of *The Palace Journal*. “Had a bad time there perhaps.—Been long in London?”

“A matter o' five years or more.”

“So, then, you are almost a Cockney by this time,” I remarked, anticipating something interesting before the journey was over.

“Yes,” he replied, “twas the best thing I could have done—to have come to London. When I was two-and-twenty I fell in with as pretty a wench as you'd find in a day's journey. That was nigh on twelve years ago—and Bour'm'uth wasn't quite so big a place as it is nowadays.—Pretty place, Bour'm'uth, sir?”

“Pretty!—Glorious!” I exclaimed, enthusiastically.

He nodded. “Well, a few months after that the banns were put up, and we were to be married come Easter Day. . . But we weren't . . . we disagreed, and we parted; and I was so cut up about the affair that I left the town and started for London. Well, I knocked about a good deal without getting a single job—I was an ostler then—so at last I joined the army. It was my only chance, sir,” he explained, misinterpreting my look of surprise. “Then the war in Zululand broke out, and I left England with the regiment.”

“Seen some service, eh?”

“A little,” he answered, modestly. “I went through that campaign, and saw the capture of Cetewayo. You wouldn't suppose my leg was shattered to see me a-sitting here so comfortable—would you, sir?”

I gave an emphatic negative in answer to his question; and asked how his trouble occurred.

“One night, about three weeks after that affair at Rorke's Drift, we were suddenly awakened by the sounds of firing to the south of us, and immediately the whole camp was in motion. We snatched up our rifles and darted off, thinking it a surprise from the enemy.—There's no trusting them Zulus, sir,” he added, glancing over his shoulder at a shop window which reflected the form of an alighting passenger. “When we arrived we found that a sentry had seen something wriggling along the ground in front of him: and had sung out a challenge. For an answer he received an assegai, which pierced his helmet and knocked him down with the force. Then he fired twice, and so alarmed the camp. A body of men were at once told off to scour the neighbourhood. I was one of them. It was a pitch dark night: and we couldn't

see a hand before us, when all of a sudden my foot came with a crash against a stone, and in trying to right myself it turned over and I fell down—completely lamed. To follow up with the others was out of the question, so they left me sitting on the ground, trying to ease the excruciating pain. Some of them wanted to stay behind and help me along: but I thought it wouldn't do and so refused. I would sit and wait their return to the camp.

“How long I sat there rubbing my poor foot I don't know, when all at once I heard a noise, and before I could turn round I was seized and gagged. Three Zulus held me fast . . . I didn't resist: I couldn't—for I was helpless. They looked at me for a moment, and then the biggest of the three—whom I could see by the morning light had a broken nose, and was awfully disfigured—began to prod me with his assegai as if he wanted me to rise. I pointed to my naked foot: but they either couldn't or wouldn't understand, for two of them seized me and compelled me to run. I shall never forget the agony of that night, it was sheer torture. Where they were taking me to I didn't know, nor couldn't guess; but they kept on at a steady run for about half-an-hour—yes, it must have been about that time,” he said, reflectively, “although it seemed much longer to me. . . . Suddenly they pulled up short and began to listen. I guessed the truth: my comrades were upon us. As quick as lightning, and before I could see what he was at, the big Zulu knocked me down, and seizing his assegai, plunged it twice with all his strength into my injured foot.

“Then I went clean off; and when I recovered my senses I was in camp, and my doubly-wounded limb had been attended to. Two of the rascals, they told me, had been shot, and the other was a prisoner. I asked them what he was like, and they gave me a description of him. It was the scoundrel who had stabbed me. If ever I felt ready for a murder I did that night: and I longed for a chance to be revenged. The chance soon came.”

I gazed at this spucely-dressed, bloodthirsty Jehu incredulously, and he smiled.

“Never fear, sir; I didn't exactly murder him although I killed him; and on the very next night too. That night extra precaution was taken, and the sentries were doubled. I was lying broad awake in my tent—the only sick occupant. The canvas door—if you can call it such—was open, and there was a faint moon-light about. Presently I heard a strange noise outside and sat up in my bed to listen. Then through the open door I saw him—saw the fiend who had tortured me—creeping along trying to escape. He drew near. Forgetting my pain in my mad thirst for blood I sprang from the bed and in less than a moment, he was at my feet. Then it was man to man—I unarmed, except with what weapons nature had given me. That he knew me again I felt quite certain, and he closed with me in his savage way . . . Then I was on the ground and he a-top of me, and for the moment I began to think my last hour had come, and that he'd have the better of the fight; for I saw him draw out a knife—which I afterwards found he had stolen from the camp—with which he tried his best to settle my account. Then with a mighty effort—for he was a strong man—I pushed him off and stood upright with him face to face. For a time we struggled fiercely: but not for long, for as I felt him trying to crush the life out of me with a bear-like hug, I put my fingers on his throat—and throttled him. It was an awful thing for a Christian to do, sir, but it was his life or mine: and, besides, I was burning for revenge.”

“That settled him,” said I.

“Rather: but I am injured for life. This left leg of mine—slapping that concealed member—is quite useless. When I got back to London I took to driving: but at first nobody'd have me, thinking my lameness an objection. However, here I am pretty comfortable, and not much to complain about—Charing Cross, sir?”

“Yes;” said I, preparing to descend, “many thanks for your interesting narrative. Good day.”

“Good-day, sir. Off-side down.”

**Mr. G. S. Fellows, M.A.**, published in New York a pamphlet claiming to contain “Loisette's Complete System of Memory,” and proofs (as an excuse for printing) that Prof. Loisette's System was not original. The question was tried in the Supreme Court of New York, before Chief Justice Van Brunt, on 26th July, 1888. Dr. William A. Hammond, author of several works on the mind and the nerves, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, author of “A System of Psychology” (Longmans, 1884), and others, testified that the Loisettian System is original, being a new departure in the education of the Memory, and is of great value. The Supreme Court made perpetual an injunction restraining Mr. Fellows from publishing his pamphlet, and ordered him to deliver to Prof. Loisette the stereotype plates and books. The pamphlets delivered up numbered over 9,000.

[August 29, 1888.]

**“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.—Continued.

**Y**OU are pretty, child, and you are tall. What is your age? “I am past sixteen.” “What colour is your hair?” “It is light brown. My eyes are blue.”

All this time her busy sensitive fingers were passing lightly over my face.

“Your name is Pleasance. Your father, John Huntspill tells me, was a ship's carpenter. Your guardian, one Daniel Gulliver, has gone to sea, and you were left alone. My son William has fallen in love with you. You are betrothed to each other without the formality of asking my consent. It was wrong in my son. I trust, my dear, that what I see of you will induce me to grant that consent. We have time before us, during which we may do the best to learn each other's ways and character. Be sure that in all you do, I shall be always watching you, blind as I am. You may kiss me, Pleasance.”

I kissed her fingers, but she drew me to herself and kissed my forehead. Presently, to my distress, John Huntspill went away, and I was left alone with Madam.

She began by asking me how I used to spend my days, what I used to read, of what character were my religious opportunities, and other questions designed to bring out exactly what I knew and how I thought. Then she told me that John Huntspill had prepared a report of my general ignorance, for which care would be immediately taken. She informed me further, that a skilful governess, aided by all kinds of masters, would begin their labours with me the very next morning.

She ended in her stately way:

“William did not wait for my consent, nor did you know, perhaps, that it is unbecoming of a maiden to engage herself without that consent. Nevertheless, should you be diligent and prove yourself possessed of the aptitude and the qualities which he believes to be in you, that consent will not be withheld. Understand me, Pleasance, William is of age, and in two years' time or so will be called upon to assume the chief command of this great firm. He can marry without my consent, if he wishes. For your own happiness, and in obedience to the Fifth Commandment, you will study to obtain my approval. I do not deny that I could have wished—yes, that I most strongly wished—my son to form an alliance with one of gentle birth. You must try to remove this disappointment.”

Then my new manner of life began. It was, indeed, different from the old.

For the free wild country—the confinement of a city mansion. For gardens, fields, and sea-beach—the flags of a city square. For fresh air—smoke. For entire idleness—hard and unremitting toil. For freedom—the strict and stately manners of the time. For running and climbing about the cliffs—a daily drive in a stately coach, with a fat coachman on the hammer-cloth and two tall footmen behind.

For doing everything myself—having a lady's maid of my own. For the companionship of Dan, with his pipe and his glass of brandy-grog—the stately dame who sat watching me with blind eyes, and the patient middle-aged lady, my governess, who listened kindly to my troubles and smoothed the road to knowledge. What things I learned, of which before I had never even guessed! Every morning I practised two hours on the pianoforte, or harpsichord, as Madam called it. After breakfast came the masters. There was M. Elie Lemoine, master of dancing and deportment—he was my favourite, because I took to dancing with great

readiness; a singing master; a refugee French lady, of courtly manners, to teach me French: one of the clerks, an elderly man with a wife and large family, who was permitted to increase his income by giving me lessons in writing; and a professor of elocution, who taught me to read with propriety.

With all this work before me, I had little time to think about poor Will. One day, however, John Huntspill came to see me, and requested that I would favour him by walking in the square with him for a few minutes.

He told me that Madam was growing anxious about her son. His story, to put her off the scent, was that he was going to the West Indies. And the West Indian mails had come in, but no letter, naturally enough, had arrived from Will Campion.

“Everything depends,” he said, “on there being no enquiry. I have, for my own part, ascertained by a Portsmouth correspondent, in whom I can trust, that Mr. William is now at sea. Madam would die of shame were she to learn the truth. I see nothing for it but to feign a letter from him. I have written it, and propose to bring it to-morrow as coming from the office. It will, doubtless, be for you to read it aloud. We are embarked in a course of falsehoods. From one deceit springs many. Far, far better had Mr. William at once confessed his name and position, and obtained, as he certainly would have done, his Majesty's pardon for a boyish escapade.”

Yes, we were indeed embarked in a course of falsehood. Not one letter did we write, but many—four every year.

John Huntspill wrote them, getting his descriptions of West India scenery from all sorts of sources, avoiding the islands of Jamaica, Barbadoes, and St. Kitts, in which the house had correspondents. Then he would bring in his precious missive, announcing calmly that a mail was in from the West Indies bringing a letter for Madam. Lady Campion always took it, felt it, remarked how the smell of the vessel clung to the paper, and then putting it into my hands, commanded me to read it. In this way we carried on a regular correspondence, and though from time to time Madam complained that her son did not send direct answers to her questions (which we could not be expected to know), we managed to make things hang together, and the poor lady never suspected.

Nevertheless it went to my heart, and John Huntspill used to throw a guilty glance at me when she folded up the letter carefully, and placed it in her bosom, as if she was pressing her son to her heart. Also, on the days when a letter arrived she was silent, and would request to be left alone in her room.

No letter really came from Will at all. He was fighting the French somewhere. That made me tremble at night, thinking of the almost daily news, which was shouted about the streets, of another engagement and another victory, with the dreadful list of killed which followed after. Yet John Huntspill bade me hope. Among the lists, so far, he had not seen the name of William Campion or those of Dan and his boys.

So the days passed on. Lady Campion did not mix in general society, but she received at dinner, on certain days, a few old friends of her husband. These dinners, indeed, were magnificent, but one always wished to be a spectator instead of an actor in an entertainment which began at six, and from which even the ladies could not escape before nine. As for the gentlemen, they remained over their port, and I think many of them remained too long.

On Sundays we went to a city church, where the clergyman wore an immense wig, and had a trick of smacking his lips between his words, which always amused me. Thus he would say: “Now the sons of Eli”—smack—“were sons of Belial”—smack, smack—“they knew not the Lord”—smack. He always preached a sermon of the same length, exactly measured—counting the introductory prayer and the concluding

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benediction—to the space of half an hour. He was a good old man, something like my poor old friend the Rev. Benjamin Burden, fond of port and good living, benevolent, learned, and holding strong opinions on the authority of the clergy.

## CHAPTER VII.

## 'TWAS IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY.

DAY followed day, and season followed season. I had been with Lady Campion nearly two years. I had been so long in the great quiet house, where no footfall was ever heard on the thick carpets, so long with the stately lady who saw everything with blind eyes, that the old life seemed quite gone and lost. No more running and singing; and if, as happened sometimes at first, a sense of weariness would fall upon me, Madam, who divined everything, would admonish me:—

"It is for Will's sake, Pleasance."

And for his dear sake, what labour, what weariness, could not be borne?

We did not stay all the time in the city. Lady Campion had a house at Chertsey, whither for three months in the year we repaired, governess, lessons, and all. There a horse was kept for my own riding, and a groom to protect me. There I could ramble about a park where there were deer, whom I taught to come at my call, and eat out of my hand. And there was the river. I do not know whether it was more delightful for me to watch the current of the Thames, slipping silently away, or the waves of Rousdon come tumbling along the shore, rolling over each other in ceaseless sport. When September vanished, and the leaves were yellow, we left Chertsey and drove back to our city house, in a carriage almost as grand as that of the lord mayor.

No letter from Will all this time; not one line.

We kept up the deceitful correspondence between Will and his mother. What travels we contrived for him! What adventures John Huntspill and I imitated from books, or invented out of our own head! What hair-breadth escapes! What romantic incidents! Madam had no suspicion. She watched for the arrival of the letters; she had them read and re-read to her; she learned them all by heart; she quoted them as admirable specimens of the best modern style; she dated events from incidents in the letters. Such a thing happened when she heard how her son had captured an alligator—been wrecked on the coast of Cuba—marched inland with the Honduras Indians—or rescued the starving slaves abandoned on a West Indian quay. We might have laughed but for the dreadful fear that possessed our souls, of which we never dared to speak, that fear which made John Huntspill look through every list of killed and wounded, which blanched my cheek at every announcement of another naval action. For Will, we knew, was before the mast, and gone afloat to fight the French.

They were all victories in those days. Surely there was never a time when a nation was so brave as in the time of that long war. There was no note of hesitation then—no timid counsels. Girl as I was, I gloried in the spirit of the country when, with one consent, the nation flew to arms to resist the threatened invasion. And one could not choose but exult when the brave sailors went out to fight and conquer, with never a thought of striking the good old flag. I seem to see again the newsboys flying through the streets shouting the news of another glorious victory—to see the people in the streets buy the handbills and shake hands with each other, strangers though they might be. I forget the other side of the picture—the trembling women, the orphaned children, myself beating down the terror of my heart. I remember only the glory of it. Poor Madam, who knew nothing of this fear, took, of course, the greatest interest in the doings of the English fleets. There could not be too many actions to please her; every action was a victory; every

victory reduced the enemy's resources, and enabled her own great ships to perform their voyages in greater safety. Every day after breakfast I read aloud the *Morning Post*, especially that portion of the paper which gave the naval intelligence.

One morning I read the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

The list of casualties would be published in a few days. John Huntspill and I went about with heavy hearts. He did not dare to meet my eyes. For his Portsmouth correspondent had found out that all our four were on board the *Victory*.

We had illuminations in the city to celebrate the event on the Day of Rejoicing. We drove in state to church to offer up our far from humble offering; we invited guests for a feast of thanksgiving; we sent money for the poor in token of gratitude; and we gave order that the rejoicings of the house of Campion and Co. should excel in splendour those of every other private house. The front of the house was covered over with a trellis-work, on which were fixed thousands of oil-lamps of different colours, arranged in patriotic designs. In the centre was the lion and the unicorn with the words "God save King George!" Above was the Union Jack with the legend "Honour to the glorious dead!" I drew out the plan by Madam's instructions. She thought me wanting in enthusiasm, and delivered a little speech on the part which should be borne by women in the glory of their country. Above all, she said—her words fell upon me as a bad omen—above all, women must be ready for the sake of their country to imperil, without a murmur, the lives of husbands, lovers, or sons.

Besides the oil-lamps for the house illumination Lady Campion devised another and a more original manifestation of joy. She procured a ship's boat, which she caused to be mounted on wheels, decorated with mast and flags, and manned by a dozen jolly tars, and a band of music. The band was to play patriotic airs, the boat was to be dragged through the streets, the sailors were to sing; the masts being adorned with festoons of oil-lamps. The chief duty being impressed upon the men was that they were to keep sober, if they could, until midnight, when a puncheon of rum would be broached for them in the Square of Great St. Simon Apostle. On the morning of this joyful day John Huntspill, in paying his daily visit to Madam, handed me quietly a letter. It was addressed to me—I had seen the writing once before, in the parish register—by the rector of Rousdon. Could it be from Will? I hastened away, and tore it open with trembling fingers. It was not from Will. It was from Dan Gulliver, and it was the saddest letter that ever a girl received.

"My dear Pretty," said poor old Dan,—"We have made the port of Portsmouth, with the admiral aboard in his coffin. Jephthah was killed in the action with a chain-shot, which cut him in two pieces. My poor, pretty Pleasance! don't cry too much, but Mr. Campion fell overboard on the way home, and is consequently drowned. This is bad news for you, I am afraid; and for me too. Job sends his love, and he says he is alive, and he wishes it had been him.—Yours affectionate,

DAN GULLIVER."

This is the news which greeted me on the day of illumination for the victory of Trafalgar!

My governess came to me. I sent her away with some excuse, and sat down myself, saying over and over again, so that I should be able to feel the whole bitterness of despair: "Will is drowned! Will is drowned! We shall never see him again!"

John Huntspill came in search of me. He saw by my face what had happened. He took the letter from my fingers, and read it. "Poor Pleasance!" he said. "Poor, poor child!"

I think he must have sat with me all that morning. I know he talked from time to time, but I forgot what he said. Presently I began to understand something.

[August 29, 1888.]

"We must not let Madam know," he repeated. "She must never know. We will prepare a letter from—from her son"—he paused, and for a moment his voice broke—"stating that he is going on some expedition up the country; and then no more letters at all will come afterwards, and you will mourn together—you and his mother. But she must never know her son's real end."

Had I had my will I would have gone straight to Madam, and told her all. But it seemed more merciful that she should be spared the details which he wished his mother never to know.

"For his sake, Pleasance," urged John Huntspill, "for his sake be brave, keep up your heart before her. Let not my lady's pride, as well as her heart, be broken. She must never know. For his sake she must never know."

He would not leave me till I promised that I would do my best. During the rejoicings I too would seem to rejoice.

Oh heavy day! Oh day which seemed as if it would never pass! At one I was called to luncheon with Madam. She was in excellent spirits—happier than I had ever known her.

Presently she asked sharply:

"What is the matter, Pleasance? You are crying."

"I was thinking, Madam," I sobbed, "of the brave fellows who are killed."

"Yes, but there is a time to mourn and a time to rejoice. You were thinking, my child, of my son?" I did not answer. "Come to me, Pleasance." She was sitting after luncheon in her armchair beside the window. "Come to me."

I knelt at her feet, and buried my head in her lap.

"He is a long time away, is he not? But I write to my son, and tell him about you, child. When I wrote last I sent him word that I would not oppose his desire. Yes, Pleasance, I have watched you more narrowly than you know. You will make my son happy. Take my blessing, my dear."

She laid her hand upon my head solemnly. Ah! if she knew—if she only knew!

In the evening, at half-past five, we had a great dinner, which lasted until half-past nine, and then we all sallied forth, including Madam, into the street, protected by a body-guard of the house porters armed with stout cudgels. The streets were full of people, shouting, fighting, and drinking. If they passed a house without illumination, they broke the windows. Should we never finish? I thought.

Midnight came at length, and the boat with the sailors came back to the square. The puncheon of rum was rolled into the square; there was more shouting, more fighting, until the contents were all gone. We were at the open window, looking on. At last the rum was all drunk up, the mob dispersed, the oil-lamps went out one by one, and we were able to go to bed.

"Good-night, my daughter," said Madam, as she retired, exulting and happy, to her room. It was the first time she had called me her daughter. Oh the bitterness! that such a day of death and bereavement should be chosen for this act of grace and kindness.

Let me not speak more than I can help—the pain even now is too great—of my own sufferings at this time. Remember that I had to wear all day long a mask of cheerfulness. If I failed for a moment there was something in the quick sympathies of the blind lady which enabled her to perceive it at once.

This torture endured for a fortnight. Then the end came, in a way which we little expected and had not guarded against.

It was in the forenoon, about half-past eleven, before John Huntspill had left Madam, and before the arrival of my singing-master, who was due at twelve. I was alone in my own room, free for a moment from tutors, governess, and my lady—free to think of the past, my only solace. My own maid—she was the only one in

the house who knew that I had some secret sorrow—came to tell me that there was a sailor, an old sailor, in the hall, who wished to see me. Who could it be but Dan Gulliver?

It was indeed old Dan himself. He came upstairs in his slow and quiet way. I saw him before he saw me. He was dressed like a common sailor; his hair was greyer and his dear old face graver; there was no other change.

He stood in the doorway. He actually did not recognise me.

"Dan!" I cried, springing into his arms. "Dan! Don't you know me?"

Then he did, and laid his hands upon my shoulders, holding me back and looking at me, before he kissed my cheek.

"My pretty!" he said, "and growed so tall. And such a lady. To be sure she always was as sweet-mannered as any lady in the land. And oh my pretty! he's gone! he's gone! Don't take on; don't take on."

"Tell me all about it, Dan. Tell me. And poor Jephthah gone too."

"Cut in two halves, he was, with a chain-shot. Died in action, my boy Jephthah. But Mr. Campion, poor young gentleman, he died by drowning. Fell off the yard in the night, and never was seen—how could he be seen?—afterwards. Poor young gentleman!"

"Oh Dan!—Dan—my heart will break!"

"Cry, pretty, cry as much as ever you can. But cryin' won't bring him back. Cry now, while I tell you all about him."

"They knowed our story aboard the *Victory*. I was Smuggler Dan. The boys were Smuggler Job and T'other Job—because, I'm sorry to say, they mariners aboard his Majesty's ships never knew which was which. And so Jephthah, who is now cut in two pieces, was never knowed as such. And Mr. Campion they called Gentleman Jack. Now remember—some young gentleman, after getting a three years' billet in the fo'ksle for smuggling, would ha' sat down and grizzled. Mr. Campion wasn't one o' that sort. 'Providin' always,' he says to me—'providin' always, Dan, as my mother never finds out, why, what odds is a three years' cruise?' And merry with it. Once he ketches hold of a fiddle, the fo'ksle's alive; when he began to play you'd ha' thought the fiddle was talkin', not him a playing. All round him the men would be sittin' an' singin', till the whole ship was as good-tempered as if there wasn't a bos'n nor petty-officer aboard.

"Well, you may depend on it, pretty, that it wasn't long before the officers got to know what an uncommon sailor they'd got shipped aboard the *Victory*, for a little run as he'd made across the Channel one fine night, and it wasn't long before Captain Hardy himself, finding Mr. Campion on the quarter-deck, axed him—ay! before the admiral—who he was, and how he came aboard. Mr. Campion, no more afraid of speaking to the captain than to the carpenter, told him, touching his hat, that he had been caught smuggling, that they'd all got off with three years, for the information they gave to the Admiralty, and that he hoped to give satisfaction to his honour so long as he was aboard, after which time, he said, he should give up sailoring before the mast. Captain Hardy he laughed, and the admiral laughed; and then his lordship, who ought to know, said, in his quiet easy way, that a man was no worse sailor for being a gentleman born, but that gentlemen ought not to run cargoes across the Channel.

Let me not speak more than I can help—the pain even now is too great—of my own sufferings at this time. Remember that I had to wear all day long a mask of cheerfulness. If I failed for a moment there was something in the quick sympathies of the blind lady which enabled her to perceive it at once.

This torture endured for a fortnight. Then the end came, in a way which we little expected and had not guarded against.

"Come the action off Trafalgar. My pretty, we done our duty—Job and Jephthah and Mr. Campion and me—till that chain-shot came, and all I saw o' my boy Jephthah was two halves and a pool of blood.

(To be continued.)

**Gaming.**

GAMING is said to have been invented by the Lydians, when under the pressure of great famine: to divert themselves from their sufferings, they contrived dice, balls, tables, etc. More likely, says a learned censor, the passage ought to be otherwise translated. "The Lydians having contrived dice, balls, and tables, and invented gaming, were reduced to great famine, and to extreme sufferings." In plain truth, while engaged in this practice, they could think of nothing else; their property, their farms, their looms, their nets, their establishments of industry were all lying waste; their time and talents were all absorbed in this intoxicating pursuit.

At what period gaming was introduced into England, it would be difficult to determine; but there are few countries where it is carried on to a greater extent.

Montaigne seems to have been well aware of the evils of gaming, and gives the reason why he relinquished it. "I used," says he, "to like formerly games of chance with cards and dice; but of that folly I have long been cured, merely because I found that whatever good countenance I put on when I lost, I did not feel my vexation the less." More than that, we have seen breaches scarcely to be healed between those who sat down to the gaming table in perfect good humour, but rose up from it in that disposition; but who can describe the abandonment too frequently attendant on this destructive practice; the friendship of such men is a confederacy in vice, and that they cannot depend on each other has been too recently exemplified by its fatal consequences: its deteriorating influence upon the temper and disposition, as well as the pecuniary affairs—its false effects, in short, both to the unhappy individual who is cursed with the propensity, and to society in general. Connecting cause with effect, it leads to misery and everlasting ruin, even to robbery and murder!

In gaming, Judge Blackstone says, several parties engaged to cast lots to determine upon whom the ruin shall at present fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer. Taken in any light this is an offence of the most alarming nature, tending, by necessary consequence, to promote public idleness, theft, and debauchery, among those of a lower class; and, among persons of a superior rank, it hath frequently been attended with the sudden ruin and desolation of ancient and opulent families, an abandoned prostitution of every principal of honour and virtue, and too often hath ended in self-murder. To this passion every valuable consideration has been made a sacrifice; and it is a passion which has lamentably prevailed in our own country, and which we seem to have derived from our ancestors, the ancient Germans; who, according to the account given of them by Tacitus, were bewitched with the spirit of play to a most exorbitant degree. "They addict themselves," says he, "to dice (which is wonderful) when sober, and as a serious employment, with such a mad desire of winning or losing, that, when stripped of everything else, they will stake at last their liberty, and then their very selves. The loser goes into a voluntary slavery, and, though younger and stronger than his antagonist, suffers himself to be bound and sold. And this perseverance in so bad a cause they call the point of honour."

"One would think (says Blackstone) that Tacitus was describing a modern Englishman. Against a spirit so frantic, laws can be of little avail, because the same false sense of honour that prompts a man to sacrifice himself, will deter him from appealing to a magistrate. Yet it is proper that restricting and protecting laws should be enacted, and that they should be publicly announced, and repeatedly inculcated, if possible, to preserve the unwary, if not to reclaim those who are on the brink of ruin."

RICHARD T. SCOTCHER.

**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.)

F. Z. C.—Your letter was overlooked. Write to Mr. Orton Bradley, the Palace Musical Director. All such arrangements are made through him.

CURIOS.—The fourth age is, apparently, omitted in the paragraph in question: but we take it that the old writer incorporated the fourth with the third age, having made no distinction. Shakespeare makes the lover—"sighing like furnace"—the third stage of man's existence; but the fourth he says is, ". . . a soldier, Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard."

NON-MEMBER.—Probably in October, when the admission of new Members will take place.

**Shakespeare.**—The industrious Aubrey tells us that Shakespeare took the humour of the Constable, Dogberry, in "Much Ado about Nothing," from an actual occurrence which happened at Crendon, in Bucks, during one of the poet's journeys between Stratford and London, and that the Constable was living at Crendon when Aubrey first went to Oxford, which was about the year 1642.

**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.)

**Re DRAMATIC CLUB.**

DEAR SIR,—I have been somewhat doubtful as to what course to take with regard to Mr. Hawkins's letter, "Re Dramatic Club," published in your last issue. Being connected with him as a Member of the Palace, I thought perhaps the best manner in which I could satisfy him would be to treat the letter with the contempt it deserves; but on the other hand my knowledge of the fact that he is truly irrepressible, and that he has not had an opportunity of distinguishing himself of late, easily accounts for this poor exhibition of his literary abilities. Therefore, sir, I shall attempt briefly to reply to the accusations—if they can be called such—that he has made against me.

In the first instance he charges me with not publishing a full report of the meeting, held on the 31st ult., in *The Palace Journal*. In reply to that accusation, I would say that I have carefully perused the Rules of the Dramatic Club and I cannot find a Rule instructing the Secretary to publish the full reports of meetings in *The Palace Journal*; but this I did find amongst the Rules, "That the Secretary keep proper minutes of all meetings," and I feel sure it would have been more to the interest of the Club if Mr. Hawkins had furnished it with those minutes, instead of displaying his literary ability in *The Palace Journal*. I have made a full report of the meeting in question in the Minute Book of the Club, which was duly confirmed at a General Meeting held on August 13th, the Chairman of the evening, Mr. John Munro, signing. If Mr. Hawkins desires to see those minutes I shall be only too pleased to show them to him.

Secondly, he imputes motive to me. Now I would say, sir, in answer to this that it was really the worst thing he could have done, for in this instance he has really made a rod for his own back. I had a motive in suppressing the report of the meeting in question, and I will benefit those interested by giving it. It was to prevent the publication of the disgraceful manner in which the Secretary (Mr. Hawkins) threw up his office, and the ungentlemanly manner in which he stalked out of the room.

Thirdly, he says I was compelled to vacate the chair through ceasing to be impartial. I cannot recollect one instance in which I have acted as Chairman, where I have shown any partiality; and the fact of my vacating the chair in consequence of the vote of the meeting was due to Mr. Hawkins's ignorance of the duties and privileges of a Chairman.

With regard to having a warm time of it, I am quite prepared to meet any opposition, especially if it hails from Mr. Hawkins, as I feel sure that in attempting to carry out my duties satisfactorily I shall receive the hearty support of the Members of the Dramatic Club.—I am, dear Sir, yours obediently,

J. KARET.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED. T.P.J.]

**SUBSCRIPTIONS.**

DEAR SIR.—It is an unquestionable fact that the People's Palace is—*independent* of being a splendid source of entertainment to the East-enders—doing a tremendous amount of good in refining and educating them, and it is, therefore, most important that this magnificent undertaking should be completed as soon as possible.

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I would, therefore, suggest that boxes be placed in prominent positions in and around the Palace inviting subscriptions, and I feel convinced that a great amount of success would result from this course.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully.

RICHARD T. SCOTCHER.

August 29, 1888.]

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