

a safe distance as I thought, I threw a stone into the bush, when I was promptly charged. I received the brute at close quarters, hitting him in the chest; he reared up on his hind legs and knocked me down, seizing me in the right thigh, lacerating the big muscle, and tearing it from the bone. I also received six claw wounds in the hands. The villagers had fortunately all cleared out, but the forest guard was less lucky, although he tried to get away. The panther dropped me and made for the retreating guard; he brushed past me, then I gave him the remaining barrel, catching him in the stomach, and blowing a hole as big as my head on the opposite side. I had hoped to stop him with this, but he seized the guard who called to me for assistance. As soon as I could reload I went to the poor fellow, whom I found on the ground with the panther lying on him. It was quite dusk, and I had to get within about ten paces before I could see well enough to make sure of my shot. I saw the panther turn his head in my direction, and I fully expected another charge, but he faked me, and turned to make off, when I hit him in the shoulder and killed him. I picked up the poor guard who was badly mauled."

LORD WOLSELEY contributes an extremely interesting article to the *Fortnightly Review* for September, on "Military Genius." In describing military genius, he says:—"In many professions and callings genius pure and simple may command success, but genius alone does not make the great commander. When leadership and responsibility in war are conferred upon a man devoid of sound common sense, tact, good temper, and good health, simply because he can write ably on strategy, or is a first-rate teacher on tactics, the fate of his army will be that of genius in the fable. As I understand the genius possessed by the Marlboroughs and Napoleons of all ages, it is composed of a greater variety of talents and of natural gifts than that which has made men great and renowned in any other walk of life. Military genius in its highest sense is a combination of many qualities and powers. A man may shine as an eminent military historian, and yet be wanting in some of the simple attributes without which no man can even be a good private soldier. In fact he need not be a soldier at all. Mr. Kinglake and Thomas Carlyle have shown genius in describing actions in which they had no share. Sir William Napier, though a soldier, made his type of genius most felt as a military historian. Jomini, the greatest of writers on tactics, never held any independent command in war.

"I WOULD instance Cæsar, Hannibal, Marlborough, Napoleon, and General Lee as men who possessed what I regard as the highest development of military genius—men who combined with the strategic grasp of Von Moltke and the calm wisdom and just reasoning power of Wellington, all the power of Marshall Bougeaud and of Souwaroff to inflame the imagination of their soldiers, and impart to them some of the fiery spirit of reckless daring which burned within their own breasts. The personal magnetism which such great men possess so largely, and can without effort impart to others, was I think wanting in our 'Iron Duke.' The marvellous magnetic power of the great generous leader (Napoleon) over his men was certainly undervalued by Wellington. There was no genial sympathy between him and his soldiers; they respected him, and during his later campaign they had the most unbounded confidence in his military genius, but beyond his own immediate military household, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy, no one loved him. It is for this reason that I think he will never be classed in the same rank of military greatness—of real military genius—with the five great leaders of men I have named above."

THERE are some capital articles in the *Magazines* for September. In *Scribner's Magazine* there is an article by Robert Louis Stevenson, called "A Letter to a Young Gentleman who proposes to embrace the career of Art," to which he adds some reflections by his friend, Will H. Low, from a painter's stand-point. In the latter the following extract occurs:—"The artist remains to-day almost alone the embodiment of an idea. The warrior, except upon some miserable question of territory, stands idle. The priest no longer leads a crusade, or by fasting vigorous penance serves as a beacon light for weary seekers after the truth. Kings govern by consent of a Parliament, largely elected from the common people; and 'noble lords of high degree' become farmers and ranchmen, confounding themselves with the average man. The artist who has co-existed with all of these

in the heyday of their prosperity, alone remains; and now, as in the late instance of Mr. Besant, by the power of his imagination brings into existence the People's Palace; or, like Wagner, holds the civilized people of the world in his power, subjugating some, alienating others, but interesting all; or like Millet shows us for the first time the man of the fields, and with consummate art, the enveloping atmosphere, the light and air of the open country."

Volunteers should read "A City Volunteer in the 17th Century," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

ACCORDING to the *Bullionist* the trade situation to-day is much more prosperous than a year ago. The volume of trade has expanded, and profits have materially increased. There are now existing no materials for a commercial panic, and this state of safety is the outcome of the depression in which for years we have been schooled. What it wanted is only that we should be warned by the painful experiences of the past to husband the resources which we have been gathering in hours of inactivity. Wherever we look among the industries of the United Kingdom, the present position and the future prospects of our industries are alike encouraging.

FRIDAY last was the bi-centenary of the death of John Bunyan, who lies buried in Bunhill-fields. The tomb is on the south side of the ground and has a recumbent figure of the "immortal dreamer." The inscription is: "John Bunyan, author of 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" On the opposite side of the ground is the tomb of Defoe, who died in 1731.

A Drama of Drury Lane.

BY THE SUB-ED.

Perhaps it was a recollection of having once seen Drury Lane that recently prompted "Ouida" to write that excellent but overdrawn article on the ugliness of London. Certainly much food for reflection can be found in that locality. The East End of London has a reputation for a large share of unsavouriness; but if you want real, unadulterated nastiness in western Babylon go seek it in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. Drury Lane, proper, is a long, irregular street, extending from Broad Street, Bloomsbury, to the New Church (St. Mary's) in the Strand; but the whole of the immediate neighbourhoods east and west of this lane—including the streets of Holles, Vere, Denzil, Duke, Stanhope, Wild and Wych—are generally regarded as part and parcel of Drury Lane itself. There is a vast extent of crazy tenements, dirty streets, filthy courts and alleys, crowded and over-crowded with teeming multitudes. Scores of fearful precocious children—just now possessed of a passion for parachuting with a small toy made of paper, cotton and a cork: which, being hurled into the air, gracefully descends to terra firma à la Baldwin—fill the road. The air is heavy with a thousand bewildering odours—in which that of fried fish and tanned leather largely predominate—and the streets, which never appear to be swept, are *always* untidy. King Dirt, with his consort, Squalor, exercise their sway. Some of the houses are evidently of great age, and were plainly never originally built for the present class of occupants: for Drury Lane was not always thus. The locality is one of great antiquity, and seems, indeed, to have always borne an indifferent character; and the *London Spy*, speaking of that "venerable spot" the "Hundred of Drury Lane," gives the place an exceedingly bad name. Gay himself wrote—

"O may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes."

But that the place was at one time exceedingly fashionable as well as notorious no one will attempt to deny. Here lived the ill-fated Marquis of Argyle, the Earl of Anglesey, the Earl of Stirling, and many other notabilities; whilst the noble mansion of Sir William Drury (standing at one end of Wych Street), from which it is said the lane took its name, was the admiration and envy of the neighbourhood. There was also a time when the theatre-going gallants of the town would saunter through the Lane to the "new play-house" in Lincoln's Inn, or to the temple of the Drama in Gibbon's Court, in Clare Market; or would stop to do homage to Mistress Elinor Gwyn, whom the vain young Pepys so greatly admired. It was not uncommon once on a time to find milkmaids decked with garlands tripping it right merrily to the strains of a fiddle; and according to the Diarist—whom it is fashionable to quote nowadays—the place was one of no little importance. Later we find, during Garrick's *regime* upon the stage, that Drury Lane and Great Queen Street—where Benjamin Franklin worked as a humble compositor—was the locality chosen as the residence of the great theatrical stars and their lordly patrons. All that, however, is changed; and if ever glory blushed on Drury Lane it would be difficult to imagine so to-day, when it is not only one of the foulest blots of the metropolis, but is also a disgrace to our vaunted civilization. Had I my way I would raze every house to the ground to-morrow.

In a little, narrow, labyrinthine court, bounded on the west by Catherine Street, Strand, is a very dark and dirty little passage. The passage leads to a disused and transformed burying-ground, so ingeniously situated and so completely shut in by houses, that nobody would possibly dream of its existence. But there it is to this day: set decently and in order certainly; but a burying-ground for all that. Once upon a time the place was a scandal and an outrage, and then a great novelist, having the sufferings of the poor at heart, wrote a book upon it, and brought about a reformation. When Dickens buried "Nemo" here it was a thousand times worse than it is to-day; for then, it was no uncommon thing to see human skulls and other remains of frail mortality scattered over or protruding from the ground. Here, upon the steps—the very steps which were so industriously kept in order by the wanderer Jo, who came here to gaze upon the resting-place of the man who had been so "very good" to him—Lady Dedlock, the proud and beautiful, gave up the ghost: here was it that sweet Esther Summerson found her dead mother stretched upon the dank and reeking ground. Other dramas have been enacted since then—and in this very court. Fifteen years ago when I was in the police force, I remember an incident happening here which at that time created a profound sensation. It may be difficult to realise, but Drury Lane was even then in a far worse plight than it is at present. Thieves could be counted—by the police—in scores; blacklegs abounded, with all the flotsam and jetsam of the criminal class; and the Inspector Bucket of those days could place his hand on his man as easily as possible. It was a dangerous neighbourhood, and we constables were not exactly enamoured of our particular hunting-ground. I was a young man then, and was not, that I am aware of, at all afraid of anything; but I was real glad when after a time I was shifted to a more congenial quarter. A policeman's lot is not always a happy one.

At that time—fifteen years ago—there stood in this stifling, God-forsaken court, a small establishment for the retail of coal and coke. The house remains to this day, but the shop is changed. I remember it well. It was a low-roofed, windowless shop, with a pile of coke in one corner, a few sacks of coal in another, half-a-dozen rows of stacked firewood, and an old pair of scales. It was the most dismal and dispiriting place I ever recollect seeing. An oil lamp lighted the place: a large old-fashioned affair which used to emit a hot and suffocating smell. A partition divided the back-parlour from the shop; and a printed bill, with a gaily-coloured horse and van lithographed thereon, informed all and sundry that Light Spring Vans could be Hired on Application to the Owner Within. I don't think that in its palmiest days the business was a very flourishing concern; and I often used to wonder how the proprietor lived. Presently I found out. The owner—or rather the reputed owner—of this lively concern, was a little, dried-up old man, with no teeth, a clean-shaven upper lip, and a bushy fringe of beard, crescent-shaped, from ear to ear. He had very dirty hands, and wore very big finger-rings; his miserable carcass being encased in a coat much too large for him. He eschewed collars: and was not at all remarkable for the quality of his linen; was down at the heel, and exceedingly restless. I used to pass his shop on my beat pretty often during the day, and whenever I did so I noticed that he invariably retreated to the back parlour whenever he caught sight of me. That made me suspicious, and set me thinking. There was another circumstance also that used to strike me as being somewhat singular. This amiable old gentleman was blessed with a daughter: a fair-haired, buxom girl of twenty or so, who could quaff the public-house nectar as well as the best of them, and who could—and very often did—stand up in self-defence among the ladies of her set. The number of young men who were courting that girl Polly—for that was her name—was almost incredible. They would arrive at all hours of the day to pay their addresses, though they never entered the place with a firm and honest stride, but used to sneak in as if they were guilty of a hundred murders. Whatever courting was done was performed in the strictest seclusion, and I supposed that Polly was jealous of her neighbouring rivals.

Suddenly the whole truth flashed upon me, and I watched,—watched until my suspicions were confirmed again and again, and then I acted. It was a remarkable thing but I noticed that when the young fellows were supposed—individually, of course,—to be dancing attendance on the fascinating Polly that young lady herself was either at a neighbouring hostelry or was jiggling away—as only street dancers can jig—to an organ in Drury Lane. Then what could these men—there were half-a-dozen of them I felt sure—want at that house? Then I made the discovery. I was on duty one miserably wet Saturday night and was marching through the court as was my wont. It was very late—about half-past twelve o'clock—when just as I was passing the Coal-hole, as I called the place, I heard a curious sound as if something or somebody had come in contact with the floor. As I pulled up to re-assure myself, my cape, which had become unfastened, fell to the ground, and on stooping to pick it up I discovered a purse. I stayed for a moment and listened, but hearing nothing I went on my way. The purse contained two half-crowns, four florins, and two sixpences, all dazlingly new—as if they had just come from the Mint—and every coin a counterfeiter!

I made a statement at head-quarters next day: told them what I knew of the place and the suspicious behaviour of those frequenting it, produced the bad money, and awaited instructions. A raid was to be made upon the house that very night.

It was Sunday evening—and as wretched as the weather only

can be in London. I was on duty as usual, but in a state of wild excitement which increased as the time wore on. The attack was timed for twelve o'clock. I had seen three men sneak in—one after another—but of course I didn't pretend that I had observed them at all. As I passed the gin-shop at the corner of the court, I heard the sounds of a scuffle within, and presently the swing-doors were pushed violently open, and a female, bonnetless, issued therefrom in a desperate hurry—so desperate that she slipped, and fell upon her face. It was Polly. Before she could rise or before I could assist her, her engaging parent himself emerged from the place and came to the rescue with a mighty kick. It was a cruel thing to do, but to confess the truth I was so accustomed to this mode of correction, from its constant application hereabouts, that I thought but little of it. Still I remonstrated.

"Come, come, you know," said I, "you mustn't do that!"

"Let her go home then," said the coal merchant, fiercely, "wot does she want to blab about my business for? And don't you interfere with me: I know the laws of England I do, and don't want no boys to learn me."

This reference to my youth nettled me.

"Get off home yourself," I said, "whilst you're safe, or I'll run you in. I'll take care of your girl."

He left us—but not before uttering, in a burst of eloquence, a pious wish that his offspring was in a warmer region.

The girl was drunk—that was very certain. As I helped her along, the blood streamed from a wound in her forehead. Her face was bloated and swollen, and her speech thick of utterance. "S'welp me, copper" she said feebly, "s'welp me, I didn't blab nothink. Why can't they trust me: ain't I good enough for 'em? I knows what's what; you bet" she added, with a cunning leer.

It was then ten o'clock—only two hours to the time! So I tucked Polly's arm under my own and in a very short time had left her on her doorstep. The shop was closed, of course, and not a sound was to be heard; but when I returned about half-an-hour afterwards, the misguided damsel had disappeared. . . . There were others besides myself "on duty" in the court that night—in the shape of three artfully disguised detectives—so cleverly got up to represent "street cadgers," that I was on the point of running one of them in. They had come to see for themselves. . . . Half-an-hour to the time and then. . . . Twelve o'clock striking from St. Mary's Church! Raining hard, and not a soul visible.

As the last stroke fell upon my ears the whole court seemed to be alive with police, who silently advanced and "covered" the house. Then two of us threw ourselves on the ground and listened. We were right—the men *were* there. We tried the doors—but they were fast. It would have been madness to have forced them then; so I led the way through the passage of the next house, followed by half-a-dozen constables. We scaled the wall—an easy matter: for it was not high—and dropped over into the next yard, as quietly as mice. The cellar window was wrapped in darkness save where the tiniest of glimmers betrayed the presence of a light within; but the yard door was old and rotten, and although secured could be easily forced. One bold, strong movement and the thing was done; and we were face to face with a gang of surprised coiners. It was the neatest capture I have ever seen. There were five in all—including the coal shop proprietor: and a pretty set of villains they looked, caught in the very act of coining. Three of them were captured in a moment, but the old gentleman and a bull-necked, brazen-looking rascal showed fight, and for a brief space there was a mighty tussle. In the midst of it in walked Polly—still far from sober, and looking dazed and bewildered at the noise.

"That's her, Bob," almost screamed the old gentleman as he caught sight of his daughter. "That's the one who has done this night's work. That's the beauty who has been and blabbed to the copper, and put her old father in jail. That's her—cuss her."

It was a bad night's work: a work which had a fearful termination. I shudder as I think of it.

"Is it true, Poll," said the ruffian addressed as Bob—the aforesaid bull-necked individual—"is it true that you fetched the peelers here?" His face was white with passion as he spoke, and he struggled with the constable who held him.

But the girl was jauntily perverse. "And what if it is true?" she said in a bantering tone. "Don't you deserve to be copped? Look at my arm—see how I have suffered. What about me?"

But the man heeded not her last words. Striking his captor down, the scoundrel seized the ladle of molten metal, and, with all his force, dashed it right in the girl's face. She shrieked in a way I shall never forget, and fell like a stone to the ground. She never spoke again.

On our return to the court, we found that the news of the police-surrounded house had spread, and that half of Drury Lane was, by that time—notwithstanding the rain—blocking up the entrances. Half-dressed gentry of the light-fingered persuasion were conspicuous, doubtless trying their skill upon their brother craftsmen—for, believe me, there's no honour at all among thieves: the sentiment to the contrary sounds very pretty—but it doesn't exist in real life. The affair, of course, created a stir, and the papers, for a time, made considerable capital. I was promoted over the job; and the prisoners were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and duly served their time; but Polly's father died in prison. Bob, of course, was hanged: but not before he knew the truth about the girl: knew that she was true and honest to him—although he wasn't her husband—and had never uttered a single word likely to jeopardise him or the gang.

Society and Club Notes.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

The next meeting of this Society will be held on Friday next, the 7th inst. Members are earnestly requested to send in their productions at once. Members of the Palace desiring to join this Society can do so on application to the Secretaries, or by letter, which will have prompt attention. Subscription, 6d; no entrance fee.

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

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. HUNTINGDON UNITED.—The above match was played on Saturday last at Wanstead, and, after a pleasant and exciting game, resulted in a victory for the latter. Chilton and Taylor bowled capitally for the United, as did A. Bowman for the Palace, who batted and fielded two men short. The following are the scores:—

People's Palace	37
Huntingdon United	42

Next Saturday, *versus* Markhouse, at St. James's Street, Walthamstow. The following is the team:—S. Asser, W. Hendry, H. Byard, L. Goldberg, R. Hones, F. Knight, C. Bowman, H. Chatterton, W. Goodwin, J. Cowling, Tom Carter (Captain). Reserves—G. Josephs and F. Hunter.

SECOND ELEVEN v. PELHAM.—Last Saturday the Second Eleven played the Pelham, and were kept in the field the whole time whilst the Pelham made 104. Out of that number Stevens made 32 and Kerley 29. Next Saturday the Second Eleven play the Manor C. C. at Wanstead. The following will be the team:—W. Wenn, C. Jacobson, E. Sherrell, W. Newman, G. Thomson, S. Loxton, G. Sheppard, G. Lyons, W. Gorton, L. Nathan, G. Helbing. Reserves—J. Munro, W. H. Taylor.

THIRD ELEVEN v. ISLINGTON.—This match was played on Saturday on our opponents' ground at Crouch End. The Palace fielded with two men short till the last wicket, when Dormer turned up, having missed the train. The Islington batted first, to the bowling of Bird and Hunter. The first two wickets were taken by Bird in one over. The only one to make a stand was H. Gyles, who made 12. Eventually their last wicket fell for 21.

The Palace started batting with Dormer and Bird to the bowling of Sandeman and Poole. Dormer being bowled, Adams joined Bird; Bird played on. Hunter going in was bowled by Poole; Fairweather then went in, but Adams was caught by Sandeman; Prager joined Fairweather, but Fairweather was bowled by Sandeman. W. W. Carter then went in, but was run out; Final going in was bowled by Sandeman; Dodd then went in, but Prager was bowled; Witham went in, and Dodd being bowled, our innings closed for 40 for 10 wickets. Scores:—

ISLINGTON.		PEOPLE'S PALACE.	
Sandeman b Bird	.. 0	Bird b Poole	.. 4
H. Gyles c Fairweather b Bird	.. 12	Dormer c Poole b Sandeman	0
Canter b Bird	.. 0	Adams c Sandeman b Poole	10
A. Burwell c Bird b Hunter	0	Hunter b Poole	.. 0
Poole b Bird	.. 0	Fairweather b Sandeman	.. 0
Tasker b Hunter	.. 0	Prager b Sandeman	.. 5
Gyles, sen. c Fairweather b Bird	.. 2	W. W. Carter run out	.. 8
Shephard b Bird	.. 3	Final b Sandeman	.. 6
Nichols c Hunter	.. 1	Dodd b Poole	.. 1
Harvey not out	.. 0	Witham not out	.. 5
Extras	.. 3	Extras	.. 1
Total	.. 21	Total	.. 40

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

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Annual General Meeting will take place on Tuesday, September 11th, at 8 o'clock. Business—Election of officers; to receive Balance-Sheet, etc.

Members and those interested are particularly requested to attend, as important proposals will be laid before the meeting with regard to the future of the Society.

J. W. NORTON, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

Will the Members kindly note that the portrait to be included in their exhibits must be a specimen taken "otherwise than in a Studio."

The ordinary Fortnightly Meeting will be held on Wednesday, the 15th inst., at 8 p.m. It is hoped that a strong force will turn up as Auditors have to be appointed, and arrangements for Annual Meeting talked over.

The next outing will take place on Saturday, the 8th inst., to Pinner. Particulars at meeting.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Thursday last only four Members carried out the run to Woodford. The roads were simply quagmires, owing to the heavy rains, and the journey to Woodford was anything but pleasurable. The riders did not stay very long at the "Wilfrid Lawson," as the clouds looked very threatening. The journey home, however, was made without the usual soaking.

On Saturday eleven members journeyed to Abridge. The destination was reached at rather an advanced hour, owing to the circuitous route taken. After having "cleared the decks," we made for the "Roebuck," at Buckhurst Hill, by way of Chigwell Lane and Loughton, where a pleasant evening was spent, the occasion being a garden party given by the Members of the Birkbeck Institute.

On Thursday next an impromptu Smoking Concert will be held at the "Wilfrid Lawson." All Members of the Cycling Club are requested to be present, and not to forget to bring some music.

On Friday next a SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING will be held in the School-buildings, at 8.30 p.m.

On Saturday next the "Garden of England" will be visited, our destination being Foot's Cray. If Members only knew of the lovely rides to be enjoyed in the lanes of Kent, more would attend these runs across the water.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

A General Meeting was held on Saturday, 1st inst., to discuss the arrangements for the coming season, at which Sir Edmund Hay Currie presided. He stated that the Trustees were anxious to make the Chess Club a strong one, and would do all in their power to bring about that result.

Ample accommodation is now provided, and the Trustees are prepared to admit chess players who are not Members of the Palace. This is a valuable concession, and with its aid the Committee hope to be able to make a position for the Club in the chess world.

Until the end of September the Members will meet for practice on Saturday evenings, at 7 p.m. in the School-buildings.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

Members of Sections B, C, and D, are kindly requested to return all play-books in their possession. We must again ask Members to reply promptly to their circulars, as, after September 18th, the Management will commence casting the characters, and no Member who has not replied by that date will be allowed to take an active part.

We would once more point out the advisability of our Members joining Mr. Hasluck's Elocution Class, as they will there learn the groundwork of Elocution, so necessary for those taking part in a Dramatic Club.

Section A will resume rehearsals this (Wednesday) evening and will continue every Wednesday until further notice.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last a party of sixteen Members paid a visit to Westminster Abbey, and spent a very pleasant afternoon.

On Saturday next, the 8th inst., the Ramblers journey to BUCKHURST HILL—and not to the Alexandra Palace as was stated in the last issue. Members will please meet at Leytonstone Station at 4 o'clock. Last train leaves Coborn Road at 3.40.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENT:—
September 15th.—Italian Exhibition.

The Secretaries will attend at the Palace to-night (Wednesday) and to-morrow, Thursday, from 8.30 till 9.30, to receive unsold Garden Party Tickets.

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

MEMBERS' DANCES AND CLUB CONCERTS.

The Committee are issuing invitation tickets for the dances to Members in the General Offices this evening, from 8.15 to 9.15. They can be obtained at that time any evening till Wednesday next, 12th inst.

The dances for the 17th and 18th September, have been arranged for Members only of the present quarter, and it will be necessary to produce their Membership Ticket.

Dance programmes, 6d. each, can be purchased when obtaining tickets.

A concert will be arranged for non-dancers in the Exhibition-buildings. Further particulars next week.

As regards the concerts in aid of the Clubs, three have been fixed for Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, the last week in September. I shall be glad to receive assistance from Secretaries of Clubs in disposing of tickets. Price 3d.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

A General Meeting of the above will be held this evening, September 5th, at 8.15 sharp.

On Saturday next a Club contest will take place at Wanstead, between last year's playing Members and the present new Members. Dress at "Eagle and Child." Book to Forest Gate.

The Club shirt, with monogram in silk, can be obtained on Thursday or Friday, by applying at the Schools. Price 7s. 6d.; monogram only, 1s. 3d.

Members wishing to join, kindly send in their names to either of the undersigned.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Members are requested not to forget the rehearsal on Friday next.

The Trustees have promised to provide the Society with Music, under the condition that, in return, we guarantee ample entertainment for the Palace.

Tenors, Altos, and Basses are still required.

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

Palace Notes.

No less than 45,610 persons have passed through the turnstiles during the past week, making the grand total, for four weeks, 203,418. The attractions of the Fête have been further augmented by the presence of Stedman's celebrated Choir-boys, who have proved, each evening during the week, to be wonderfully attractive. These sweet singers, 13 in number, were much appreciated.

JULIEN'S well-known "British Army Quadrilles" were given, for the first time at the Palace, on Monday night, when the Drummers, Fifers, Pipers, and Band of the Scots Guards, and the Band of the 2nd Volunteer (Essex) Brigade, R.A., under the able conductorship of Mr. Edward Holland, succeeded in attracting an enormous and enthusiastic audience. Owing to the great success of the Quadrilles, the Bands have been re-engaged for Monday and Thursday next.

MR. SAMUEL HASLUCK'S Fifth "Open Night," in connection with his Palace School of Elocution, took place on Thursday night. A very attractive programme brought together a large audience, who recognised the ability and appreciated the energy of the young performers. During the evening an unexpected and unrehearsed "incidental" was given, when Sir Edmund Currie, on behalf of the pupils of Mr. Hasluck's "School," presented that gentlemen with some handsome presents: in token of the esteem in which he is held, and (perhaps more) especially as a pleasing souvenir of his recent marriage. Sir Edmund, in the course of a humorous speech, thanked Mr. Hasluck on behalf of himself and co-Trustees for the marked energy and skill which had characterised his first year's teaching at the People's Palace.

MISS K. SIMONS, Miss Napper, Miss L. Forrow, Miss Leyton and Mr. Forrow commenced the entertainment by a well-selected programme of recitations; which was followed by the third scene of Lytton's play, the "Lady of Lyons." In this selection Mr. J. Munro was clever, but not too strong, as Claude Melnotte; Miss Risley, capital, but rather too young

—notwithstanding a good "make-up"—as widow Melnotte; and Miss Marks an agreeable surprise as Pauline Deschappelles. The lady is to be congratulated on the excellence of her impersonation, which was entirely free from stagginess, and really remarkable for its emotional power. After this came Mr. Lytton with a clever rendering of a gem from the "Bab Ballads"; Miss C. Forrow, "On the Line"; and Miss Risley with "A Little Mistake." The farce, entitled "Leave It To Me," was the concluding item in the programme—an item which was chiefly remarkable for the pleasing vivacity of Miss Elstob; the astonishing "make-up" of Mr. Hargrave (after Terry in "The Churchwarden"); and the comic acting of Mr. Gray (as Costermonger Joe), and Miss Pritchard (his intended, Susan)—on whom the burden of the trifle rested. Mr. Leeding and Mr. Howard were also very good in the smaller parts.

A SWIMMING COMPETITION between the boys of the Jewish Free Schools took place on Friday morning in the Bath.

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."

THE Trustees have decided to keep the Bath open a week longer; and it will, therefore, finally close on Sunday, the 23rd inst. A Swimming Display and Competition will be held for females on Wednesday, September 19th—this evening being set apart in consequence of the Social Dance Evening taking place on Tuesday. A Special Race will be held for the People's Palace Institute, 1888, for which a special prize will be given. The prizes will be distributed by Lady Hay Currie at the close of the proceedings.

A Competition will also be given by the male Members, particulars of which will be given in our next issue.

A MEETING of the Gymnasium Leaders will be held on Saturday next, at 7 o'clock, in the School-buildings.

COVERS for binding the first volume of the Journal—green cloth and lettered gold—may be had, price eightpence, on application to the sub-Editor; or of Messrs. Poulter and Sons, Rupert Street, Whitechapel. The Index (4 pp.) can be had separately, at the Palace, price threepence. The volume, bound up, is not yet ready.

OUR Art Society will be pleased to learn that an Association "for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry" has recently been formed. By invitation of the City of Liverpool the First Congress will be held there in the week commencing December 3rd. Sir Frederick Leighton will preside; and we may anticipate some interesting remarks upon the advancement of Art. The Society's object is to be thoroughly practical.

SUB-ED.

IT is not because of his toil that I lament for the poor: we must all toil or steal (howsoever we name our stealing, which is worse); no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink: he is heavy laden and weary; but for him also the heavens send sleep, and of the deepest: in his smoky cribs a clear dewy heaven of Rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly or even of earthly knowledge should visit him; but out in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation bear him company. That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute as by some computations it does.—SARTOR RESARTUS.

LITERARY PIRACY CONDEMNED.—Chief Justice Van Brunt, holding special term of Supreme Court, yesterday, on application of Nelson Smith and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, made the injunction in favour of Professor Loissette, restraining George D. Fellows from publishing his Memory System, perpetually. Dr. William A. Hammond, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, author of a work on Psychology, and several other Professors, testified that Professor Loissette's System was original, being a new departure in the education of the memory. The Court ordered Fellows to deliver to Professor Loissette the stereotype plates and all the books in his control. Over 9,000 copies of the pirated edition were delivered up yesterday.—*New York Sun*, July 27th, 1888.

The Wizard's Magic Bell.

A FAIRY STORY.

(By kind permission of Messrs. CASSELL & Co.)

ONE day, in an Eastern city, a wizard lay dying, so he called to his bedside his three sons, Hugo, Roderick, and Karl, and said to them—

"My dear boys, I shall soon have to leave you, and I feel very anxious about your lives, more especially about you, Hugo and Roderick." Then addressing Hugo, the eldest, he went on—

"Beware above all of your selfishness and avariciousness. And you, Roderick, think less of your strength—it is not the sword alone that conquers. And you my sweet Karl, be not always timid and shrinking back. You can now each make choice of one of my possessions. You Hugo, as the eldest, must choose first."

"There is only thing, father, I long for more than anything else, and that is thy gold; pray give it me all, and make not the condition that I must share it with my brothers."

The wizard looked sadly at his eldest born, but there was no longer time for words.

"As for me," cried Roderick, "I am glad my brother has so chosen. I do not want gold; what I want is thy sword, set in jewels; with this I shall be more powerful than my brother, for he can only buy men—I can slay them."

"And what wilt thou have, Karl?"

"I do not know," answered the boy wistfully; could not I have some of Hugo's gold?" and then as he caught sight of his father's pale sad face, he said with a burst of tears, "Oh, I want only something that will remind me of thee."

The wizard took the boy's hands, and said—

"I leave thee my bell. Stronger than the sword and more powerful than riches shalt thou find my gift of the bell." It was a very tiny brass bell, small enough to go into Karl's pocket: and he vowed to himself he would keep it there in memory of his father, although, much as he pondered, he could not make out how it would be of any use to him.

Soon after, his brothers departed, the one to spend his money on feasting and pleasure, and the other to foreign countries where he could use his marvellous sword.

But Karl, as he had been left neither money or sword, was forced to look about for some work; and by good fortune he was taken into the employ of a kind-hearted baron as page-boy. One day the lad, hot and breathless after a long gallop, whilst following his master on horseback, heard some exquisite strains of music quite close to him. He stopped short, believing it must be some rare bird. But nothing could be seen. He listened again—it was coming from his own pocket: it was coming from the bell, which only gave forth these lovely sounds when it was heated. Karl listened in rapture, and the faster he rode the more rich and varied was the music; but as he grew cooler the sounds began to die away, and by the time he reached the baron they had ceased.

Soon after this Karl received a visit from his elder brother, who was about to start off for foreign lands and join his brother Roderick. He offered to take Karl with him; so he and Hugo set out forthwith, and were well received by Roderick, who, by the aid of his marvellous sword, was now a great soldier. The three brothers then started on a tour, and Karl could not help being amused at Hugo's arrogant pride in his gold, and Roderick's in his strength.

One day they came to a town from which the inhabitants were fleeing with affrighted faces. On demanding the cause, they were told that a terrible rebellion had taken place amongst the wildest and most turbulent of the people; and that at that very moment a great mob was surrounding the king's palace, and threatening to burn him and his beautiful daughter to death. They implored the brothers to turn back, saying the mob would massacre strangers at once, but Hugo said grandly—

"I'll throw my gold amongst them: that'll soon stop them;" whilst Roderick said stoutly—

"I'll end the matter by ending them with my sword."

Hugo mounted on to a wall and began throwing his gold with both hands. The people were so surprised that for a moment they stood quite still; and then a worse thing happened, for men and women were trampling upon each other in their greediness to get all the gold for themselves. At last, the mob got so wild with excitement that they rushed upon Hugo where he stood, and began to tear the gold from his hands. It was at that moment that Roderick, with his marvellous sword, flew to the rescue; but although it did

wonders, and Hugo was freed, the surging crowd of wild animals was too much for Roderick single-handed, and, alas! he had to flee for his life.

At that terrible instant, something happened so strange, so rare, that even the furious fierce men stopped, and wiped their heated faces and listened. How could they continue in their angry passions whilst the sweetest and most divine music they had ever conceived was ringing through the air, bringing love and peace along with it? No one spoke; women whose faces had been hard and cruel a little while back now wept as they listened to the wondrous music; whilst men hung their heads and wondered that they were allowed to hear the divine tones, so sweet, so strong, so gentle. Night came on, and the three brothers slept at the village inn, the two elder being somewhat humbled at the failure of the weapons they had thought invincible. And as they did not know anything of Karl's magic bell, great was their amazement when, the next morning, a messenger arrived from the king's palace, saying that Karl's presence was required immediately.

When the three brothers reached the palace they found the king surrounded by an immense crowd of eager courtiers and citizens.

As Karl entered—his face very hot and flushed, and feeling very shy—a little wise old man from the village stepped forward, and, taking Karl's hand, declared he had stood near him during the riot of the night before, and was positive the music came from him.

Then Karl, who was blushing a good deal, modestly told the king and people, who were listening in breathless silence, how he had received the wonderful bell (which he took out of his pocket and handed to the king's chamberlain) from his father, who was a wizard.

When he had finished, the people crowded round him, and besought him to stay always, and brighten their lives by his sweet music.

And when Karl looked on their faces, and thought how, by his precious bell, he could bring peace, and joy, and happiness into their lives, he at last understood his father's words that there was something stronger than force, and more powerful than gold.

A Mountain Song.

OURS the strains renown'd in story,
Of peaceful hall or deadly corrie:
Would you call to field, or foray;
Melt to love, or rouse to glory:
Sound our mountain melody.

Where the gale of love is blowing,
Health, and mirth, and bliss bestowing;
Where the cup of joy is flowing,
Eyes are bright, and hearts are glowing:
Pours the bagpipes thrilling lay.

Who can hear its notes of woe,
For friend deceas'd, or fallen foe;
And see the mourners as they go,
To its wild notes, sad and slow,
And melt not at its melody?

And in the day of doubt and dread,
When bursts the battle o'er their head;
How strong the arm, and firm the tread,
Of Albyn's sons o'er fields of dead:
When cheer'd by its wild warlike cry.

Ours the strains renown'd in story,
Of halls of joy, or deadly corrie:
Would you call to field or foray;
Melt to love, or rouse to glory:
Sound our mountain melody.

The Longest Lawsuit.—The longest lawsuit ever heard of in England, was between the heirs of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley on the other, respecting certain possessions not far from Wotton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester. It commenced at the end of the reign of Edward IV., and was depending till the reign of James I., when a compromise took place, it having lasted above 200 years.

"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 VII.—Continued.

WHEN the admiral fell they told me off to help carry him down. That took best part of a quarter of an hour. The action lasted half an hour longer. When the firing ceased and one could look round, I saw Mr. Campion alongside of Job, alive and hearty. As for Jephthah, that poor boy was thrown overboard in two halves. We had nasty weather on the way home. One of the prizes foundered. And one dark night, in that nasty weather, all in the dark, poor Mr. Campion fell over board and was drowned."

I listened to the story, my head in my hands. When Dan finished, I burst out into fresh sobbing and crying. I forgot about Lady Campion and everything. I never looked up. While Dan told his story I lay hiding my face in the sofa and crying, while the door stood wide open, and Madam herself stood there listening to every word, and with her John Huntspill, with white cheeks and troubled brow. I looked up in my grief, but sprang to my feet, terrified by the look of Madam. She was drawn to her full height, leaning on her stick; her face was perfectly white; her lips trembled; her sightless eyes seemed to pour lightning on poor Dan; she was terrible in her despair and wrath.

"Tell me," she said—"not you, girl; not you—tell me man, smuggler, sailor, whatever you are, who was this Mr. Campion who fell overboard and was drowned?"

"He was your ladyship's son, and my Pleasance's sweetheart," said Dan, simply.

"He was a smuggler too, was he?"

"No, Madam, not a smuggler; only once, for a boyish freak, he must needs run across with me for a single venture. And when we were all tried, my lady, at Dorchester 'sises, we got off for three years aboard, 'acause of the news we picked up on our way back."

"Tried!—my son was tried!—with common sailors! He was tried and 'got off!'—he was sent to sea!"

"And he is dead," said John Huntspill, in solemn sadness.

"He is dead!" echoed his mother. "And you knew, girl, you knew that he was at sea, a common sailor?"

"Alas!" I moaned, "I knew only too well."

"That you concealed from me. Did you know on Illumination Day that my son was dead?"

"I knew that then," I replied.

She was silent for a space. Her eyes were dry and her lips parched. Had she wept, one might have had hope.

"All the day," she said, "you gazed upon a rejoicing mother who had lost her son; you, who had lost your lover, rejoiced with the rest."

"Nay, nay!" interposed John Huntspill. "She pretended, to save you. Listen, Madam. It was by Mr. William's own wish—nay, command—that you were kept in ignorance of what happened. I knew; I agreed that it would be better. As no letters came from Mr. William we wrote letters, and pretended that they were from him—for his sake; we read them to you—for his sake. When the dreadful news came, I resolved that we should keep up the deception—for his sake; so that you should never know when and how your son had died."

"Get me my desk, John Huntspill."

He went obediently, and brought back her great mahogany desk, in which were Will's pretended letters, all neatly tied up. She opened the desk and found the parcel.

"Take them! Henceforth, John Huntspill, you are no longer my confidential friend. I cannot trust you! Trust you? Oh heaven! can I trust anyone? Is there man, woman, or child in this great world that will not lie?"

Poor woman! poor mother! She stood where she had heard the whole, just within the doorway, John Huntspill beside her; before her, Dan Gulliver, amazed, and not knowing what to say or do; and myself, overwhelmed with misery.

"We must put some kind of order into our affairs," said Madam. "You will send my lawyer to me at once, John Huntspill. Life is precarious, even with the old as well as with the young. I must make new dispositions. And I would be alone—altogether alone—in this house. You will take away the girl. If she wants money, let me know. My son's betrothed must not starve because my son is dead—is dead!" she repeated, with a sad dropping of her voice.

I threw myself at her knees and caught her by the hand.

"Oh Madam! dear Madam! forgive me! Say that you forgive me, for Will's sweet sake!"

"Forgive!" she echoed in a hard voice. "Forgive! what does it mean? I shall not seek to do you harm. You shall have money. What more do you want? You have fooled me and played with me. You have tempted my son to destruction, you and your smuggler friends. My son, who should have been an honour to me and to this city, like his father before him, has died in disgrace. Forgive you? Yes, I will forgive you—when the sea gives up its dead."

CHAPTER VIII.

OUT OF THE GOLDEN MIST.

WE were back again at Rousdon—Dan Gulliver and Job and I—to begin again such portion of the old life as was possible. "We will go on," said Dan sadly, "just as we used to go on before ever he came. We will forget that he ever came. You will forget that you are a young lady."

Alas! not only was the old time gone, but nothing like it could ever come again. Will had torn up the old time and thrown it away. It was dead. But the memory was left. One could sit and think till day after day that summer of 1803 unrolled itself again, and I could remember every word he said, even the lightest, with every gesture and every look.

The people at Lyme welcomed us all with a cordiality which meant not only gratitude for the past, but hope for the future. Since that dreadful day of rebuke when Joshua's delivery of goods was discovered to be so much sea-water and nothing else, the town had been without brandy. Campion's fine old Jamaica rum, well enough in its way, was a poor substitute for the right good Nantes which Dan had provided. A taste had been developed which was doomed to disappointment, for no one succeeded Dan. A man cannot suddenly become a smuggler. Relations have to be established on the opposite shore, a connection to be formed at home; it is a business which is the growth of years. Now Dan represented the third, and his sons the fourth generation, of a long career in the trade, during which the whole business for this part of the coast had dropped into the hands of Gulliver and Company, smugglers to the nobility, gentry, and clergy of Lyme Regis and the surrounding country. Imagine, therefore, what a blow it was to the district when the fatal arrest happened, followed by the dreadful discovery of the sea-water! So that, when we came home again, there were visits paid to us not only of congratulation on our return, and condolence for poor Jephthah, but also of hope and temptation. Mr. Mallock, J.P., walked all the way from Lyme, on purpose to see his old friend again, and to hint that the naked condition of his cellar, as regarded French brandy, was deplorable. The Rev. Benjamin Burden, who, long before the end

of Dan's two years' captivity, had got through his four kegs, came to say that he was reduced to cider, and that of the thinnest. Dan received these visitors with great politeness, but held out no hopes that the old trade would be revived. First, he said, the *Dancing Polly* was gone; he should never again find a boat he could trust so well; then his nephew, Joshua Meech, was gone, pressed while busy with the kegs; though how them kegs turned out to be sea-water, he couldn't say; and Jephthah was gone; and he was getting old, and a second conviction meant a capital sentence. Then his money in John Huntspill's hands was bringing him a little income by itself, and he had given his promise not to smuggle any more. I think the old man had learned to look on smuggling, compared with the great game of war, as a small thing.

It was strange to come back to this queer atmosphere, in which crime appeared no sin, and law-breaking was encouraged by the administrators of the law. The strangeness passed off after awhile, and then the two years of life in the stately house of the old City square appeared, in its turn, dreamy and unreal.

We came back to the old place, and began, in a broken-winged way, to resume the old ways. Then, naturally, I began to make the house and the house-keeping more in accordance with my recently acquired ideas. Dan acquiesced, wondering; Job tried to adapt himself to my ways with the goodwill which always distinguished him, but with less success. He betook himself to work on the farm; and, in assuming the smockfrock, immediately changed, just as he used to do, the roll of the sailor for the slouch of the labourer.

John Huntspill wrote to me from time to time. Madam made no sign of relenting. She never asked for news of me; she had withdrawn her confidence from him; she never spoke to anyone about her son; she sat silent all the day long, pale and stern. Her heart was full of bitterness.

When Dan began to talk about Joshua, and to regret the misfortunes which befell him, I considered that it would be well to conceal my share in them, and the fact of his treachery. When he came home again—should he ever come home—it would be time to consider what steps should be taken. For the present it seemed better to leave the old man in the belief that Joshua's troubles were undeserved. Indeed, it would have been difficult to persuade him that his own nephew could be guilty of so foul and dastardly a crime. For my own part, I hoped that he would never come home again. "A life for a life," I said bitterly. "As he destroyed my Will's life, so let his be taken away."

It was in the dark days of December that we came back to Rousdon. The wintry weather suited the misery of my mind. Yet after a time the whole charm of the sea fell upon me and soothed me. Dan painted and caulked the little boat. I put out to sea in her again during the soft smooth mornings, common in winter on the south coast, when the sun floats bathed in a soft yellow mist, itself a disc of molten gold; when, if you see a boat, her masts and hull are wrapped round with a yellow haze, like those of a boat in a dream. Sometimes Dan came with me, and we sailed or rowed, silent, thinking of the days that could come no more.

"There was no one like him," said Dan, one day when we had been sitting quiet in the boat for an hour and more. "There never was no one like him, and never will be. Joshua had his good points. For a rough night at sea, and a ready hand, Joshua never had his equal. But Joshua was grumpy. He took after his father in such respects. Now Mr. Campion, he was always laughing, always talking, always ready to do a hand's-turn for everybody. Nobody like him. And to think of—"

"Don't, Dan, don't," I murmured, with the tears coming into my eyes.

We had a dreary Christmas that winter, though after service in the poor old barn, which had gone nearly roofless since Dan went away, the Rev. Mr. Burden came to take his dinner with us. A turkey from the farmyard furnished the meal, and afterwards Dan, with a guilty look, produced a bottle of rum. Mr. Burden shook his head sadly, but spent the rest of the day over the drink in company with Dan, and departed in the evening with legs which showed a tendency to tie themselves into knots.

Then the days began to grow longer, and the spring flowers appeared on the Undercliff, till all the ground was covered with the pale primrose. It must have been about this time that everything began to look as if it belonged to a dream. I am not sure when that strange feeling began; I knew, however, that Dan used to follow me about, and was loth to let me go out of his sight, for fear, I suppose, that being in this dreamy way I might fall into mischief and do myself some injury. Also, he began to talk of doctors and going to Lyme for a change. Poor old Dan!

The place was so quiet, so remote from all external influences, that one fell back easily upon one's own brooding thoughts; I had no duties and no distractions. Dan was not a great talker, and Job was actually dumb, so that I lived in a dream, and it was a dream of the past.

The spring in its turn passed away, and was followed by the soft warm summer, with days when I would sit a whole day through beneath the shade of the rocks, watching the waves. Here Dan used to come after me, tempting me to go out in the boat with him, to fish with him, to walk with him, anything to rouse me from that state of dreamy despair. I used to sit and listen unmoved—unmoved I saw the tears roll down his cheeks—they only irritated me. Sometimes I think that in those days I must have been mad.

One night I could not sleep. It was in the middle of August, when there is little darkness on the sea, but only a luminous twilight. I rose about midnight, and dressed myself quickly, thinking I should escape Dan's attentions, and stole downstairs into the open air, just as I had done two years and a half before, to watch for the return of the *Dancing Polly*. It was not, as then, a rough and boisterous night; there had been all day a fresh breeze blowing from the south-east. This had died away, and their was little air left. I slowly passed down the well-known path, to sit by the shore and think of my poor dead Will. I sat there while the night slipped away. I was facing the mouth of the little creek, looking straight out to sea.

When the morning broke there was a light fog upon the water, which the sun when it rose coloured with a beautiful hue, changing every minute. I remembered then—Heaven knows how!—that it was the 14th of August, and three years since first I saw my Will. As I gazed seawards, looking through the fog, I became aware of a ghost.

It was the ghost of a boat shining in the golden mist, all gorgeous with colours. The hull was yellow and blue and crimson, the colours changing every moment; the sail looked like a sheet of azure silk, and the spirit who stood behind the mast—that was the spirit of my Will—was all glorified. I stood quite still, fearing that the vision would fade. I had often, before this, seen him in dreams of the night, but never in the broad day, and in dreams he vanished so swiftly that I could never find time to speak to him. The boat seemed, at first, to be floating on the water—but she was not. In the light air of the morning she was slowly making for the land; and presently she passed through the mist, and lost all the gorgeous colours which the fog had lent her. But the ghost of my Will remained, pale, as all ghosts of drowned men should be. He saw me, as the bow of the boat grated on the stones—he cried my name—he threw up his arms—he leaped ashore.

"Oh Will, Will?" I cried, falling upon my knees before him, "let me speak to you. Do not go away as you do in the dreams. Let me speak to you. I knew you would some day think of me, and come up from the grave. Oh, what am I to say, now you are here? What can I say, dear Will, poor Will, my dead love, my lost darling, come from heaven to comfort my poor heart? Oh, it is breaking! Will, it is breaking with grief and pain!"

"Pleasance," he cried, lifting me in his strong arms, and folding me to his heart, "Pleasance, I am not dead—I am no ghost, my darling. I am come back to you again, alive—alive. Can you not understand? Oh my love, my darling!"

I could not understand at first, nor for many days afterwards. But joy does not kill.

Will had, it was quite true, fallen overboard. But he was picked up by a French *chasse-marée*, and taken to France, where he lived among the fishermen, no one betraying him, till he could persuade one of them to trust him with a boat. He promised a large price, should he reach England in safety. It is needless to say that he kept his promise.

When I was able to listen to it all, when I could sit with my hands in his, in such happiness as never any other girl, I believe, experienced, he began to talk about our marriage. He wanted to see his mother, but he would tell her himself, not write to her. And he could not go, he said, unless I would go with him. What could I say? Of course we were married, just as he wished, he and I, in Rousdon Church, by the Reverend Benjamin Burden. Will doffed his sailor's clothes for the first time, and appeared dressed as a gentleman. Dan gave me away. It was agreed that he should ride straight from the church into Lyme, and thence post direct without stopping to London.

We left Dan and Job and the poor old rector at the door of the ecclesiastical barn. Will lifted me into the saddle, and we rode slowly away, poor old Dan crying, and Will promising soon to bring me back. We had ridden half a mile or so on our way along the Seaton Road, when I saw before me, just before you come to Colway Lane, a figure which seemed familiar to me. It was, indeed, only part of a figure, consisting of a man's trunk and a couple of very short wooden stumps, on which the owner was pegging his way, literally, with uncommon vigour. I was right: the back of the man was familiar to me, for the face, when we came up with its owner, was the face of Joshua Meech.

He looked round at the sound of the horses' feet. At first he did not recognise us. I was dressed in a dark-green riding-habit, and wore a veil.

"Joshua," I said softly; "do you not remember us?"

"Joshua Meech, my boy," cried Will, who knew nothing of what had happened. "How goes it, mate? Where did you lose your legs, man?"

"Where a good many lost their heads, Mr. Campion"—he spoke quite cheerfully, while a horribly guilty feeling seized me—"at Trafalgar. Glad to see you safe home again, sir. The villain who did the mischief, he's well punished, he is; and serve him right."

Now no one, except myself, ever knew who the villain was.

Later on, when Dan came to see us in London, he had a good deal to tell of Joshua.

The mill was set going again, after he found his money by means of a mysterious letter with a London postmark. It had become ruinous, but the wheels were there, and Joshua began again to practise his ancient craft. He went no longer to chapel, but became a firm pillar of the Established Church, having been converted on board ship.

The way of his conversion was simple. He once, in his early days aboard, began to argue a point with the chaplain, who was so amazed at the audacity of a common sailor pretending to be skilled in theological

subtleties, that he complained to the captain. The captain, a choleric man, ordered an application of the only remedy then employed for offences and disorders at sea—three dozen.

Before the first dozen had been received, Joshua felt conviction pouring in. About midway through the second, the force of the conviction was irresistible. By the end of the third he had steadfastly resolved on adhering, while on board, to the Church of England and Ireland, as by law established. And after coming ashore he continued this godly habit.

I come to the last scene of my story.

A bright morning in autumn, when even the City houses look pleasant, and the trees in the City churchyards have not yet lost their leaves, and are pleasant to the eye. We go to the house in the square, Will and I, followed by John Huntspill. Madam has not gone to Chertsey this year.

There are no servants to meet us. John has taken care of that. We cross the hall and mount the stairs, covered with their thick Turkey carpets, which deaden every footfall. On the landing we can look into the great room which Madam always uses as her own. We can see Madam herself, sitting by the window, pale, rigid, and stern.

No one moves, no one whispers. The tears come into Will's eyes as he looks upon his mother. Presently John Huntspill takes my hand and leads me quietly into the room.

Madam looked up in her quick interrogative fashion. "It is I, Madam," said John.

"Is there anything of importance, John Huntspill? Unless you have news to tell me, why do you come? And who is with you?"

"I have to say a thing of great importance, Madam. I bring with me a girl who has suffered much. I ask for your forgiveness for her, and for myself, for the deceit we practised upon you."

"Oh Madam!"—I knelt at her feet—"we have been very unhappy. Forgive me, and let us be as happy together—as we can."

"I said, Pleasance," she replied, "that I would forgive you when the sea gave up its dead. But that will be long, perhaps. We should wait—till the Judgment Day. My dear, I forgive you, for the sake of him whom we both loved. Pleasance, child"—she held out both her arms—"come and let us weep together, and go in mourning and sorrow all our days."

"Not in sorrow, Madam. Oh! not in sorrow, but in gladness. For look, the Lord is very merciful. The sea has given up its dead, and here is your son, home again, and in your arms."

THE END.

East London.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
"Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?"
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been
Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, the living bread."

O human soul! as long as thou can'st so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses ebb and flow,
To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—
Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Lord Mayor's Day.

The procession of the Lord Mayor from the Guildhall to Westminster, on the 9th of November, is the only state exhibition of the metropolis that remains of the splendid City pageants. It is now exclusively a procession by land, the aquatic portion having been discontinued since the Conservancy of the Thames has been taken out of civic administration; so that we can no longer

Stand in Temple Gardens, and behold
London herself on her proud stream afloat;
For so appears this fleet of magistracy,
Holding due course to Westminster.

Shakespeare's Henry V.

The procession was by land until the year 1435, in the reign of Henry VI., when Sir John Norman built a sumptuous barge for going by water, which custom lasted for four centuries and a quarter. Fabian alludes to a roundell or song made by the watermen in praise of Sir John Norman, Lord Mayor; and Dr. Rimbault believes that he has found the original music to which this roundell was sung.

The Inauguration Banquet in the Guildhall remains a splendid spectacle, with traces of feudal character in its magnificence.

The Lord Mayor and his distinguished guests advance to the feast by sound of trumpet: and the superb dresses and official costumes of the company, about 1,200 in number, with the display of costly plate, is very striking. The Hall is divided: at the upper, or hustings tables, the courses are served hot; at the lower table the turtle only is hot. The baron of beef is brought in procession from the kitchen into the Hall in the morning, and being placed upon a pedestal, at night is cut up by the "City Carver." The kitchen, wherein the dinner is dressed, is a vast department; the principal range is sixteen feet long and seven feet high, and a baron of beef (three cwt.) upon the gigantic spit is turned by hand. There are twenty cooks, besides helpers; fourteen tons of coals are consumed; some forty turtles are slaughtered for 250 tureens of soup; and the serving of the dinner requires about 200 persons, and 8,000 plate-changes. Next morning the fragments of the great feast are doled out at the kitchen-gate to the City poor.

In this noble hall have been held the Inauguration dinners of the Lord Mayors since 1501. Here Whittington entertained Henry V. and his queen, when he threw the king's bond for £60,000 into a fire of spice wood. Charles I. was feasted here in 1641, with a political object, which failed. Charles II. was nine times entertained here; and from 1660, with only three exceptions, our Sovereign has dined at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's day, after his or her accession or coronation. The exceptions were James II., who held the City Charter upon a writ of *quo warranto* at his accession; George IV., who was rendered unpopular by his quarrel with his queen; and William IV., who apprehended political tumult. But George IV. (when Regent) was entertained here June 18th, 1814, with Alexander, Emperor of Russia, and Frederick-William III., King of Prussia, when the banquet cost £25,000, and the value of the plate used was £200,000. On July 9th following, the Duke of Wellington was entertained in Guildhall. The banquet to George III. cost £6,898, when 1,200 guests dined in the Hall; that to Queen Victoria, November 9th, 1837, cost £6,870; and an evening entertainment to her Majesty, July 9th, 1851, to celebrate the Great Exhibition, cost £5,120 14s. 9d., being £129 5s. 3d. less than the sum voted; invitations, 1,452. (*Curiosities of London.*)

The Show is now modern; its last ancient feature was the poor men of the Company to which the Lord Mayor belonged, wearing their long gowns and close caps, of the Company's colour, and wearing painted shields, there being as many men as years in the Lord Mayor's age. The Show, in its earliest years, consisted of a procession of minstrels and beadles on horseback. For a time water spectacles, chiefly sham fights, grew popular. In 1566, on the Mayor-day of Sir William Draper, a pageant was arranged which had no scenic representations, but had "a foist, or barge, with ten pairs of oars and masts," but whether they had sails or flags does not appear. "The Queen's arms flowed from the maintop, and a red cross from the foretop; long pendants were added to these, and two ancients displayed on the pope (poop) or baste." "This vessel had a master and a gunner, with squibs sufficient for the time, well painted and trimmed, with twenty pavases and two half-barrels of gunpowder on board." A little later, on the same occasion, in the Grocer's pageant, "there was a large ship, rigged and manned, with Galatea at

its bow, a sea nymph, drawn on a sea chariot by dolphins, accompanied by syrens, tritons, sea-lions, which saluted the Lord Mayor on the river, near the Temple."

In 1568, Sir Thomas Rae, a Merchant Tailor, being elected Mayor, the Company voted him £40 for his expenses. The wardens were charged to see the tables at Guildhall properly arranged for the feast, and "sixteen" of the Batchelors' Company were ordered to carry up the service to table. The pageant embodied an allegorical representation of the patron saint, John Baptist. He was attended by four boys, whose duty it was to deliver complimentary speeches. St. John's speech began thus:—"I am that voyce in wilderness which once the Jews did call."

Sir Thomas Middleton, Grocer and Mayor, 1613, was among the first who attempted a scenic representation. He gave a water spectacle, with five islands, artfully garbished with all manner of Indian fruit, fruit-trees, drugs, spices, and the like. The centre island was embellished with "a faire castle, especially beautified," probably in allusion to the East India Company, then newly established.

From this period to 1708 the Lord Mayor's Show derived its chief magnificence from the great Livery Companies, and assumed a dramatic tone.

Letter 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.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

SIR,—I have received various circulars and time-tables from the Trustees of the Palace, and finding a circular marked with red ink, I at once gave this my attention. On perusing same I found that the subscription for Males has been raised 6d. per quarter, i.e.—this quarter's subscription is 2s. 6d., and next it will be 3s.

Now I, as a Member who joined in October, 1887, should like to know why the subscription has been raised? I think it should be lowered if anything. Several Members have already spoken to me on this subject, and concur with me.

I think the majority of the Members would like to know why the subscription has been raised.

Thanking you in advance for inserting this in your valuable Journal.—I am, yours, etc.,
A MEMBER.

[In reply to the above letter, all persons between the ages of 16 and 26, joining classes, will be admitted as Members at 1/6 per quarter, instead of 2/6, as has been the case during the past year, the Trustees being anxious to encourage persons attending the Classes to make use of the recreative side of the People's Palace. It is quite true that the Trustees have raised the price 6d. per quarter for those young persons who do not wish to attend classes.

It might be well to look for a moment at what a Member receives in return for his 3/-:

1. The right of attending the concert free every Saturday evening, to which the general public are only admitted at a quarter to eight on payment of 3d., equalling 3/3 per quarter.
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3. Admission to the various shows, which in the case of next quarter comprise the Dog Show, Poultry Show, Cage Bird Show, and Chrysanthemum Show, free, and the privilege of joining the twenty-one Clubs already formed.

In the case of female Members, the fees are 1/- for those young persons who attend a class, and 1/6 for those who do not do so.—ED. T.P.J.]

Answers to Correspondents.

(Correspondents are informed that under no circumstances can replies be sent to them through the post. The name and address of the sender must always accompany communications—not necessarily for publication.)

ENQUIRER.—Your questions are just a little complicated. If you will call in at the General Offices any time you are at the Palace, you will there receive much more information than we can hope to give.

"Ich Dien."—The Prince of Wales has a badge of honour peculiar to himself, in the shape of three ostrich feathers and the coronet of a Welsh prince, with the motto "Ich Dien." "I serve," which is the meaning of the old English. The allusion is to the Scripture verse, "The heir while he is a child differeth not from a servant." It is commonly supposed that the device of the feathers was originally taken from the fallen King of Bohemia, at the Battle of Cressy, and was then assumed for the first time by Prince Edward, together with the motto.

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