

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLES PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. III.—No. 53.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1888. [ONE PENNY.

Coming Events.

- THURSDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.—Concert, at 8. GYMNASIUM.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall.—Committee Meeting, at 7.—Males' in Gymnasium. CRICKET CLUB.—Smoking Concert, at 8.30. FOOTBALL CLUB.—General Meeting, at 9. CYCLING CLUB.—Distribution of Prizes by Captain Spencer Beaumont, in Room 12, at 8.30.
- FRIDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUM.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Junior Section in Gymnasium. LITERARY SOCIETY.—Lecture: J. Spender, Esq., B.A. CYCLING CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8.30.
- SATURDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. CHESS CLUB.—Scoring Night; East Ante-room, at 7. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUM.—Males' in Gymnasium. HARRIERS.—Usual run out. CONCERT.—Admission, 2d. OPENING OF EXHIBITION of Canaries, Mules, and British and Foreign Cage Birds. Admission, 11 to 5, Sixpence; 5 to 10, Twopence. CHORAL SOCIETY.—Committee Meeting, at 5 sharp. FOOTBALL CLUB.—First XI., at Woolwich; Second XI., at Wanstead. ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, 5 till 7.
- SUNDAY.**—ORGAN RECITALS at 12.30 and 4. LIBRARY.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Practice Meeting. GYMNASIUM.—Males' in Gymnasium.—Monthly Meeting, at 8. LECTURE.—For Junior Section, in Lecture Hall, at 8. CAGE BIRD SHOW.—All day. Admission, 2d. CONCERT.—Admission, 2d.
- TUESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUM.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Junior Section in Gymnasium. LECTURE on "Astronomy," in Lecture Hall, at 8. By Mr. J. W. McClure, B.A., LL.D. Admission, 2d. CAGE BIRD SHOW.—All day. Admission, 2d. CONCERT at 8. Admission, 2d. DEBATING SOCIETY.—Usual Meeting, at 8. CHORAL SOCIETY.—Usual Practice Meeting. HARRIERS.—Usual run out. CHESS CLUB.—Scoring Night; East Ante-Room, at 7. ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, 8 till 10.
- WEDNESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUM.—Males' in Gymnasium. CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 2d. LECTURE on "The Body and Health," in Lecture Hall, at 8. By Mr. D. W. Samways, D.Sc., M.A. Admission, 2d.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 18th, 1888,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. | Sonata, No. 3 | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. | Air, "His Salvation is nigh them that fear Him" (Woman of Samaria) | Bennett. |
| 3. | Prelude | Widor. |
| 4. | Introductory Voluntary | Hollins. |
| 5. | Slow Movement | Beethoven. |
| 6. | Anthem, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works" | Barnby. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. | Choral Song and Fugue | Mesley. |
| 2. | Air, "O rest in the Lord" (Elijah) | Mendelssohn. |
| 3. | Funeral March and Hymn of Seraphs | Guilmant. |
| 4. | Selection from the Messiah, including (a) Overture; (b) "Rejoice Greatly"; (c) Air, "Come unto Him"; (d) Chorus, "Lift up your Heads" | |

Notes of the Week.

FRIDAY, November the Ninth, and Lord's Mayor's Day without any Lord Mayor's Show to speak of! The general mental condition of the populace was one of disgust. Our Lord Mayor's Show is always a poor thing enough, but since it is the only Pageant left to us, surely it would be better to improve it than to abolish it. A dinner was given to two thousand poor people at our end of the town; said to be in place of the Show. One rejoices to think that these poor people had something like a good dinner, but it should have been *with* the Show and not instead of it. If these poor people had their dinner, how many poor workmen had to go without the jobs which a great show always occasions?

THE Pageant of Lord Mayor's Day is not only the last survival of many Civic Shows and Pageants: it is also a very ancient and historical procession, and for that reason alone should be jealously maintained. Until about sixty years ago the Procession included the journey from London to Westminster by barge. The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Alderman rode from the Mansion House to Queen Street, where they embarked in their State Barge accompanied by the State Barges of all the City Companies which had any. Those Companies which had none marched in procession, with banners and music as is done now. The water show was headed by the Stationers' Barge, which, after the landing of the Master and Wardens, proceeded to Lambeth Palace, where the crew received a present from the Archbishop of sixteen bottles of wine. In return they presented to the Archbishop copies of all the almanacks published by the Company. The Lord Mayor returned by land to Guildhall, where the banquet was served to about 1,300 persons.

A HUNDRED years ago the day was kept as one of universal festivity: it was the great holiday of the year for London: the Companies had stands erected along Cheapside: every house along the line of march was filled with guests and provided with a feast, and the City Companies all held great banquets on this day. As for the Lord Mayor and the Corporation, they began cheerfully with a breakfast at the Guildhall, served at ten, consisting of roast beef, turtle soup, and mulled wine. The great Banquet was served at three in the afternoon, and the streets at night were filled with drunken men. It was calculated that as much as £10,000 was spent in City feasts on this day alone.

It was in 1816 that the Lord Mayor Wood exchanged the water procession for one through the streets; whereupon Lord Sidmouth, as High Steward of Westminster, officially protested against this deviation from ancient custom and usage. What would he have said about the proceedings of last Friday?

By an odd circumstance the first Lesson appointed to be read in the Church Service for Lord Mayor's Day was the 31st Chapter of Ecclesiasticus, which contains admonitions on temperance in eating and drinking, and on the observance of decorum at table, together with advice on the advantages of hospitality.

THE last Lord Mayor who rode on horseback at his procession was Sir Gilbert Heathcote, in the reign of Queen Anne. The Pageant used to be embellished by speeches or verses composed by the city poet, an official who ceased to exist in the reign of George the First. A very good account of the Lord Mayor's Pageant may be found in Hone's *Every*

Day Book. Of course the city giants, Gog and Magog accompanied the procession. The history of this illustrious pair, and the connection of giants with cities, deserves a larger notice than can be given here.

THE history of London contains hundreds of stories how poor boys became rich, and how the industrious apprentice rose to be Lord Mayor. Whittington is by no means the only instance. Indeed, Dick Whittington was never a poor boy: he was a young gentleman of very good family, his father being a knight and squire: and he was sent to London to be apprenticed to his cousin, a Mercer and Merchant Adventurer, that is to say, a Shipowner, also a gentleman of good descent. But Sir William Staines, who was Lord Mayor in the year 1801, is another and a very good instance of success owing to industry and resolution. He was originally a bricklayer of Uxbridge. One day he was repairing the parsonage of that town when the Vicar's wife, as he passed her with hod and mortar, astonished him by informing him that she had dreamed he was to be Lord Mayor of London. She had this dream twice. Another person foretold that he would be Lord Mayor in a time of turbulence and scarcity: that we should be at war with France, and that peace should be restored during his Mayoralty. All these things did, in effect, come about. The prophecies, however, being related after their fulfilment, are suspicious: but the hod and mortar cannot be denied. The bricklayer's boy became Lord Mayor. Let us take courage. There are other professions besides bricklaying which may lead us to the Mansion House.

AFTER forty years of imposture one of the original spirit-rappers has confessed her imposture. It is about that time since a certain Kate Fox began to have rappings, which, because they could not otherwise be accounted for, were supposed to be produced by spirits from the other world. They presently discovered a clumsy kind of alphabet, and then messages were received with great frequency. This was the origin of the whole spiritualistic business. It is now confessed that the rappings were produced by the girl herself. Her sister has made a full exposure of the whole business. She places her foot upon a small table, having the properties of a sounding board, and causes the raps by the action of the first joint of the great toe. Spiritualism will not be killed by this confession any more than it was killed by the discovery of the various tricks of the mediums: but its spread will be checked. Let us remember one thing: in the whole forty years during which we have listened to the rappings, there has not come to the world one single message worth hearing: not one single piece of information: not a word, or a revelation, or a thought that has been of the slightest use to mankind. This consideration ought alone to be fatal to all spiritualistic cheats.

TAXATION has increased the price of bread in Germany: the absence of taxation keeps down the price of bread in Holland. Therefore on the Dutch frontier the German children cross all day long returning laden with bread and flour. Only so much is allowed to be brought over on each journey, but if the children are kept running backwards and forwards all day long, a good deal of bread may be imported, and the German bakers in the neighbourhood are crying out. Perhaps that is one reason why so many German bakers come over here.

THE following is an extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and is recommended to the attention of those young gentlemen who love ladies' eyes. It concerns the eyes of Madame Hading, the French actress. "Her eyes are very remarkable; not only of the clearest and purest brown, like that of mountain brooks, or the eyes Gwendolen—which George Eliot described as resembling 'wave-washed onyx'—but they are veiled with a thick fringe of black and silky lashes, that are most unusually, extraordinarily long. It is the most noticeable thing in her face, and when she turns her eyes upon a man he begins at once to recall all he has ever read concerning the eyes of Odalisques and long-eyed Circassians whom the Oriental poets are never done with praising. The story is that Madame Hading owes this marvellous length of eye to artificial means used by her parents in her childhood. It is said that it is a common practice among the Turks, who hold long eyes in such exalted esteem, to lengthen, by cutting the corners, the eyes of girls who are being raised for the harem. This is done very early, at the age of two or three years, and the outer corner is deftly slit with a lancet, about the twelfth part of an inch. While the wound is healing the lids are drawn

outwards every day, and when it is quite cured the eye is still submitted to this drawing process every day for a long time, with the eventual result that it becomes ideally long and narrow, and fulfils the ideal of the 'unspeakable Turk' when he is in search of a new favourite. It is said that the Laura Schirmer, who was recently reported to have been poisoned in the Palace of the Sultan, first obtained his favour through the unusual length and beauty of her eyes. The story about Madame Hading goes on to say that her father had been in Turkey and had seen this practice, and determined to try it on his little girl, who was then a pretty baby of three years, with bright brown eyes and a mop of yellow curls, and already taking part in pieces requiring babies. Whether the story is true or not, one thing is certain, which is that the actress from the Gymnase has the most beautiful and remarkable eyes of any woman on the stage."

A CHRISTIAN Bishop has renounced his faith, and become a Mohammedan. He is an Armenian named Karekire, and he has assumed the name of Achmet-Mukhtar, the meaning of which I know not. In modern times the conversion of a Christian to Islamism is very rare indeed. An Indian civil servant some years ago presented an example. On the other hand, the conversion of whole people from Christianity to Mohammedanism was by no means uncommon a thousand years ago. The whole of Northern Africa was Christian: there were churches, bishops, monasteries everywhere; now there is hardly a Christian left, except in Egypt, where the old Coptic Church has survived. So in Asia Minor and in Syria, where the ancient Christian Church has languished in some parts, and wholly disappeared in others. On the west coast of the Red Sea there were flourishing Christian Churches among the Ethiopians, until the country was invaded by Arabs from the opposite coast. After a certain time the people managed to turn out the Arabs, whom they drove into the Soudan; but they left their religion behind them. There is not a trace left among these people, whom we are still fighting at Suakim, of their old Christianity. The papers all speak of the people as Arabs: but they are not: they are Ethiopians.

ANOTHER of the discussions which do no good to anybody seems to have been begun. It is on the question of the American girl, and her alleged superiority to the English girl. For my part I doubt the superiority, but the American girl claims it boldly. She thinks, I know not on what authority, that the English girl is a meek, timid, submissive, obedient, young person, whose chief desire is to be a servant to her husband. Married men who read this paragraph are begged to put restraint upon their feelings. Other people say that the American girl is more beautiful. There, again, I doubt. There is certainly a kind of beauty which seems peculiar to America, but then very few American girls have it, and even when it is found, the English beauty seems to me much more desirable. But why compare the beauty of women?
EDITOR.

The American Veteran.

"HAVE you a dime," the stranger asked,
"To keep me through the day alive?
I served and never lost a day
From sixty-one to sixty-five."

I gave the dime. "You say you fought?
The traitor foemen did you drive?"
"I said I served," he answer made,
"From sixty-one to sixty-five."

"To aid a vet'ran of the war,"
I then remarked, "I always strive.
Where did you fight?" "I served," said he,
"From sixty-one to sixty-five."

"Perhaps you were a captive led
And wore the cruel foemen's gyve?"
He only sighed and said: "I served
From sixty-one to sixty-five."

He reached the door. "Where did you fight?"
I asked, suspicious of his tricks.
Said he: "I served in Sing Sing jail;
They let me out in sixty-six."

Carlyle and Tennyson.

REMINISCENCES OF AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST.

MR. JOHN R. THOMPSON, in 1864, went to London to take an editorial position on the *Index*, a journal supported by the Confederate Government with the intention of influencing England and France to further its cause. Mr. Thompson remained abroad two years. The following extracts from his diary, when in England, are published in *Lippincott's* for November:—

"TEA WITH THOMAS CARLYLE.

"October 14, 1864.—Drank tea and spent the evening with Thomas Carlyle at 5, Cheyne Row. Mrs. Carlyle for some time has been an invalid, but made her appearance. Lady Ashburton and Miss Baring came in after tea. Mr. Carlyle said it was his habit to drink five cups of tea. He ran off into table-talk about tea and coffee, told us that he had found in Lord Russell's 'Memoirs of Moore,' which he called a rubbishy book, the origin of the word *biggin*—it comes from one Biggin, a tinner, who first made the vessel and was knighted afterwards. Then he talked of pipes and tobacco, and recited the old verse, 'Think of this, and smoke tobacco.' There was but one honest pipe made in Britain—by a Glasgow man, who used a clay found in Devonshire. Mr. Carlyle inquired about the Confederacy, its resources, army, its supplies of food and powder. He read a letter from Emerson, in which the Yankee philosopher declared that the struggle now going on was the battle of humanity. When we rose to say good night, he called a servant for his coat and boots (he had received us in dressing-gown and slippers), and walked with us within a stone's throw of Grosvenor Hotel, two miles, at half-past eleven! On the way passing Chelsea Hospital, he burst into a tribute to Wren, the architect, of whom he said there was a rare harmony, a sweet veracity, in all his work. We mentioned Tennyson, and he spoke with great affection of him, but thought him inferior to Burns: he had known 'Alfred' for years: said he used to come in hob-nailed shoes and rough coat, to blow a cloud with him. Carlyle said he thought Mill's book on Liberty the greatest nonsense he ever read, and spoke despairingly of the future of Great Britain; too much money would be the ruin of the land.

"Nov. 16.—At Carlyle's, who made many inquiries about Lee, whom he greatly admires. He talked brilliantly; spoke disparagingly of Napier and other English historians,—said they knew nothing of war as an art.

"SMOKING A PIPE WITH TENNYSON.

"Nov. 24.—Spent the evening at the house of Mr. Woolner, sculptor, with Tennyson, a quiet, simple man, who smoked a pipe and drank hot punch with us. He deplored the American war, and talked of the Yankees, whom he detested.

"June 30, 1866.—Went with Bertrand Payne, Esq., to Lymington, thence by ferry to Yarmouth, where we took a carriage for Farringford, the residence of Tennyson, and were warmly received by him. A lovelier spot would be difficult to find. An irregular Gothic cottage, surrounded by beautiful trees, the ilex and the elm, and exquisite turf, and with glimpses of the sea from almost every window, abundant roses, and a thrifty magnolia grandiflora growing on the south wall, nailed up like apricots, and almost secluded from the world. All was charming; books everywhere, engravings, a few paintings, casts, and statuettes. Dined at seven. Mrs. Tennyson, a most gentle lady, in evident feeble health, with remains of rare beauty, the poet's sister, an old maid, his boys Hallam and Lionel—this was the family. After dinner, which was excellent but simple—soup, salmon, roast mutton, ducks, peas, tarts, pudding, strawberries, and cherries—the gentlemen adjourned to the top of the house, where, in the poet's sanctum, we had pipes and talk till two o'clock.

"July 1.—I came down at nine and attended prayers, Mrs. Tennyson conducting the service. Took a walk to Freshwater Bay, and returned to lunch. In the afternoon Tennyson, Payne, and I walked in the direction of the Needles, wind blowing a gale. Mrs. Cameron, the amateur in photography, came in after dinner and asked us to sit. In the morning I sat with Tennyson in his den, where he read me an unpublished poem in continuation of the 'Northern Farmer.' Tennyson repeated 'My Heart's in the Highland's' with great unction, and said nobody wrote such music nowadays. Left Farringford at 3 p.m.

"CONVERSATION WITH CARLYLE.

"May 17, 1865.—Went to Chelsea. Mr. Carlyle amused us much by his comments on the proclamation of Johnson. He styled him a sanguinary tailor seated on Olympus.

"Nov. 15.—Called on Carlyle. Found the Irish patriot, Gavan Duffy, there. Carlyle gave us a graphic account of a visit to the thieves' quarter in Whitechapel. He also spoke of the great ignorance of the educated classes in England and Germany of German history.

"Jan. 25, 1866.—Called at Cheyne-row. Found Carlyle in the best of humours. He gave us an account of the rise of Chartism in England. He denounced the Emperor Napoleon and John Bright with equal severity, and while there was not one noble soul to be found in all France, England had become a horrible discordant blacksmith's shop."

A Tale of the Tenth Hussars.

By kind permission of the Author, CLEMENT SCOTT, ESQ.

WHEN the sand of the lonely desert has covered the plains of strife,
Where the English fought for the rescue, and the Arab stood for his life;
When the crash of the battle is over, and healed are our wounds and scars,
There will live in our island story a Tale of the Tenth Hussars.
They had charged in the grand old fashion with furious shout and swoop,
With a "Follow me, lads" from the Colonel, and an answering roar from the troop;
From the Staff as the troopers past it, in glory of pride and pluck,
They heard, and they never forgot it, one following shout, "Good Luck!"
Wounded and worn he sat there, in silence of pride and pain,
The man who'd led them often, but was never to lead again,
Think of the secret anguish! think of the dull remorse!
To see the Hussars sweep past him, unled by the old White Horse!
An alien, not a stranger; with heart of a comrade still,
He had borne his sorrow bravely, as a soldier must and will:
And when the battle was over, in deepening gloom and shade,
He followed the Staff in silence, and rode to the grand parade;
For the Tenth had another hero, all ripe for the General's praise,
Who was called to the front that evening, by the name of Trooper Hayes;
He had slashed his way to fortune, when scattered, unhorsed, alone,
And in saving the life of a comrade had managed to guard his own.
The General spoke out bravely as ever a soldier can—
"The Army's proud of your valour; the Regiment's proud of their man!"
Then across that lonely desert, at the close of the General's praise,
Came a cheer, then a quick short tremble on the lips of Trooper Hayes.
"Speak out," said the kindly Colonel, "if you've anything, Lad, to say;
Your Queen and your dear old country shall hear what you've done to-day!"
But the Trooper gnawed his chin-strap, then sheepishly hung his head:
"Speak out, old chap!" said his comrades. With an effort, at last, he said—
"I came to the front with my pals here, the boys, and the brave old tars,
I've fought for my Queen and country, and rode with the Tenth Hussars;
I'm proud of the fine old regiment!"—then the Colonel shook his hand—
"So I'll ask one single favour from my Queen and my native land!
"There sits by your side on the Staff, sir, a man we are proud to own!
He was struck down first in the battle, but never was heard to groan:
If I've done aught to deserve it,"—then the General smiled "Of course!"
"Give back to the Tenth their Colonel—the Man on the old White Horse!"
"If ever a man bore up, sir, as a soldier should with pluck,
And fought with a savage sorrow the demon of cursed ill-luck—
That man he sits before you! Give us back, with his wounds and scars,
The man who has sorely suffered, and is loved by the Tenth Hussars!"
Then a cheer went up from his comrades, and echoed across the sand,
And was borne on the wings of mercy, to the heart of his native land,
Where the Queen on the Throne must hear it, and the Colonel Prince will praise
The words of a simple soldier just uttered by Trooper Hayes.
Let the moralist stoop to mercy, that balm of all souls that live;
For better than all forgetting is the wonderful word "Forgive!"

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 AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Friday and Tuesday evening last the above Club met for practice. Although the weather was very bad on Friday a fairly good number of Members put in an appearance, the cause of this being that a professional Instructor had been engaged. That gentlemen being W. Dowdell, late Instructor of the Orion Gymnasium Boxing Club.

The following Members boxed with the Instructor during the evening:—Messrs. H. Dean, J. Newport, I. Myers, C. Funnell, J. Brierly, and F. Johnson.

During the evening the following Members sparred with one another:—F. Izard v. J. Brierly, Wainman v. Jackson.

One or both Secs. are in attendance on Tuesday or Friday evenings to receive subscriptions from Members of the Palace wishing to join the Club. Subscriptions: 2s. up to the end of December, and 6d. entrance fee, after which it will be 3s. per quarter, and 6d. entrance fee.

The way into the Club-room is through the lavatory in the old School-buildings, which are now used as Club and Social-rooms for Members. The Instructor is in attendance on Friday evenings from 8 until 10 o'clock.

Any information can be had by applying to either of the Secretaries, Mr. I. H. PROOPS, 67, Clinton Road, Bow; or, Mr. R. M. B. LAING, Blair Street, Poplar.

On Friday we had our usual meeting, and judging by the attendance, our Club will certainly, in a short time, be one of the strongest in the Palace.

Our room, which is approached through the lavatory, is now, with the exception of a few slight alterations, which Sir Edmund Currie has given instruction to be immediately taken in hand, fitted up with ring complete, and while on Friday the Instructor is coaching Members inside, the remaining Members, as far as possible, indulge in some private practice outside the ring.

Friday was the busiest night we have yet had, as aspiring Members, with an eye to future Displays and Competitions, one after the other, booked themselves for a spar with the Instructor who had all his work cut out to accommodate them all.

Our Vice-Captain also obliged some of our younger Members with same practical hints on the noble art of self-defence.

Tuesdays are at present reserved for private practice of Members.

One of the Secretaries is always in attendance on practice nights to enrol fresh Members, receive subscriptions, and give any information required.

I. H. PROOPS, } Hon. Secs.
R. M. B. LAING, }

CLUB REPRESENTATIVES COMMITTEE.

Lady Members will be admitted to Members' Concert next Saturday week in the Music-room, on production of Membership ticket.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

The usual meeting was held on Friday evening last, at 8 o'clock. H. H. S. Cunyngame, Esq., having promised to give a lecture on Charles Dickens's works, it was the intention of this Society to attend the meeting in a body, but owing to the very small attendance of Palace Members to hear this lecture (about eighteen only being present, I believe), it was not held, and in consequence this Society had no original compositions of any kind sent up, and so the meeting practically fell through.

A letter from Mr. Masters was read asking for information as to expenditure of the Club funds, and complaining of the manner in which one of the Secretaries (Mr. Cayzer) had behaved himself. A trial Balance-sheet was read and passed by the meeting, who expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the way in which the funds had been expended.

The latter part of Mr. Master's letter the meeting entirely ignored.

The meeting closed at 9 o'clock. Mr. Spender will deliver the third lecture of his series on Friday evening next, at 8 o'clock. Subject:—"Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne." All Palace Members and friends are heartily invited to be present.

Admission free by ticket to be obtained of the sub-Editor, or either of the Hon. Secs.

The meeting will be held in the new Music Room. For all further particulars apply to either of the Hon. Secs., care of People's Palace.

New Members enrolled every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Subscription, 1s. per year.

All information promptly given by
B. SEARLE CAYZER, } Hon. Secs.
C. J. WHITE, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Chairman—Mr. WALTER MARSHALL.

The usual weekly meeting of the above Society was held on Tuesday week. In the absence of Mr. Marshall the chair was occupied by Mr. Spratley.

Mr. Valentine proposed, and Mr. Ive seconded, that the minutes of the previous meeting be accepted as read.

Mr. Ive then made a statement as to the advisability of forwarding a letter to the Trustees as to the future Parliament—the meeting being unanimous in favour of forwarding the letter.

Mr. Maynard then opened the following debate:—"That education should be Free, National and Unsectarian." Mr. Ive seconded.

Messrs. White, Ive, and Norton spoke in favour of the resolution, whilst Messrs. Jolly and Valentine spoke against. Mr. Maynard having replied, the resolution was put to the meeting and lost by a majority of two.

Members wishing to join this Society should send their names to either of the undersigned.

Subscription till May, 1/-.

Tuesday, November 6th. The minutes of the previous sitting were passed by the meeting on the proposition of Mr. Spratley. Mr. Jolly raised a discussion as to the Cobden Club money collected by Mr. Cayzer, but as his remarks appeared to be founded upon rumours, the Chairman promptly clôtured the discussion. Mr. Cayzer moved, "That in the opinion of this meeting Debating Societies are conducive to mental culture." Mr. Hawkins seconded, and Messrs. Ive, Jolly, Maynard, and Roberts supported, and the resolution was carried unanimously. Such a singular unanimity of opinion characterised this debate, that strangers may have thought "self-praise was no recommendation."

Mr. Hawkins proposed, and Mr. Valentine seconded, "That this meeting expresses its thanks for the able manner in which Messrs. W. Marshall and Norton performed their duties in connection with the Social Committee." Carried with acclamation.

Palace Members heartily invited to join this Society. Subscription until end of May 1889, 1s. Meetings for debates every Tuesday, at 8 p.m.

A. L. LONDON, } Hon. Secs.
J. H. MAYNARD, }

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum.

Members meet for practice in the East ante-room every evening from 7 p.m. Entrance through the Library.

On Tuesday, 6th inst., a match was played between the second match team of the Club and the Working Lads' Institute. The result was a win for the visitors by 5½ games to 4½. The score was as follows:—

Wins.	East London 2nd Team.	Working Lads.	Wins.
0	Clegg	Hall	1
1	Powell	Bent	0
0	Stevens	E. G. Satchell	1
0	Burgess	Pomroy	1
1	Lane	Goodchild	0
1	De Winter	Dixon	0
0	Banks	Waterman	1
0	Hall	Suter	1
½	Hince	De Tenon	½
1	Harris	(absent)	0
4½			5½

A match will be played in our room on Saturday next, 17th inst., against St. John's Institute; ten boards.

Members desiring to enter for the Cup Competition or Handicap Tourney are requested to hand in their subscriptions at once to the Secretary. Entrance fee for both Competitions, 1s. They will commence the first week in December.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—Mr. W. R. CAVE.

The report of the concert was unfortunately omitted in last week's Journal, but the Members will no doubt find it mentioned in this week's.

As several Members desired the time for rehearsal on Saturday evenings altered to 7 o'clock until 9, the vote was put to the Members, but as a great majority of the Members preferred the old time, 5 o'clock until 7, the rehearsals will be the same as heretofore, viz. Tuesdays 8 till 10, and Saturdays 5 till 7, in the new Music Room, formerly the Swimming-bath. Members are requested to attend punctually at the times above mentioned, as we have a great deal to get through.

We have vacancies for Brass Players, and the Secretary will be most happy to receive the names of such wishing to join the Society. The fee is 2s. 6d. per quarter, and all the music is lent free.

W. STOCK, Hon. Sec.
Mr. A. SAVAGE, Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A General Meeting of the above Club was held last Wednesday, Mr. Havard in the chair.

The Rules came on for discussion. Mr. Moody proposed, seconded by Mr. Havard, that Rule 6 read as follows:—"That the Club be under the control of a separate Sub-Stage Manager, who in turn will be responsible to the Manager." Carried.

Mr. Moody proposed, seconded by Mr. A. Reeve, that Rule 13 be rescinded.

Mr. Reeve proposed, seconded by Mr. Roberts, that Rule 17 also be rescinded.

Mr. J. Reeve proposed, seconded by Mr. Moody, that Rule 15 read as follows:—"That the Secretary keep a list of attendances of Members at rehearsals." Carried.

Miss Marks' resignation was accepted, and Miss Larter elected in her place.

The meeting then being over, Mr. Gibson, our Manager (a professional specially engaged), commenced casting the plays.

Rehearsal each Wednesday, at 8 o'clock p.m., in the Swimming-bath, which Sir E. H. Currie has kindly placed at our disposal.

We require a few more ladies and gentlemen. Subscription, 5s. per annum, payable half-yearly in advance. Will all Members who intend joining do so at once, as we are anxious to get the Club in thorough working order.

Those wishing tickets for the Elocution "Open" Night next Thursday can obtain them by applying to the Secretary.

ARTHUR EDWIN REEVE,
Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec.; Mr. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

The Committee Meeting is adjourned until Saturday, November the 17th, at 5 p.m. sharp, when the Secretary will have the Rules ready for the final approval of the Committee.

All Members must please endeavour to attend the next rehearsals, as we give a concert in the Queen's Hall on Monday, the 19th of November, when the Ladies' Choir will also make its first appearance in public. Ladies will please not to forget their Choral Badges?

The Secretary wishes to impress upon all Members the desirability of a regular and punctual attendance at both rehearsals. This is most important for the welfare of the Society.

Rehearsals as usual. Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m. for the Ladies' Choir, and 8.45 p.m. for the Male Voice Choir, in No. 2 Room of the Ladies' Social-rooms. Friday, at 8 p.m., in the new Music Room and not in the Lecture Hall.

The first Choral Society Social Concert will be held in the new Music Room this evening (Wednesday), at 8 o'clock. Tickets may be obtained from Mr. Laundy by the Members of the Society.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have vacancies for good voices in all the parts; all intending Members must be prepared to pass Mr. Orton Bradley's sight-reading examination. One or two male altos are required for the Male Voice Choir, which meets on Tuesday evenings, at 8.45 p.m. The fees are, 1s. per quarter for ladies, and 2s. per quarter for gentlemen, all music being lent free of charge from the Society's Library.

We are at present rehearsing the "Messiah," John Farmer's Fairy Opera "Cinderella," and various glees for production at various dates. All enquiries addressed to the Secretary, Mr. Laundy, at the General Offices of the Palace, will receive prompt attention.

CLUB REPRESENTATIVES' SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

A capital programme was got through at the Members' Concert last Saturday, in the new Music Room. Mr. Walter Marshall presided. Several Members obliged, amongst them being the Misses Marshall, and Messrs. Ford and Posner (with recitations), Burrows, Fosh, Dumble, Greenwood, Heath, Hellicar, Hendry, Marshall, Rumble, and Spicer. The above shone with their usual ability, but the success of the evening was no doubt Mr. Burrows, who appeared in character with "Bang, bang, bang." Mr. Hellicar was very favourably received with the First Lord's song from "H.M.S. Pinafore," showing there is no need to ever go to sea to become the "ruler of the Queen's navee."

Sir Edmund Hay Currie paid a visit during the evening, and enjoyed the songs, etc., given by the Members.

Messrs. Crowder and Rosenway officiated very ably at the piano.

Next Saturday a Smoking Concert for male Members only.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

The next Smoking Concert in connection with this Club will take place to-morrow (Thursday) evening, at 8.30, in Room 12. No one will be admitted unless he presents a ticket, to be had from Messrs. C. Bowman, H. W. Byard, and the Secretary.

T. G. CARTER, Capt. and Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

The Hon. Secs. will be at the Palace on Thursday and Saturday next, from 8.30 till 9.30, to issue New Tickets, in Room 8. All Members not renewing their tickets on or before December 8th will be erased from the books, and the candidates that are now on the list will take their places in rotation.

November 24th.—Ramble to the Commercial Gas Works. (New Tickets only will admit.)

December 1st.—Charrington's Brewery.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.
W. MOODY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

A General Meeting will be held on Thursday, at 9 o'clock sharp. FIRST ELEVEN v. OLD ST. PAUL'S.—The above teams met last Saturday at Chobham Farm, and after an exciting and fast game, the Old boys proved victorious by two goals and one disputed to nil. The game was very evenly contested, each goal being in turn assailed, but the back play of the Saints was very good. Wenn and Hart were in splendid form for the 'Monts, in fact, they all seemed to be on their mettle, playing much better than in previous matches. The 'Monts were without the services of their Captain (Cook) and Douglas, which greatly weakened the team. Team:—Jesseman (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Cowlin, Munro, Hennessey (half-backs); Bell, Shaw (right); Cox, Jesseman (left), Sherrell (centre, forwards).

Match next Saturday v. Royal Artillery, Non-Com. Officers at Woolwich. Kick off at 3 sharp. Team:—Jesseman (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Hennessey, Munro, Burley (half-backs); Cook, Shaw (right); Cox, Jesseman (left), Sherrell (centre, forwards).

SECOND ELEVEN v. BEAUMONT (Stratford) at Wanstead.—Dress at "Eagle and Child." Kick off at 3 sharp. Team:—Helbing (goal); Hawkins, Algar (backs); Cattle, Witham, Arno (half-backs); Gould, Tranter, Butterwick, Horseman, Dearlove (forwards). Reserves—Mears, J. Algar, Jacobson.

A Cinderella Dance will be held on December 4th (Tuesday), at Youen's Assembly Rooms, Cottage Grove, Bow, E. Tickets (single, 1s.) may be obtained from Members of the Beaumont F. C. or Stewards, D. Cook, F. Mears, A. Hunt, J. Munro, or from

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

N.B.—Tickets can also be obtained at the Secretaries' Room any evening.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

The usual practice was held on Monday night in the School buildings, when a fair number of Members attended.

Members will please note that the usual weekly meeting will be held on Monday next.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.
H. A. GOLD, Librarian.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The subjects for the December Exhibition are as follows:—

Design	A Corner Bracket.
Figure	"At first the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."
Landscape	"November."
Marine	"Out on the Ocean wave."

Still Life—Study from Nature.

The Committee have much pleasure in announcing that F. Wootton Isaacson, Esq., M.P., has become a patron.

Through our Mr. Fleetwood, Messrs. Reeves and Sons, the famous artists' colourmen, have offered a 35s. box of colours (oil or water) for the best set of sketches by any one Member of the Club, the subjects being as follows:—

Design	Top for Marble Clock Case.
Figure	"Remorse."
Landscape	A well-known spot in London.
Marine	A Misty Morning.

Still Life—A group of Fruit.

No sketch which has previously been sent into an Exhibition will be accepted in this Competition, and all works must be original.

The Exhibition will take place in about three months (the exact date will be published in a future issue of the Journal). This will give ample opportunity to Competitors, and it is hoped that all Members will shew their appreciation of Messrs. Reeves' kind offer by each and every one doing their best to carry off the prize. Members not joining before the last day of this month will be ineligible for the Competition.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.
C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Assist. Hon. Sec.

N.B. A Time Sketching evening has been arranged for the last Monday in every month.

PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR ATHLETIC CLUB.

About thirty of our Members put in an appearance at Wanstead on Saturday last, where football practice was indulged in, and a goodly number went in for the run, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent.

Next Saturday Paper Chase, start 3.30. Football Match, Junior Section v. Technical School 3rd.

A. HUNT, Superintendent of Sports.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

An impromptu run by several members was made to Woodford on Thursday last. Part of the Club visited Messrs. Blenko's Glass Foundry, Clapton, where they were initiated into the secrets of manufacturing coloured glass, fancy panels for ornamental windows and fire screens, etc. On Saturday nine Members represented the Beaumonts at the Walthamstow Rovers Smoking Concert. A very pleasant evening was spent. Mr. A. Giles distinguished himself in his rendering of the "Silent March," gaining a well-earned encore. A fast, though damp ride home terminated a most enjoyable evening.

Captain Spencer Beaumont, although suffering from illness, has kindly consented to distribute the prizes, won at the Race Meeting, to-morrow (Thursday), at 8.30 p.m., in Room 12 of the old School-buildings. Members are particularly requested to be punctual. A Smoking Concert will follow the distribution.

JAS. HY. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The large room of this Club was crowded to overflowing on Thursday evening last, to welcome Her Highness the Raneec of Sarawak and Mrs. Godfrey Pearce, who came at the kind invitation of Miss Adam to assist with their presence and talents those Members who always so willingly and effectively conduce to the pleasure of their fellows. And while everyone present was delighted with the performances of these ladies, they were no less charmed by their affability and friendly bearing. In thanking these ladies for their co-operation, it must not be assumed that the honours of the evening were wholly theirs, for when amongst the vocal Members we mention Miss Fisher and Miss Amy Hale, and Messrs. E. Harvey, Spicer, Morgan and Bowman, with Miss Reynolds, Miss Salter, Miss S. Hale, and Mrs. Mellish at the piano, it will be seen that a really good concert, would be, as it was, the result.

To give variety to the programme, some effective recitations were given by Miss Marks and Mr. Bowman, and Mr. Noakes really astonished even good musicians with his performance upon the violin.

Altogether, this may be classed as the best concert of the season; and as it is more than probable that, at an early date, we may again be favoured with the presence Her Highness the Raneec and Mrs. Godfrey Pearce, we may look forward to spending some very enjoyable musical evenings during the coming winter.

L. A. COKER, Hon. Sec.

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CLUB.

SCHOOLS v. INVICTA.—Played at Mill Fields, Hackney, and resulted in a defeat of our boys by two goals to one. Clement, M'Cardle, and Phillips played well for the school, and tried hard to avert defeat. Team.—Paterson (goal); Brooks, Phillips (backs); Clement, White, Courtney (half-backs); M'Cardle, Tawley, Bersey, Wright (forwards).

Match at Wanstead next Saturday, Technical Schools v. Prisca Coborn; 3 o'clock.

A. HUNT, Superintendent of Sports.

In the Queen's Hall.

TO-NIGHT we are to have quite a novelty in the way of a Musical and Mimetic Entertainment by Mr. Fleming Norton. This talented entertainer has been everywhere so successful that we can safely leave his programme to speak for itself. We may reasonably look forward to a most delightful and amusing evening, in which the comic element will prove especially attractive. On Saturday at 7.30 we are promised an Oratorio Concert by the Popular Musical Union. The work is to be Handel's "Judas Maccabees," and will be given by the chorus and orchestra of the P.M.U., under the conductorship of Mr. W. Henry Thomas, with Madame Wilson-Osman, Miss Lena Little, Mr. Dyved Lewis, and Mr. Plunket Greene in the solo parts. This will be followed on Monday, the 19th, by a concert by our own Choral Society, assisted by our organist, Mr. Alfred Hollins, and under the *bâton* of Mr. Orton Bradley, our musical director. The programme is to consist partly of extracts from the "Messiah" of Handel, and partly—because the day is the 60th anniversary of Schubert's death in 1828 at Vienna—of music by Schubert. Of this composer's most beautiful and tuneful music we have not space to speak at length, but must content ourselves with just saying that it is far too seldom heard in these days. Our Ladies' Voice Choir will make their *debut* on the 19th in one of Schubert's compositions, "The Lord is my Shepherd." On the 20th, Tuesday, the Military Band has again promised us an appearance, and should prove a great attraction under Mr. W. H. Dowdall's direction. On the 21st we are promised another Dramatic and Musical Recital by Miss Marie de Grey and Mr. Ernest Birch, whose undoubted popularity should attract a large "house."

MUSICUS.

Palace and Institute Notes.

THE Members of the People's Palace Orchestral Society gave their twelfth entertainment in the Queen's Hall, on Saturday evening, the 3rd instant, and as the Society is hardly a year old, it reflects great credit on their Conductor, Mr. W. R. Cave, for such a good performance by so young a Society. The hall was crowded, and the pieces well received and much applauded by the public, who insisted upon an encore for "Zampa" which had to be played again. The Double Bass Solo Air with variations, by Mr. A. E. Harper, was also encored and responded to by him. The Violin Obligato by Mr. W. R. Cave was also encored and responded to by him. On the whole, judging from the applause of the public, the Entertainment was a great success.

Mr. HASLUCK's pupils will give another "OPEN NIGHT"

to-morrow (Thursday) evening, when a very respectable entertainment is promised. Admission is by ticket only: to be had of Mr. A. J. Gray, the energetic Secretary of the Elocution Class.

ON Saturday next, the 17th inst., and on Monday and Tuesday following, there will be held at the Palace a great

EXHIBITION OF CANARIES, MULES, AND BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIRDS.

This Exhibition, which is open to competition to the world, promises to be no less successful than its predecessors. There are special classes and prizes for East London.

CAPTAIN SPENCER BEAUMONT distributes the prizes to the Beaumont Cycling Club to-morrow evening, at 8.30, in Room 12 of old School-buildings. A "smoker" is to follow the distribution.

A VERY successful exhibition was given on Monday night by the Members of the Beaumont Sketching Club, when several interesting sketches were shown. (The Editor will probably have something to say on this in next week's NOTES.) Sir John and Lady Jennings were present.

I AM glad to see that the importance of this Club is slowly but surely becoming recognised; for Halfpenny tells me that through Mr. Fleetwood, Messrs. Reeves and Sons, the well-known artists' colourmen, have kindly offered a 35/- box of colours for the best set of sketches in the Club. F. Wootton Isaacson, Esq., M.P., has recently become a patron.

CONVERSAZIONI will be held in the new School-buildings on the 24th and 31st inst., for the purpose of demonstrating to the public at large the value and significance of Technical Education.

COVERS (in green and gold) of Vol. I. of the Journal, may be ordered through the undersigned, 1/6 each; the volume bound complete, 4/6. Indices for same, 3d each. The second volume will be ready shortly.

OUR Art Class teachers are happy in the possession of a new and valuable set of casts, which will, doubtless, be thoroughly appreciated by the Art Students. These casts have been obtained chiefly by means of a Government grant.

ON Tuesday, the 4th December, the successful Scholars and Students of the Technical Classes will have their various prizes awarded them by the Rev. J. E. Weldon, Head Master of Harrow College.

I REJOICE to hear that the Dramatic Club, after so many regrettable vicissitudes, has settled, or, rather, is settling down into smooth waters at last. Arthur Reeve—who, notwithstanding a determined opposition has stuck to his post—tells me that Mr. Gibson, manager of several well-known dramatic clubs, has been engaged to stage-manage the P. P. Dramatic Club. "The Cricket on the Hearth" is in rehearsal; and I am wondering whether the parts of Caleb Plummer and Tilly Slowboy are in safe hands. I would strongly advise each individual member of the "caste" to look up and study the story as told by Dickens in book-form; it is in the Library. It's a beautiful and delicate little play and wants careful handling.

SUB-ED.

"Such a Good Man."

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.

"VERY neatly put, Mrs. Sampson," said Sir Jacob. "The Great Heart of England. Yes. We now sit at home and subscribe. We no longer fight with our enemies, we no longer send out armies and navies for the protection of old allies, we subscribe—the Great Heart of England subscribes: what a noble thing this is! Bodkin, secretary of a BUBBLE Society. Take heed of these words. Deserving objects are founded by properly-paid agents. It is then only a question of subscription: we provide the money, and, by a beautiful arrangement, all the objects of philanthropy are attained without disagreeable contact with actual suffering."

Bodkin was crushed, but he was still present, and even a worm will sometimes turn—he turned.

"The good Samaritan," he said, "pays somebody else to hire the ass, and carry off the wounded man."

"Eh—h?" asked Sir Jacob.

"And the glow of virtue is just the same," said Bodkin.

"Come, Bodkin," said Reuben; "you have got rid of a bubble. Well, never mind, have done with bubbles. Work!"

"I can't," Bodkin replied; "I don't know the spoke of a wheel from the axle. 'These little hands,'" he spread out his enormous red palms, "'these little hands,' as the poet says, 'were never made to dabble in the iron trade.' I will find another bubble. I will invent a new society, start a club, run a show, do something."

"Try," said Reuben, "to be a workman among the rest, Bodkin; leave bubbles for rogues."

"I have already, Mr. Bodkin," said Sir Jacob pointedly, "more than hinted that the word 'bubble' is personally offensive to me. Let me repeat that nothing but your own assurance that the society was established on the firmest basis would have induced me to become a member of its committee."

"And nothing—nothing, Henry" (Mrs. Sampson pulled out her pocket-handkerchief), "would have persuaded me to listen to your proposals, had I not thought that your schemes had the firmest financial support."

"Be consoled, madam," said Sir Jacob, taking her hand, which he held.

At sight of this last outrage, Mr. Bodkin lost command of himself. He turned pale, he straightened himself, he held his hat in one hand and his gloves in the other, and, with head erect, quite as a man might do who had not been concerned in bubble societies, he made a little speech.

"Sir Jacob Escomb," he said, beginning in a very low voice, but gradually warming as he went along, "you, who know how to conduct the worship of God and Mammon, are sure to command respect. Go on doing good. As for poor Lord Addehede, he was a fool if you like; but he was a gentleman, and he tried his best to alleviate the misery of the world. He took his lead from such men as you. You subscribe to everybody's charity that men like me start. You set us agoing. You like to see your name, with half a dozen lords, on a committee list, and the lords think, because they are gentlemen, and therefore easily deluded, that it is out of pure philanthropy. You round on me because my scheme has failed; you welcomed me when you thought it might end in a friendship with Lord Addehede. Did you inquire into the society, Sir Jacob? Did you ascertain that it rested on a sound financial basis? Not at all. You asked who was president, and you consented to become vice-president. Poor Lord Addehede! They have locked him up, and I daresay it was quite time. He was not so clever as you, but up to his lights he was an honourable gentleman, sincere and loyal. Your income, Sir Jacob, may be as sound as the Bank of England, but your charity is a bubble. Do you hear the truth for once? It is a bubble. I am a humbug because I am poor; you, Sir Jacob, because you are rich.—Lavinia, a long farewell."

He escaped in the confusion which his declamation created around. When the people felt that they were recovering a little, he was gone.

"Forget his words, Sir Jacob." It was Mrs. Sampson who poked. "You, at least, can afford to forget and forgive."

He might forgive and forget, but he would still fume, and did fume, walking about, swinging his arms, and gesticulating. Presently, however, no one interfering, he grew calm. Reuben Gower was very silent. He had sat quite still, making

no sign, while Bodkin made his oration. His son John, on the other hand, made no disguise of the boredom of the whole thing. What did it matter to him, the practical engineer, whether Sir Jacob was a humbug philanthropist or not? It had nothing to do with him. His head was full of other things. But Reuben looked sad.

Sir Jacob laughed—the laugh which the discomfited adopt—an unreal, hollow sort of laugh.

"What such a man says," he said slowly, "makes no difference to any of us. You agree with me, Mrs. Sampson?"

"Perfectly, Sir Jacob."

"Quite so, and therefore—and therefore—John Gower, you and I will go into the library. Mrs. Sampson, might I ask you to have the goodness to ask my niece to step into the library?"

"I bring you, John Gower," said Sir Jacob airily, "a young lady to whom, I believe, you have something of importance to communicate, and I leave her with you in order that you may say it. I have already partly prepared her for what you have to say. But you are old friends, and that, we know, is the best preparation for—for such communications."

The library door closed behind him, and Rose was left to meet her fate.

Opposite her stood the man whom she was to marry.

He was a good-looking, stalwart young fellow, with a resolute bearing, and eyes that you could trust. She knew his character well, how straightforward he was, how determined. He had been her playmate and protector in childhood, her companion every day, and sometimes all day long, until seven years before, when her father died, and she then became her uncle's charge. John Gower was the creature in the world whom she had, then, most loved in her innocent childish way. But that kind of love was not what John Gower wanted; and even the friendship, the survival of the old love—a languid plant—after so long a separation seemed cold and dead in her heart, crushed out by the resentments which were burning within her against a man who could so use his power as to force himself upon her against her will. In her eyes he was a man wicked enough to set her happiness against the life-blood of thousands to win his way—a selfish inclination.

She did not understand at all. John, in his rough, simple way, took it for granted that the kisses with which they had parted, as boy and girl, were burning still upon her lips as on his: that the girl kept alive in her heart, as he did in his own, the old childish affection grown with her growth into the love of a woman for a man: that she thought of him as he of her with an ever-increasing love and desire. He judged the girl's heart—it is a mistake men generally commit—by his own. He was unused to the ways and wiles of the world. He could not, had he been told, understand how widely divergent had been their paths, and how the old image was completely obliterated from the girl's mind.

Consider: from a rough life in a manufacturing town, among people but a step removed from the factory hands themselves, Rose had been transplanted to a fashionable girls' school. There she learned, if nothing else, the tone of the social station to which she was about to belong. She imbibed the ideas prevalent among young ladies on all points. That these are not always healthy ideas need not be stated. She came from school with a great dislike of the rough sides of life. Work and the necessity for work, either with men or women, seemed to her, though she would not have put the idea into words, a kind of disgrace—mind, that is the natural result of a fashionable girls' school. Earnestness seemed ridiculous. She loved the light, half-in-earnest, half-in-jest, conversation which could be best enjoyed with such clever butterflies as Julian Carteret. No one makes the idle life appear so beautiful, although it must be really very dull, as your clever idler. She liked art. She liked to be surrounded by the atmosphere which surround and clings to things beautiful, and things æsthetic. She liked the march of life to be directed where pleasant prospects can be gained without fatigue, and where you are never beyond the sound of music.

In other words, she was a fit wife for Julian Carteret, but would never mate with John Gower.

And now, too, because she did not understand, again, how he had forced his way upwards in the world, she remembered the wretched unloveliness of the square, red brick streets, all alike, all ungraced by any single redeeming feature of beauty, smirched with smoke, with squalid fronts, squalid roads, squalid gutters, squalid children, squalid men, and squalid women. And was she to give up all the things which made life a joy, and go to live again among the old surroundings?

And yet, if she refused, Julian would lose his all: her uncle would be ruined: the people would be beggars—

"Rose," said John Gower softly, but with an air of confidence which made her bitter heart more angry and bitter, "you know what I am going to say to you."

"Sir Jacob has told me," she replied quietly.

"It was only yesterday that I was able to tell him," he went on, as if Rose had been longing for the moment to arrive. "Only yesterday that I was really in a position to demand my own terms. You remember, Rose, how we parted some years ago?"

"Yes, I remember." Her tone was cold, and had but little encouragement in it, but John did not observe this. Being an active man, who brought an intense eagerness to his own work, on which his thoughts were always concentrated, he was not largely gifted with sympathetic perception: and when he had made up his own mind that another person was thinking, acting, or disposed to act in a particular way, nothing but direct ocular proof to the contrary would drive him from this belief. People who work on things which entirely seize upon and occupy the brain are not generally observant of others. "Very clever men," said a young lady to me once, *à propos* of a great philosopher, "are so often extremely stupid." John Gower was extremely stupid, incomprehensibly stupid. Had he looked at her with eyes of understanding, he would have seen that her heart was changed. But his eyes were blurred with the mist of his own fancy, and he saw nothing as it was.

"Only yesterday: and after seven years of waiting. It seems long, doesn't it, looking back? But the time has come at last, Rose. I have worked hard for it. Be sure that the goal was always in my mind—when you laid your hands upon my shoulders and held up your face to be kissed, seven years ago, promising that you would always love me, gave me such a stimulus for work as no other man ever had—the hope of winning you. There was no time for dreaming about happiness and all that. I put away such things in a corner. I said to myself, 'If you get on, John Gower, you may be able to marry the girl who loves you. It is your duty to work hard.'"

She made no kind of reply. What was there to say? She took no kind of interest in his struggles.

"Well, Rose, I did work hard. I think there is no one in the whole North of England who has worked so hard as I have. For I had so much to do. From six to six in the works. That was learning the machinery: getting to understand every nerve and muscle in the anatomy of that great steam monster who does our work for us. I learned him at last, and then I began to see how he could be improved. All the evenings I spent teaching myself other things, French and German, so as to read scientific books: mathematics, all sorts of things, without which a mechanical engineer is not worth his salt. So the time went on, and was not tedious. After my articles were got through I stayed on at the works at a salary. That helped me too, for it is always best to be among the best kind of machinery. And then suddenly, because you were still a long way off, there came to me—my idea."

His idea! Rose looked at the pile of papers which she had held in her hands. That idea, then, was her fate. She wished that it had never been framed, or had been forgotten, like some dream of the night, the moment after it had flashed across his brain. But John Gower was not a man to let go a valuable thought.

"What a day that was!" her lover went on. "I was standing in the engine-room looking at the wheels when the thought came to me. All at once I saw it: all at once, too, I saw how great an idea it was, how rich it would make me, how powerful. I could hardly get through the day, and while I was doing my own work I was thinking over the engine of the future. And that night I drew the first plans, and began the first model. I called it, in my own mind, because I spoke to no one about it, not even my own father, the 'Rose Escomb,' that model of mine, which I made and re-made, pulled to pieces and put together again so often. It was lucky, then, that I had lived so solitary a life, because no one ever came to see me in my lodgings, and I had no interruption to fear. But I locked it up in the day time for fear some wind of my invention might get about. Oh! I was cautious. And when it was quite finished and perfect, when I could think of nothing that would improve it, when I was satisfied that my machine was as complete as my hands could make it, I sent the specifications to London and registered it. And then I came up myself, and felt that the day was come at last when I could come to Sir Jacob—even Sir Jacob—and ask him for his niece. Even then," he went on, not noticing how pale was Rose's cheek, "even then I did not like to leave things to chance. So when I showed Sir Jacob the specifications, I asked, as the condition that he should reap the benefit of the invention, a half share in the works—and the hand of his niece. Ha! ha! The hand of his niece. You never saw

a man so startled. I thought how you would have laughed had you seen his face. That a man in his own employment, the son of his secretary, should show such presumption was at first too much for him. And he had to take a good look at the invention and make no end of calculations as to its worth before he could make up his mind to say yes."

"That was last night, I suppose," said Rose.

"Yes, last night, after dinner. I could not say anything to you then, because you were playing, and there was that popinjay of a fellow, Mr. Carteret, hanging about as if you belonged to him. Now, that's the sort of fellow I hate, Rose. Hands like a lady's, face always on the grin, never able to say a thing straight out, but must always play round it like a cat with a mouse. Yah! And besides, last night, Rose, the first time after seven years, I could not get over the feeling of strangeness. You looked so beautiful—too beautiful for me—and I was not able to realise my happiness. But now, Rose, now it is all over, and you are mine at last."

He took her in his arms, and kissed her on the lips and cheeks. Oh! how different were the kisses of Julian Carteret the day before! She accepted his caresses without resistance, quite passively; if the tears came into her eyes they were tears of humiliation and blind rage against Fate: if she was silent it was because she had no words to speak of her shame in playing this false part: if she accepted her lover's kisses, it was because these were clearly part of the contract. If she engaged herself to him, she must accept his caresses. Not to be allowed to kiss your *fiancée* would be a thing unseemly and quite foreign to the North-countryman's notions of an engagement.

"I cannot love you as you love me, John," she murmured at length, with dry lips.

He thought she meant that she could not love him with such a passionate longing as filled his own heart.

"No, Rose; because nobody *could* love anyone else as I love you. Oh! how have I longed for this moment during the long seven years of our separation!"

"Do you really love me so much?" she said timidly, "Do you love me enough to do anything for me, like a knight of old?"

"The knights of old were humbugs," said John, laughing. "I would do any mortal thing for you but one—"

"And that one thing?" she asked eagerly.

"Is to give you up."

Her face fell. That was the one thing she would have asked him to do.

"And you would be satisfied to take me as I am," she went on, "knowing that I can never—never love you as you love me?"

"Quite satisfied, Rose—more than satisfied. So long as I have you, I have everything. If you are not to be mine, I have nothing. Why, my dear, the right sort of love will come. I am not afraid. When you and I are alone—not in a great dreary palace like this, with dinners which last for hours, and black coats for evenings and stuck-up ceremonies to go through—but a pretty cottage all our own—"

A cottage! and no black coats for evenings! and no ceremonies at all! Poor Rose!

"A cottage all our own, with a garden in front and one behind—then you will know what happiness really means. We shall have dinner at one sharp to the minute—a quarter of an hour for a pipe—off to work again—back at six-thirty, punctual—have a wash—"

Oh, heavens! he would have a wash!

"But you will not be a workman, John."

"Yes, I shall. I shall be the working partner. And I mean to work, too, among the wheels with the men just as I do now. Well, I shall get home at six-thirty, wash-up for the evening, have tea, and then sit down for a couple of hours' work over books or whatever else turns up. And then, my dear, at nine o'clock we shall sit side by side before the fire, while I smoke a pipe and drink a glass of grog and talk to my wife. What a life it will be!"

"What a life it will be!" echoed Rose drearily. To sit every evening by the fire while her husband smoked his tobacco. What a life!

"No fooling about with parties and society and all that nonsense," her lover went on; "no racing after pleasure. A quiet home life for you, and for me, a good hard-working twelve months in every year."

No parties! no fooling about! no society! What a life! The girl's heart sank very low.

"But come now," said John; "let us find out Sir Jacob."

He caught her hand and led her, his own face lit up by the most jovial of smiles, a contrast indeed to her shrinking, downcast air, out of the library and into the morning-room.

Here was Sir Jacob, Mrs. Sampson, and Reuben Gower. As the door opened and John advanced with all the pride of a bridegroom, Julian joined the party from the conservatory. "Congratulate us, Sir Jacob; congratulate us, ma'am; congratulate us, dad. Rose has accepted me. Sir Jacob, we will sign that deed to-morrow."

"Ay—ay—ay?" asked Sir Jacob, with an air of great surprise. "My little girl has positively consented to marry my future partner, has she? Really now—really now. What are we to say, Reuben, to these young people?"

Reuben had sharper eyes than his son.

"If Miss Rose loves my boy," he replied, "then let them marry in God's name. If not—"

"Nonsense, father," interrupted John; "of course she loves me. She has loved me for this last seven years—haven't you, Rose—ever since she left us to come to this great house?"

Reuben still looked at the girl, who made no sign, and whose eyes were downward cast.

Julian Carteret, at the door of the conservatory, listened speechless. Was he dreaming? Was he awake? Did the girl only yesterday really tell him that she loved him.

"Rose!" he cried.

At his voice she raised her head.

"Oh! Julian."

Three of the four—her lover was not among them—who heard her cry his name, felt that it was the name of the man she loved, so pitiful, so helpless, so full of agony was the accent.

"Oh! Julian."

"What does it mean—this?" Julian asked.

She recovered herself, and took John's hand.

"I have promised to be the wife of John Gower. That is what it means, Julian. Uncle, are you content?"

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW LOVE.

"'Tis well to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."

It was all over then. Rose was engaged to her old playmate, and Julian was gone. That was what she said to herself, sitting beside her lover, who talked perpetually, and always of the life they were going to lead. It was a simple and honest life that poor John Gower pictured to himself, the best form of that kind of life which he knew. There was, as we have seen, to be plenty of work in it—work every day and all day, with, for recreation, an hour of quiet talk over a pipe in the evening. It never occurred to him that to Rose such a life, even in a cottage "with a garden in front and behind," would be intolerable. Other women, those whom he knew, did not find it intolerable. That is, as they never grumbled, of course they liked it. That was to be presumed. The real fact, that the life of a woman in the class to which John Gower belonged is dull, monotonous, and circumscribed to a barbarous degree, was not one of those things which he had learned among his wheels. It is only in the lap of leisure that man finds time to think of the tastes and inclinations of women. The men of action like their womankind to govern themselves by law, tradition, and the Median rules of custom which cannot be broken.

All the afternoon, all the evening, she endured his talk. He did not want her to talk to him. He was so absorbed in his own pursuits, that he had simply no room in his brain for anything else. Even his love for Rose was a part—so to speak—of his own private work, because he had retained her image in his brain through the years of his apprenticeship, and because in some vague way he had always looked forward to this engagement as one of his ends in life. The other ends were reputation and success. He wanted to be a great mechanic: he wanted to become another Stephenson or an Armstrong.

He was not a selfish man, but he was too intense and eager to be sympathetic. He pressed on his own way, his eyes fixed straight on the goal before him. He had never dreamed of such a possibility as that Rose should cease to care for him in the way that he cared for her. And now that they were actually affianced, the question was less likely to be raised in his own mind than ever.

She was pale and spiritless, not like the girl of seven years ago, so full of life and fun: she was silent: she was un démonstrative. All that he asked to the London air, which he, unmindful of his own smoky town, set down as thick and unwholesome. A few weeks up in the north, in that cottage with a garden before and another behind, in the

full enjoyment of the life he sketched out for her, the early breakfast, the one o'clock "stoking" which he called dinner (after a wash), the six o'clock tea, when he came home and "washed up for the evening," the two hours of quiet while he worked, and then the nine o'clock pipe, glass of grog, and talk. How that delicious, fresh, and eventful life would set her up. John grew romantic as he pictured his own domestic bliss.

He was not to blame: he did not know the companionship which had taken Rose out of her former life and made her look on things from the Life-of-Leisure point of view. One cannot represent to oneself too strongly the immense difference between the way in which people of wealth and leisure look on things and people who *must* work for their daily bread. Think what a difference there is between the lion of the forest and the sleepy good-natured creature in the Zoological Gardens. Suppose, again, that the swallows, instead of always going after the flies, had the flies brought to them. Life to Rose meant society, ways of pleasantness, softness, and art: to John it meant a struggle in which the strongest and the most persevering get the best things.

"My wife," he said to Rose, "will be never idle." He did not mean it as an admonition, but simply as a part of his dream for the future. Now Rose was always idle, and liked idleness, or at least such work as she could choose herself. "She will be sewing on my buttons and looking after my things and her own all the morning." Rose hated sewing. "She will look after the dinner herself"—was she going to be cook as well as wife? she wondered—"she will go for a walk or call upon her friends in the afternoon." Rose knew by recollection who and of what sort were the friends. "She will sew again or read all the evening. The time will never be dull, Rose, never wasted, never stupid."

He was so impetuous, this strong man of will, that his ardour fairly carried her away. She felt that, with him, she had no will, no power of self-assertion. She would be bound to obey him, whatever he ordered; and she felt without being told, that if he was ever offended, his wrath would be a terrible thing to face. She was afraid of him.

Rose was not one of those self-reliant heroines who can bring against a strong nature one as strong and unbending. Like most girls she loved things to go smoothly, and would sacrifice a great deal to ensure peace. One result of the leisurely life is, that the combative element in our nature gets rubbed away. We no longer love fighting, even for a good cause, while fighting for its own sake is a monstrous thing. There is a tendency to shirk unpleasantness, which is not always healthy for the moral system.

But this future which lay before her. She was simply dismayed at the prospect. There was not one redeeming feature, not a single ray of light or hope. A husband whom she did not love and who terrified and repelled her by his intensity and strength: the deprivation of all the things which made up her happiness: the loss of her lover and the shame of feeling what he must think of her: a dreary stretch of years before her, in which there should be no relief, no change—no hope of any relief or change.

Perhaps, she thought, while her hand lay in John's, and he went on talking, talking, talking about his work, his machinery, and his plans—perhaps she might die. Everybody in trouble hopes that. Death, so dreadful at other times, appears in such friendly guise in moments—thank God! life has but few of them—of agony, remorse, or shame. Surely she might die. After a year or two of misery, she might go into a consumption—many girls in books go into consumption—and die. Perhaps from her deathbed she might send to Julian one last word asking for pardon.

She was only nineteen. She was in desperate trouble of soul. This imaginative nonsense may be pardoned her. Only a very young person would have made up such a drama in her own mind. When we get older, and think how best we might obtain relief, we generally begin with the death not of ourselves at all but of the sinner who has caused us annoyance. That fellow dead, we think, how smoothly we should go! He deserves to die, confound him! How if he were to get run over in the street, or smashed in a railway accident, or drowned in a boat, or carried off by typhus fever, or murdered by one of the other people whom he has afflicted? No doubt in old times one would be naturally impelled, after letting their imagination roam among these pleasant suppositions, to take a dinner-knife and creep noiselessly through the forest to a place where one might meet him. One prod: so! no more trouble from him. And now having enacted the part of Providence the Avenger, in removing a villain from the world, let us hope that no one will have observed the deed, and so go home with a grateful heart.

(To be continued.)

Calendar of the Week.

[It has been suggested that it would be better to have a Calendar of the coming than of the past week. This seems reasonable, and the suggestion has been adopted. Therefore there is this week a double Calendar.]

November 8th.—On this day in the year 1674, John Milton, greatest epic poet of modern times, died, aged 68 years, having been born in the year 1608. John Milton was a Londoner, born in Bread Street, and baptized in Allhallows' Church, in the same street. The church is now destroyed, having fallen a victim to the rage for erecting city offices wherever there was a monument of the past. A memorial tablet marks its site, and connects it with the poet. He was a student at Christ's College, Cambridge, when he wrote his *Lycidas*. He travelled in Italy and France. He became Latin Secretary to Cromwell. He was spared at the Restoration, but became blind, and dictated his verses to his daughters. Members of the Literary Club will please to note that it is absolutely necessary for any one who desires to study seriously the literature of the country to read *Paradise Lost*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*. These poems are all in the Library. I recommend *Lycidas* to be taken first, with notes: to be followed by *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. On this day the Lord Mayor Elect is sworn into office at Guildhall.

November 9th.—On this day, forty-seven years ago, the Prince of Wales was born. We are loyal subjects at the Palace. Therefore, we trust that it may be many years before the Prince becomes King, and that when he does he may rule in as constitutional a manner as his illustrious mother. Personally there is perhaps no man who has attached to himself a larger following of friends than the Prince. This is also Lord Mayor's Day. See elsewhere in this number of the Journal.

November 10th.—One finds very little to record on this day. It is the day after Lord Mayor's Day. A letter written fifty years ago speaks of the great demand for soda-water, tea, plain boiled mutton, and broth which was observed in the City on this day. It also records the phenomena of many headaches, dull eyes, shaky hands, and much nervous irritability. One wonders why. On this day five hundred and forty-four years ago the Turks killed King Ladislas of Hungary. We have almost forgotten how near an escape Europe had of being over run by the Turks at that time, when they were as yet uncorrupted by the luxury of Constantinople, their new conquest.

November 11th.—Feast of St. Martin, commonly called Martinmas. At this time we ought, if this unhappy country had her rights, to be enjoying St. Martin's summer, which corresponds to the Indian summer of America. Alas! what is St. Martin doing that he permits the present rain and fog? The saint was a Hungarian who became an exorcist, that is, a professional driver out of devils. He drove out an immense quantity, and wrought many miracles, bringing to life dead persons: he also lived in a cave, and grubbed for roots for his food. Clearly, a very uncomfortable person to live with. They made him Bishop of Tours. This day, although the Saint was such an austere person, was a high festival in Western Europe: they killed the cattle for their winter meat; they ate roast goose, black puddings, and sausages; they drank new wine in France and new ale in Great Britain. The fact is that this festival was observed in very ancient times in honour of Bacchus, that is to say, of the fulfilment of the year and its fruits.

November 12th.—A hundred years ago this day was almost a national festival. It was the birthday of Admiral Vernon, the Nelson of his day. It was he who, after a period of inglorious defeat, took from the Spaniards Portobello, with an immense quantity of arms and munitions of war. The Ballad of Hosiery's Ghost was written on this victory which is now pretty well forgotten.

November 13th.—All the almanacks and the Book of Common Prayer give the name of St. Brice to this day. Why? Who was St. Brice? Enquiry can only discover that he was a friend of the St. Martin above mentioned and probably shared his curious taste for roots. But for what reason he was retained in the Calendar, nobody knows. Probably he was the patron saint of some trade and was

kept in the list to please the followers of the craft, just as St. Crispin remained to please the shoemakers. On this day in the town of Stamford they used to hold an annual hunting or driving of a bull through the streets.

November 14th.—On this day, in the year 1797, was born the great geologist, Sir Charles Lyell. He died in 1875.

November 15th.—St. Machutus. Like St. Brice this good man is now utterly forgotten. More than that, his name was Malo, not Machutus, and the town of St. Malo in Brittany is named after him. He was of English origin and became a Bishop in Brittany. A much more important name connected with this day is that of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, whose birthday it was.

November 16th.—On this day is preached the Lion Sermon at St. Catherine Cree. Sir John Gager, Lord Mayor in 1646, left a sum of money for a sermon to commemorate his happy escape from a lion which he met while travelling in the Desert. The preacher was to have twenty shillings, the clerk half-a-crown, the sexton a shilling, and the sum of £8 16s. 6d., was to be divided among poor parishioners. It is not generally known that the lion went home and ordered a Man Sermon in commemoration of his deliverance from a man armed with a sword and a gun. Any traveller who attends this ceremony is divided with great care among the officiating lions.

This day is the birthday of John Bright. Long may he flourish.

November 17th.—St. Hugh of Lincoln. He was in his day a very useful person, being not only a strong ruler of men, but also a statesman and ambassador. But on the whole one prefers to associate the day with the accession of good Queen Bess. This day, nineteen years ago, was formally opened the Suez Canal.

November 18th.—On this unfortunate day nothing seems to have happened. It is, however, the day of St. Hilda, whom Whitby folk still affectionately commemorate. Let us remark that we are now entering upon the short dark days of winter. The sun does not rise till 7.40 a.m. and sets at 4.21 p.m. The short days continue for two months, after which they rapidly draw out.

November 19th.—On this day, in the year 1805, was born one of the most remarkable men of the age, Ferdinand de Lesseps. He has pierced the Isthmus connecting Africa and Asia, and he lives in hopes of doing the same thing for the Isthmus of Panama. As to the success of that enterprise it is difficult to speak. Engineers agree in proclaiming the impossibility of the scheme. So they did about the Suez Canal. Meantime the French have embarked immense sums in it, and if it has to be abandoned there will be weeping and wailing across the Channel.

November 20th.—Saint Edmund. Edmund was King of East Anglia, i.e., of Norfolk, Suffolk, and a part of Cambridgeshire. In the year 867 the Danes invaded the country, and the king went forth to meet them at Thetford. Unfortunately he was defeated and taken prisoner. Then the Danes tied him to a tree and shot arrows at him till he died. The tragic circumstances of his death, and the memory of his virtues, caused him to be made a saint. The town of Bury St. Edmunds is named after him, and King Canute built over his tomb there a great church.

November 21st.—On this day, 1783, the first ascent was made of a balloon unconfined. On this day, 1579, died Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of Gresham College, and builder of the Royal Exchange.

The Reputation of Æsculap Water as a mild but effective aperient continues to grow. Constipation, as one of the minor ills of town life, occupies a prominent place. The natural and sufficient action of the bowels every day often makes all the difference between happiness and misery. Some witty person disposed of Mr. Mallock's book and argument, "Is Life worth Living?" in a single sentence. "It depends upon the liver" said the wit. No doubt it does to a very large extent, on the liver and the pocket at any rate. Æsculap water acts very gently upon the liver, and it does not worry afterwards. We do not say that every household should possess it, because there are here and there households so preternaturally and unpardonably healthy that the doctor and all his infinite resources are utterly despised. But every household where livers are known to be, even occasionally, troublesome, would do well to have a dozen bottles of Æsculap always in the cellar. It is one of the pleasantest medicines in the world for women and children if properly manipulated and converted into lemonade with lemon juice and sugar.—*The Hospital*, 26th May, 1888. Of all Chemists.

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