

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. III.—No. 63.]

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

Coming Events.

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- THURSDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Ladies' Social Club.—Concert, at 8.
- FRIDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7 p.m. Ramblers.—Committee Meeting, at 8.30.
- SATURDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Concert, in Queen's Hall, at 8. Ramblers.—To Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Harriers.—Ordinary Run. Chess Club.—Contest, at 7. Football Club.—First XI., at Chobham Farm; 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.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Shorthand Society.—Usual Meeting, at 8.15. Sketching Club.—Usual Meeting, at 7.30. Second Popular Entertainment, in Lecture Hall, at 8.
- TUESDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Parliament.—Usual sitting, at 8. Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7. Choral Society.—Rehearsals, as usual. Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 till 10. Lawn Tennis Club.—Special General Meeting, at 8.30.
- WEDNESDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.

Notes of the Week.

IF the partial alliance of Germany and Great Britain does not mean a combined attempt to suppress slavery, of what good is it to Great Britain? Now, Prince Bismarck seems to say that slavery, so far as Germany is concerned, may go on unmolested. If this is so, the sooner we go our own way the better. Those who find that everything done by this country is, or has been, ill-done, should study the modern history of slavery, and the part taken by Great Britain in suppressing it. Consider: a hundred years ago the whole of the Coast of Africa, east and west, was crowded with slavers constantly buying and shipping off their black cargoes. Those who were embarked on the west were bound for America: for the West Indian Islands, which were then in the height of their prosperity; for the Southern States, then beginning to develop their great cotton plantations; for the Spanish settlements; and for Brazil, a country big enough to absorb any number of negroes. Those shipped on the east were carried away to Arabia, to Egypt, to Persia, to Asia Minor, and to Turkey in Europe. Whether the negroes were taken to America or to Asia their lot was the same—hopeless servitude—enforced by the lash. Few of us who now live have ever seen slaves bought and sold. Yet, before the American Civil War, travellers in the States never failed to witness, as one of the sights of the country, a sale of slaves in Virginia. None of us remember the horrors of the voyage when in the sweltering heat of the tropics, hundreds of slaves were confined below decks all night, and only let out a few at a time in the day: how they died by dozens and were thrown overboard: how they were landed worn and emaciated: how they rose in wild revolt and were cut down by the sailors: all this is matter of history.

WELL, it was this country that suppressed that trade. No other country helped. The United States did their best to prolong the trade: Great Britain alone did it. She it was who kept fleets always on the East and West African Coast, and cruised continually after strange craft, and captured slavers who attempted to run their blockade. Before our fleet engaged upon this work the African tribes were always engaged in expeditions inland in order to burn villages, and to bring down their inhabitants to sell for slaves. No mind can conceive, no pen can portray the horrors of that time. They are now over so far as the West is concerned: the villages are at peace: there is no more fear of slavery: there are no more slaves. Had it not been for Great Britain, the slave ships would still be sailing backwards and forwards: Virginia would still be a great breeding country for slaves: and the air would still be heavy with the cries and the curses of the unhappy blacks.

BUT our work is incomplete. On the East Coast of Africa the trade still goes on merrily. The slaves are captured in the interior: they are driven down to the coast: they are shipped on board the dhows—fast sailing boats—and carried over to Arabia, where they are sold. The people engaged in this trade are not the negroes themselves: they are Arabs: everywhere they are Arabs. Their method is always the same. They penetrate into the interior, and settle down in some flourishing village. Here they pretend to be merchants, and seek to disarm the suspicions of the people. One fine day a quarrel is raised, and the Arabs suddenly attack the village, murder those who resist, and drive the rest off into slavery. The method is admirably described by Mr. Drummond in his book on Tropical Africa, which I recommend to everybody. Now, the only way to put a stop to these abominations is by an effective blockade of the coast. If the slaves cannot be shipped, they cannot be sold. Therefore, they are useless. Therefore, the villages may remain unmolested. Let it not be said that we abandoned the negroes to their fate.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JANUARY 27th,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Chorus, "The Heavens are Telling" | Haydn. |
| 2. Andante from 5th Concerto | Beethoven. |
| 3. Choral with Variations in E Flat | Smart. |
| 4. Andante in F | Wely. |
| 5. Sacred Song, "The Silver Cord" | Hollins. |
| 6. Prelude in G | Mendelssohn. |
| 7. March from "Athalia" (by desire) | Mendelssohn. |

AT 4 O. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Sonate, Op. 88, (founded on the Eighth Gregorian Tone) ... | Rheinberger. |
| 2. "Evening Prayer" | Smart. |
| 3. Fugue in B Minor | Bach. |
| 4. Air, "Angels ever Bright and Fair" | Handel. |
| 5. Meditation | Hollins. |
| 6. Grand Chorus in E Flat | Guilmant. |

I ONCE had certain experiences among negroes who had been slaves. At the time they were mostly elderly men whose wool was grey, but they remembered very well the old days—the “time of bitterness” they called it: and they were pleased to talk about them. A few there were who had been kidnapped in Africa, and been driven to the coast, there to be sold. One of these, a very fine old man, who might have been any age but was presumably seventy, told me a very odd story. He lived in a village many, many days inland: he was the king of his people—we know the amiable weakness of remembering that we were a prince in our own country: one day the village was surprised and captured, and the people all made slaves by—not Arabs—but Amazons, that is to say, by a tribe of fighting women. He had a very vivid recollection of the strength and ferocity of these ladies whom he described with shuddering. The slaves were driven to the city of these Amazons, where some of them, himself among the number, were selected as husbands by their fair conquerors. Apparently, the state of marriage was not found to be by my friend a happy one: he therefore escaped. By night he ran: by day he clambered into trees, and made his way from one to the other, ever goaded on by the fear that his wife was coming after him. He could not remember how long his flight lasted, but it ended in his falling into the hands of a party of Portuguese slave merchants, who put him into their gang, and presently drove all off to Mozambique. The long march through the forest: the wretched slaves flogged till they got up again if they fell: the torn flesh: the starvation, misery and horror of the march were graphically told by this old man, who spared no detail. On arriving at the coast they were sold, and brought by ship—a short voyage—to the island of which I speak. Here the emancipation presently arrived, and he was free. I have never heard any confirmation of his story about an Amazon nation, but anything may happen in Africa. Besides, we know that the King of Dahomey forms of his wives a very valiant corps of Amazons.

WHEN the emancipation of slaves on the island of which I speak took place there were a hundred thousand negroes. They had all been employed on the sugar estates: they had all been liable to flogging, and every kind of cruelty: by the law of the land they were forbidden to wear shoes: in the towns they were not allowed to walk on the footway but in the road: there was a public whipping post, which was kept in use all day long. When the people were free, with one accord they walked off the estates. From that day to this no negro has ever worked on a sugar estate upon this island. They became carpenters: they began to keep shops: they turned market gardeners. One cannot say that they have greatly distinguished themselves, though there have been one or two instances in the place of negroes arriving at wealth, and proving themselves men of intellect. But their numbers have grievously diminished. The hundred thousand have dwindled to ten thousand. Meantime the estates have been cultivated by coolies.

THE King of Holland is going to die. That seems, unfortunately, certain. With him dies the male line of Orange-Nassau, which furnished Great Britain with a king, and a very good king too, namely, William III. The dying king had two sons, the Prince of Orange and another: the former was a very remarkable young prince, who refused to do anything except live in Paris, while he led such a gay and joyous life that he died at eight and twenty. His friends called him Prince Citron. The second son, who was scientific, also died young. The sons being dead, the father married again, and there is a daughter now eight years of age. If the daughter dies nobody seems to know exactly what will happen. Holland is a very little country, but it is enormously wealthy: it has an excellent port in Rotterdam: and it has very valuable colonies. The Dutch are horribly afraid of being annexed by Germany: but Bismarck is not everybody.

THE House of Nassau is one of the most ancient in Europe. In this country there are no families more ancient than the Norman Conquest, and very, very few of those, except in the female line. But on the Continent there are families which can trace in unbroken line much farther back than the time of the Norman Conqueror. Our own royal family, which is Stuart by the female side, Tudor by the female side, Plantagenet by the female side, and Saxon by the female side, has a magnificent pedigree through its male descent. But not more ancient than the great House of Nassau. Their founder seems to have been the Count Otho, brother of Conrad I., Emperor of Germany, 911-918. Who founded Conrad and Otho, I know not: but they are said to have been descended from Charlemagne.

PERHAPS they were not. Still, to have been great people in the year 900, and to have continued in greatness till the year 1889, shows considerable stamina. The first Count of Nassau was Walrime II., from whom came the various branches of the Nassau family. The King of Holland belongs to a branch called Nassau-Dillenburg. One of the family, René, inherited from his uncle the little Principality of Orange, which is now a part of the Department of Vaucluse, in France. William the Silent, assassinated in 1584, was the cousin of René, and inherited the Principality and the title of Orange from him. He was the greatest statesman, and perhaps the greatest general of his time: through him the Protestants were able to establish themselves firmly in all the Northern States of Europe. After him followed a splendid succession of wise and valiant princes, terminating in poor little Prince Citron, and in their little girl.

A VERY curious fact in genealogy may be noted. The leader of the French Protestants, as everybody knows, was the great Admiral Coligny. He was murdered at the massacre of St. Bartholomew: with him fell his son-in-law, Taligny: but his widowed daughter married again, and she married William the Silent. From her, through her son William, are descended the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the Count of Paris, so that the murdered French Protestant is great-grandfather to most of the crowned heads in Europe. I tried once to prove that he was also great-grandfather to the Queen, or failing that, to the Princess of Wales. But I could not discover the link.

GENEALOGY is one of the most interesting studies possible. Unfortunately the English people never preserve their families unless they happen to have a title or an estate. Yet if families were to set down all that happens to them, all that they remember of their ancestry, and their own history, and keep it in a book to be added and increased as time went on, what a wonderful history might be written in a few generations! To begin with, we must all of us be descended somehow or other from all the great people of old. Charlemagne left sons and daughters. The descendants of the sons became kings and nobles: the daughters married kings and nobles: some of these nobles were turned out of their estates and became poor people, leaving sons and daughters who remained poor. Now, if one couple have two children only, and these two children four, from that one couple, say in the year 1,000, there would be at this rate in thirty generations five hundred and twenty millions of descendants now living—nearly half the population of the world. As the whole population of Great Britain did not exceed six millions at the beginning of the last century, there must have been a very considerable number of people who had no children. Fevers, plagues, famine, and war account for this falling off. Again, working backwards: every man has a father and mother; four grandfathers and grandmothers: eight great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers, and one knows not how many millions of ancestors in the course of generations. Courage, my brothers: we are all royally descended. King Alfred, King Charlemagne, Julius Caesar, Hannibal, Alexander the Great, even King Solomon himself are among our ancestors. Let us call each other your Royal Highness, and assume a princely dignity.

It is said, but I know not with what truth, that there are Jews who can trace their families back to a period long before the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. On the other hand it is said that when they were all driven into captivity, their pedigrees were lost and forgotten, and that no one now has the right to call himself of priestly descent. Whence, then, the name of Cohen, which means Priest? Jewish names are very curious. Those like Rosenthal, Goldberg, and so forth, are Germanised forms of old Hebrew names. Then, again, there are Latinized forms such as Lazarus, which is Eleazar. Some like Löwy, Levy, and the like, preserve the memory of the Lion of Judah. There are a great many Jews in East London. Could some one be persuaded to make a few notes upon their names? The Spanish Jew, who really seems to be of another nation, so much does he differ from his German cousin, will be found to have a very different name as well as a different appearance. I believe that the Spanish Jews and Portuguese Jews, who are for the most part singularly handsome men, claim to have settled in the West of Europe long before the time of Titus. This is very likely, because there were undoubtedly strong settlements of Jews even then, wealthy traders in Rome and elsewhere before their time.

EDITOR.

The Social Dances.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

IT is not surprising—when we remember the marked success that distinguished the dance-soirées last January, and, later, after the Autumn Fête—that the four dances given last week were so remarkably successful. The Queen's Hall, with its splendid area, was again requisitioned for the purpose; and, notwithstanding its vastness, proved to be not too spacious for the accommodation of so many Members and friends. Commencing each evening shortly after half-past seven, the dancing was kept up with much vigour until nearly eleven o'clock—an hour, indeed, that came all too soon for many: who had to submit to the inexorable decrees of Fate, and depart at an “early” hour regretfully to bed.

Profiting by past experience, the Committee, with commendable sagacity, left but little in their arrangements to be desired: and the cloak-room and refreshment departments were admirably arranged: the former in the Library basements, and the latter, in sections, distributed into four, beneath the galleries. The refreshment catering, under the personal supervision of Mr. Hamilton, was all that could be desired: for although a few resented the slightly increased charge, the majority certainly showed their appreciation of the good things provided. The Committee, again, are to be commended on their selection of such excellent musicians as the Claremont Orchestral Band proved themselves to be: for the programme—as a programme of dance music—was well rendered, and gave enjoyable satisfaction to the giddy throng. Indeed, these dances are the subject for congratulation all round. The hardest part of the work fell, of course, upon the Hon. Sec., Mr. Walter Marshall, the M.C.'s, Messrs. H. Rosenwary, A. W. Clews, J. R. Deeley, I. Proops, A. V. Pyman, C. Rugg, and those other ladies and gentlemen who so willingly tendered their services in the distribution of tickets, the supervision of the various robing departments, and the cold and cheerless duties of ticket-taking at the doors. On the Monday and Tuesday the attendance was, numerically, very strong; but the Thursday and Friday muster was decidedly stronger. Sir Edmund and Lady Currie, and Sir Frederick Young, were present each evening: none the less, in their responsible positions as supervisors, enjoying the light and innocent recreation.

Supplementary to the dancing and, I suppose, as a compensation to the non-dancers, the Lecture Hall each evening presented some attraction. On the Monday night the Dramatic Club, after a fitful fever, made their first public appearance—an event in itself sufficient to excite considerable local (i.e., Institute) interest. It would be grossly unfair to criticise with anything like severity the nervous efforts of the young performers; or on the other hand, to laud them to the skies in an undeserved eulogy. When we consider that the Club—as a club—has undergone more vicissitudes than the rest of the Palace societies put together: when we also remember that they have yet to learn how to properly enter and exit, what to do with themselves when they are or are not speaking, and the thousand and one tricks still to be acquired,—when we remember all this and make due allowance for an indifferent stage, bad lighting, a queer curtain, and Pisa tower like scenery, we shall arrive at that truly happy phrase: Very satisfactory. That the majority of the young performers are painstaking and thoroughly in earnest, I—who have had every opportunity of judging—know full well; and certain am I that this Dramatic Club—supposing the same earnestness to continue—will yet make a name in the foremost ranks of amateur actors. We shall see.

The programme commenced at 7.45, with (for the first time) a “New and Original Farcical Comedietta,” entitled:

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

WRITTEN BY HARTLEY KNIGHT.

Harry Little (a newly-married man) MR. ARTHUR REEVE.
Bella (his wife) MISS ELSTOB.

Scene: MORNING ROOM IN HARRY LITTLE'S HOUSE.

This little sketch, which was neither very “new” nor very “original” may attribute its success entirely to the energy of Miss Elstob, who, as the persecuted (and persecuting) wife played with admirable self-possession and a keen sense of humour. Mr. Reeve, as the Benedict of forty who airs his matrimonial grievances in the *Daily Telegraph*, was not quite so happy in his assumption of the character: for in his hands the few “points” the part possessed somehow

missed fire, which perhaps was largely due to nervousness. There was a big laugh, however, at Reeve's “business,” when Miss Elstob in an outburst of mock-sentiment—excellently caught!—told the audience how she (Bella) had once been smitten by his fatal beauty. The author was called at the finish.

In quick succession, after a brief interval, the more ambitious of the Club's work commenced: for at 8.30 the curtain rose—or rather, was drawn asunder—upon the Christmas story, by Dickens, entitled—

DOT: OR, THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

AS ADAPTED BY ALBERT SMITH.

John Peerybingle (a carrier) MR. JOHN HARGRAVE.
Mr. Tackleton (a toy maker) MR. ARTHUR LYTTON.
Caleb Plummer (his man) MR. HAVARD.
Stranger MR. ARTHUR REEVE.
Edward Plummer (Caleb's son) MISS C. FALLOW.
Dot (John Peerybingle's wife) MISS AUERBACH.
Bertha (a blind girl) MISS JENNY RISLEY.
Mrs. Fielding MISS DURELL.
Tilly Slowboy MISS GRAYDON.
May Fielding MISS ELSTOB.
Spirit of the Cricket

Chirp the First: Interior of John Peerybingle's Cottage.

Chirp the Second: Abode of Caleb Plummer.

Chirp the Third: John Peerybingle's Cottage.

In my humble opinion the Club made a mistake in selecting this—of all other plays—wherewith to make their *début*. The story is so delicately slight, and yet so strong in character that it requires considerable skill in handling the various parts—each a study in itself; and I trembled to think, when I first heard of its being staged, of the probable result of such a vaulting ambition. Happily my dire forebodings were not fulfilled; for, although the piece dragged occasionally, no other hitch occurred from start to finish, and the upshot was an eminently respectable performance. Mr. Gibson, the stage manager, may be heartily congratulated. It was a very trying time for all concerned: so trying, in fact, that I doubted once or twice if the beautiful little story—here so nervously told—was intelligible to those in front who were not familiar with it in book form. The Club should have been content with something less ambitious and less difficult; and “Dot” should have come, as Macbeth would say: “hereafter.” However, the Cricket—with a bad cold—chirped merrily enough on Peerybingle's hearth, and the play proceeded. As Dot, the lovable, cheery little Dot, Miss C. Fallow played with much discrimination, and kept the sympathies of the audience well in hand. She did not *look* the part, for she was “made up” and dressed ten years older than she should have been: “for fair” Dot was, says Dickens, “and young; though something of what is called the dumping-shape.” Miss Auerbach, looking pale and interesting, played very carefully the difficult part of Bertha, the blind girl; and to her credit be it said she was certainly successful. Tilly Slowboy—that strange damsel who was “always in a state of gaping admiration for everything”—was played, and well played by Miss Durell: though why Tilly should have been converted into a dumb being, I am at a loss to understand. She certainly has something to say in the book. The minor parts of Mrs. Fielding (whose husband was formerly “in the indigo trade”) and her daughter May were very prettily enacted by Miss Risley and Miss Graydon respectively; whilst the Spirit of the Cricket's lines were read—“off”—by Miss Elstob. The gentlemen were possibly the more successful. Mr. Havard, who is physically fitted for the part, was the Caleb Plummer, and he deserves a line of praise all to himself; Mr. Hargrave, made-up like Shakespeare's Prince of Morocco—“the shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun”—was a thoroughly satisfactory exponent of John Peerybingle—“lumbering, slow, honest John . . . so stolid, but so good!” Mr. Reeve was fairly good in his simulation of old age: but indifferent when, the assumed senility having been cast aside, he stood confessed as the son of Caleb fresh from the “golden South Americas.” Tackleton, the “demon” toy-maker, was safe in the hands of Mr. Lytton, a “character” amateur of some promise, who looked the part—albeit his make up was a little overdone—and who spoke well and distinctly: which some of his fellow-players certainly did not. But he and his companions must yet remember that they have much—very much—to learn. Hard work and an earnest heed to the advice and counsel of their manager, a hearty co-operation, and a determined union must be their lot before they can hope to “beget a temperance” that will give their work the “smoothness” requisite and necessary for public displays. The performance—which throughout the evening

had been enlivened by the piano-playing of Mr. Selby—was brought to a close shortly after ten o'clock. The same programme was repeated with still greater success on the following (Tuesday) evening.

On the Thursday evening, also in the Lecture Hall, an entertainment consisting of songs, etc., was provided for those non-dancers and others who cared to come and listen. Although the attendance was poor—the "metal" in the Queen's Hall proving "more attractive"—the programme was exceedingly strong, consisting of songs by Miss Lydia Van Dyk (splendidly sung), Miss Motterway (who obliged with an encore), Miss B. Laundry, Miss Litoun, and Messrs. J. Smith, Heath, W. Fosh, Hendry, Burrows, Arnold, and W. J. Thomas. A recitation was also given by Mr. Ford, and a violin solo by Master A. Victor. Miss Laundry and Mr. Constable were the accompanists.

On the following (Friday) evening the Lecture Hall was given over to the Photographic Society, who provided a lantern-entertainment partly illustrative of a trip to Paris. I dropped in in time to obtain a glimpse of a boulevard, and found the place only half-full, which was regrettable, as the fare was of a first-rate order and highly interesting. The counterfeit presentments of a party of Ramblers—taken last summer in Hainault Forest—with Mr. Besant in their midst, were thrown upon the sheet, and afforded no little amusement to those present. It is to be hoped that the Club will repeat this entertainment. Albu should try and induce Mr. Barrett and Mr. Downing to oblige again,—say at the newly-organised Monday Popular Entertainments.

SUB-ED.

Society and Club Notes.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

A General Meeting of the above Club will be held on Friday next, at 8.30 p.m., in the old School-buildings. Members of the Palace wishing to join this Club are requested to give in their names to the undersigned, who will attend in the Secretaries' Room on Thursday, 24th inst., from 8 to 9.30 p.m. Entrance fee, 1s.; annual subscription, 2s. 6d. All intending Members must produce Palace Members' ticket for this quarter.

JAMES HY. BURLEY, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—MR. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, January 15th.—Our hard-working Speaker, being absent from the House, attending to the social side of the Palace, the Chairman of Committees took the chair. The Government and its supporters mustered in force ready and willing to receive their friends—the Opposition. Only three of the latter turned up, the rest evidently caring more for the pleasure of being amongst the gay throng in the Queen's Hall, than attending to the momentous questions affecting themselves and their constituents. Electors of East Manchester, Strand, and City please take note! The formidable array of rather embarrassing questions from the Opposition to the Government would have fallen through, but for the Premier's anxiety to court opposition; he affectionately initiating his nominal opponents into a method of procedure by which the notice of questions held good until next sitting. A question to the Secretary for War respecting the useless arms which this country is good enough to relieve the Fatherland of, was then given notice of, and after the settlement of several formal matters, the House adjourned. Palace Members are invited to join the Parliament; the Social-rooms are now habitable, and an excellent drawing-room is available for all political enemies to retire and enjoy personal friendship. We are all friends when not under the Speaker's eye. Printed copies of the Crofters' Bill and Book of Rules now ready.—Orders of the day for Tuesday next, 29th.—Debate upon Second Reading of the Crofters' Bill, etc.

JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec. and Clerk of the House.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

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

Our Soirée will take place next Saturday in the Lecture Hall, at 7 p.m., to close at 10.45 p.m. Members may obtain tickets of the Secretary at the next rehearsal. Rehearsals as usual. Friday at 8 p.m. in the new Music-room; Tuesday at 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.

Public Notice.—The Society is open to singers of either notation. Ladies and gentlemen, with an ability to read music and fair voices, are invited to join. We are specially in want of *Contraltos, Tenors, and Basses*. Application for admission to the Society should be made to the Secretary as early as possible. The fees are 1s. per quarter for ladies, and 2s. per quarter for gentlemen. All music is lent free of charge from the Society's Library. Candidates can be seen after any rehearsal.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—Staff-Sergeant H. H. BURDETT.

On Wednesday evening, the 16th inst., a supper was given to those Members of the Gymnasium who took part in the recent displays. After the supper Sir Edmund Currie briefly addressed those present, explaining to them the object of forming the Junior Section, asking their assistance in time to come, and thanking the Leaders for their past services. An excellent smoking-concert was afterwards given, to which all Members of the Gymnasium were invited. Some capital songs were rendered by Messrs. Knight, Kitchener, Reid, Pentney, and Nelson. The following gentlemen also contributed to the evening's enjoyment, viz., Messrs. Turtle, Ellis, Seabright, Doig, Cand, J. Pugh, Wren, Newman, Fish, Collins, Patmore, Nykerk, Asser, and Hunter. In addition to singing, Mr. Doig also gave a recitation entitled "Over the hills to the Poor-house." Mr. C. Hawkes very ably presided at the piano.—Members are informed that an Indian Club Class will be formed up each evening at 9 p.m. All those wishing to join will please give in their names to Sergt. Burdett.

ALBERT E. JACOBS, } Hon. Secs.
F. A. HUNTER, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

The next smoking-concert will take place on Thursday, January 31st, at 8.30. Tickets to be had from H. W. Byard, C. A. Bowman, and from

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR SECTION.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

Our Junior Section boys made their first appearance in the football world on Saturday last, and although this was the very first time they played together, and many of them had never kicked a football before, they succeeded after a hard fight in defeating their more experienced opponents, viz., St. Paul's (Stepney) Juniors, by one goal to nil. The play of the Palace lads was on the whole very encouraging, every one of the team entering into the game with great vigour, and with none of that half-heartedness generally associated with Junior Clubs. Now, boys, stick to the game; and with patience, you will soon show your senior Members a dodge or two!

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

SECOND ELEVEN v. ST. PAUL'S.—This contest, which the First Eleven were unable to play, owing to the unavoidable absence of several, was taken over by the Second Eleven, and resulted in a victory for the St. Paul's by four goals to one. The St. Paul's had a very strong team, and played vigorously from start to finish. At the end of the first half, the game stood one to nil, which was sent through the uprights from a kick by the 'Monts' goal-keeper. The remaining three goals were obtained in rapid succession about twelve minutes before time was called. The following played well for the 'Monts:—Wenn, Algar (half-backs), Horseman, Winch (forwards).—Match for First Eleven v. Old St. Paul's Second Eleven, at Chobham Farm. Team will be selected from the following:—Munro, Gould, D. and W. Jesseman, Cook, Hart, Wenn, Dowding, Hennessey, Shaw, Jacobson, Sherrell, Cox.—Match for Second Eleven v. St. James's (Forest Gate), at Wanstead. Team from following:—Edmunds, Algar, Witham, Helbing, Hawkins, Horseman, Stapleton, Cantle, Cowlin, Winch, Arno, Tranter, Butterwick (Capt.).—N.B.—Tickets for the Dance to be held at the Beaumont Hall, Mile End, E., on St. Valentine's Day, can be obtained any evening at the Secretaries' Room. Single, 1s. 6d.; double 2s. 6d.

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

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

The Rules and Bye-laws of the Gymnasium are now ready, and Members can obtain a copy of the same on application to the Director or to the Hon. Sec. Tickets for admission of Members' friends to the Gymnasium on the open nights, viz., men's gymnastics, Wednesday and Saturday; ladies, Friday; can be obtained at the same place or at the General Offices. The lady Members on entering the Gymnasium are kindly requested to give in their names to either of the Committee ladies, who are in attendance on Tuesday and Friday evenings till 9 p.m.

SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The Thursday evening concerts will be resumed on Thursday, January 24th, in the Social-room. Members willing to assist will please give in their names to Miss Adam, or to Mr. or Mrs. Mellish.

M. MELLISH.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

This Society met for ordinary practice on Monday night, and, notwithstanding the attractions elsewhere in the Palace, a fairly good number turned up. New Members enrolled and all information furnished by

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. W. R. CAVE.

W. Stock, Secretary; F. C. SAVAGE, Librarian.

The Editor, in his NOTES of last week, says, "Let us never be content until our own Bands play our own music." We have already had the pleasure of playing some of our Conductor's compositions (The People's Palace Gavotte, Marches, Overtures, etc.), and we are quite ready and willing to assist in realising the above extract. Thanks to our able Conductor we are now prepared for anything; we have played some of the most difficult compositions, and we shall be happy to make ourselves generally useful. Perhaps our Dramatic Club friends would like some music at their next performance? A letter to the Secretary on this or any other subject connected with this Society will receive immediate attention.—We have vacancies for Oboes, Bassoons, Euphonium, Horns, and Trombones. The Society meets on Tuesday evenings, from 8 till 10, and Saturday evenings, from 5 till 7. The fee is 2s. 6d. per quarter, and the music for rehearsal is lent free of charge.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

A Special General Meeting of the above Club will be held in the Schools, on Tuesday next, the 29th inst., at 8.30 p.m., to make the necessary arrangements for the proposed Dance in February next. Any lady or gentleman not able to attend the meeting is requested to apply to the Secretary for particulars of the business done.

ARTHUR WM. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The Monthly Exhibition of sketches and designs by the Members of this Club was held on Monday the 14th inst. We are pleased to state that, although the attractions of the Palace during the last month have been numerous enough, the Members have contributed a respectable number of sketches. The sketch of a flower and pot, executed by Miss Thomas, shows a determination to overcome all difficulties and a steady improvement. The Committee beg to impress upon the Members the importance of contributing something, no matter whether executed in pencil, pen and ink, or colours. We note that several of the Members are conspicuous by their absence. Those who do not contribute every month lose the valuable remarks of our respected master and critic, Mr. Legge. The attendance at the two hours' "monthly time sketching" increases, and when the Members thoroughly understand that rapid drawing and decision in colour are attainable through time sketching, we are certain that all those who wish to sketch from Nature will attend. The sketches executed during the two hours are exhibited at the Monthly Exhibitions.—Since our last report we have had the permission of Charles Jamrach, Esq., the well-known dealer in curios and wild beasts, to add his name to our list of patrons. He has also given permission for Members to visit and sketch at his establishment, 179 and 180, St. George's Street, E. This will be good news to some of our animal painters, and will save them a journey to the Zoo.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

SOCIAL EVENING.—In consequence of the Social Dances, no meeting was held last week.—A Social Evening will be held on Friday, January 25th, at 8 o'clock, in the Members' Drawing-room, Room 21. As part of the programme will be provided by the Dramatic Club, we feel sure that the evening will prove a success. All Members (both sexes) are specially invited.

B. SEARLE CAYZER, } Hon. Secs.
C. J. WHITE, }

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

In spring-like weather on Saturday last, this popular Club brought to a successful issue the fourth of a series of monthly handicaps, fixed to take place during the cross-country season—the distance of the one under notice being seven miles. Four prizes were offered, and twenty-three entries were received for the event, and of this number twenty faced the starter, Mr. A. V. Pyman, of the well-known Lytton Rowing Club, who, also, with his usual kindness, occupied the post of Timekeeper. The absentees were Messrs. J. R. Deeley and W. S. Colman, who were engaged laying a trail over the course, and also Mr. E. Bates, the Handicapper, who was endeavouring to gain laurels in another quarter. We are glad to state that the course—a full description of which appeared in our last issue—was in a very good condition (if the recent bad weather is taken into consideration), the only objection being that the flats and fields were somewhat soft and sloppy. The following is a description of the race so far as we are able to gather. The limit man, J. H. Hince, who was in receipt of 5 min. 50 secs. start, went off at a very even pace, and maintained his lead for about two-and-a-half miles, when he was passed by F. Williams (4 min. 45 secs.) and W. Dodd (4 min. 35 secs.) but they were not allowed to hold the lead long, as both H. I. Soame (3 min. 45 secs.) and H. Stephens (3 min. 15 secs.) gave them the go-by. Meanwhile V. Dawson was working his way to the front, and eventually obtained the lead when about half distance had been covered, and running in good form he continued to hold his position to the finish, ultimately winning by some fifty yards from E. C. Tibbs, his handicap time being 42 min. 37 secs., and net time 45 min. 42 secs. The second man, E. C. Tibbs, who was at scratch, ran in grand form throughout, passing his men one after another in rapid succession

when only a little more than half the distance had been covered; and continuing at the same pace he ultimately ran into second place in the grand time of 42 min. 50 secs. H. J. Soame, who obtained second place in the last handicap, also ran in improved form, and notwithstanding that he was penalised in this handicap, managed to get into third position, his time being 46 min. 38 secs. for the full distance. The fourth man turned up in another back-marker, in the person of J. P. Leggett, a new Member of the Club, who was in receipt of but 40 secs. start, and doing the distance in 43 min. 35 secs., the second fastest time in the race. J. Bowling did next fastest time with 45 min. 19 secs., the net times of the other men being G. J. Taylor, 45 min. 26 secs.; J. H. Crawley, 45 min. 31 secs.; E. Taylor, 45 min. 35 secs.; H. Johnson, 45 min. 52 secs.; W. Dodd, 47 min. 40 secs.; J. Harvey, 48 min. 25 secs.; W. H. Stephens, 48 min. 36 secs.; F. Merritt, 49 min. 10 secs.; W. A. Dagnall, 49 min. 39 secs.; F. Williams, 51 min. 16 secs.; and J. H. Hince, 51 min. 47 secs. After the usual "tubbing" the Members sat down to a substantial repast, provided by mine host of the "Forest Gate Hotel." A smoking-concert was held later on in the evening, when the prizes were presented to the successful competitors by Mr. J. R. Deeley, who occupied the chair. Space will not permit us to enumerate the various songs that were gone through; but suffice it to say that everything passed off without a hitch, and about 10.45 p.m. an enjoyable evening was brought to a most successful conclusion to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." We are asked to thank the following gentlemen for so kindly assisting the Club by efficiently filling the undermentioned positions, viz.:—Starter and Timekeeper: Mr. A. V. Pyman (Lytton R.C.). Distance Judge: Mr. W. Taylor (B.H.). Judges and Referee: Mr. P. M. Albrecht (B.H.) and Mr. J. H. Burley (Beaumont C.C.).—The fixture next Saturday is an ordinary run, with a mile run-in for novices, for a medal presented by the Secretary. There will be no entrance fee, and only those Members who have never won a prize for running will be eligible to compete. The run will start at 4 p.m.—Besides the ordinary run on Tuesdays, special training runs will be held every Thursday at 8.30 p.m. for the team to represent the Club in the forthcoming North of the Thames meet, when it is requested that all those Members selected will turn up.—We would remind our readers that the Club's Second Cinderella Dance will be held at the Assembly Rooms, Cottage Grove, Bow, on Saturday, February 9th, and owing to the heavy demand for tickets, those desiring to be present should make early application for the same. Prices: single, 1s. 6d.; double, 2s. 6d. All letters addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.
E. J. CROWE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, through the kindness of J. C. MacDonald, Esq., the second party of six Ramblers were permitted to visit *The Times* Office, and were conducted round the various departments of the establishment by Mr. Welch. We also had the pleasure of seeing page 13, second edition of Saturday's issue, locked up, conveyed to stereo-room, the mould taken, and hot lead poured in, and trimmed, ready to put on the machine, which, in motion, throws out papers, cut, folded, and counted; they are afterwards taken to the publisher's room for dispatch. Having seen the larder and refreshment-room for the use of the staff, we thanked Mr. Welch for his kindness, and retired.—On Friday next, January 25th, a Committee Meeting will be held in Room 8, old School-buildings, at 8.30 p.m.; and also, on the same evening, Membership Tickets will be issued.—Saturday next, January 26th, we visit Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Members are requested to meet outside Stepney Station, at 3 o'clock.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—The second *Soirée Dansante* will be held on February 1st, at 8 p.m.

H. ROUT,
W. H. MOODY, } Hon. Secs.

MEMBERS' SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

A few articles were taken, by mistake, from the Ladies' Cloak-room, at the Members' Social evenings, and it is hoped that same will be returned as speedily as possible.—I am desired to inform those present last Friday that the Alberts Dance was not repeated owing to an insufficient amount of time at the disposal of the M.C.'s. This explanation, it is hoped, will erase any unpleasant feeling against those responsible for the arrangement of the dances.—The Members' Saturday Social Concerts will begin on February 2nd, when lady Members will be cordially invited to attend.—The Club Representatives' meeting will take place on Monday, February 4th.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The fortnightly meeting of the Club was held in the Lecture Hall on Friday last. On this occasion Mr. W. Barrett read a lecture, the subject being "Wanderings in Paris," illustrated by many dissolving views of the principal buildings, public gardens, and streets in that city. During the interval Miss Van Dyk was warmly applauded for her pleasing rendering of "Little Mother" (Odoardo Barri), and Miss Beatrice Hirsch and Mr. M. Hirsch gave a capital violin and pianoforte duet, which was also well received. The entertainment concluded with a short, amusing, and illustrative lecture on the fate of two amateur photographers.—The next meeting of the Club will take place on Friday, February 1st; Mr. W. J. Downing will then read a paper on "Photography by Flash Light."

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.
ALEXANDER ALBU, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23rd, 1889,
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.Vocalists—Mrs. CRAWSHAW ELGOOD, The Misses DELVES YATES,
Mr. BERNARD LANE, Mr. HULBERT WOLSELEY.

Violinist—Mons. JOHANNES WOLFF.

Accompanist—Mr. RAPHAEL ROCHE.

Organist—Mr. STOCKS HAMMOND, B.A., F.S.A.

(Organist of St. Barnabas' Church, Bradford).

Musical Director—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

1. DUET ... "In the Dusk of the Twilight" ... Parker.
The Misses DELVES YATES.In the dusk of the twilight, when our thoughts wander free,
Far away on the mountains our lost home we see,
Whilst we fancy the goat-bells, ringing out soft and low,
Keep in time with our singing, as in years long ago.Here the flowers bloom brightly and the winds whisper low,
Yet I sigh for the mountains that I left long ago;
And I learn in the longing there is naught to compare
With the pale Alpine roses and the keen mountain air.When I dream in the gloaming, there are thoughts that will come
With a whisper of sadness when I sing of my home;
When again in my fancy, while the soft shadows steal,
Do my idle songs mingle with the whirr of my wheel.2. SONG ... "Christmas Morn" ... Gounod.
Mr. HULBERT WOLSELEY.Our psalm of joy to God ascending, fillet our souls with holy flame,
This day the Saviour Child was born!
Dark was the night that now is ending, but on the dawn were angels tending,
Hail Christmas morn; the Saviour Child was born!In faith we see thee, Virgin Mother, still clasp thy Son, and, in His eyes,
Seek Heaven's own light that in them lies.
Though narrow shed His might confineth, though low in manger He reclineth,
Bright on His brow a glory shineth.Oh! Saviour King, hear when we call Thee; oh! Lord of angels, glorious the
song,
The song Thy ransomed people raise.
Would that our hearts from sin and sorrow, and earthly bondage now might
sever,
And, soaring to eternal morrow, with Thee, Lord, reign for ever.3. SONG ... "Let me Dream Again" ... Sullivan.
Mrs. CRAWSHAW ELGOOD.The sun is setting and the hour is late,
Once more I stand beside the wicket gate,
The bells are ringing out the dying day,
The children singing on their homeward way;
And he is whispering words of sweet intent,
While I half doubting whisper a consent.Is this a dream? then waking would be pain,
Oh, do not wake me, let me dream again.
The clock is striking in the belfry tower,
And warns us of the ever fleeting hour;
But neither heeds the time which onward glides,
For time may pass away but love abides.I feel his kisses on my fever'd brow,
If we must part, ah! why should it be now?
Is this a dream, etc.4. VIOLIN SOLOS { (a) "Andante Religioso" ... Thomé.
(b) "Mazurka" ... Wieniawski.
Mons. JOHANNES WOLFF.5. SONG ... "Creation's Hymn" ... Beethoven.
Miss LILIAN DELVES YATES.Revolving worlds praise the Lord in His glory,
And bear through space His Name divine;
The sea of His mighty power tells the story,
Give heed, oh! man, and read the sign.
Who holds aloft yonder stars flaming o'er us?
Who leads from tents of cloud the sun?
It comes triumphant and smilith before us,
A giant, who his course must run.6. SONG ... "The Message" ... Blumenthal.
Mr. BERNARD LANE.I had a message to send her, to her whom my soul loves best;
But I had my task to finish, and she had gone home to rest;
To rest in the fair bright heaven—oh! so far away from here!
It was vain to speak to my darling, for I knew she could not hear.I had a message to send her, so tender, and true, and sweet,
I longed for an angel to bear it, and lay it down at her feet.
I placed it one summer evening on a little white cloud's breast,
But it faded in golden splendour and died in the crimson west.I gave it the lark next morning, and I watched it soar and soar;
But its pinions grew faint and weary, and it fluttered to earth once more.
I cried in my passionate longing, has the earth no angel friend,
Who can carry my love the message my heart desires to send?Then I heard a strain of music, so mighty, so pure, so clear,
That my very sorrow was silent, and my heart stood still to hear.
It rose in harmonious rushing of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message on the music's outspread wings.And I heard it float farther and farther, in sound more perfect than speech,
Farther than sight can follow, farther than soul can reach.
And I know that at last my message has passed through the golden gate,
So my heart is no longer restless, and I am content to wait.7. SONG ... "Roberto, O tu che Adoro" ... Meyerbeer.
Miss DELVES YATES.Roberto, O tu che adoro, a cui donai mia fe,
Deh mira il mio terror per te pietà de imploro
E fia ver, che il tuo core la fe l'onor colpesti?
Tu, omaggio a me rendesti O vedi me al tuo piè.8. VIOLIN SOLO ... "Fantaisie Caprice" ... Vicuxtemps.
Mons. JOHANNES WOLFF.9. SONG ... "Tell her I Love her so" ... P. de Faye.
Mr. HULBERT WOLSELEY.Gleam, gleam, O silver stream, seaward gaily swelling,
Flow, flow, whispering low, to your banks my story telling;
Far, far, o'er sandy bar, lies my little one's dwelling,
Flow, flow, merrily flow, tell her I love her so.Greet, greet, softly my sweet, by thy scangled margin roaming,
Croon, croon, under the moon, in the tender love-tide gloaming;
Flow, flow, softly my sweet, tell her that I am coming,
Flow, flow, merrily flow, tell her I love her so.Say, say, when she's away, life is dark and lonely,
Bright and fair when she is near, for 'tis she is the sunshine only;
Greet, greet, softly my sweet, she is my love—mine only,
Flow, flow, merrily flow, tell her I love her so.10. SONG ... "Il Segreto" ... Donizetti.
Miss LILIAN DELVES YATES.Il segreto per esser felici, So per prova, e l' insegno agli amici,
Sia sereno, sia nullo il cielo, Ogni tempo sia caldo, sia gelo;
Scherzo e bevo, e derido gl'insani Che si dan del futuro pensier;
Non curiamo l'incerto domani Se quest'oggi n'è dato goder!Profittiamos degl'anni fiorenti, Il piacers li fa correr più lenti;
Se vecchiezza con livida faccia Stammai a tergo e mia vita minaccia,
Scherzo e bevo e derido gl'insani Che si dan del futuro pensiers!
Non curiamo l'incerto domani Se quest'oggi n'è dato goder.11. ORGAN SOLO ... Grand Marche "Nuptiale" ... Wely.
Mr. STOCKS HAMMOND.

12. SONG ... "When Twilight Comes" ... Mrs. CRAWSHAW ELGOOD.

When twilight comes with shadows drear,
I dream of thee, dear one;And grows my soul so dark and sad;
Aye, sadder than the twilight shadows drear.They tell me not to grieve, love, for thou, for thou wilt come;
But ah! I cannot tell why, I fear their words are false.Love, I dream of thee! Love, I dream of thee!
Then thou'rt with me, then thou'rt with me,
Till I wake and find it all a dream!When I look back on happier days,
My eyes are fill'd with tears,
I see thee then in visions plain,
So true, so gentle, and so full of love;But now I fear to ask them if thou, if thou, dost live,
They tell me not to grieve, love,
For thou wilt come at last.

Love, I dream of thee! etc., etc.

13. ORGAN SOLOS { (a) Melodie in F ... Rubenstein.
(b) Thème ... E. Batiste.
Mr. STOCKS HAMMOND.14. SONG ... "In Sweet September" ... H. Temple.
Mr. BERNARD LANE.You love me not or else you would remember,
All that you were, and all you said to me;Only last year, last year in sweet September,
Under the stars beside the radiant sea,You love me not, or else while I am yearning
You could not stand with folded hands apart,With cold, calm eyes that once with tears were burning,
Tears of wild love against my beating heart.You loved me then by every tender token,
You lov'd me then, what profit now to tell,
The chain was sweet, but now the chain is broken,
And I am nothing, loving you so well.You lov'd me then, you love me now no longer,
Go by, forget, or hate me if you will,
What e'er it be I know my love is stronger,
Only last year, my love, do you remember?15. SONG ... "Vote for Cupid" ... Odoardo Barré.
Miss DELVES YATES.A brave young knight of the Primrose League
Roam'd with a maid one day;The love in his eyes told the story sweet
Which his lips refused to say.For the League he grew vivacious,
He became, in fact, loquaciousTo the little rustic maiden at his side—
"For the welfare of the Nation
Will you join my habitation,
And with mine allow your name to be allied!"The maiden glanced at his eager face,
In shy and glad surprise;To her cheek there came a tender flush,
And a joy to her sweet bright eyes.To the Primrose Knight's amaze,
She took his simple phraseIn a light which ne'er had dawn'd on him before!
With a softly murmur'd "Yes,"Did the little maid confess—
"I am thine, as thou art mine, for evermore."The bells rang out one fair summer day,
For a wedding long delayed;He was a Knight of the Primrose League—
The bride was a rustic maid.For politics are banish'd,
And his diffidence has vanish'd'Neath the magic of his happy little wife;
For their mutual approbationShe has joined his habitation,
Where she reigns as ruling councillor for life.16. ORGAN CONCERTO in B Flat—Allegro and Minuet ... Handl.
Mr. STOCKS HAMMOND.

"To Call Her Mine."

BY

WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

IT is not wonderful if the young man looked sorrowful, and his countenance was heavy. "What does it mean?" George asked, in ever-increasing wonder. "Formerly, there was nothing in the world so valuable as the land. If a man had money, he bought land: if a man wanted an investment, he put it out on mortgage. Is the land gone worthless? My father, Mary, was offered, if he would sell his land, three times the money that old Dan lent him on mortgage, and now it would not sell, at most, for more. What does it mean?"

Alas! this is a question which is asked daily, not only by farmers, like George, but by deans and canons, rectors and vicars, colleges and schools, landlords and investors, widows and orphans, those who keep shops in country towns, the thousands who live by working for the farmers, the engineers and wheelwrights, the corn factors and middlemen; nay, even by those who live by providing the pleasures of the rich—What does it mean? And are the fields of these islands to become as worthless as the slag that lies outside the smelting furnaces? Shade of Cobden, deign to listen! What does it mean?

"Oh, George!" said Mary, "does it help us at all to ask that question?" Indeed, George was as importunate with this difficulty as her uncle was with his lost money. "Let us face the trouble, whatever it is. You will let me go with you—I will not be a drag upon you—if it is only to take care of mother for you."

He threw his arm round her neck and kissed her again—an unusual demonstration from him.

"You would put courage into a cur, Mary," he said. "There! I have done what I could, and I have told your uncle my mind. Let us talk of something else. Oh! I forgot to say that Will has come down. We shall find him waiting for us at the church."

"Will? I am glad."
"He got away a week before he expected."
"He will cheer you up, George."
"Yes; he talks as if nothing mattered much, and every-thing was a game. The Londoners have that way, I suppose. It is not our way."

They left the linney and the little brook, and walked away through the narrow lanes, holding each other by the hand like two children, as they had always done since they were children together, and George, who was three years older, led little Mary by the hand to keep her from falling.

This Will—I do not mean the Will and Testament of Mary's Aunt—that George spoke of with irreverence, was none other than myself, the person who narrates this true history of country life for your amusement and instruction. I am sure, at least that it is fuller of instruction than most of the leading articles that I am allowed to write. I am Will Nethercote, in fact; and though of the same surname as Mary, and a Devonshire man by birth and descent, am no relation to Mary. I once endeavoured, it is true, to remedy this accident, and proposed to establish a very close relationship indeed with that dear girl, but I was too late. My father was the rector—you may see his monument in the churchyard—and when I left Oxford I found I had no vocation for the life of the country clergyman, Heavens! what a calm and holy life some men make of it, and how some do fret and worry because of its calmness and inactivity! Therefore I became a journalist. It is a profession which suits me well, and I suppose if I live another forty years and arrive at seventy, I shall have written nine thousand more leading articles, and my countrymen will then be saturated with wisdom. And when I retire no one will ever know the name of the man who led them upwards to those higher levels of knowledge and philosophy. I did not wait for these young people in the churchyard. I walked down the lane to meet them.

I declare that my heart leaped up only to see that sweet, fond girl walking with her lover, only to see the glow upon her cheeks, and the soft light in her eyes. What says the foolish old song, "I'd crowns resign to call her mine"? Crowns, quotha! If I had earl's coronet, bishop's mitre, royal crown, or even a tiara, I would resign it with the greatest alacrity for such a prize. Happy lover! though to win his bride he must take her penniless, while he has to give up his own broad lands! Well, she was not for me. Mary greeted me with her usual kindness, bearing no resentment on account of that proposition of mine above referred to.

"And how is George behaving, Mary? And has the Dragon relented?"

"George always behaves well," she said. "But as for the Dragon—" She shook her head.

"See now, Mary," I said, "I mean to put the case before a lawyer. I will do it directly I go back. In the will—I went to Somerset House on purpose to see it—your aunt leaves you £6,000, to be paid to you on the day that you marry with your uncle's consent. If you marry without his consent it is to go to David. Well, David has gone away, no one knows where, and perhaps he is dead, or will never come back. Suppose you were to marry now without your uncle's consent, who is to have the money?"

"My uncle says it will be his own."

"We shall see to that. It is a case for a lawyer's advice. And I will get that advice directly I go back."

I did not consult a lawyer on the point for a very good reason, as you shall hear. I suppose that as civilisation advances, such wills with conditions so absurd will cease to be made; or, if they are made, will be put into the hands of novelists for their purposes in treating of a world that has gone by. Girls who have money left to them will have it handed over when they come of age, with perfect liberty to marry as they please. Certain it is, considering the great interest which we all take in each other's affairs, there will not be wanting plenty of friends to give advice and information as to the character, reputation, and income of aspirants. I have sometimes thought that nobody ought, under any circumstances, to make any will at all, or after his death to do by his own provision and ordering, any good or evil whatever. But I find this doctrine at present in advance of the world, and therefore it commands no favour.

"I am not back in Challacombe yet, Mary," I went on, because I knew the trouble that was before them and in their minds, and so I began to make talk. "This is only a dream. I am in Fleet Street. I am in the lobby of the House. I am writing a political leader at midnight, and just dreaming of Challacombe. It takes a week to get the streets and the papers out of my head—a whole week! what a curtailment and docking of a holiday. A whole week sliced out of a month! and then eleven months more of slavery! Man's life is not a vapour, Mary. I wish it was. Vapours don't grind at the mill every day."

I turned and walked towards the church with them, in the narrow lanes between the high hedges. The beauty of early summer was gone, but there are still flowers in plenty to make them beautiful in July and August. The honeysuckle was out; the blue scabius and the foxgloves are not yet gone; there are the pink centaury, the herb-robert, the red-robin, the campion, the meadow sweet, the sheep's bite, the ox-eyed daisies, the blackberry blossom, and the rowan berries—green, or greenish-yellow as yet—old friends all, and friends of Mary's.

We talked of different subjects, of what had happened since I last came down. One of the rustics was dead, another had nearly lost the use of his legs in the cold weather, and now hobbled on crutches—in these high lands rheumatism seizes on all the old and on many of the middle-aged, so that Moreton Hampstead, the metropolis of the moor, seems on market-day like the native city of M. le Diable Boiteux; one or two village girls had been married; such a farm was still wanting a tenant, and so on. Pleasant to talk a little of the place where one was born, and of the people whom one has known from infancy; pleasant to be back once more among the hills and streams. But that subject of which we were all thinking—George's impending ruin—lay like a lump of lead on our hearts. And so we walked through the darkening lanes, our faces to the west, so that Mary's glowed in the golden light like an angel-face in a painted window, and presently came to the church.

CHAPTER VI.—THE CHOIR PRACTICE.

In the church the choir were already assembled, and were waiting for them. They are so old-fashioned at Challacombe that they actually suffer the maidens to sing in the choir with the boys and the men. 'Tis a Christian custom, though forbidden by some modern Ecclesiastics; and why women still consent to go to churches where their sex is continually insulted by exclusion from the choir, as if they were really the unclean creatures of the monkish mind, I know not. Some day, when they understand the thing, and what it means, and what a deadly insult it is to Mother Eve and her daughters, there will be a revolt the like of which no church has ever yet seen, and a schism compared with which all previous schisms will have been mere trifles. The choir of Challacombe consisted, therefore, of half-a-dozen boys, and as many village maidens, with Harry Rabjahns, the

blacksmith, for bass, and George Sidcote for tenor. There was a harmonium at the west end, and the choir sat in front of it. Formerly there were violins, a cello, and a clarionet, but these have fallen into disfavour of late years, and I know not where one may now go to hear the quaint old village church music, which had its points, of which a solemn and awe-inspiring and droning and a mysterious rumbling were perhaps the chief.

As soon as we arrived, the practice began. They sang, right through, first the chants and then the hymns both for morning and evening, so that the practice took an hour and more. The voices and the singing were as familiar to me as the rustling of the trees outside and the cackling of the geese upon the green.

I sat in the porch and listened, watching the fading light in the windows and the shadows falling along the aisles, while the voices of the choir, uplifted, rang out clear and true, and echoed around the walls of the empty church, and beat about among the rafters of the roof. It is an old church and a venerable, though they have now taken away the ancient, crumbling, and worm-eaten pews, which were, I dare say, ugly, and yet gave character to the church. With the old pews disappeared certain memories and associations. You could no longer picture, because you could no longer gaze upon them, how, in the old days, Grandfather Derges went round, cane in hand, to chastise the boys in the middle of the sermon; he did not take them out into the churchyard and there administer his whacking, but he whacked them in the very pews. Grandfather Derges has now retired from his function as sexton, though he still breathes these upper airs, and hobbles along the lanes upon his sticks. Great-Uncle Sam Derges, however, still carries round the plate on Sunday. The old pews are gone, and with them, also, the memories of the yeomen who sat in them, each family in its own place, from generation to generation. As the yeomen, too, are gone, and only tenant-farmers left, perhaps it is as well that the pews have gone. Something, however, is left of the old church. They have not taken down the ancient rood-screen, with its painted Apostles in faded colours, on which, in the old days, I was wont to gaze with wonder and curiosity, what time my father mildly read his discourse, which everybody heard with attention and nobody heeded. Had the rector possessed the lungs of Peter the Hermit, and the persuasion of Bernard of Clairvaux, 'twould have been all the same, for the sermon to the rustic means nothing but a quarter of an hour of good behaviour in the presence of his betters.

Presently it grew so dark that they lighted two or three candles on the harmonium, where they showed, amid the shadows of the aisles, like far-off glimmering stars. Among the voices I could clearly distinguish George's clear high tenor and Mary's soprano. They rose above the rest and seemed to sing each for each alone, and to fit the music by themselves, as if they wanted nothing but each other, and could together make sweet music all their lives.

Outside, the clouds had come up again and were now rolled over all the sky, so that the evening was strangely dark for the time of year, and there was a rumbling of summer thunder among the hills and in the combs, which echoed from side to side and ran down the valley slopes.

Then my thoughts left the choir and the singing and wandered off to the subject which made them both so sad.

The situation was gloomy. How could I help save to stand by and encourage to patience? George had already told me all. It was, indeed, what I fully expected to hear.

"I can no longer keep up the struggle," he said, "the land cannot pay the interest on the mortgage, even if I live as poorly as a labourer and work as hard. I have seen Daniel Leighan, and I have told him that this year must be the last. When the harvest is in, he must foreclose if he pleases. It is hard, Will, is it not?"

"Is there no hope, George?"

"None. Either the interest must be paid, or the principal. Else—else"—he paused and sighed—"else there will be no more Sidcotes left in Challacombe."

"But if he would consent—"

"He will never consent. He would have to part with Mary's money if he did consent. He means to keep it in his own hands. We are tight in the old man's grip. He will foreclose: then he will have Sidcote, as he got Berry Down and Foxworthy, and he will keep Mary's fortune."

"What will you do, George?"

"I shall emigrate to some place, if there is any place left, where a man can till the land and live upon it. Will, is there some dreadful curse upon this country for our sins, that the land can no longer be cultivated because it will not even keep the pair of hands which dig it and plough it?"

"I know nothing about our sins, old man that depart-

ment never furnishes the theme for a leader. But there are certain economic forces at work—which is the scientific way in which we put a thing when we don't see our way about—economic forces, George, by which the agricultural interests of the country are being ruined and its best blood is destroyed by being driven from the fields into the towns. Our sins may have been the cause; but I don't think so, George, or else you would have been spared. Now, economic forces—confound them!—act on saint and sinner alike."

"I work like the farm-labourer that I am. There is nothing I do not try to save and spare: but it is in vain. The land will no longer bear the interest."

"What does Mary say?"

"She will go with me. Whatever happens, she will be happier with me than here—alone."

"Right, dear lad. Where should she be but with you?"

"We will marry without his consent. Then he will be unmolested in her fortune and my farm. I dare say there will be a hundred or two left after the smash. Poor girl!—and I thought we should have been so happy in the old place. Poor Mary!"

Here was enough for a man to think about in the porch! What could I do? How could I help? Was there any hope of bending the will of a stubborn, avaricious old man by pleading and entreaty? Could I pay off the mortgage? Why! I had no more money than any young journalist just beginning to make an income may be expected to have. At the most, I might find a few hundreds to lend. But Challacombe without Mary! Sidcote without George!—then there would be no more beauty in the woods; no more sunshine on the slopes; no more gladness on the breezy Tors! And the past came back to me—the past which always seemed so tender and so full of joy: I saw again the two boys and the girl playing together, rambling over the downs, climbing together the granite rocks, reading together—always together. How would Challacombe continue to exist unless two out of those three remained together?

The black clouds hanging low made the evening so dark that outside the porch one could see nothing. But the lightning began to play about and lit up the gravestones with sudden gleams. Presently, looking out into the blackness, I discovered, in one of these flashes, a man in the churchyard walking about among the graves. This was a strange thing to see. A man walking among the graves after dark. I waited for the next flash of lightning. When it came, I saw the man quite clearly: he was bending over a head-stone, and peering into it, as if trying to read the name of the person buried there. There is something uncanny about a man in a quiet village churchyard choosing a night darkened with thunder-clouds for the perusal of tombstones. One thinks of a certain one who lived among the tombs: and he was a demoniac.

Then the man left the grass, probably because he could no longer read any of the names, and began to walk along the gravel walk towards the porch: perhaps because he saw the lights and heard the singing. You know how, sometimes, when the air is full of electricity, one shivers and trembles and hears things as in a dream? Well, I seemed to recognise this man's footstep, though I could not tell to whom it belonged; and I shivered as if with prescience of coming trouble.

Whoever the man was, he stood at the entrance of the porch, and looked about him in a hesitating, doubtful way. The choir were just beginning the last of their hymns—

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead thou me on.

"That's the voice of George Sidcote," said the stranger aloud, and addressing himself, not me. "He always sang the tenor: I remember his voice well; and that's the voice of Mary Nethercote; I remember her voice, too. That's Harry Rabjahn, the blacksmith, singing bass: a very good bass he always sang. Ay; they are all there—they are all there."

"Who are you?" I asked. "Who are you to know all the people?"

A sudden flash of lightning showed me a ragged man with a great beard, whom I knew not by sight.

"I know you, too. I didn't see you at first. You are Will Nethercote." His voice was hoarse and husky. "You are the son of the rector. I remember you very well."

"I am; but the rector is dead; and who are you?"

"Before I go on," he said; "before I go on," he repeated these words as if they had some peculiar significance to him, "I thought I would come here first and see his grave—his grave—the place where they laid him—and I thought I would read what they wrote over him—how he died, you know—just out of curiosity, and for something to remember."

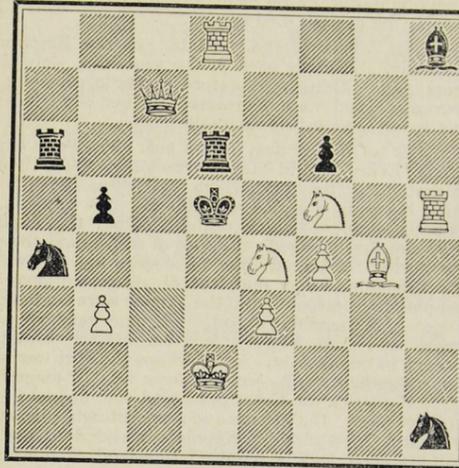
(To be continued.)

Our Chess Column.

[Communications for this column to be addressed "CHESS EDITOR," People's Palace, Mile End, E.]

PROBLEM No. 7.

By MISS F. BEECHY.
Black 8 pieces.



White 10 pieces.

White to mate in two moves.

Solutions and criticisms are invited.

All communications intended for publication in the next issue, must reach us on or before the previous Wednesday.

GAME No. 6.

King's Knight's Gambit.

WHITE.

Mr. Morphy (blindfold).

1. P to K4
2. P to KB4
3. Kt to KB3
4. P takes P
5. B to Kt5 (ch)
6. P takes P
7. B to B4
8. P to KKt3
9. Castles
10. K to Rsq
11. Kt to K5
12. P to Q4
13. Q to K5 (c)
14. B takes P (ch)
15. Q takes Kt (ch)
16. B to Kt5 (ch)
17. Kt to B3
18. R takes B
19. B to B4 (ch)
20. R to Q6
21. Kt to K4
22. R takes B (ch)
23. Q takes Kt (ch)
24. Kt to Q6
25. Q to K7 (ch)
26. B to Q2 (ch)
27. Kt to B4 (ch)
28. P mates

BLACK.

Mr. Lichtenhein.

1. P to K4
2. P takes P
3. P to Q4 (a)
4. B to K2 (b)
5. P to QB3
6. P takes P
7. B to R5 (ch)
8. P takes P
9. P takes P (ch)
10. B to B3
11. Kt to KR3
12. B takes Kt
13. Q takes P
14. Kt takes B (d)
15. K to Qsq
16. B to B3
17. B to Q2
18. K to B2
19. K to Kt2
20. Q to B4
21. Q takes P
22. Kt takes R
23. K to R3
24. KR to Qsq
25. K to R4
26. Q takes B
27. K to R5

- (a) We prefer P to KKt4 at this point.
- (b) Staunton recommends here B to Q3.
- (c) The first move of a fine combination, which carries everything before it with crushing effect.
- (d) If (14) K to Qsq, then (15) R to Qsq, winning the Q. If (14) K to Bsq, (15) B to K6 (dis. ch) etc. If (14) K to K2, (15) B to Kt5 (ch), followed by R to Ksq.

SOLUTION TO END GAME No. 4.

WHITE.

1. R to R6
2. R to R7
3. R to Q7
4. P to R7 (ch)
5. R to Q Kt7
6. K takes P
7. K to Q3
8. K to K4
9. K to B5
10. K to Kt5
11. K to Kt6 and wins

BLACK.

1. K to Ktsq (a)
2. K to Rsq
3. K to Ktsq
4. K to Rsq
5. B to R6
6. B to B8 (ch) best
7. B to R3
8. B to Kt2
9. K takes P
10. K moves
11. Any moves.

(a) If the Bishop moves, White wins by taking the Pawn and moving the King to KKt6.

Evening Classes.

CHRISTMAS EXAMINATIONS IN FRENCH.

Teacher—C. POINTIN.

The following are the best in each class:—

ELEMENTARY, A.—E. J. Bartlett, 1st; W. J. Thomas, 2nd; H. D. Toe, 3rd. W. G. Beavis and Miss Alice J. Sutton have done very creditably.

ELEMENTARY, B.—Alfred Geis, 1st; J. Dumble, 2nd; W. Lowe, 3rd. Arthur Dent has also done very well.

ELEMENTARY, C (Advanced).—B. L. Balmforth, 1st; J. Church, 2nd; Edward F. Smith, 3rd.

INTERMEDIATE, A.—E. G. Sheppard, 1st; S. Epstein, 2nd; G. Hutchins, 3rd.

INTERMEDIATE, B (Advanced).—Miss Julia Valentine, 1st; Alexander Albu, 2nd; R. Marks, 3rd.

CONVERSATIONAL (Grammar).—Geo. Thurston, 1st; A. R. March, 2nd.

CONVERSATIONAL (Advanced).—J. R. Newson, 1st.
COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—A. R. March, 1st.

At an examination in Machine Construction and Drawing, held in the Technical Schools on Tuesday, 15th inst., the following Students passed first class—Senior Class: Greer; Junior Class: Lucas, Nicholls, Miller, Gascoigne, Recknell, Harrison, Camping, Cornell, and Slater.

Palace and Institute Notes.

THE Tableaux Vivants, illustrative of the story of "Cinderella," and arranged by Mrs. Sim and friends, were given before a crowded audience in the Queen's Hall, on Wednesday evening last. The proscenium erected on the platform, with its attractive curtain, naturally excited considerable discussion, which temporarily subsided when the latter was drawn up on the first tableau—a group of fairies, posing to perfection and looking charming in their beautiful costumes. Our own Orchestral Society, conducted by Mr. W. R. Cave, commenced the overture in fine style and soon showed the wonderful progress the Club have made during the past few months. The vocal parts were very ably rendered by the pupils of the Choral Society—batoned by Mr. Orton Bradley—to whom not a little of the evening's success is to be attributed. So popular indeed did these tableaux vivants prove, that they were repeated, on the Saturday following to, if possible, a greater audience than before.

THE supper and "smoker to follow," given in the Swimming-bath on Wednesday evening last to the helpers in the Gymnasium Displays, passed off very happily indeed. Sergeant Burdett was in the chair the earlier part of the evening: vacating same eventually in favour of Mr. Nelson. Sir Edmund dropped in when the supper was o'er, and after a few words of thanks to the fellows for their past services in the Gym., concluded by giving them some excellent advice. The warbling, as you will see by a reference to the CLUB NOTES, was all that could be desired, and the evening passed away merrily enough.

THE first of the Monday Popular Entertainments was given on Monday evening in the Lecture Hall, and proved an unqualified success. The programme, consisting of songs, recitations, dramatic selections, and pianoforte solos, proved capital food to the amusement-seeking audience, who gave outward visible signs of great satisfaction. The Dramatic Club must look to their laurels: for I found "A Rough Diamond"—with Mrs. Theodore Wright as an excellent Margery—going exceedingly well, notwithstanding an absence of stage and scenery.

A propos of the Dramatic Club, I hear that two of its Members—Miss Elstob and Mr. A. Reeve—are to repeat Hartley Knight's comedietta "Is Marriage a Failure?" in the Ladies' Rooms to-morrow, Thursday evening; and also at the Literary Society's Social on Friday night. This is—doubly—gratifying. By the way, I hope the Club will see their way to embrace the kindly help of our Orchestral Society, volunteered in their current CLUB NOTE.

THAT the Boxing Club's Novices' Competition, given in the Queen's Hall on Monday night, was overwhelmingly successful, nobody who was present will seek to deny. The Hall was crammed in every corner with an interested and excited humanity, and thousands of eyes were steadfastly

fixed upon the twelve-foot ring erected on the orchestra platform. If the attendance was strong, the competition was hardly less so: the boxing contests, I am assured—for I do not pretend to be sufficiently qualified to judge—being very remarkable for neatness and dexterity. That every movement of the competitors was eagerly followed by those in front, I can personally testify—an eagerness which certainly speaks well for the continued popularity of boxing. The Club may be congratulated on the excellence of their efforts. The prizes were distributed during the evening by Sir Edmund Currie.

THE "CONSTABLE FUND."—I would remind all readers that a fund to assist the widowed mother of the late W. S. Constable (Hon. Sec. Military Band) is now open in these columns, and I shall be glad to acknowledge the smallest amount received, such contributions to be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Walter Marshall. The following amounts have already been received:—

	£	s.	d.	S. M.	£	s.	d.
Collected by the				H. M.	0	2	6
Military Band	2	0	0	W. M.	0	2	6
Misses Moody	0	5	0	H. R.	0	2	6
H. K.	0	2	6	M. M.	0	1	0

This is fairly good for a start; but cannot each Hon. Secretary make an appeal to his particular club?—cannot a collection be made at a smoking-concert, or wherever and whenever a number of fellows are gathered together? The deceased, of course, was known to many of us only in name; but it does not follow that because we were not personally acquainted with our late *confère*, we should not strive to do our best to add our mites together for the benefit of his distressed mother. "Many may help one"—the proverb is somewhat musty. Therefore, bear a hand, my brothers, and let each Palace Club or Society signalise itself in this much-needed fund. SUB-ED.

Calendar of the Week.

January 24th.—This day was noticed by mistake last week. Let us commemorate also the birth, then omitted, of Charles James Fox, the great rival of William Pitt. He was ten years his senior, and died in the same year. Among other measures for which we have to remember the name of this great statesman must be mentioned his continual and untiring efforts to bring about peace with Bonaparte. But events were too strong for him. He was a great gambler as well as a great statesman. In one year his father paid the enormous sum of £144,000 for him on account of his gambling debts.

January 25th.—Conversion of St. Paul.

The weather on this day is believed to settle that for the whole year. It is unfortunate, because it is generally so gloomy a time of year. Let us, however, mark carefully, and remember the appearance of the skies on this day.

If Saint Paul's day be fair and clear
It doth betide a happy year:
But if it chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all kinds of grain.
If clouds or mists do dark the sky
Great store of birds and beasts shall die:
And if the winds do fly aloft,
Then wars shall vex the kingdom oft.

The belief in the influence of this day upon the rest of the year is wide-spread. In some parts of Germany, if the weather on this day was bad, the people used actually to take the image of St. Paul, and drag it in the river in revenge.

January 26th.—On this day St. Polycarp is commemorated. He was the disciple of St. John, and a short treatise by him is one of the oldest documents of the Christian writings. It is curious to read it, and to remember that the man who wrote it was actually taught by St. John. The authenticity of the treatise has never, I believe, been questioned.

On this day, in the year 1820, died the famous "Francis Moore, Physician," well known as the pretended author of Moore's Almanac, published by the Company of Stationers. His real name was Henry Andrews, and he lived at Royston, where he was a bookseller. His famous predictions were laughed at by himself as much as by any one else. But ignorant people believed in them.

On this day four years ago, in 1885, was killed the greatest man of his age—General Charles Gordon. In the heat and excitement of the day we are apt to forget not only his pure and single-hearted life, but even the circumstances which led to his death—the neglect of the Government till too late: his heroic defence of Khartoum: his gallant end. These things, however, will be remembered, and they will be connected indelibly with the Government of that day. Gordon is dead—betrayed by his own countrymen. Yet his example shall live and grow brighter year after year. Such a man has not lived in vain: he has not died in vain.

January 27th.—This is the birthday of the Emperor of Germany. He was born in the year 1859, only thirty years ago. There is therefore plenty of time for improvement, and we may reserve further remarks upon this sovereign for fifty years perhaps.

January 28th.—On this day, in the year 1871, Paris capitulated. Every one old enough remembers the excitement of that siege: the news which reached us from time to time, borne by pigeons or balloons: the general who had his plan, of which nothing came: the impotent sorties of the besieged: the ring of iron round the city: the horrors of the famine. The siege was followed by the Commune—that maddest of all revolutionary attempts. It seems, now, as if the French were beginning to forget that terrible lesson. A new generation has grown up; and, besides, a great nation cannot for ever go in humiliation. And perhaps the next war would show another result—we all know what a magnificent army Frederick the Great possessed, and bequeathed to his successor. But at Jena and Austerlitz what became of that army? And when Napoleon invaded Russia with half-a-million men, a hundred thousand of these were Prussian soldiers, meekly marching with their conqueror. It is the remembrance of this time that puts heart into France. Besides, she has got an army of a million and a half, or, with the reserves, three millions and a half, which is half a million more than Germany could show. This is, of course, on paper only.

January 29th.—King George the Fourth mounted the throne on this day. If the fact is worth remembering, the throne was the easiest chair that could be made, placed in the most comfortable room at his retreat by Virginia Water. Naturally this was also the day on which poor old George III., blind and mad, died at last.

The first Reformed Parliament met on this day 1833. There have been other Reformed Parliaments since, but none of which so much was expected or feared. We have had, in fact, three or four Reform Bills, but the Millennium has not come yet.

January 30th.—King Charles the First beheaded, 1649. Was his execution a mistake? If he was really guilty of the bloodshed and misery caused by the Civil War, he was a culprit of the deepest dye and deserved execution if ever man did. In that case it was not a mistake. If it was desirable to show to the world that the person of kings are no more sacred than those of any other mortals it was certainly not a mistake. If the regicides sought to extinguish the kingly principle by killing the king, it was a profound mistake. Well: he was executed: an intolerable amount of nonsense has been talked about a king who forsook his friends, and was, to say the least, perfectly regardless about truth. He is gone, his sons are gone, and his race is extinct. It seems a good thing for the world that there are no more Stuarts in it. But there is a Stuart Exhibition now being held in Regent Street, and it is interesting.

Shorthand as a Pastime.—A numerous attended meeting of members of the Phonetic Shorthand Writers' Association was recently held at 55, Chancery Lane, when Mr. Thomas A. Reed delivered a lecture on "Shorthand as a Pastime." Mr. Reed in his address gave some amusing instances of the misplacing of vowels and peculiar joining of consonants by learners of phonography. He remembered a case of a student, who, in taking down the words of a speaker, by the misplacing of a vowel, rendered the words "return a blow with a kiss," "return a blow with a axe." Considerable amusement, he said, could be derived from taking down home conversations when one was supposed to be engaged in something serious, and at a future time reading the notes to the family circle. There were, indeed, various ways by which amusement could be got out of shorthand, and one that suggested itself to him was having a number of shorthand consonants and vowels cut out of cardboard or wood, and distribute them among the members of the family who understood phonography, their task being to form as many words as possible out of the signs.

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Convalescent Home.—MARGATE, KENT.

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JONADAB FINCH, Secretary.

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The Committee Earnestly Appeal for Funds to carry on the work efficiently.

ADRIAN HOPE, Secretary.

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LIONEL F. HILL, M.A., SECRETARY.

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