

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. III.—No. 64.]

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

## Coming Events.

- 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.  
Cricket Club.—Smoking-concert, at 8.30.
- FRIDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
Photographic Club.—Paper by Mr. W. J. Downing, at 8.
- 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 Mansion House.  
Harriers.—Ordinary Run.  
Chess Club.—Contest, at 7.  
Football Club.—First XI., at Millwall; Second XI., at Wanstead.  
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 5 till 7.  
Junior Section Football Club.—At Wanstead, v. Second XI. Technical Schools.  
Technical Schools' Football Club.—Second XI., at Wanstead, v. Junior Section Football Club.
- 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.  
Members' Social Committee.—Monthly Meeting, at 8.30.
- 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.
- 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.

## Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 3rd,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- |                                      |     |              |
|--------------------------------------|-----|--------------|
| 1. Air, with Variations in A         | ... | Hesse.       |
| 2. Andante Con Moto, from 5th Sonata | ... | Mendelssohn. |
| 3. Offertoire in G                   | ... | Wely.        |
| 4. Largo in G                        | ... | Handel.      |
| 5. "Ave Maria"                       | ... | Henselt.     |
| 6. Chorus, "The Lord shall reign"    | ... | Handel.      |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- |   |     |              |
|---|-----|--------------|
| 1. Grand Chorus                           | ... | Guilmant.    |
| 2. Slow Movement in F                     | ... | Mozart.      |
| 3. Prelude and Fugue in C minor           | ... | Mendelssohn. |
| 4. Air, "The King of Love my Shepherd is" | ... | Gounod.      |
| 5. Impromptu                              | ... | ...          |
| 6. March from the Occasional Oratorio     | ... | Handel.      |

## Notes of the Week.

LORD WOLSELEY has struck a very significant "note" indeed in his praises of conscription. Military service, he says, doubtless with perfect truth, makes a man orderly, obedient, and trained to act as one for all in the general interest, hardy to endure fatigues and rough diet, temperate and virtuous, patriotic and self-denying. He did not enumerate all these virtues, but a good many of them, and he meant the rest. I have added them because I am firmly persuaded that the best men, taken all round, the most trustworthy, are those who have gone through some such course of discipline as one finds in the army or the navy. They are not, however, the most hardworking. Yet I doubt very much whether the expectation of attaining all these virtues will ever be sufficient to make young men look with pleasure to spending three years with the colours.

On the Continent military service has come to be regarded as a duty incumbent upon all. It must not, and cannot be avoided. Some emigrate to America or to Great Britain, and in this way escape conscription. But the net sweeps in all the rest, clergymen and priests excepted. Everybody serves, whether in Russia, Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Spain or Turkey. All these countries are literally nations armed. Take the following figures:—

	Peace Footing.	War Strength.	On Emergency.
Russia	... 800,000	2,490,000	5,500,000
Germany	... 401,000	1,492,104	3,200,000
Austria	... 267,000	1,140,000	...
France	... 510,000	1,590,878	3,753,000
Italy	... 183,280	...	2,119,250

As Lord Wolseley said the other day, these enormous armies, as sure as to-morrow's sun shall dawn, will sooner or later be hurled at each other. The strain upon the resources of the nations is so great that everything is crippled. All is sacrificed to the supposed necessity of keeping up a great army. Never in the history of the world has there been such a collection of armies: never was there so much at stake in a single war: never was there so little hope that the nations would disband.

The only thing that saves us also from the absolute necessity of conscription is our insular position. And, remember, this saves us only so long as we have the supremacy at sea: such a supremacy as would enable us to meet the combined fleets of any two Powers. Our fleet once defeated, nothing that we could do could prevent the landing of an army upon our shores. Then, where should we be? We have in the country 100,000 troops, as good, perhaps, as any in the world, but not better than the French or the Germans: we have a quarter-of-a-million of volunteers half drilled, and with no scientific officers at all: we have a hundred thousand inefficient militia. We have nothing else. These things being so, it does seem to me that every patriotic person should with his whole strength back up any Government which shall resolve on making our navy at least twice as strong as it is at present. We have to maintain fleets at stations all over the world: we must have them kept efficient, and we must have, besides, a Channel Fleet equal to any demands that can possibly be made upon it. Is it so equal? Certainly not. As for comparative strength, it is totally impossible to compare the navy of one country with that of another, even from books, which give lists of ships, for the simple reason that no one knows, in any list of ships, how many are obsolete or worn out. One or two points, however, are beyond dispute: we have 62,400 sailors, counting officers, seamen, boys, coast-guard, and marines. We spend four-and-a-half millions upon these men—of whom a large number, such as the coast-guard, do not go to sea: we

spend six millions in ship-building: a quarter-of-a-million on the Admiralty Office: and two millions on pensions and retired pay: altogether thirteen millions. I believe the money is well spent: a navy cannot, like an army, be carried on without enormous expenditure: every ship costs an immense sum of money, and quickly wears out: therefore, under the present conditions, there is no country, except France, rich enough to afford a navy equal to ourselves. But there are other countries which are coming along; and, in fact, unless we desire to see conscription, and all our young men compelled, for the very existence of the nation, to serve two or three years with the colours, it seems that we must make our navy stronger.

SOME day, in the world's history—not yet—no more wars, no more armies, no more navies, no more ambitious kings—and all the money now spent on armaments shall be expended for the people's advancement: for their education, their art, their elevation. It will be long after we who now breathe these airs are dead and buried and turned to dust. But, my brothers, the time will come.

FROM time to time reports come to us of the enormous wealth that a few families in the States are rolling up. There are dozens of men who are millionaires: there is one family which is said to have among them the sum of fifty millions. There may be cause for national congratulation in this: for my own part I think there should be some kind of State enquiry as to the arts practised, and as to the conditions by which these people have been enabled to become so rich. Is it by underpaying their employés, by buying too cheap, or by selling too dear? Is it by forming corners and rings? Is it by juggling with the money market? However it may be, it can hardly be by ways that are quite free from mire and mud; otherwise we should all become as rich. Next, is it a good thing in a democratic country that one or two families should grow so enormously wealthy? And thirdly, do we see any good thing coming to the country out of this enormous wealth? One or two American citizens, it is true, have founded great schools, but the institutions in the States, due to private benevolence, cannot be compared for a moment with those in this country. For instance: the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have, by themselves, very little endowment: their wealth is in the colleges, which have all, as much as the People's Palace, been enriched by private gift. Again, a great part of the property of the Church has been given by private persons since the Reformation: the grammar-schools, the almshouses, the hospitals all over the country, are the gifts of private persons. What have the Vanderbilts, whose yearly income alone is nearly £3,000,000, done for their country? Consider—the whole family of eight would not want, on a very liberal scale indeed, more than £80,000 a year—there should remain £2,920,000 a year to spend. It takes the breath away only to think what might be done with all this money. One year's enjoyment of it would enrich London with Technical Schools and People's Palaces enough for the next hundred years. And think of having all this to give away every year! And think of such a family preferring to save all up and to get richer! Very rich men in a State are only tolerable when they make a conspicuously great and noble use of their wealth.

THERE is published in Liverpool an excellent little paper called the *Clerk's Journal*. I do not think it is taken in by the Library, but it might be useful to us. I learn, for instance, from this paper that the number of clerks in the country has increased of late years far beyond the increased demand. In the year 1871 there were about 126,000; in 1881 about 244,000; in 1888 there were 320,000. The number, therefore, in seventeen years, has a good deal more than doubled. The trade of the country during the same period has increased by one-third. It is obvious, therefore, that there must be about 150,000 clerks too many. This is a large army to think of, and a very melancholy out-at-elbows body the unfortunate 150,000 must be. One would seriously advise parents to consider these facts, and not to swell this army if anything else can be found. Unhappily, the son of a clerk will become a clerk; he will not condescend to learn a trade: worse still, he will not qualify himself for more than the elementary part of his calling, a good handwriting and a knowledge of arithmetic. Now, if a young man insists on becoming a clerk, and would succeed in his clerkery, it is necessary that he should learn much more. He must learn shorthand, which he can acquire with the greatest ease between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, and he must learn at least one foreign language.

IF with the experience of a grey beard I were going to become a clerk, I would learn one of the languages least

generally learned, and therefore likely to become most useful: Spanish, for instance, or Portuguese, or Italian, or Swedish. There is considerable trade with these countries, and a young man able to conduct correspondence in Spanish, Italian, or Portuguese, might find himself in clover. Now, in order to learn a language—still speaking with the grey beard wisdom—I should not trouble at first much about the grammar. I should take in a newspaper in that language, and with the aid of a dictionary, I should read that paper every day, getting to know all the words. Nothing like a newspaper to teach the words, but all must be read, advertisements, stock markets, everything. There are many thousands of words in every language, but the knowledge of a few hundred is generally sufficient to give the clue to the rest which are derived from these few hundreds. Grammar may be taken little by little: the great thing is to learn the words, and for that purpose there is nothing in the world, I repeat, like a newspaper.

A PHILOSOPHER tells me that it is not the least use advising or trying to help people, because those who are going up will help themselves, and those who are going down, he adds, will sink whatever we say. Perhaps. The majority of us care very little for anything beyond the day's enjoyment; therefore the majority go steadily down, only kept in civilization by the exigencies of the climate, which compels a certain amount of work for food, shelter, and clothes. Now in tropical countries—in Hayti, for instance—everything grows if you just tickle the earth, and nobody wants any clothes to speak of, and shelter can be got with a few big leaves and a pole or two; therefore no one does any work at all, and man sinks down to his lowest. Here, my friend says, we have the singular spectacle of many millions who have got a certain way up the tree—because they were forced by hunger—and there they stick, because they are too lazy to climb any higher. Therefore, he says, what is the good of advising or trying to help? There seems some truth in it. Technical classes, for instance, which are designed to help the workman, and to make him able to compete with his foreign rival, are not crowded, and there is no great rush for those arts and sciences whereby an ambitious young man may raise himself. Can we start a Club of Ambition in the Palace? Only those should be eligible who mean to make the best of themselves. It might prove a great success.

I MADE a mistake the other day, for which I have to apologize. I said, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, asking for books for the Library, that there was no place at the East End where a man could sit down for an evening's quiet in a library except the Palace. I received a letter from the Librarian of the Bethnal Green Free Library, asking me if I knew of that Institution. I had heard of it, but I thought it was a little insignificant place. However, I went to see it, and I found a very beautiful library of many thousand volumes stowed away in two or three convenient rooms. There was a fair number of readers sitting quietly over their books. The place holds a hundred readers. It is, therefore, very much smaller than the Palace Library, whither the hundred and first visitor had better make his way. My best thanks are due to the Assistant Librarian for his courtesy in showing me the place, and my humble apologies to the Library itself for ignoring its very respectable existence.

I WROTE this letter some weeks ago. It has produced a response of many hundreds of books, for which the thanks of the Library Committee are here most gratefully presented. Will readers of *The Palace Journal* also remember the Library? We have a Boys Library for the school, as well as the Public Library. We want also a Circulating Library. We want, besides, dictionaries, grammars, text-books, etc., in all languages. For instance: I have just recommended young men to learn a foreign language. Yet, without consulting the Librarian, I doubt whether we could furnish a Student with the materials for learning Spanish, Portuguese, Russian or Swedish.

THE other day, the sun shining and the sky clear, I paid a visit to a part of London I had never before seen. It is not far from the Palace, and I daresay many of the Members come from the place. I found there an old church, venerable in spite of many disfigurements and restorations. Its tower, which is 75 feet high, is square, with an angle turret and battlemented: it was built, I suppose, in the fifteenth century. The nave of the church is very ancient, but the east end is modern and of brick. The north aisle is ancient, but the south aisle is of the last century, very ugly. It is the church of the ancient parish of West Ham. This was a parish and a village

## Society and Club Notes.

### LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The Thursday evening concerts of the above Club were resumed last week, when a goodly number of Members were present, chiefly to see the dramatic performance, which concluded the concert. The comedieta entitled "Is Marriage a Failure?" written by our worthy sub-Editor, was ably rendered by Miss Elstob and Mr. Reeve, and was well received. The musical portion of the programme included songs from Miss Slater, who was encored, Messrs. Laundry, Hawkins, Alvarez, and Thomas, and a pianoforte selection by Miss Valentine, who deserves great praise for her excellent playing; Mrs. Mellish accompanied.

M. MELLISH.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—MR. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, January 22nd.—The first field day of the Session for our amateur legislators. Printed copies of the Crofters' Bill were in the hands of the "M.P.'s," the grave digestion of the contents of which gave the House quite a Westminsterian aspect. Several questions were put to the Ministry, amongst them being one respecting the persecution of the Jews in Russia, various Members of the Opposition being desirous that this country should take up cudgels on their behalf—the Government, however, was not to be drawn. In reply to a question, the President of the Local Government Board (Mr. W. H. Brown) gave a statement as to the condition of Lord Salisbury's London property, and his attempted disparagement of his Lordship caused the Opposition to squirm like speared eels; they evidently regarded his Lordship's honour as their own. Yet they ought, in common fairness, to hear Government statements to the end, and not appeal to the Speaker on purely technical grounds; probably such appeals are made on account of the President's knack of cutting his opponents to the quick. Notices of questions to the Government respecting Egyptian Policy, Germany and Samoa, the Merchandize Marks Act, and Sir R. Morier, were given, and the Civil List Bill was then read a first time. The Premier (Mr. Ive) then rose to move the second reading of the Crofters' Bill, and gave an eloquent speech of thirty-five minutes' duration; he was especially eloquent upon the question of "seaweed," the House being surprised that eloquence was possible from such a subject. The Macs of the Highlands have a champion in the Leader of the House. The hon. members for South Kensington (Mr. Ring) and St. George's East (Mr. Jolly) continued the debate, discoursing upon seaweed from an opposite view to the Premier, and the adjournment of the debate was then agreed to.—Up to the present the Government has come off with flying colours in the House; it has been in power two months, and no real attempt has yet been made to upset the coach. The party of "glorious, pious, and immortal memories" is not in a very good way just now; supporters, please note. The Government is also in want of two talented gentlemen for the Cabinet: aspirants, please call at the House next Tuesday.—Order of the day for 5th prox.—The Crofters' Bill. The Leader of the Opposition (Mr. Hawkins) will move "That in the opinion of this House any such legislation as this Bill will be highly mischievous, and as such should be rejected by this House."—In answer to inquiries ladies are welcome to attend the debates, although, unfortunately, the House will not permit me to enrol them as "M.P.'s."

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

### EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—To Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum.—Members may meet for practice every evening from 7 p.m. in the East ante-room; entrance through the Library. Club scoring nights Tuesday and Saturday.—A match in the Junior Metropolitan Clubs Competition against the Polytechnic will be played to-morrow (Thursday) evening, at their Rooms, 309, Regent Street, at 7.30. The nearest station on the Metropolitan Railway is Portland Road, from which an omnibus can be obtained to Regent Circus.—The Cup Competition and Handicap Tourney are making steady progress; other Sections can be arranged to play if Members give in their names at once.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

### BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

A General Meeting of this Club was held on Friday last. The Chairman announced the intention of the Committee to hold the following races during the season, which commences on March 9th, viz.:—One, Five, Ten, Fifteen, and Twenty-five Miles' Handicap, and Ten Mile Championship, also a Garden Party, to be held shortly. Mr. Glover was elected Handicapper for the season 1889.—The Secretary will attend in the Secretaries' Room, this evening (Wednesday), and next Wednesday, February 6th, from 8.30 to 9.30 p.m., to receive subscriptions for the forthcoming season. Intending Members must produce Palace Members' ticket for this quarter.

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

before Stratford was heard of; it had a market granted in the year 1253, and there used to be an annual fair of five days, discontinued I know not when. The church stood in the midst of the village, and a hundred years ago it was surrounded by great houses with goodly gardens—belonging to rich City merchants who loved the country air and the fertility of these low-lying lands. Some of these merchants are buried in the church where their monuments still stand. One is to the memory of Sir Thomas Foot, Lord Mayor of London, 1650: he is represented in his robes. Another Lord Mayor, Sir James Smyth, has a monument. And there are slabs to three Sir Robert Smyths, Baronets. A few of the great houses still remain, their gardens built over. At the back of the church is a row of almshouses, pleasant to look upon: there is an avenue of trees in the churchyard: and although the village has become a great town and the gardens are now built over and covered with streets and factories, there is about the church and churchyard a flavour of antiquity which is pleasant. One can picture the merchants in their great wigs, brown coats, lace ruffles and silver buckles, walking with dignity to church. A little way from the church is the park, which, of course, everybody at the Palace knows: and a prettier "bit" than the corner where Mr. Gurney's garden once lay can hardly be found elsewhere. I hope the people of West Ham will not forget, in their modern grandeur of a borough, their ancient glories as a village.

EDITOR.

## Palace and Institute Notes.

THE PARIS TRIP.—I would remind all Members and Students that weekly instalments may be paid to Mr. A. E. Were, at the Technical Schools' Enquiry Office. Names of intending excursionists should be given in at once, as the vacancies are rapidly filling up. Arrangements have also been made to take over to Paris, during the last week in July, a party of lady Members and Students. Terms as before—£2 10s. per week.

On Monday evening, the 11th February, Mr. R. Mitchell will give a Dioramic Lecture in the Queen's Hall, illustrative of a "Trip to Paris." Admission 2d.

In consequence of the success attending the Ambulance Classes (for men), Dr. Stoker, I hear, has kindly consented to commence a course for women only, on the termination of the present course. Full particulars will be issued shortly.

To meet the demands of the Students attending Mr. Jackson's Monday class, it has been arranged to form another class on Tuesday evenings, from 6 till 10 p.m. An early application for class tickets is requested; fee 5s. per quarter.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the "Constable Fund" do not arrive so freely as could be wished. This week's list shows a very poor result. My suggestion last week that each particular club should make a collection independently, has met with some favour—the Dramatic Club coming to the front; and I am assured that the other clubs and societies have resolved to "do likewise"; so perhaps next week the list may be more encouraging. I would again point out that *urgent necessity* is sought to be provided for; and that contributions, however small, will be cheerfully acknowledged. Mr. W. Marshall is the treasurer: and any donations handed to me—as has already been the case—will be deposited with him, and duly acknowledged. The result so far:—

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged ...	2	18	6
Mr. W. Besant ... ..	...	0	5
Dramatic Club ... ..	...	0	8
H. G. ... ..	...	0	1

MR. J. STANLEY LITTLE, a frequent contributor to *The Palace Journal*, has, I see, just issued a new novel, entitled "Doubt." It is illustrated by Mr. Maurice Greifenhagen, the brilliant young artist who illustrated Rider Haggard's "She," and J. Strange Winter's latest work. A brochure, on Mr. Little's favourite subject, Federation, called "A Vision of Empire," from the same pen, will be published shortly.

THE Social given by the Choral Society on Saturday evening last, was certainly one of the most enjoyable yet given at the Palace. The Lecture Hall was comfortably full; and the songs contributed by Miss Wakefield and the other ladies and gentlemen were all that could be desired. Among the guests were Mr. Bradley, Miss Marion Terry (sister to "Lady Macbeth"), and Miss Bradley. Mr. Laundry efficiently em-ceed'd the entertainment.

SUB-ED.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.  
Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDRY, Hon. Sec.; Mr. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

On Saturday last our second Soirée was held in the Lecture Hall, and proved even a greater success than our first. The Hall was crowded with the Members and their friends—with Lady Brooke and Miss Bradley as guests. A good selection of dances were gone through, our singing quadrilles being a decided success, and thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Some excellent songs were rendered between the dances, the following ladies and gentlemen kindly obliging:—The Misses Davies, B. Laundry, E. M. Laundry, Litoun, Reynolds, Mr. Chatterton, and Miss Wakefield. We are also indebted to Lady Brooke, Mr. Bradley, and several other ladies and gentlemen, for their very kind assistance at the piano.—Members must please note the change in the places for rehearsal. The Friday rehearsal will take place in the Lecture Hall, in future, at 8 p.m., and not in the Music-room as hitherto. Tuesday rehearsal as usual, 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 TECHNICAL SCHOOLS' ATHLETIC CLUB.

SCHOOLS v. JUNIOR SECTION.—Played at Wanstead, and, after a very pleasant game, ended in a defeat for the Juniors by eight goals to nil. Team:—Bohr (goal); Phillips, Bersey (backs); Blackwell, Courtney (Capt.), Clement (half-backs); McCardle Griffith, Langdon, Souden (forwards).

F. MCCARDLE, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Unfortunately the Literary Society were unable to hold their intended Social on Friday last, but an impromptu smoking-concert was improvised, at which Messrs. De Ritter, Alvarez, Ironmonger, Auerbach, Cutmore, Fosh, Clenshaw, Asser, Dormer, Lishawe, and Hawkins obliged. We wish to apologise to those ladies who were necessarily disappointed. We hope shortly to give the date to which our Social has been postponed.—We have arranged for a lecture by Mr. Cooper on "A Visit to Shakespeare's Birthplace," on the 15th February, to which all Members of the Palace are heartily invited.

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

## BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Twenty Members and two visitors from the Tower Rowing and Athletic Club, turned out from head-quarters, the "Forest Gate Hotel," on Saturday last, and had a most enjoyable spin over about six miles of genuine cross country. After the run there was a mile run-in for novices—for a silver medal presented by the Secretary—in which about fourteen Members, who had never won a prize, took part, and after a good race resulted in a win for H. Johnson. A short description of the race is as follows:—The men were lined up a mile from home and on the word "go" being given Johnson went off with the lead, being very closely followed by J. B. Northmore, P. M. Albrecht, and E. Taylor, this quartet keeping close company for about a quarter of a mile. Johnson then began to draw away, followed by Northmore, who continued to run a few yards behind Johnson until three parts of the distance was covered, when the leader began to increase the gap, and Northmore made a desperate and final effort to overtake him, but it proved useless, as Johnson, who was running very strongly, maintained his lead to the finish, ultimately winning by about twenty yards, a similar distance being between Northmore and Taylor, who finished as named.—Besides the usual Tuesday evening runs, special runs are being held every Thursday from head-quarters for the team selected to represent the Club at the forthcoming North of the Thames meet—when we hope that every Member will do his best to turn up.—Next Saturday is an ordinary run, to which visitors will be made most heartily welcome.—Tickets are going remarkably well for the Second Cinderella Dance of the Club which takes place on Saturday, February 9th, at the Assembly Rooms, Cottage Grove, Bow.—It is hoped that every Member of the Club will enter for the "Club Fours," to take place on Saturday, March 30th, in lieu of the Paper Chase; and the Secretary will be glad if those Members who intend to enter will give their names in at once.

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

The smoking-concerts in connection with this Club will be continued to-morrow (Thursday), at 8.30; tickets to be had from H. W. Byard, C. A. Bowman, and from

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—Staff-Sergeant H. H. BURDETT.

Members of the Gymnasium are requested to attend one night at least during next week, as Sergt. Burdett wishes to examine every Member and reform the Squads.—Leaders' meeting, Monday, February 11th, at 8 o'clock.

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The next meeting of the Club will take place on Friday, February 1st, at 8 o'clock, in Room 12, when Mr. W. J. Downing has kindly promised to read a paper on "Photography by Flash Light."—Any lady or gentleman wishing to become Members of the Club can obtain full information by applying to the Secretary.

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

## MEMBERS' SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

The Monthly Meeting will be held next Monday, February 4th, at 8.30 sharp. Business will be greatly facilitated by Representatives giving notice of resolutions, etc., to be placed before the Committee; an Agenda can then be prepared for each Member. The Institute Representatives' Badges can be obtained the same evening.—The Members' Saturday Concerts will be resumed next Saturday in the new Music-room; lady Members are cordially invited.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

## BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

President - - - Sir Edmund Hay Currie.  
Chairman - - - Arthur Legge.

## Patrons.

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. Dr. Charles Dundas Grant,  
L. Alma Tadema, R.A. L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.  
Dr. H. T. Barton, L.S.A., Lond. J. Dewson Kemp, Esq.  
Percy Forge, Esq. F. J. W. Dellow, Esq.  
George Howell, Esq., M.P. Charles Jarmach, Esq.  
F. Wootton Isaacson, Esq., M.P.

The Monthly Exhibition of sketches will be held on Monday, the 11th February. Sketches intended for the exhibition to be left at the Bookstall, Technical School-buildings. The subjects are as under:—

Figure .. .. "The lover; sighing like furnace,  
with a woful ballad made to  
his mistress' eyebrow."  
Landscape .. .. Optional.  
Marine .. .. A Sunny Day.  
Design .. .. Back of a Playing Card.  
Still Life .. .. A Study.

We have pleasure to announce that F. J. W. Dellow, Esq. (one of the Trustees), has consented to become a Patron of the Club.

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

A party of thirty-three Members of the above Club visited Dr. Barnardo's Home for Destitute Boys, at Stepney Causeway, on Saturday last, and were conducted round the Institute by Mr. Anderson. The various rooms, comprising dormitories, dining hall, gymnasium, lavatory, swimming-bath and the kitchen, which is splendidly fitted with cooking apparatus, were remarkable for cleanliness and order. When the four hundred boys, who are resident here, pass the school standards they are placed in workshops and apprenticed to the following trades:—Boot, Brush, Carpentering, Tailoring, etc. They also have the opportunity of continuing their studies in the evening, or recreation in the library and reading-room. When they have passed through their apprenticeship they are either sent to Canada or put out as improvers; and should the annual report continue favourable at the end of three years, each is presented with a silver watch. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Anderson, who, in reply, said that no doubt we should have found it more interesting had we seen the boys engaged in their work.—The Members are reminded that on Friday next the Second Soirée Dansante will be held in No. 2 Room, commencing at 8 o'clock precisely. And also that, by kind permission of the Lord Mayor, we visit the Mansion House on Saturday next. Members will please meet in Walbrook at 3.15 p.m.—The Committee have decided to open a Club subscription list for the Shaw-Constable Fund, and the Secretaries will be most happy to receive contributions for the same.

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Monday, 21st, we gave our first Display and Novices' Competition, which proved an unqualified success; all available space being seized upon by an enthusiastic audience. The proceedings commenced with the ten-stone competition, B. S. Cayzer and A. Watts being the first two to appear before the audience. Both are fairly strong, Cayzer having, perhaps, a slight advantage. After three very good rounds, Cayzer, who had more science than his opponent, was declared the winner. S. Deane and C. J. Funnell were the next to enter the ring. Deane is much taller and heavier than his opponent, and was adjudged the victor, having had hard work, however, to win this verdict. T. A. Sniders and C. Bowman now came on; and this proved a more evenly matched spar. Bowman has not sparred for some months past, and was, therefore, hardly in a fit condition to contest against such a strong opponent as Sniders. Both went to work in first-rate style, in fact, so briskly did they start, that towards the end of each round, they were both too much puffed to do each other much damage, and at the end of the last, and, perhaps, the stiffest round of all, Sniders was declared the winner. This finished the first heats of the ten-stone competition, and the first two competitors in the nine-stone entered the ring. These were E. Mitchell and W. Dumble. Mitchell is very much lighter and more nimble than his opponent, and when rather too close to the heavier man, would duck and appear on the side, giving perhaps a blow or two before his opponent could turn. At the end, E. Mitchell was declared the winner. Fairweather and Brierly now followed into the ring. Brierly is thick-set and strongly made, and set about his man in a most determined manner. Fairweather is far lighter, and his blows would not fall a third as heavy as Brierly's. In the middle of the second round, Fairweather, seeing the uselessness of continuing the struggle against an opponent so much the heavier, very wisely withdrew. Whilst this spar was being fought out on the public stage, H. Deane sparred a very good bye with the Instructor, who kept him smartly at work. To continue the Novices' Competition, Cayzer sparred a bye, while S. Deane and F. A. Sniders sparred in the ring. This was another good spar, but S. Deane, who, indeed, has not been up to the mark for some months past, was no match for Sniders, who gained the verdict of the Judge. E. Mitchell and H. Deane now entered the ring for the nine-stone competition, while Brierly sparred a bye with the Club Instructor. This proved a most interesting spar, as the victory might have been adjudged to either up to the last moment. The Judge, however, considered Mitchell the winner, although this verdict was not received with the same amount of approval as the rest had been. Cayzer and Sniders now appeared for the final heat, and each set to work in good earnest, intent on winning the medal, Cayzer forcing the pace perhaps more than Sniders who, although throwing plenty of vigour into his sparring, yet seemed to be keeping himself in reserve. This presently proved to be the case, for getting Cayzer near the ropes, he set to work so vigorously that Cayzer saw there was no chance and very wisely gave in. Brierly and Mitchell now faced one another for the final of the nine-stone competition, but it was evident from the first that the former was much too heavy for his man. Mitchell, however, soon showed that he had no intention of allowing his opponent a walk-over, and avoiding all close encounters skipped about him in the most nimble way, seizing every opportunity of putting in a blow. When, however, Brierly succeeded in bringing his opponent to close quarters, he punished him severely, and after, perhaps, the best spar in either of the competitions, Brierly was declared the winner. After the first heats of the two competitions, two of our friends from the Poly. gave us some exhibition boxing, and their exercise was followed by Messrs. T. G. Walker and A. M. Westley, Assist.-Instructor and Vice-Captain respectively of the Myddleton B.C., Messrs. T. J. McNeil (Amateur Feather-weight Champion, 1888) and J. W. Rampling (R.V.A.A.C.), and Messrs. H. J. King (Heavy Weight Champion, 1888) and R. Deardsley (St. James's A.C.). Staff-Sergeant H. H. Burdett and Mr. D. M. Nelson then showed us fencing as it should be, and made us all eager to get to the Gymnasium and do likewise, if that were possible. Our Director also showed us some of his feats in swordsmanship, such as cutting with the sword a thick bar of lead and a silk handkerchief, cutting a potato in two on the open palm, also on the neck of a nice little boy, who at first pretended to be perfectly aghast at the idea of having to bend his head, and who jumped off the stage and darted away, but was soon collared by Mr. Nelson. Another fine exhibition was that by Professor McCaffery, with Indian clubs. Messrs. H. Furze (North London B.C.) and M. Enwright (winner of G.G.S. Light Weight, 1888), Messrs. J. Callard (G.G.S. Feather Weight, 1888) and G. Josephs (Vice-Captain of the P.P.A.B.C., and R.V.A.A.C.), Messrs. Perkins (Cestus B.C.) and H. King (Belsize B.C.), Messrs. J. Lawrence (R.V.A.A.C.) and J. Lawrence (winner of Bantam Weight, G.G.S., 1888), also obliged with exhibitions of boxing. The Captain of our Club, A. Bowman, and our Instructor, Professor W. Dowdell, had three good rounds, and a fitting termination to the whole was the distribution, by Sir Edmund Currie, of the medals to the winners—T. A. Sniders and J. Brierly.

We should like to thank those Palace Members who so kindly helped to sell tickets and otherwise assisted us; and to state that we shall both be in the Secretaries' Room, Social-rooms, on Friday

and Saturday next, to settle for all tickets sold.—All information regarding the Club will be given by the Hon. Secs., who will also be happy to enrol new Members any Tuesday or Friday.

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

## THE CRICKET CLUB SMOKER.\*

I must confess that when, to save the sub-editorial corporation, I was ordered off to Room No. 12, on Friday, January 11th, I felt rather ill-used. Such an evening of cold and slush I shall not forget in a hurry, and even the promise (not yet fulfilled, by the way) of a new waterproof coat and umbrella did not put me in my usual good humour. Twelve months ago nobody knew who the People's Palace Cricket Club were, but to-day they are recognised as one of the rising clubs in East London. Cricket is not in my sphere. Of course the Palace Club must have a "smoker"—all first-class clubs have one—but as some of the Members are either poets or musicians, that was not difficult. The selection of the material was not so easy, but with the assistance of three gentlemen from the Queen's Hall, who were singing there; and, to complete matters, Messrs. Fosh and Bromley very kindly presided at the piano. And what a night we had! There were no programmes, but everything went on smoothly under the chairmanship of the worthy captain, Mr. Carter. I am afraid you have no room for many details, and all the singers were so much above the average, that indeed, I scarcely like to mention any in particular. The Members themselves opened the concert with several songs, and if they can play cricket as well as they can sing, I tell you the East End Cup will soon be in Mr. Carter's possession. Mr. Arnold gave a rollicking rendering of "Who killed Cockney Warren?" which brought a decided encore. Mr. Knight gave us a good laugh with his first song, and his encore song, "Give what you can," etc., was very quaint. Mr. A. Weston warbled "My Sweetheart when a Boy," delighting everyone; and Mr. Alfred Griere made a great hit in his rendering of "The Village Blacksmith"; then Mr. A. Weston and Mr. Alfred Griere followed with Balfe's beautiful duet, "Excelsior," bringing down the house. Mr. A. Weston again obliged with a very pretty Scotch song, "Mary of Argyle." The fact is everything was so good that I am quite struck for adjectives. I cannot help mentioning the excellent management throughout, no hitches or delays occurred, and everything was brought to a pleasant end just at the time Forbes Mackenzie demands. I was sorry to hear of so many broken promises by friends, who were evidently frightened by the weather; but let me whisper, "they never were missed," and had they come I don't know where they could have been put in the programme. My only fellow-travellers were Mr. Q., and Mr. Charles, who, I think, enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Altogether, as I said at first, I felt somewhat ill-used at being sent, but am now thankful for the job. We all had a rare good night, and when the next "smoker" of the People's Palace Cricket Club comes off, I hope an invitation will be sent to our

WANDERING MINSTREL.

\*Delayed owing to pressure on space.—SUB-ED.]

**Power of Electricity.**—One of the most interesting of the modern applications of the power of electricity is its use for lighthouses and beacons. In some cases it has proved entirely unsuited to the purpose. Thus the immense iron structure erected at Hell Gate has proved practically worthless, and is now altogether abandoned, the reason being that the heavy shadows accompanying the electric light more than neutralized the illumination of the light itself. Some complaint has also been made lately of the bewildering effect of the beautiful arc of electric lights on the Brooklyn Bridge. But where the object is simply to throw the strongest possible light for the greatest possible distance the electric light has already proven signally efficient, and its use will doubtless be extended. The other day the papers on this side of the Atlantic reported that the most brilliant artificial light ever displayed was put into operation in the recently completed St. Catherine's Lighthouse at the southern extremity of the Isle of Wight. It has an illuminating power of 700,000 candles. Some idea of its brilliance is afforded by the fact that the lantern it replaces—and which was, in the days gone by, considered a powerful light—was of only 730 candle-power. It is curious to reflect that this mighty danger-signal is the direct and legitimate descendant of the beacon on the hill-top, and has its successive stages of development in the cradle of live coals on the watch-tower, the "tallow-candles, three to the pound," of Winstanley's Eddy-stone, the flat wick lamp, and the comparatively recent products of science in the shape of concentric wick-lamps and lenses, and paraboloidal reflectors. We wonder to-day at such achievements as the new St. Catherine's light. Perhaps, however, our descendants will illuminate the more frequented sea-routes as we light our streets—great buoys, bearing powerful electric lights upon them, might be sown broadcast around the coasts, with the electricity they need generated by the action of the tides—and will marvel that we could have been content to let the great ships blunder on to the rocks or against each other for the lack of so simple a precaution.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITAL AND CONCERT, TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1889. Musical Director, Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

ORGAN RECITAL, 7-8. ORGANIST - - - Mr. F. W. BELCHAMBER (Organist and Director of Choir, All Saints', Knightsbridge). 1. Toccata and Fugue in D minor ... Bach. 2. Morceau de Concert ... Guilmant. Introduction—Theme, with Variations—and Finale. 3. Selection—"Lucia di Lammermoor" ... Donizetti. 4. Grand March—"Tannhauser" ... Wagner.

AT 8 O'CLOCK, GAUL'S SACRED CANTATA, "RUTH."

CHARACTERS: Ruth ... Mrs. HELEN TRUST. Naomi ... Miss ANNIE DWELLEY. Orpah ... Miss WILLOUGHBY. Boaz ... Mr. WILFRID CUNLIFFE. Elders, Handmaidens, Reapers, etc., etc.

THE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIR (Rural Deanery of Stepney Branch, assisted by the City Branch). Conductor, Mr. GEORGE HARE. Organist, Mr. F. W. BELCHAMBER. Pianist, Miss MANCHEE. Hon. Secretary, Mr. ARTHUR J. B. MAGGS.

PART I. SORROW.

In the Country of Moab, and on the road to Bethlehem. CHORUS. A grievous famine smote the land, And chaste'd Judah's children sore; It was the Lord's divine command That earth her fruits should yield no more! O praise the Lord! He knoweth best When peace and plenty to accord; To Him all things are manifest. O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord! And now to Him it seemeth good Again to send His people bread; And where of late gaunt famine stood Sweet Plenty riseth up her head! O praise the Lord! He knoweth best When peace and plenty to accord; To Him all things are manifest. O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!

RECIT. AND AIR.—Naomi. Now go your ways, my daughters well-beloved; Return ye each unto your mother's house; The Lord deal kindly with ye, as ye both Have dealt with those departed, and with me. O gracious Lord, cast down Thine eyes Upon Thy servant here, And grant me strength thro' life's brief length My earthly woes to bear. It hath seem'd well, Almighty God, That I should chaste'd be; But O I would not stay the rod, For all is known to Thee! If by the way I faint and fall, Of burdens sore complain, Desert me not, but strength allot, That I may rise again! And when my life on earth is o'er, Have mercy, Lord, on me, And let me dwell for evermore In Paradise with Thee!

CHORAL RECIT. They lifted up their voice and wept again, For grief and sorrow dwelt within their hearts. TRIO.—Naomi, Orpah, and Ruth. Naomi. Farewell! the hour has come for parting! Farewell! love's link must break at last! Heed not the truant teardrops starting; They do but greet the mirror'd past!

Orpah. "Farewell!" the word is all unspoken; "Farewell!" it cannot yet be said! For O our hearts will then be broken, And peace for ever from us fled!

Ruth. Alas! and must we from thee sever? Alas! our souls are wrung with pain! O say not it must be for ever, But soon our lives will join again! Naomi. Alas! my soul is fill'd with sorrow, Alas! to part is bitter pain; Yet comfort from this promise borrow, In heaven we shall meet again Farewell! Ah, no! Farewell! Ah, no! Ye may no more beside me stay! O we will cleave to one another! Alas! It may not be—away!

SOLO.—Ruth. Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

CHORUS. Speak! art thou that Naomi, daughter, Who left us when famine was here? When streams were despoil'd of their water, And earth was all barren and sere? Yea! thou art the one who departed With husband and sons in the past; Say, why art thou sorrowful-hearted Now home thou art welcom'd at last?

RECIT.—Naomi. Call me not Naomi, For grief and woe are mine; The Lord hath dealt full bitterly, It was His will divine! I went out full from Bethlehem, All empty come I now, Yet to the high God's just decree My head I humbly bow.

CHORUS. Weep no more, for we will cheer thee! Weep no more, but dry thine eyes! To our hearts we will endure thee! From thy sorrow, daughter, rise! Weep no more, the Lord will aid thee, He ne'er faileth in distress; Bygone woes have only made thee Fitter for new happiness! Weep no more! O weep no more!

PART II. JOY.

In the harvest field, at the abode of Naomi, and at the Gate of Bethlehem.

CHORUS OF REAPERS. See! the golden rays of morning Now the meadows are adorning; Earth is from all gloomy shadows, Born of sombre Night, releas'd! O'er the crest of distant mountain, O'er the brook and bubbling fountain, Gleam anew the waking sunbeams: Day appears within the East! While the pearly dewdrops glisten To the cornfields let us hasten, There with songs of praise to lighten Hours that are ordain'd for toil; Blithely we will do our reaping, Still within our mem'ry keeping Thoughts of Him who, in His mercy Giveth us the fruitful soil! See! the morn, with pointed finger, Biddeth us no longer linger, Warneth 'tis the time for labour Golden stems of corn among. To the fields then let us hasten While the pearly dewdrops glisten, There the hours of toil to lighten With thanksgiving and with song!

CHORAL RECIT. Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, whose name was Boaz.

AIR.—Ruth. Let me hie unto the field Where the reapers reap the corn; Scatter'd ears the ground will yield, Fallen since the dewy morn. Kindly hearts I there may find— Hearts that will not this deny, Having gath'rd from the soil Wealth that others cast away.

AIR.—Boaz. Mid the drooping sheaves to glean Let me now, I pray thee, go; Where the reaper's scythe hath been Ears of golden corn lie low. Homeward, then, with yellow spoil, I shall haste at close of day, Having gath'rd from the soil Wealth that others cast away.

RECIT.—Naomi. Go, my daughter, and may thy gleanings prosper; May plenty cross thy footsteps, and thy heart. When thou returnest home, be fill'd with joy That dieth not to-day, but liveth on Till thou from early scenes art call'd away.

CHORAL RECIT. Why have I found grace in thine eyes, O my lord? Why should'st thou take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger? Past all knowledge Is the kindness Thou dost show, my lord, to me; I am lowly, And thy favour All unmerited must be! There are many More deserving, There are many—I am least,— Yet thy bounty, Gracious master, Bids me join thy maidens' feast!

RECIT.—Boaz. I know the goodly deeds that thou hast done, O my daughter! And the Lord God of Israel, Under whose wings thou art come to trust, Shall give thee full reward!

CHORAL RECIT. So she glean'd in the field until even, And beat out that she had gleaned; Then went she up to the city, And her heart was fill'd with joy.

DUET.—Naomi and Ruth. Naomi. With joyous heart I greet thee home, O daughter, for thy hour has come! No more thy weary lot shall be To dwell, and weep, and wail with me!

Ruth. With joyous heart thy cheek I press, O mother, full of tenderness; But, tho' we part, I still shall be A daughter evermore to thee

3. PART SONG ... "Spring Song" ... Henry Smart. THE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIR.

Long has been the winter; long, long in vain We've sought the bud upon the bough, the primrose in the lane; Long have skies been dull and gray, nipping's been the blast; But sing, summer's coming! The bee's out at last. Sing, winter's flying, summer's coming fast, Humming joy and springtime. The bee's out at last. Loud shouts the cuckoo the nested elm around, Wheels the rook, cawing, there are shadows on the ground; Warm comes the breeze, and soft, freezing days are past. Then sing, summer's coming! The bee's out at last. Sing, winter's flying, summer's coming fast, Humming joy and springtime. The bee's out at last.

4. SONGS ... (a) "The Young Rose" ... J. Ward. (b) "A June Song" ... M. Carmichael. Mrs. HELEN TRUST. (a) "The Young Rose."

The young rose which I gave thee so dewy and light, Was the flow'ret most dear to the swasion bird of night, Who oft by the moonlight o'er her blushes hath hung, And thrilled every leaf with the wild lay he sang, Oh! take then this young rose, and let her life be Prolonged by the breath she will borrow from thee. For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill, She'll think the sweet night bird is courting her still. (b) "A June Song."

Sing! sing me a song that is fit for to-day! Sing me a song of the sunshine, a warm sweet lay, Blue larkspur, and bold white daises, odour of hay, Breathe! breathe into music a summer-day tune, Learn of the bloom-heavy breezes and honey of noon, Full of the scent, and the glow, and the passion of June, You shall sit in shadow to learn it, just under the trees, You shall let the wind kiss you and fan you and hark to the bees, You shall live in the love-laden present and dream at your ease, And skylarks shall trill all in concert, up, up in the blue, And the bees and the lazy-winged butterfly dance to it, too, While you sing me a song of the summer that's ancient and new.

5. SONG ... "The Toreador's Song" (Carmen) ... Bizet. Mr. WILFRED CUNLIFFE.

Sirs, your toast a courteous answer claiming, I lift my glass to soldiers gay and bold; Toreros like you, with courage flaming, Thrill with joy when they combats behold. See the circus throng'd with crowds of people, The seats are filled above and below; Loud bells ring out from every steeple, All the world has come to the show. Hark! what shouting, what frenzied voices! When the bull flies out with angry roar; Ah! 'tis then the Torero rejoices, Look out! beware! look out! Ah! Toreador, now guard thee! Bear thou in mind when combat thee elates Bright eyes fondly regard thee, For thee a fond heart waits, Suddenly there comes a silence, Ah! what has happened now? All hearts are beating high! 'Tis a mighty bull comes rushing out of the Torie. See, he flies, his foe he reaches— Down goes a gallant horse, With him goes a Picador, "Ah! bravo, Torero!" shout the people. On goes the bull, now here, now there, raging, he flies, And madden'd by the banderillos, In frenzy wild he fights, the circus streams with gore; Many, see, for safety climb the fences! Now then, Toreador, 'tis time! prepare! beware! Ah! Toreador, etc.

6. PART SONG "O Gladsome Light" (Evening Hymn) ... Sullivan. THE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIR.

O gladsome light of the Father immortal, And of the celestial, sacred, and blessed Jesus our Saviour! Now to the sunset again hast Thou brought us, And seeing the evening twilight, we bless Thee, praise Thee, adore Thee. Father, Omnipotent! Son, the Life-giver! Spirit, the Comforter! Worthy at all times of worship and wonder.

7. VIOLIN SOLOS ... (a) Gondoliera ... F. Ries. (b) Gigue ... L. d'Egville. Miss CECILIA GATES.

8. SONG ... "At Twenty Years" ... Henry Klein. Miss ANNIE DWELLEY.

O let them glide on life's full rushing stream, O let them hope, and dream the golden dream; Quell not their hearts, nor hush their joyous laugh, Their cup of sweets, in mercy let them quaff! Who knows of clouds, of doubts, of haunting fears, At twenty years! What if the stormy deep await the stream? What if the cold, gray dawn dispel the dream? What if their songs may die away in sighs? And welling tears bedim the wistful eyes? Leave them to love dear life as it appears— At twenty years! Their souls are bathed in golden summer light; Cloud not their sky, nor tell of coming night, Ah! let them cull the fragrant flowers of youth, The time will come, full soon enough in sooth, To count their thorns and measure up their tears, In twenty years!

9. GLEE ... "Sleep, Gentle Lady" ... Sir H. R. Bishop. THE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIR.

Sleep, gentle lady, the flowers are closing, The very winds and waves reposing, O, may our soft and soothing numbers Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers. Peace be around thee, lady bright, Sleep while we sing good-night, good-night; O, may our soft and soothing numbers Wrap thee in sweeter slumbers.

Naomi and Ruth. Farewell, my (daughter) dear, farewell! May joy upon thy pathways fall! May peace beside thee ever dwell, The gift of God, the Lord of all.

Naomi. Go, cleave to him who is thy lord; His heart with gracious love is stor'd. Go, daughter, go; thine hour is come To leave me for a fairer home.

Ruth. I go, but in my heart will dwell A love that years will not dispel; A deeper love there could not be, For, mother, 'tis my love of thee.

Naomi and Ruth. Farewell, my (mother) dear, farewell! May joy upon thy pathways fall! May peace beside thee ever dwell, The gift of God, the Lord of all.

CHORALE.—NIGHTFALL. Look down, O Lord, from realms above, Look down, we pray; All dangers of the night remove From out our way; Protect us with thy watchful love As thro' the day. We put our hearty trust in Thee, And Thee alone; O cease not, then, our guide to be, Almighty One; The ills that threaten Thou canst see, For all is known. Look down, O Lord, from realms on high We Thee implore; And guard us while the night is nigh From peril sore; And we Thy Name shall glorify For evermore.

INTERMEZZO.—DAYBREAK.

WEDDING CHORUS. Hark, hark! the cymbals clash, The harps sound up to heaven; And by the tender dulcimer Sweet melody is given. With trumpet and with shawm The air is now resounding, And songs of joy without alloy Are through the land abounding. The Lord who dwells above Hath joined two hearts together, And fill'd them both with lasting love That ne'er will break its tether. So sing ye songs of joy, And sound ye harps unceasing; May life for them but prove a gem With radiance aye increasing.

AIR.—Boaz. Glory be to Thee, O Lord, And praises never ceasing; O may Thy glory, day by day, For ever be increasing. On Thy servant Thou hast look'd, From Thy great throne in heaven, And to his most unworthy hand A helpmate sweet hath given. Grant that from Thy holy ways My feet may wander never, But that to Thee my soul may cleave For ever and for ever.

CHORUS. Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, For blessings round us fall; Your voices raise In songs of praise Unto the Lord of all. In His kindness never ending, In His mercy condescending, He hath look'd upon His servant, Blessings on his head bestowed. Praise ye, then, the Lord of Heaven, Who to us this joy hath given; Praise the Lord, and let thanksgiving, Rise to His divine abode. Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, For blessings round us fall; Your voices raise In songs of praise Unto the Lord of all.

A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART SONG... "The Miller's Wooing" ... Eaton Fanning. THE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIR.

Merrily, O merrily, the mill-wheel turns to-day, With splash and dash, and merry crash, For the miller's heart is gay. Wearily, wearily, there came at eventide, A maiden fair, with shining hair, Over the dark hillside. Cheerily, O cheerily, the miller singeth he, "Great joy were mine did'st thou incline, Sweet maid, my bride to be." Joyfully, O joyfully, the maiden spake her "yea," And the bells rang soon a merry, merry tune For the miller's wedding day. Now lustily, O lustily, the miller singeth he, His voice keeps time with the water's chime, And his heart from care is free. O merrily, O merrily, the mill-wheel whirls around, With splash and dash, and merry crash, For the miller joy hath found.

2. VIOLIN SOLOS ... (a) Bercense ... Danbé. (b) Mazurka ... Wieniawski. Miss CECILIA GATES.

## "To Call Her Mine."

BY  
WALTER BESANT.

### CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

"L AID whom?" The man, then, was, like that other, doubtless a demoniac.

"I should like to think that I had seen—actually seen—his grave," he went on. "But the night has turned dark, and I can't read the names, and haven't got a match upon me. Will you tell me where they've laid him?"

"Laid whom, man? Who are you looking for?"

"I am looking for the headstone of Daniel Leighan."

"Daniel Leighan?"

"Old Dan, they used to call him. Who died six years ago, or thereabouts?"

"You mean Mr. Leighan, of Gratnor?"

"The same, the same! I suppose Mary Nethercote got Gratnor when he died. They always said that he would leave her all he had, Gratnor Farm, Foxworthy and Berry Down. Oh, she'd be rich with all those lands."

"Who told you that Daniel Leighan was dead?"

"I saw it," he replied, hesitating. "I saw it in the papers. There was some talk about it at the time, I believe. A—a—a coroner's inquest, I was told; but I never heard the verdict. Perhaps you remember the verdict, Will Nethercote, and would kindly tell me? I am—yes—I am curious to hear what the verdict of the jury was—"

"You are strangely misinformed. Daniel Leighan is not dead."

"There is only one old Dan Leighan, and he is dead," returned the strange man.

"I tell you that old Dan Leighan is still living. He is paralysed in his legs, if you call that dead, but if you have business with him you will find that he is very much alive, as much alive as you."

"Not dead?" The man reeled and caught at the pillars of the porch—"not dead? Do you know what you are saying?"

"No more dead than you."

"Oh!" he groaned, "this is a trick you are playing. What do you play tricks for? He is dead and buried long since."

"I think you must be mad, whoever you are. I tell you that Daniel Leighan is alive, and now in his chair at home, where you may find him to-night if you please to look for him."

"Not dead! not dead!" By the frequent flashes of the lightning I had now made out that he was a very rough-looking man, in very ragged and tattered dress, looking like a labouring man but for his beard, which was much larger and fuller than an English labourer ever wears. "Not dead!—can it be? Then I've had all the trouble for nothing—all the trouble for nothing. Not dead!" He kept on saying this over and over again, as if the wonder of the thing was altogether too much for him.

"What do you mean?" I asked, "by your rubbish about an inquest and a verdict? What inquest should there be? And what do you mean by saying that you saw it in the papers?"

"Not dead? Then how should his ghost walk if he is not dead? Are you sure that Daniel Leighan—Old Dan—is alive this day—the same Old Dan?"

"I suppose it is the same Old Dan. There has never been any other Old Dan that I know of."

"It can't be the same. It must be the devil."

"That is possible, and now you mention it, I think he may be, and very likely is, the devil. But I wouldn't say so openly, if I were you."

"Not dead!"

He turned and walked slowly away. I heard him stepping over the stile, and then the sound of his footsteps ceased, as if he was walking over the village green, which, in fact, was the case.

The voices of the choir ceased; the candles were extinguished; and the singers came out. We two men walked home with Mary. There was no air in the lanes, the night was hot and sultry; and the lightning flashed incessantly. I told them on the way my little adventure with the strange man peering about among the tombs.

"It was like a bit of some old German story," I said. "I don't know why a German story; but when there is lightning with darkness, gravestones and a mysterious figure, one thinks of Germany somehow. I thought he was the spectre of some dead-and-gone villager come back in his old clothes—gone

ragged, you know, in his wanderings about the other world—to take a walk round the churchyard among his friends; a strange thing to be prowling among the tombs to read the name of a man still living."

"Who could he be?" asked Mary.

"I thought I knew his footsteps, but I did not know his voice. I cannot tell who he was. He knew your voice, Mary; and yours, George; and Harry, the blacksmith's—Good Heavens!"—for here my memory of the man came back, suddenly, with one of the lightning flashes—"Good Heavens! how did I come not to recognise him at once? Mary, it was!—how could I have forgotten? Why, the thing may change your whole future—!"

"Will, what do you mean?"

"Your whole future, Mary! Your uncle refuses his consent because he thinks that David is dead; well, then *David is alive!* For the man who prowled about the tombs and wanted to see your uncle's headstone, was no other than David Leighan himself—come home again in rags!"

### CHAPTER VII.—WHO IS HE?

THE inn upon Challacombe Green is a small place and a humble, though visitors who drive over from Chagford may get tea served in a neat and clean parlour, and those who find no solace in tea, may refresh themselves with beer or cider. But let them not look for food, for there is no butcher or any shop of purveyor or provider within four miles. Yet if a man should desire a bed, he may find one here, clean and sweet, if he write for it beforehand; and meat as well to stay the inner man, provided the landlord has been warned in time to catch the butcher. The inn is licensed to Joseph Exon. It has no bar or tap-room; but Mrs. Exon receives her friends in a large, low room, which is at once the keeping-room, kitchen, and drawing-room of the Exon family. It is also the smoking divan of the parish of Challacombe. The room is paved with stone, and furnished with a long wooden table and benches, a high-backed wooden settle, to pull before the fire in cold weather, and a broad, hospitable fireplace. The kettle is always on the hob; overhead, the black rafters are adorned with sides of bacon and strings of onions; the cider and the beer are fetched from a narrow closet or cellar at the end of the room. There are seldom many men in the place, except on Saturday night; and, as a rule, everybody is gone, the inn shut up, and the family are asleep in their beds, by half-past nine. It is, moreover, essentially a village inn, designed for the rustics of that village which has never existed: the farmers would not, for instance, be seen sitting in its room in the evening, or at any other time; it is the club, the resort, and the place of recreation for the labourers.

The room was about half full at nine o'clock this Saturday evening. Three or four men, strangers, who had come up from Newton Abbot on a road-making job, were drinking beer. The rest, labourers on the Challacombe farms, sat every man behind a tankard of cider—that sour brew which nips the throat, and, somehow, though it is so sour and so weak, refreshes the hot hay-makers or the weary traveller better than any other drink ever invented. The fire was burning, although it was midsummer. The company sat about the room for the most part in silence; not because there was nothing to say, but because those who meet every night know very well that what they have to say, everybody else has to say; speech, therefore, is needless. Had these rustics been Americans, or Colonials, they would have played whist, poker, monty, or euchre, also in silence; being Devonshire men, they sat and smoked their pipes, as their fathers and grandfathers had done, in a friendly silence which was in itself restful! and they felt the convivial influences of repose and fellowship.

The latch was lifted, and an unknown person—a stranger—stood in the door, looking about the room. Strangers, in guise of tourists, are often seen on Challacombe Green in the daytime; they come over in traps of every description: but these strangers are dressed in tweeds or broadcloth. Such a stranger as he who stood in the doorway and looked around is rare indeed. Tramps and vagabonds never come to Challacombe; men really in search of work seldom, for they inquire first at Moreton or at Bovey, where it is well known that there is no work to be had in the parish except farm work, and of hands there are more than enough in these bad times, so that the population of the parish is slowly decreasing.

Such a stranger, too! Devonshire rustics are not close followers of fashion to gird at a man because he goes in raiment rough hewn. But there is a point where the honest garb of labour begins to become the contemptible rags and tatters of destitution. And there is a point at which the duds of the beggar seem ready to drop to pieces, should Providence

suffer a shower to fall upon them. Both these points had been reached—and passed—by the rags upon this man. He was clothed, in fact, in the same things, ragged and weather-stained, which he had worn all the way from Australia. Fancy undertaking a long voyage with no luggage at all—absolutely none, not even a hand-bag or a hat-box, or even a pocket-handkerchief full of things! A voyage all the way from Sydney without a change! His flannel shirt was torn down the front, and exposed his chest; a dirty red-cotton handkerchief was tied around his neck; a leather strap, buckled round his waist, seemed absolutely necessary to prevent that shirt from fluttering off in the breeze. His trousers were of the coarsest and commonest canvas, such as are worn in this country only for the roughest work, and put off when that is done; his hat was the same shapeless old felt which he had worn in the South Sea Islands, but now enriched with a hole, recently excavated in the crown, which gave it an inexpressibly forlorn appearance. No one who had the least self-respect, or the command of a single shilling, would have worn such a hat; not the poorest tramp on the road, not the raggedest wretch on the Queen's highway, would so much as stoop to pick up such a thing. Not the lowest rag-and-bone-man, or the meanest dealer in marine stores, would have offered a farthing for that hat.

His only respectable garment was an old sailor's jacket, worn and shabby, but yet respectable. It had been bestowed upon him by one of the hands when he came aboard with nothing but his flannel shirt.

David Leighan had money in his pocket—all that was left of his share of the Baron's cheque. Yet he had worn these things so long, that he had left off even thinking about them: they were ragged and shabby, but what was he who wore them? Besides, if you come all the way from Australia in obedience to an unfortunate ghost, who gives you no rest until you have consented to come, and all for the sole purpose of making confession and atonement, and giving yourself up to justice as a murderer; and if you expect to meet with the care and attention which are always lavished upon the personal comfort of a criminal in the interval between the day of humiliation and the day of elevation, why waste money on mere outward finery and fashionable display? Add to the tattered and torn garments of this remarkable man—the like of whom had never before been seen in Challacombe—an immense beard, long, not silky, as some beards are, but coarse and stiff, if not stubby, and of a red hue, rather than brown, which covered two feet or so of his chest, and was nearly as broad as his shoulders, and a mass of matted hair which had neither been cut nor combed for a longer time than one likes to think of. Such as this, the new-comer stood at the open door and looked about the room as one who remembers it. But his face was seared, and his eyes seemed as if they saw nothing. Mrs. Exon, at sight of him, spoke up.

"Now, my man," she said, "what do you want? We don't encourage tramps here. You must go as far as Bovey to get a bed to-night."

"I am not a tramp," he replied, hoarsely. "I have got money. See." He pulled out a handful of silver. "Let me come in, and give me a glass of brandy."

He shut the door and sat down at the lowest end of the table, taking off his hat, and shaking his long hair off his forehead. Six years ago, all the men in the room would have risen out of respect to the owner of Berry Down. Now, not a soul remembered him.

Mrs. Exon gave him a tumbler with some brandy in it, and set a jug of cold water beside him. She looked at him curiously, being touched, perhaps, with some note of familiarity or recollection at the sight of his face and the sound of his voice. He drank off the brandy neat and set down the tumbler. What was the matter with the man? His eyes were full of trouble, and with a kind of trouble which the good woman had never seen before. Not pain of body or grief, but yet trouble. He dropped his head upon his chest and began to murmur aloud as if no one was in the place but himself.

"Not dead! he is not dead! How can that be? how can that be?" Then he lifted his head again and gave back the glass to Mrs. Exon. "Bring me more brandy," he said.

The landlady obeyed, and gave him a second tot of brandy in the tumbler, and again indicated the jug of cold water. The man had now begun to tremble in every limb; legs, and arms, and hands were shaking and trembling. His head shook, his shoulders shook, his lips moved. The guests in the room stared and wondered. Then he fixed his eyes upon the landlady's, and gazed upon her as if she could read in them what ailed him. Bewilderment and amazement, which beat upon his soul, as the old poet said, as a madman beats upon a drum—this was the trouble which caused his eyes to have that terrifying glare and his limbs to shake and tremble.

Not joy or even relief, such as might have been expected; these might come later, when the man who, for six long years, had been pursued by the fury of a murder-stained conscience, should realise that he was, after all, no murderer, save in intent. David Leighan's mind was naturally very slow to move. He could not at first understand how the whole long torture of conscience, the frightful dreams, the profound and hopeless misery of his exile could go for nothing; why it had taken him years of suffering and the constant terror of a nightly phantom to persuade himself that the only way to escape the torture of his days and nights was to return to England and confess his crime. This once done, he felt certain that the nightly horror, and the daily fearful looking for judgment, would disappear; and he would go to the gallows with cheerfulness, as a sharp but certain remedy of pangs intolerable. There are instances recorded—I know not with what truth—of murderers who have actually forgotten their crime and gone about the world with hearts as light as before they did it. David was not one of these superior murderers. He had never for one moment forgotten the white face of his victim, and the staring eyes in which there was no light or life. He saw death—death with suddenness and violence—all day long, and dreamed of death all the night. And now he could not understand that his dreams and his visions, his guilty fears, and his contemplated confessions, were all vain imaginations, and might have been neglected. Therefore he sat trembling.

Mrs. Exon watched him, thinking he must have a fit of ague. He drank off the second glass of brandy neat, and set down the glass. Then his head dropped again, and he resumed his muttered broken words, still trembling violently.

"Not dead!—he is not dead! How can that be?—how can that be?" He lifted his head again, "Give me more brandy? Give me a great tumbler full of brandy!"

"The poor man is ill," said Mrs. Exon. "Well, if brandy will stop the shivering—it's a fever, likely, or an ague that he's got—here, my man, drink this." She gave him half a tumbler full, which he poured down.

The third dose had the effect of composing him a little. His legs ceased trembling, though still his hands shook.

"Yes," he said; "I am ill. I was took sudden just now. I am better now. Here's for your brandy, and thank you."

He sat up and took a long breath.

"Where may you have come from?" asked one of the men.

"I've come from Southampton, where I was put ashore. I've come all the way from Australia."

"And where might you be going to next?"

"I'll tell you that, my friend, as soon as I know." Ragged and rough as he looked, he spoke, somehow, as if he belonged to something better than would have been judged by his appearance. "If you had asked me this morning, I should have told you that I was going to Bovey. Now, I don't know."

Mrs. Exon still looked at him with the curiosity which comes of a half-uneasy recollection.

"Old Dan Leighan, now," he went on; "can any one give me news of him? I mean Old Dan, him as had Gratnor first and Foxworthy afterwards, and then got Berry Down, being a crafty old fox. Is he alive still? Somebody told me he was dead."

"Surely," replied Mrs. Exon; "he is alive and hearty, except for his legs, poor man."

"Oh, he's alive?—alive and hearty? I thought, perhaps—somebody told me—that he died—I forget how—six years ago, come October, it was. That's what they told me: six years, come October."

"He had an accident, just about that time, six years ago. Perhaps that is what you are thinking of."

"How the devil," he asked, without taking any notice of this reply, "can a live man have a ghost? How can a live man send his own ghost to travel all round the world? Won't he want his own ghost for himself sometimes?"

"He's got a touch of fever," said the landlady, "and it has gone to his head. You had better go home, my man, and lie down, if you have got a bed anywhere."

"I want to know this," he repeated earnestly, "did anybody ever hear of a living man sending his ghost out on errands, to keep people awake and threaten things? It can't be—isn't it Nature?"

Nobody could explain this fact, which was new to all. Mrs. Exon shook her head as if the questioner, being light-headed, must be treated tenderly, and one of the men remembered a village ghost-story, which he began. Unfortunately for the Society of Psychical Research, that story was interrupted at its very commencement by this remarkable stranger.

(To be continued.)

## Calendar of the Week.

**January 31st.**—On this day, 1788, Charles Edward, the young Pretender, died. He was young no longer. When he invaded Scotland in 1745, he was a prince who won all hearts by his gallantry and courage. In his latter years he took to drink, and became a very unprincipled person indeed, both in manners and appearance. He was succeeded as pretended King of Great Britain and Ireland—I believe they threw in France as well, as a trifle not worth disputing—by his brother the Cardinal, who called himself Henry IX., and is buried at Rome. It took the country a great deal of trouble to get rid of the Stuarts, but they are happily gone at last. And since there are no more of them, there is no fear that they will ever come back. One can picture Charles the First returning to ask, in wonder and disgust, what has become of the Royal Prerogative so dear to his sainted Majesty. Everybody, however, should go to see the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery.

**February 1st.**—St. Bridget. There is such a beautiful church in London dedicated to this saint, that one cannot pass her over, otherwise I doubt if many could tell us who she was or where she lived. The church is called St. Bride's, in Fleet Street. It was built by Wren on the site of the old church destroyed by the fire of 1666. The registers of St. Bride's were saved from the fire: they date from 1587. A great many worthies are buried in this church: Wynkin de Worde, one of the earliest printers; Sackville and Lovelace, the poets; Richardson, the author of "Clarissa"; Alderman Waithman, and others. "St. Bride, herself, was an Irish saint, who lived in the sixth century. The wild ducks used to come at her call. I do not mention this as a proof of her saintliness, because many persons have learned the art of attracting and calling wild birds.

No more partridge and pheasant shooting till next autumn.

The month of February has been regarded as the first month of spring. The snowdrop and the crocus certainly appear, otherwise, one does not feel spring-like. A certain Dr. Forster wished to divide the year into six instead of four seasons. Thus—

February 1st.—The Primæval season, or that of early Spring.

March 25th.—The Vernal, or Spring season.  
June 11th.—The Solstitial, or Summer season.  
July 15th.—The Æstival, or Harvest season.  
Sept. 29th.—The Autumnal season.  
Dec. 8th.—The Brumal, or Frosty season.

I prefer a less careful division. The experience of late years shows us rather the following:—

May 15th.—Spring.  
June 15th.—Summer.  
Sept. 1st.—Autumn.  
October 1st.—Winter.

This is for London. In the Straits of Belleisle, north of Newfoundland, they divide the year as follows:—

Sept. 1st to Aug. 31st.—Winter.  
Aug. 31st to Sept. 1st.—Summer.

**February 2nd.**—Purification of the Virgin. Candlemas.

On this day the Roman Catholics used to bless the candles for the whole year.

Here is a weather prediction—sure and never-failing. If Candlemas Day be bright and sunny look out for hard weather, and keep your warmest clothing in readiness. If it be cloudy, expect soft and warm weather. Farmers always want a spell of hard weather at this time. Therefore the old almanacks say—

Foul weather is no news: hail rain and snow,  
Are now expected, and esteemed no woe;  
Nay, 'tis an omen bad, the yeomen say,  
If Phœbus shows his face the second day.

On this day in Scotland the boys and girls used to bring gifts to the schoolmaster, who crowned king and queen those who gave him the most. Out of the money thus brought to him, he also furnished whiskey punch and biscuits to the children.

**February 3rd.**—St. Blasius.—The saint was a bishop in Armenia, who was martyred in the year 316. He was venerated for the cure of sore throat. And he was the patron saint of wool-combers, for which reason, I suppose, his name is retained in the calendar. On this day there used to be held a great procession in Bradford, all in honour of the good bishop. All the trades in the town

figured in the procession. There were a king and queen, Jason and Medea, with the golden fleece, and the bishop, in pontificals, walked after their majesties, surrounded by shepherds and shepherdesses. The grandest of these functions was held in the year 1825. I do not know whether the custom is still kept up: most likely not.

**February 4th.**—The Marquis of Salisbury was born on this day, in the year 1830. It is a day of eight saints, but I know nothing of any of them. As nothing remarkable seems to have occurred this month, let us look around us and observe a few things. Last year it rained fifteen days during this month. The dark days are over: we no longer get up by candle-light, and the sun does not set until five o'clock: it is practically light until half-past five o'clock. Full moon in the middle of the month. Parliament begins its squabbles again, and the papers lose their interest.

**February 5th.**—Those who know Cambridge know the Fitzwilliam Museum, one of the most splendid collections of pictures, sculpture, antiquities, and works of art in the country. It was bequeathed to the University by a certain Lord Fitzwilliam, who died on this day in the year 1816. I hope there is some equally admirable lord saving up pictures, antiquities, and books for the Palace.

On this same day Thomas Carlyle died, eight years ago. Those who desire to make acquaintance with the writings of this great man should begin by reading his *Past and Present*, and his papers on *Chartism*. They will find throughout the noblest recognition of the rights of labour, hatred of those who trample on those rights, the strongest humanity, and the most healthy contempt for Party and for those who foolishly believe that the people are advanced by either Party. When—when—shall we get rid of Party and have but one common cause—the advancement of the people and the Empire? When shall the electors say, "We want such and such things done for us,"—let us vote for the men who will carry these measures for us.

**February 6th.**—On this day, 1685, died King Charles the Second. He was very nearly the worst king that ever reigned over any country—certainly the worst thing any king can do is to take a pension from the enemies of his country, and he did that. He neglected everything: he spent on his Court and his mistresses the money voted for the navy: he was in secret a Roman Catholic: and yet because he was affable and pleasant in his manners, he was popular. When King James II. was proclaimed at Burnley, the Sheriff drank the king's health in a glass a yard long. What a tremendous long drink!

This is the day of St. Vedast, who still has a church dedicated to his memory. The saint was a bishop of the sixth century. The church is in Foster Lane, and is one of Wren's, with a lofty spire and a richly painted ceiling.

**An Ocean Mystery.**—A local gentleman, the captain of a passenger steamer trading between this country and the East, says the *Newcastle Chronicle*, tells a good story in a letter to his friends of a mystery connected with his vessel. The ship had been at sea for several days when complaints began to be made that passengers could not obtain the use of the bath. At a certain hour of the morning the bath-room was found to be locked inside; somebody was evidently within it, and at times, for an hour or more, no one could obtain admittance. This mysterious occupancy of the bath-room began to create comment, and doubtless some of the passengers became possessed of the idea that there was something "uncanny" about the ship. The complaints at length reached to such a degree that the skipper requested to be informed when the bath-room door was next found locked, and he would take means to obtain an entrance. On the following morning the unknown visitor was found to be within the room, for a noise was heard and admittance could not be obtained. The captain proceeded to the spot and demanded admittance. There was no reply. Then he proceeded to reason with the person he could not see, and finished with an angry threat that he would break the door open. The bolt was then heard going back inside, the door opened, and the mystery was explained. The offender was found to be a small boy—the son of a lady passenger, who, morning after morning, unknown to his mother, had slipped into the room, bolted the door, and filling the bath with water, sailed his toy boat upon it! He had his craft upon his own miniature sea when he was so unceremoniously disturbed. The elucidation of the mystery, it need scarcely be added, created a great deal of amusement on board the ship.

**Temperate in Conduct.**—The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

## Correspondence.

THE following are a few letters (selected from thousands) which have recently been received by Mr. C. B. HARNESS, of 52, Oxford Street, London, W., showing the really marvellous cures effected by simply wearing his celebrated Electropathic Battery Belt:—

MR. THOMAS BELDON, 30, Wilberforce Street, Wallsend-on-Tyne, Dec. 16, writes:—

"Dear Sir,—It is with a feeling of deep gratitude that I write to let you know the result of the Electropathic Belt which my wife obtained from your establishment in September last. The first day on which it was worn relief was experienced, and each succeeding day the same. When I tell you that she is in perfect health now, entirely through wearing your Electropathic Belt, the result is most marvellous, as she has been subject to indigestion, nervous debility, etc., for upwards of twenty-four years; scarcely having a single day of good health. But I am happy to state that you have supplied the greatest of all blessings, namely, good health. Wishing you every success."

G. W. BACON, Esq., F.R.G.S., 127, Strand, London, Oct. 20, 1888, writes:—

"To Mr. C. B. Harness. Dear Sir,—I write to express my gratitude for the great good I have derived from your system of electro-massage. My case, as you may remember, was an obstinate one, and I only regret that I did not take the advice of my family doctor and resort to electrical treatment at an earlier stage. I am pleased to state that all dilation of the veins has now disappeared, the swelling of the leg being reduced, and the cure seems permanent and complete. In all my travels I have never seen an establishment so completely fitted up for these methods of treatment. I wish you every success."

MRS. OSBOURNE, The Hollies, Newark-upon-Trent, Sept. 27, 1888, writes:—

"Your Electropathic Abdominal Belt has had a wonderful effect upon the circulation and in improving the general vitality of the system. Since wearing the Belt I have become quite strong, and can walk miles without fatigue. I am, in fact, completely cured by your treatment."

MRS. CONWAY, 29, Archway Street, Barnes, Surrey, writes:—

"I have been a constant sufferer from sciatica for the past ten years, and my cure seems a marvel."

MR. WILLIAM WHITTINGHAM, Chiswick Cottage, Surbiton Hill, writes:—

"It gives me immeasurable pleasure to be able to testify to the benefit I derived from wearing an Electropathic Belt advised by you. Its influence has been marvellous in producing that refreshing sleep I have been a stranger to so long, and I now rise in the morning perfectly braced for my day's duties, which makes me deeply grateful at my advanced age of 58."

MR. JAMES CUMMING, 29, Crossley Street, Liverpool Road, N., writes:—

"I feel very much happier, and in a better frame of mind, since wearing the Electropathic Belt and Suspender. My health has improved considerably. I no longer shun my friends, I enjoy society, and can only attribute my recovery from the wretched condition I was in to your Electropathic treatment, which it will be my duty to recommend to any sufferer I meet."

DR. CHARLES LEMPRIERE, D.C.L., Senior Fellow, St. John's College, Oxford, writes:—

"I beg to testify that the Belt you sent to my order has completely answered, not only as the best curative, but I dare to think preventive. I contracted some years ago, in Syria, periosteal rheumatism, which renders me peculiarly sensitive of atmospheric change. I can, therefore, speak positively on the advantages the Belt affords; nor is my experience singular, as I constantly receive testimony from others similarly affected."

MR. W. J. MAY, "The Albion," Waterloo-road, Aldershot, writes:—

"October 11th, 1887.—I have received a letter from my brother in India to say that he received the Electropathic Belt safely, and that he had derived very great benefit from its use. He wished me to inform you that he suffered from indigestion and spinal weakness, but is quite well now. My brother's address is Quartermaster-Sergeant Louis Silver, 2nd Batt., 22nd Cheshire Regt., Depôt, Umballa, India, but he is under a fresh order for service in Burma."

MAJOR PAKENHAM, Longstone House, Armagh, writes:—

"I am very happy to inform you that the Electropathic Belt which you supplied me with has completely cured me of the rheumatic gout, from which I had suffered such intense agony for nearly two years, and I now feel as strong and active as I have ever felt in my life. Several of my friends have, on my recommendation, tried these Belts, and in every case the result has been most satisfactory."

MR. H. FINCHAM, 54, Lugard-road, Peckham, S.E., writes:—

"Before I came under your treatment I was a great sufferer, with intense agony from indigestion and kidney disorder, and had been to many doctors, but could get no relief. Before wearing your Electropathic Belt, I must say I had very little faith in it, but I am now completely cured. I made your Electropathic Appliances known at Bognor, where I went for a change of air, and I gave your address to a lady who was suffering from indigestion, at the same time telling her that no one could have been such a martyr to it as I was."

MR. G. NEAL, 9, Eaton-lane, Buckingham Palace-road, London, writes:—

"Twelve months ago I was a private in the Royal Artillery, and through an accident, in which my spine was injured, and resulting in both legs being paralysed, I was unable to walk for nine months, during which time I was treated in a military hospital, and was eventually discharged from the service as incurable. Shortly afterwards I was persuaded to try one of your Electropathic Belts, which I did, and now, after three months' wear, am able to walk, and am getting on rapidly towards recovery."

MR. GEORGE GARWOOD, 203, Caledonian-road, King's Cross, N., writes:—

"My health has been very good ever since wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt, but before wearing it I was never free from pain. I cannot speak too highly of your Electropathic Appliances; it has made me feel quite a different man. I shall always recommend it."

MR. J. DICKENSON, Horatio House, Leeds, writes:—

"Dear Sir,—I purchased an Electropathic Belt from you in March, and beg to state that it has had a wonderful effect, my general health being much better; in fact, so much that I cannot describe it. I think they are worth their weight in gold, and would not like to be without one under any consideration."

MR. J. B. CARNE, Station Master, L. B. and S. C. Railway, Clapham Junction Station, S.W., writes:—

"I have derived great benefit from wearing your Electropathic Belt. The lumbago and pains in my back have both ceased."

THE REV. R. ANTRIM, Vicar of Slapton, King's Bridge, South Devon, writes:—

"I am deriving great benefit from the Electropathic Belt recently had of you. The pain across the loins has quite left me; my nervous energy is greatly augmented."

A. A. JAMES, Esq., F.R.H.S., Chapel Road, Lower Norwood, London, S.E., writes:—

"I have obtained great benefit from wearing your Electropathic Appliances. The pains in my head have left me, and I feel stronger, both generally and locally."

MR. R. J. WATSON, 13, Market Street, Harwich, writes:—

"Harness' Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of sciatica. After wearing it for a week I got relief, and have gradually been getting better, and I am now quite free from pain. P.S.—You are at liberty to publish this."

MRS. E. CHRISTMAS, Peldon, near Colchester, writes:—

"I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have derived from wearing one of your Electropathic Belts. I am now in excellent health, and can eat and drink anything, but before wearing the appliance I was afraid to do this because of the pain it caused, especially round the heart. For months I was never free from pain, and tried many remedies, none of which gave relief, and life began to be a burden until I purchased your Electropathic Belt, and now I am glad to say that I am better and stronger in every way. I feel I cannot say enough in their favour."

MRS. POWELL, 4, Dulwich Road, London, S.E., writes:—

"All my ailments are gradually yielding to your invaluable Electropathic appliances."

MISS B. E. CORBOLD, Cromwell House, Bromley, Kent, writes:—

"I purchased one of Harness' Electropathic Belts and Spine Bands, and after wearing them some time my general health was much improved. I am quite sure your appliances are doing me good, and I shall have much pleasure in recommending your Electropathic treatment to my friends."

MR. R. G. BARKER, 6, Douglas Terrace, Bothwell Street, Hamilton, N.B., Jan. 17, 1889, writes:—

"Dear Sir,—About the end of October last I obtained for my wife one of your Electropathic Belts for indigestion, with which she had been suffering severely for years,—indeed, at the period above-named she seemed to be fast succumbing to its direful symptoms. I am now pleased to tell you that after wearing the Belt daily for the past three months she is quite a different woman, and is quite free of the distressing malady."

MEN and WOMEN who wear Harness' world-famed Electropathic Belt find that it invigorates the debilitated constitution, stimulates the organic action, promotes the circulation, assists digestion, and promptly renews that vital energy, the loss of which is the first symptom of decay. Its healing properties are multifarious; it stimulates the functions of various organs, increases their secretions, gives tone to the muscles and nerves, relaxes morbid contractions, improves nutrition, and renews exhausted nerve force. Acting directly on the system, it sustains and assists its various functions, and thus promotes the health and vigour of the entire frame.

MR. C. B. HARNESS gives advice free of charge, personally or by letter, on all matters relating to health and the application of Curative Electricity, Massage, and Swedish Mechanical Exercises. If you cannot call, write for descriptive pamphlet and private advice form. Note only address, and call, if possible, at the Institute of the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone Place). All communications treated as strictly private and confidential.

# City of London Truss Society,

## 35, FINSBURY SQUARE.

For the Relief of the Ruptured Poor throughout the Kingdom.

ESTABLISHED 1807.

Patron - - - H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

The Patients (numbering over 9,000 in the year) are of both sexes and all ages, from Children a month old to Adults over ninety.

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Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Society's Bankers, LLOYDS, BARNETTS, AND BOSANQUETS' Bank (Limited), 72, Lombard Street; and by the Secretary, at the Institution.

**N.B.—Funds are much needed.**

JOHN NORBURY, Treasurer,  
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